

LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CLXXXII.

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TO ONE DEAD,	2	IN VAIN!	2
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TO ONE DEAD.

WHEN you were tired and went away,
I said, amid my new heart-ache,
"When I catch breath from pain, some day,
I will teach grief a worthier way,
And make a great song for his sake!"

Yet there is silence. O my friend,
You gave me love such years ago —
A child who could not comprehend
Its worth, yet kept it to the end —
How can I sing when you lie low?

Not always silence. O my dear,
Not when the empty heart and hand
Reach out for you, who are not near.
If you could see, if you could hear,
I think that you would understand.

The grief that can get leave to run
In channels smooth of tender song,
Wins solace mine has never won.
I have left all my work undone,
And only dragged my grief along.

Many who loved you many years
(Not more than I shall always do),
Will breathe their songs in your dead ears;
God help them if they weep such tears
As I — who have no song for you.

You would forgive me, if you knew!
Silence is all I have to bring;
Where tears are many words are few;
I have but tears to bring to you;
For since you died I cannot sing!
Argosy. E. NESBIT.

A "DISCARDED" SUIT.

To my Long Suit you pay no attention at all,
The way that you Deal with me's hard;
I find it is utterly useless to Call,
For you never pay heed to my Card.

I relied on my Queen, all too blindly 'tis true,
But the blunder was not on my part:
I could give you no Diamonds, that you well
knew;
But how could I tell you'd no Heart?

I sacrificed all for the sake of your Hand,
I even abandoned my Club;
But all to no purpose! you don't understand,
And as Hamlet would say, "There's the
Rub."

You want an Establishment? once you averred
You would follow my Lead anywhere;
And for once you spoke truth when you said
you preferred
Whitechapel to Cavendish Square.

Well! I'm wiser in several Points than I was,
Your Shuffling's no longer of use:
I thought I could count on your Honor; alas!
You repaid me by playing the Deuce.
Cornhill Magazine.

IN VAIN!

THE rustling of the wings thou hearest near
Are not great Love's wide pinions fringed
with fire,
Nor that soft air that stirs thy soul with fear
Ought but the tingling breath of vague De-
sire;
The wings of him who stands betwixt us twain
Mock with their wanness Love's bright hues
in vain.

Thou canst not take Love's name in vain, or
lay
Ought but thine undivided burning heart
Upon his shrine, lest even the air should stay
Thy hand, and into warning whispers start;
Mar not this moment's aye-remembered grace
To set a stain of earth upon its face!

Alas, how heavenly fair this spot would be
If we but loved! — this overhanging cave
Life's long-sought haven, while the murmur-
ing sea
Reflects a smile of God in every wave:
Yet we, wrapt in night-shadows still do stay
Hopeless upon the outskirts of the day!
Academy. LILY HAYNES.

AN AUTUMN LYRIC.

BY LEBRECHT DREVES.*

TRANSLATION.

HIGH o'er the forest the storm-clouds are
flying,
The little birds haste to the south and the
sun;
Darling, the red leaves are dropping and
dying, —
Darling, how soon is life over and done!

Hardly the hawthorn-tree blossoms and
blushes,
Hardly has opened the first rose of May,
Scarce o'er the heart love tumultuous rushes,
Ere the rose-petals fall, — and all passes away.

The love and the weeping, the rapture and
sorrow,
Are they but dreams that come never again?
What will be left when the day knows no
morrow?
Darling, we sigh, but we question in vain.

Though the perfumes be shed, and the rose-
leaves be blighted,
The new year must come, and the new roses
blow;
And lovers will kiss, and their vows shall be
plighted
On the green of our graves, while we slumber
below.

FLORENCE HENNIKER.

Blackwood's Magazine.

* Lebrecht Drevcs, born at Hamburg, 1816, died at
Feldkirch, 1870. Author of "Schlichte Lieder," "Le-
bensritter," "Deutsche Nachbildung," etc., etc.

From The Fortnightly Review.

WHAT THE REVOLUTION OF 1789 DID.

"Tout ce que je vois, jette les semences d'une révolution qui arrivera inmanquablement. . . . Les Français arrivent tard à tout, mais enfin ils arrivent. . . . Alors, ce sera un beau tapage. Les jeunes gens sont bien heureux; ils verront de belles choses."—VOTTAIRE.

THE movement known as the Revolution of 1789 was a transformation—not a convulsion; it was constructive even more than destructive; and if it was in outward manifestation a chaotic *revolution*, in its inner spirit it was an organic *evolution*. It was a movement in no sense local, accidental, temporary, or partial; it was not simply, nor even mainly, a political movement. It was an intellectual and religious, a moral, social, and economic movement, before it was a political movement, and even more than it was a political movement.

If it is French in form, it is European in essence. It belongs to modern history as a whole quite as much as to the eighteenth century in France. Its germs began centuries earlier than the generation of 1789, and its activity will long outlast the generation of 1889. It is not an episode of frenzy in the life of a single nation. In all its deeper elements it is a condensation of the history of mankind, a repertory of all social and political problems, the latest and most complex of all the great crises through which our race has passed.

Let us avoid misunderstanding of what we are now speaking. Most assuredly the close of the eighteenth century in France displayed a convulsion, a frenzy, a chaos, such as the world's history has not often equalled. There was folly, crime, waste, destruction, confusion, and horror of stupendous proportions, and of all imaginable forms. There was the Terror, the Festival of Reason, the reaction, and all the delirium, the orgy, the extravagance, which give brilliancy to small historians and serve as rhetoric to petty politicians. Assuredly the Revolution closed in with most ghastly surprises to the philanthropists and philosophers who entered on it in 1789 with so light a heart. Assuredly it has bequeathed to the statesmen and the people of 1889 problems of portentous

difficulty and number. But we are speaking now neither of '93 nor of '95, nor of '99, of no local or special incident, of no single event, nor of political forms. We are in this essay dealing exclusively with "the ideas of '89," with the movement which at Versailles, on 5th May, 1789, took outward and visible shape. And we are about to deal with it in its deeper, social, permanent, and human side, not in its transitory and material side. The Seine, the Loire, and the Rhone have washed away the blood which once defiled their streams, the havoc caused by the orgies of anarchy has been effaced, years make fainter the memory of crimes and follies, of revenge and jealousy. But the course of generations still deepens the meaning of "the ideas of '89," of the social, intellectual, economic new birth which then received official recognition, opening in a conscious and popular form the reformation that, in a spontaneous form, had long been brooding in so many generous hearts and profound brains.

No reading of merely French history, no study of the reign of Louis XVI. by itself, can explain this great movement—no political history, no narrative of events, no account of any special institution. Neither the degeneration of the monarchy, nor the corruption of the nobility, nor the disorder of the administration, nor the barbarism of the feudal law, nor the decay of the Church, nor the vices of society, nor the teaching of any school, nor all of these together—are adequate to explain the Revolution. They are enough to account for the confusion, waste, conflict, and fury of the contest—*i.e.*, for the explosion. But they do not explain how it is that hardly anything was set up in France between 1789 and 1799 which had not been previously discussed and prepared, that between 1789 and 1799 an immense body of new institutions and reformed methods of social life were firmly planted in such a way that they have borne fruit far and wide in France and through Europe. Nor do any of these special causes just enumerated suffice to explain the passion, the contagious faith, the almost religious fanaticism which was the inner strength of the Revolution and

the source of its inexhaustible activity. What we call the French Revolution of 1789, was really a new phase of civilization announcing its advent in form. It had the character of religious zeal because it was a movement of the human race towards a completer humanity.

Rhetoricians, poets, and preachers have accustomed us too long to dwell on the lurid side of the movement, on its follies, crimes, and failures; they have overrated the relative importance of the catastrophe, and by profuse pictures of the horrors, they have drawn off attention from its solid and enduring fruits. In the midst of the agony it was natural that Burke, in the sunset of his judgment, should denounce it. But it was a misfortune for the last generation that the purple mantle of Burke should have fallen on a prophet, who was not a statesman but a man of letters, who, with all Burke's passion and prejudice, had but little of his philosophic power, none of his practical sagacity, none of the great Whig's experience of affairs and of men. The "universal bonfire" theory, the "grand suicide" view, the "chaos-come-again" of a former generation, are seen to be ridiculous in ours. The movement of 1789 was far less the final crash of an effete system than it was the new birth of a greater system, or rather of the irresistible germs of a greater system. The contemporaries of Tacitus, Trajan, and Marcus Aurelius, could see nothing but ruin in the superstition of the Galileans, just as the contemporaries of Decius, Julian, and Justinian saw nothing but barbarism in the Goths, the Franks, and the Arabs.

The year 1789, more definitely than any other date marks any other transition, marks the close of a society which had existed for some thousands of years as a consistent whole, a society more or less based upon military force, intensely imbued with the spirit of hereditary right, bound up with ideas of theological sanction, sustained by a scheme of supramundane authority; a society based upon caste, on class, on local distinctions and personal privilege, rooted in inequality, political, social, material, and moral; a society of which the hope of salvation was

the maintenance of the *status quo*, and of which the Ten Commandments were privilege. And the same year, 1789, saw the official installation of a society which was essentially based on peace, the creed of which was industry, equality, progress; a society where change was the evidence of life, the end of which was social welfare, and the means social co-operation and human equity. Union, communion, equality, equity, merit, labor, justice, consolidation, fraternity—such were the devices and symbols of the new era. It is therefore with justice that modern Europe regards the date 1789 as a date that marks a greater evolution in human history more distinctly than, perhaps, any other single date which could be named between the reign of the first Pharaoh and the reign of Victoria.

One of the cardinal pivots in human history we call this epoch, and not at all a French local crisis. The proof of this is complete. All the nations of Europe, and indeed the people of America, contributed their share to the movement, and more or less partook in the movement themselves. It was hailed as a new dispensation by men of various race; and each nation in turn more or less added to the movement and adopted some element of the movement. The intellectual and social upheaval, which for generations had been preparing the movement, was common to the enlightened spirits of Europe and also to the Transatlantic continent. The effects of the movement have been shared by all Europe, and the distant consequences of its action are visible in Europe to the third and the fourth generations. And lastly, all the cardinal features of the movement of 1789 are in no sense locally French, or of special national value. They are equally applicable to Europe, and indeed to advanced human societies everywhere. They appeal to men primarily, and to Frenchmen secondarily. They relate to the general society of Europe, and not to specific national institutions. They concern the transformation of a feudal, hereditary, privileged, authoritative society, based on *antique right*, into a republican, industrial, equalized, humanized society, based on a scientific view of

the *common weal*. But this is not a national idea, a French conception of local application. It is European, or rather human. And thus, however disastrous to France may have been the travail of the movement officially proclaimed in 1789, from a European and a human point of view it has abiding and pregnant issues. May we profit by its good whilst we are spared its evil.

Obviously, the salient form of the Revolution was French, ultra-French; entirely unique and of inimitable peculiarity in some of its worst as well as its best sides. The delirium, the extravagances, the hysterics, and the brutalities which succeeded one another in a series of strange tragicomic tableaux from 1789 till 1795, were most intensely French, though even they, from caps of liberty to Festival of Pikes, have had a singular fascination for the revolutionists of every race. But the picturesque and melodramatic accessories of the Revolution have been so copiously over-colored by the scene-painters and stage-carpenters of history, that we are too often apt to forget how essentially European the Revolution was in all its deeper meanings.

A dozen kings and statesmen throughout Europe were, in a way, endeavoring to enter on the same path as Louis XVI. with Turgot and Necker. In spite of the contrast between the government of England and the government of France, between the condition of English industry and that of France, Walpole and Pitt offer many striking points of analogy with Turgot and Necker. The intellectual commerce between England and France from (let us say) 1725 to 1790 is one of the most memorable episodes in the history of the human mind. The two generations which followed the visit of Voltaire to England formed an intellectual alliance between the leading spirits of our two nations; an alliance of amity, offensive and defensive, scientific, economic, philosophical, social, and political, such as had not been seen since the days of the Greco-Roman education or the cosmopolitan fellowship of mediæval universities. Voltaire, Montesquieu, Hume, Adam Smith, Franklin, Turgot, Quesnay, Diderot, Condorcet,

D'Argenson, Gibbon, Washington, Priestley, Bentham — even Rousseau, Mably, Mirabeau, and Jefferson — belonged to a republic of ideas, where national character and local idiosyncrasy could indeed be traced in each, but where the essential patriotism of humanity is dominant and supreme.

In England, Pitt; in Prussia, Frederick; in Austria, Joseph; in Tuscany, Leopold; in Portugal, Pombal; in Spain, D'Aranda, — all labored to an end, essentially similar, in reforming the incoherent, unequal, and obsolete state of the law; in rectifying abuses in finance; in bringing some order into administration, in abolishing some of the burdens and chains on industry; in improving the material condition of their States; in curbing the more monstrous abuses of privilege; and in founding, at least the germs, of what we call modern civilized government. Some of these things were done ill, some well, most of them tentatively and with a naïve ignorance of the tremendous forces they were handling, with a strange childishness of conception, and in all cases without a trace of suspicion that they were changing the sources of power and their political constitution. And in all this the rulers were led and inspired by a crowd of economical and social reformers who eagerly proclaimed Utopia at hand, and who mistook generous ideals for scientific knowledge. For special causes the great social evolution concentrated itself in France towards the latter half of the eighteenth century; but there was nothing about it exclusively French. Socially and economically viewed, it was almost more English and Anglo-American than French; intellectually and morally viewed, it was hardly more French than it was English. Hume, Adam Smith, Burke, and Priestley are as potent in the realm of thought as Diderot, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Condorcet. And in the realm of social reform, Europe owes as much to Bentham, Howard, Clarkson, Franklin, Washington, Pitt, and Frederick, as it does to Turgot, Mirabeau, Girondins, Cordeliers, or Jacobins. The "ideas of '89" were the ideas of the best brains and most humane spirits in the advanced nations of mankind. All nations

bore their share in the labor, and all have shared in the fruits.

But if the Revolution were so general in its preparation, why was the active manifestation of it concentrated in France? and why was France speedily attacked by all the nations of Europe? These two questions may be answered in two words. In France only were the old and the new elements ranged face to face without intermixture or contact, with nothing between them but a decrepit and demoralized autocracy. And no sooner had the inevitable collision begun, than the governments of Europe were seized with panic as they witnessed the fury of the revolutionary forces. In England the Reformation, the Civil War, the Revolution of 1689, and the Hanoverian dynasty, had transferred the power of the monarchy to a wealthy, energetic, popular aristocracy, which had largely abandoned its feudal privileges, and had closely allied itself with the interests of wealth. During two centuries of continual struggle and partial reform, a compromise had been effected in Church and in State, wherein the claims of king, priest, noble, and merchant had been fused into a tolerable *modus vivendi*. In France the contrary was the case. During two centuries the monarchy had steadily asserted itself as the incarnation of the public, claiming for itself all public rights, and undertaking (in theory) all public duties; crushing out the feudal authorities from all national duties, but guaranteeing to them intact the whole of their personal privileges. As it had dealt with the aristocracy so it dealt with the Church; making both its tool, filling both with corruption, and giving them in exchange nothing but license to exploit the lay commonalty. The lay commonalty naturally expanded in rooted hostility to the privileged orders, and to the religious and hereditary ideas on which privilege rested. It grew stronger every day, having no admixture with the old orders, no points of contact, having no outlet for its activity, harassed, insulted, pillaged, and rebuffed at every turn, twenty-six millions strong against two hundred thousand; all distinctions, rivalries, and authority, as amongst this *tiers état*, uniformly crushed by the superincumbent weight of monarchy, Church, and privilege. The vast mass of the people thus grew consolidated, without a single public outlet for its energies, or the smallest opportunity for experience in affairs; the whole ability of the nation for politics, administration, law, or war, forced into abstract speculation and

social discussion; conscious that it was the real force and possessed the real wealth of the nation; increasing its resources day by day, amidst frightful extortion and incredible barbarism, which it was bound to endure without a murmur; the thinking world, to whom action was closed, watching the tremendous problems at stake, in their most naked and menacing aspect, without any disguise, compromise, or alleviation. And in France, where the old feudal and ecclesiastical system was concentrated in its most aggravated form, there it was also the weakest, most corrupt, and most servile. And there, too, in France the *tiers état* was the most numerous, the most consolidated, the most charged with ideas, the most sharply separated off, the most conscious of its power, the most exasperated by oppression. Thus it came about that a European evolution broke out in France into revolution. The social battle of the eighteenth century began in the only nation which was strictly marshalled in two opposing camps; where the oppressors were utterly enfeebled by corruption; where the oppressed were fermenting with ideas and boiling with indignation.

The fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries saw the silent, universal, but unobserved dissolution of the old mediæval society. For crusades the soldier took to the puerilities of the tournament. The lordly castles fell one by one before the strong hand of the king. The humble village expanded into the great trading town. The Church was torn by factions and assailed by heresies. The musket-ball destroyed the supremacy of the mailed knight. The printing-press made science and thought the birthright of all. The sixteenth century saw a temporary resettlement in a strong, dominant monarchy and a compromise in religion. Whilst the seventeenth century in England gave power to a transformed and modified aristocracy, in France it concentrated the whole public forces in a monstrous absolutism, whilst nobility and Church grew daily more rife with obsolete oppression. Hence, in France, the ancient monarchy stood alone as the centre of the old system. Beside it stood the new elements unfettered and untransformed. It was the simplicity of the problem, the glaring nature of the contrast, which caused the intensity of the explosion. The old system stood with dry-rot in its heart; the new was bursting with incoherent hopes and undefined ideals. The Bastille fell — and a new era began.

Take a rapid survey of France in the closing years of the monarchy. She had not recovered the desolation of the long wars of Louis XIV., the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the banishment of the Protestants, the monstrous extravagance of Versailles and the corrupt system which was there concentrated. The entire authority was practically absorbed by the crown, whilst the most incredible confusion and disorganization reigned throughout the administration. A network of incoherent authorities crossed, recrossed, and embarrassed each other throughout the forty provinces. The law, the customs, the organization of the provinces, differed from each other. Throughout them existed thousands of hereditary offices without responsibility, and sinecures cynically created for the sole purpose of being sold. The administration of justice was as completely incoherent as the public service. Each province, and often each district, city, or town, had special tribunals with peculiar powers of its own and anomalous methods of jurisdiction. There were nearly four hundred different codes of customary law. There were civil tribunals, military tribunals, commercial tribunals, exchequer tribunals, ecclesiastical tribunals, and manorial tribunals. A vast number of special causes could only be heard in special courts; a vast body of privileged persons could only be sued before special judges. If civil justice was in a state of barbarous complication and confusion, criminal justice was even more barbarous. Preliminary torture before trial, mutilation, ferocious punishments, a lingering death by torment, a penal code which had death or bodily injury in every page, were dealt out freely to the accused without the protection of counsel, the right of appeal, or even a public statement of the sentence. For ecclesiastical offences, and these were a wide and vague field, the punishment was burning alive. Loss of the tongue, of eyes, of limbs, and breaking on the wheel, were common punishments for very moderate crimes. Madame Roland tells us how the summer night was made hideous by the yells of wretches dying by inches after the torture of the wheel. With this state of justice there went systematic corruption in the judges, bribery of officials from the highest to the lowest, and an infinite series of exactions and delays in trial. To all but the rich and the privileged, a civil cause portended ruin, a criminal accusation was a risk of torture and death.

The public finances were in even more

dreadful confusion than public justice. The revenue was farmed to companies and to persons who drew from it enormous gains, in some cases, it is said, cent. per cent. The deficit grew during the reign of Louis XV. at the rate of four or five millions sterling each year; and by the end of the reign of Louis XVI. the deficit had grown to eight or ten millions a year. But as to the exact deficit for each year, or as to the total debt of the nation, no man could speak. Louis XV. in one year personally consumed eight millions sterling, and one of his mistresses alone received during her reign a sum of more than two millions. Just before the Revolution the total taxation of all kinds amounted to some sixty millions sterling. Of this not more than half was spent in the public service. The rest was the plunder of the privileged, in various degrees, from king to the mistress's lackey. This enormous taxation was paid mainly by the non-privileged, who were less than twenty-six millions. The nobles, the clergy, were exempt from property-tax, though they held between them more than half of the entire land of France. The State could only raise loans at a rate of twenty per cent.

With an army of less than one hundred and forty thousand men, there were sixty thousand officers, in active service or on half pay, all of them exclusively drawn from the privileged class. Twelve thousand prelates and dignified clergy had a revenue of more than two millions sterling. Four millions more was divided amongst some sixty thousand minor priests. Altogether the privileged orders, having hereditary rank or ecclesiastical office, numbered more than two hundred thousand persons. Besides these, some fifty thousand families were entitled to hereditary office of a judicial sort, who formed the "nobility of the robe." The trades and merchants were organized in privileged guilds, and every industry was bound by a network of corporate and local restrictions. Membership of a guild was a matter of purchase. Not only was each guild a privileged corporation, but each province was fiscally a separate state, with its local dues, local customs' tariff, and special frontiers. In the south of France alone there were some four thousand miles of internal customs' frontier. An infinite series of dues were imposed in confusion over districts selected by hazard or tradition. An article would sell in one province for ten times the price it would have in another province. The

dues chargeable on the navigation of a single river amounted, we are told, to thirty per cent. of the value of the goods carried.

But these abuses were trifling or at least endurable when set beside the abuses which crushed the cultivation of the soil. About a fifth of the soil of France was in mortmain, the inalienable property of the Church. Nearly half the soil was the property of the rich, and was tilled on the *métayer* system. About one-third of it was the property of the peasant. But though the property of the peasant, it was bound, as he was bound, by an endless list of restrictions. In the Middle Ages each fief had been a kingdom of itself; each lord a petty king; the government, the taxation, the regulation of each fief, was practically the national government, the public taxation, and the social institutions. But in France, whilst the national authority had passed from the lord of the fief to the national crown, the legal privileges, the personal and local exemptions, were preserved intact. The peasant remained for many practical purposes a serf, even whilst he owned his own farm. A series of dues were payable to the lord; personal services were still exacted; special rights were in full vigor. The peasant, proprietor as he was, still delved the lord's land, carted his produce, paid his local dues, made his roads. All this had to be done without payment, as *corvée*, or forced-labor tax. The peasants were in the position of a people during a most oppressive state of siege, when a foreign army is in occupation of a country. The foreign army was the privileged order. Everything and every one outside of this order was the subject of oppressive *requisition*. The lord paid no taxes on his land, was not answerable to the ordinary tribunals, was practically exempt from the criminal law, had the sole right of sporting, could alone serve as an officer in the army, could alone aspire to any office under the crown. In one province alone during a single reign two thousand tolls were abolished. There were tolls on bridges, on ferries, on paths, on fairs, on markets. There were rights of warren, rights of pigeon-houses, of chase and fishing. There were dues payable on the birth of an heir, on marriage, on the acquisition of a new property by the lord, dues payable for fire, for the passage of a flock, for pasture, for wood. The peasant was compelled to bring his corn to be ground in the lord's mill, to crush his grapes at the lord's wine-press, to suffer

his crops to be devoured by the lord's game and pigeons. A heavy fine was payable on sale or transfer of the property; on every side were due quit-rents, rent-charges, fines, dues in money and in kind, which could not be commuted and could not be redeemed. After the lord's dues came those of the Church, the tithes payable in kind, and other dues and exactions of the spiritual army. And even this was but the domestic side of the picture. After the lord and the Church came the king's officers, the king's taxes, the king's requisitions, with all the multifarious oppression, corruption, and speculation of the farmers of the revenue and the intendants of the province.

Under this manifold congeries of more than Turkish misrule, it was not surprising that agriculture was ruined and the country became desolate. A fearful picture of that desolation has been drawn for us by our economist, Arthur Young, in 1787, 1788, 1789. Every one is familiar with the dreadful passages wherein he speaks of haggard men and women wearily tilling the soil, sustained on black bread, roots, and water, and living in smoky hovels without windows; of the wilderness presented by the estates of absentee grantees; of the infinite tolls, dues, taxes, and impositions, of the cruel punishments on smugglers, on the dealers in contraband salt, on poachers, and deserters. It was not surprising that famines were incessant, that the revenue decreased, and that France was sinking into the decrepitude of an Eastern absolutism. "For years," said D'Alembert, "I have watched the ruin increasing. Men around me are now starving like flies, or eating grass." There were thirty thousand beggars, and whole provinces living on occasional alms, two thousand persons in prison for smuggling salt alone. Men were imprisoned by *lettres de cachet* by the thousand.

This state of things was only peculiar to France by reason of the vast area over which it extended, of the systematic scale on which it was worked, and the intense concentration of the evil. In substance it was common to Europe. It was the universal legacy of the feudal system, and the general corruption of hereditary government. In England, four great crises, those of 1540, 1648, 1688, and 1714, had very largely got rid of these evils. But they existed in even greater intensity in Ireland and partly in Scotland; they flourished in the east of Europe in full force; the corruption of government was as great in the south of Europe. The profligacy

of Louis XV. was hardly worse in spirit, though it was more enormous in extent, than that of Charles II. The feudalism of Germany and Austria was quite as barbarous as that of France. And in Italy and in Spain the Church was more intolerant, more depraved, and more powerful. But in France, the whole of the antique abuses were collected in their most aggravated shape, in the most enormous volume, and with the least of compensating check. In England, the persons with hereditary rank hardly numbered more than a few hundreds, and perhaps the entire families of the noble class did not exceed two thousand; in France they exceeded one hundred thousand. In England the prelates and dignified clergy hardly exceeded one or two hundred; in France they numbered twelve thousand. In England the entire body of ecclesiastics did not number twenty thousand; in France they much exceeded one hundred thousand. In England, no single subject had any personal privilege, except the trifling personal exemptions of a few hundred peers; no exemption from taxation was known to the law; and no land was free from the king's taxes. In France more than half the soil, and two orders, amounting together to over two hundred thousand persons, were exempt. In England, with trifling exceptions, the old feudal rights had become obsolete or nominal. The legal rights of the lord had disappeared, along with his castle, in the great Civil War. In France the lord retained his social prerogatives after losing the whole of his public functions. In Germany, in Italy, in Spain, the lord still retained a large part of his real power, and had been forced to surrender some definite portion of his oppressive privilege.

But in France, where the whole of the ancient abuses existed on a scale and with an organized completeness that was seen nowhere else, there was also the most numerous, the most enlightened, and the most ambitious body of reformers. In presence of this portentous misrule and this outrageous corruption, an army of ardent spirits had been gathered together with a passionate desire to correct it. It was an army recruited from all classes — from the ancient nobility, and even the royal blood, from the lords of the soil, and the dignitaries of the Church, from lawyers, physicians, merchants, artificers; from sons of the petty tradesman, like Diderot; from sons of the notary, like Voltaire; of the clockmaker, like Rous-

seau; of the canoness, like D'Alembert; of the provost, like Turgot; of the marquises, like D'Argenson and Condorcet. This band of thinkers belonged to no special class and to no single country. Intellectually speaking, its real source in the first half of the century was in England, in English ideas of religious and political equality, in English institutions of material good government and industry. In the two generations preceding 1789, such Englishmen as Bolingbroke, Hume, Adam Smith, Priestley, Bentham, John Howard (one might almost claim part, at least, of Burke and of Pitt); such Americans as Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson; such Italians as Beccaria and Galiani; such Germans as Lessing, Goethe, Frederick the Great, and Joseph II., had as much part in it as Voltaire, Montesquieu, Turgot, Diderot, and Condorcet, and the rest of the French thinkers who are specially associated in our thoughts with the movement so ill-described as the French Revolution.

By the efforts of such men every element of modern society, and every political institution as we now know it, had been reviewed and debated — not, indeed, with any coherent doctrine, and utterly without system or method. The reformers differed much amongst themselves, and there were almost as many schemes of political philosophy, of social economy, of practical organization, as there were writers and speakers. But in the result, what we now call modern Europe emerged, recast in State, in Church, in financial, commercial, and industrial organization, with a new legal system, a new fiscal system, a humane code, and religious equality. Over the whole of Europe the civil and criminal code was entirely recast; cruel punishments, barbarous sentences, anomalies, and confusion were swept away; the treatment of criminals, of the sick, of the insane, and of the destitute were subjected to a continuous and systematic reform, of which we have as yet seen only the first instalment. The whole range of fiscal taxation, local and imperial, external and internal, direct and indirect, has been in almost every part of western Europe entirely reformed. A new local administration on the principle of departments, subdivided into districts, cantons, and communes, has been established in France, and thence copied in a large part of Europe. The old feudal system of territorial law, which in England had been to a great extent reformed at the Civil War, was recast not only in France but in the

greater part of western Europe. Protestants, Jews, and Dissenters of all orders practically obtained full toleration and the right of worship. The monstrous corruption and wealth of the remnants of the mediæval Church were reduced to manageable proportions. Public education became one of the great functions of the State. Public health, public morality, science, art, industry, roads, posts, trade, became the substantive business of government. These are "the ideas of '89" — these are the ideas which for two generations before '89 Europe had been preparing, and which for three generations since '89 she has been systematically working out.

We have just taken a rapid survey of France in its political and material organization down to 1789, let us take an equally rapid survey of the new institutions which 1789 so loudly proclaimed and so stormily introduced.

1. For the old patriarchal, proprietary, *de jure* theory of rule, there was everywhere substituted on the continent of Europe the popular, fiduciary, *pro bono publico* notion of rule. Government ceased to be the privilege of the ruler; it became a trust imposed on the ruler for the common weal of the ruled. Long before 1789 this general idea had been established in England and in the United States. During the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries English political struggles had centred round this grand principle; the Declaration of Independence in 1776 had formulated it in memorable phrases. But how little the full meaning of this — the cardinal idea of 1789 — was completely accepted even in France! The whole history of the reign of Louis XVI. may remind us, and the second and reactionary half of the careers of William Pitt and Edmund Burke. Over the continent of Europe, down to 1789, the proprietary, *jura divino* theory of privilege existed in full force, except in some petty republics, which were of slight practical consequence. The long war, the reactionary empire of Napoleon, and the royal reaction which followed its overthrow, made a faint semblance of revival for privilege. But after the final extinction of the Bourbons in 1830, the idea of privilege disappeared from the conception of the State. In England, the Reform Act of 1832, and finally the European movements of 1848, completed the change. So that throughout Europe, west of Russia and of Turkey, all governments alike, imperial, royal, aristocratic, or republican

as they may be in form, exist more or less in fact, and in profession exist exclusively, for the general welfare of the nation. This is the first and central idea of '89.

This idea is, in the deeper meaning of the word, *republican* — so far as republican implies the public good, the common weal as contrasted with privilege, property, or right. But it is not exclusively republican, in the sense that it implies the absence of a single ruler; nor is it necessarily democratic, in the sense of being direct government by numbers. It is an error to assume that the Revolution of 1789 introduced as an abstract doctrine the democratic republic pure and simple. Republics and democracies of many forms grew out of the movement. But the movement itself also threw up many forms of government by a dictator, government by a council, constitutional monarchy, and democratic imperialism. All of these equally claim to be based on the doctrine of the common weal and to represent the ideas of '89. And they have ample right to make that claim. The movement of '89, based on the dominant idea of the public good as opposed to privilege, took all kinds of form in the mouths of those who proclaimed it. Voltaire understood it in one way, Montesquieu in another, Diderot in a third, and Rousseau in a fourth. The democratic monarchy of D'Argenson, the constitutional monarchy of Mirabeau, the democratic republic of Marat, the plutocratic republic of Vergniaud, the republican dictatorship of Danton, even the military dictatorship of the first consul — were all alike different readings of the Bible of '89. With Carnot and Boulanger to-day face to face, all that we can state positively as the political idea of '89 is this. It means government by capacity, not by hereditary title, with the welfare of the whole people as its end, and the consent of the governed as its sole legitimate title.

2. The next grand idea of '89 is the scientific consolidation of law, administration, personal right, and local responsibility. Out of the infinite confusion of inequality that the lingering decay of feudalism during four centuries had left in Europe, France emerged in the nineteenth century with a scientific and uniform code of law, a just and scientific system of land tenure, an admirable system of local organization, almost absolute equality of persons before the law, and almost complete assimilation of territorial right. The French peasant who in 1789 struck Arthur Young with horror and pity,

as the scandal of Europe, is now the envy of the tillers of the soil in most parts of the Continent, and assuredly in these islands. The most barbarous land tenure of the eighteenth century, the most brutal criminal code, the most complicated fabric ever raised by privilege, which France in 1789 exhibited to the scorn of mankind, has given way to the most advanced scheme of personal equality, to the paradise of the peasant proprietor, and to the least feudalized of all codes, which France can exhibit in 1889. It would be far easier to show in England to-day the unweeded remnants of feudal privilege, of landlord law and landlord justice, and certainly it is easier to show it in Ireland and in Scotland, than it is in France. Territorial oppression, the injustice of the land laws, the burden of game, or the customary exactions of the landlord, may be found in Ireland, may be found in Scotland, may be found in England—but they have absolutely disappeared in France. Here eight million peasants who own the soil are the masters of their own destiny, for France has now eight million kings, eight million lords of the soil. The twenty or thirty thousand, it may be, who in these islands own the rural lands, should ponder when the turn of their laborers will come to share in "the ideas of '89."

3. Down to 1789 France exhibited an amazing chaos of local government institutions. In the nineteenth century she possessed one that was perhaps the most symmetrical, the most scientific, and the most adaptable now extant. It may well be that under it centralization has been grossly exaggerated and local life suppressed. That, however, is a legacy from the old monarchy, and is not the work of the Revolution. The idea of '89 is not centralization, but decentralization. The excessive concentration of power in the hands of a prefect is part of the ancient tradition of France. The aim of D'Argenson, of Turgot, of Mably, of Malesherbes, was to give free life to local energy, to restrain the abuses of bureaucracy. There is still in France an oppressive measure of bureaucracy and a monstrous centralization. But a large part of the Continent has adopted from her the organic arrangement of subordinate authorities which the Revolution created, and which may be equally adopted by monarchy, empire, or republic; which may be combined with local self-government as well as with imperial autocracy.

4. Much the same may be said of the law which the Revolution founded. The

civil code of France, to which so unfairly Napoleon contrived to give his name, was neither the work of Bonaparte, nor the empire, nor of the nineteenth century. It was in substance the work of Pothier, of the great lawyers of the eighteenth century, from whose writings four-fifths of it is textually taken; and Tronchet, its true author, is essentially a man of the eighteenth century. It is true that, compared with some modern codes, the civil code of France is visibly defective. But, such as it is, it has made the tour of Europe, and is the basis of half the codes now extant. It was the earliest scientific code of modern law, for the code of Frederick belongs to the world of yesterday, and not of to-day. The civil code of France remains still, with all its shortcomings, the great type of a modern code, and is a truly splendid fruit of the ideas of '89.

5. With the code came in also a scientific recasting of the entire system of justice, civil, criminal, commercial, and constitutional; local and central, primary, intermediate, and supreme. Within a generation at most, to a great extent within a few years, France passed from a system of justice the most complex, cruel, and obsolete, to a system the most symmetrical, humane, and scientific. And that which in England, and in many other countries of Europe, has been the gradual work of a century, was reached in France almost at a bound by the generation that saw '89.

6. With a new law there came in a new fiscal system, a reform as important, as elaborate as that of the civil code, and we must say quite as successful. The financial condition of France during the whole of the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. had presented perhaps the most stupendous example of confusion and corruption which could be found outside a Turkish or Asiatic despotism. It was unquestionably the direct, primary, material origin of the Revolution. It was the main object of the labors of the truest reformers of the age. D'Argenson, Turgot, Malesherbes, Necker, and Mirabeau devoted to the appalling task the best of their thoughts and efforts. Before all of them, and before all the names of the century, the noble Turgot stands forth as the very type of the financial reformer. The conditions in which he sacrificed his life in vain efforts were too utterly bad for even his genius and heroic honesty to prevail. But the effort was not in vain. The idea of '89 was to put an end to the monstrous injustice, and plunder of the old

its place an equal, just, scientific system of finance. Compared with English finance, the great triumph of Parliamentary government, the financial system of modern France seems often defective to us. But as compared with the financial condition of the rest of Europe, the reforms of '89 have practically accomplished the end.

7. Along with a reformed finance came in a reformed tariff, the entire sweeping away of the provincial customs' frontier, that monstrous legacy of feudal disintegration, and a complete revision of the burdens on industry. Political economy as a science may be said to be one of the cardinal ideas of '89; the very conception of a social science, vaguely and dimly perceived by the great leaders of thought in the eighteenth century, was itself one of the most potent causes, and in some ways one of the most striking effects, of the Revolution of '89. The great founders of the conception of a social science were all prominent chiefs of the movement which culminated in that year. Voltaire, Montesquieu, Diderot, D'Argenson, Turgot, Quesnay, Condorcet, were at once social economists and precursors of the great crisis. Adam Smith was as much an authority in France as he was in England. Political economy and a new system of the national production and consumption became with the Revolution a cardinal idea of statesmen and publicists. We are apt to think that our French friends are weak-kneed economists at best, and perversely inclined to economic heresy. It may be so. Our free-trade doctrines have been preached to deaf ears, and our gospel of absolute freedom makes but little progress in France. But it can hardly be denied that the economic legislation of France is entirely in accord with economic doctrine in France, or that the political economy of the State is abreast of the demands of public opinion.

8. To pass from purely material interests to moral, social, and spiritual, we must never lose sight of the splendid fact that national education is an idea of '89. A crowd of the great names in the revolutionary movement are honorably identified with this sacred cause. Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Diderot, Turgot, Condorcet, D'Argenson, Mirabeau, Danton—all felt to the depths of their soul that the new commonwealth could exist only by an enlightened people. Public education was the inspiration of the *Encyclopædia*; it was the gospel of '89, and the least tarnished of all its legacies to

the war, the Convention pursued its plans of founding a public education. The idea was in no sense specially French, in no sense the direct work of the revolutionary assemblies. England, America, Germany, Europe as a whole, partook of the new conception of the duties of the State. It belongs to the second half of the eighteenth century altogether. But of all the enthusiasts for popular education, there are no names which will survive longer in the roll of the benefactors of humanity than those of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Turgot, and Condorcet.

9. With popular education there went quite naturally a series of social institutions of a philanthropic sort. Hospitals, asylums, poor-houses, museums, libraries, galleries of art and science, public parks, sanitary appliances, and public edifices, were no longer matters of royal caprice, or of casual benefaction; they became the serious work of imperial and municipal government. Almost everything which we know as modern civilization in these social institutions has taken organic shape and systematic form within these hundred years. Except for its royal palaces, Paris in the opening of the eighteenth century was a squalid, ill-ordered, second-rate city. Marseilles, Lyons, Bordeaux, had neither dignity, beauty, nor convenience. Except for a few royal foundations, neither France, nor its capital, was furnished with more than the meagrest appliances of public health and charitable aid. The care of the sick, of the weak, of the destitute, of children, of the people, the emancipation of the negro—all this is essentially an idea of '89.

10. To sum up all these reforms we must conclude with that of the Church. The Church of France in the eighteenth century, if it were one of the most splendid and the most able, was the most arrogant and oppressive survival of the old mediæval Catholicism. With an army of more than fifty thousand priests, and some fifty thousand persons in monasteries and bound by religious vows, owning one-fifth of the soil of France, with a revenue which, in the values of to-day, approached ten millions sterling, with personal, territorial, and legal privileges without number, the Gallican Church in the age of Voltaire and Diderot was a portent of pride, tyranny, and intolerance. A Church which, down to 1766, could still put Protestants to death with revolting cruelty, which is stained with the damning memories of Calas and La Barre, which was

almost as corrupt as the nobility, almost as oppressive as the royalty, which added to the barbarism of the *ancien régime* the savage traditions of the Inquisition, which left undone all that it ought to have done, and did all that it ought not to have done — such a Church cumbered the earth. It fell, and loud and great was the crash, and fierce have been the wailings which still fill the air over its ruins. The world has heard enough and too much of Voltaire's curse against *l'Infâme*, of Diderot's ferocious distich, how the entrails of the last priest should serve as halter to the last king. No one to-day justifies the fury of their diatribes, except by reminding the nineteenth century what it was that, in the eighteenth century, was called the Church of Christ. The Church fell, but it returned again. It revived transformed, reformed, and shorn of its pretensions. Its intolerance has been utterly stripped off it. It is now but one of other endowed sects. It has less than one-fifth of its old wealth, none of its old intolerable prerogatives, and but a shadow of its old pretensions and pride.

The present essay proposes to deal with the social and political aspect of the movement of 1789, not with the wide and subtle field of the intellectual and humanitarian movement which was its prelude and spiritual director. But a short notice is needed of the principal leaders of thought by whom the social and political work was inspired. For practical purposes they may be grouped under four general heads. There was the work of destroying the old elements, and the work of constructing the new. The work was intellectual and religious on the one hand, social and political on the other. This suggests a fourfold division: (1) the school of thought whereby the old intellectual system was discredited; (2) that by which the old political system was destroyed; (3) those who labored to construct a new intellectual and moral basis of society; and (4) those who sought to construct a new social and political system. These schools and teachers, writers and politicians, cannot be rigidly separated from each other. Each overlaps the other, and most of them combine the characteristics of all in more or less degree. The most pugnacious of the critics did something in the way of reconstructing the intellectual basis. The most constructive spirits of the new world did much both directly and indirectly to destroy the old. Critics of the orthodox faith were really destroying the throne and the ancient rule, even when they least

designed it. Orthodox supporters of radical reforms rung the knell of the mediæval faith as much as that of the mediæval society. The spiritual and temporal organization of human life had grown up together; and in death it was not divided.

All through the eighteenth century the intellectual movement was gathering vitality and volume. From the opening years of the epoch the genius of Leibnitz saw the inevitable effect the movement must have upon the old society; and in his memorable prophecy of the revolution at hand (1704), he warned the chiefs of that society to prepare for the storm. For three generations France seemed to live only in thought. Action descended to the vilest and most petty level which her history had ever reached. From the death of Colbert, in 1683, until the ministry of Turgot, in 1774, France seemed to have lost the race of great statesmen, and to be delivered over to the intriguer and the sycophant. Well may the historian say that in passing from the politicians of the reign of Louis XV. to the thinkers of the same epoch we seem to be passing from the world of the pigmies to that of the Titans. Into the world of ideas France flung herself with passion and with hope. The wonderful accumulation of scientific discoveries which followed the achievements of Newton reacted powerfully on religious thought, and even on practical policy. Mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, began to assume the outlined proportion of coherent sciences; and some vague sense of their connection and real unity filled the mind of all. Out of the physical sciences there emerged a dim conception of a crowning human science, which it was the grand achievement of the eighteenth century to found. History ceased to be a branch of literature; it began to have practical uses for mankind of to-day; and slowly it was recognized as the momentous life-story of man, the autobiography of the human race. Europe no longer absorbed the interest of cultivated thought. The unity of the planet, the community of all who dwell on it, gave a new color to the whole range of thought; and as the old dogmas of the supernatural Church began to lose their hold on the mind, the new-born enthusiasm of humanity began to fill all hearts.

The indefatigable genius who was the acknowledged leader in the intellectual attack undoubtedly partook in a measure of all the four elements just mentioned, and his true glory is that, throughout the whole range of his varied work, this en-

thusiasm of humanity glows constantly aflame and warms his soul. The almost unexampled versatility and fecundity of Voltaire's mind gave his contemporaries the impression of a far larger genius than the test of time has been able to concede him. His merit has been said to lie in a most extraordinary combination of secondary powers, no one of which was precisely of the highest class. He was neither one of the great poets, nor observers, nor philosophers, nor teachers of men, though he wielded, and for a longer time, the most potent literary power of which history tells. Although of the four main schools into which the eighteenth century movement may be grouped, Voltaire was especially marked out as the leading spirit of the intellectual attack, he did not a little to stimulate the constructive task, both in its philosophical and in its social side. It is from Voltaire's visit to England in 1726 that we must date the opening of the grand movement of '89. The accumulating series of impulses which at last forced on the opening of the States General at Versailles began with English ideas, English teachers, and English or American traditions.

At the same time (1724-31) was formed in the Place Vendôme, with the aid of Lord Bolingbroke, the confraternity of reformers, to whom he gave the English name of club. This was the first appearance in France of an institution which has played so large a part in the history of Europe, which is destined yet to play an even larger part. The Abbé Alari, the Abbé Saint-Pierre, the Marquis d'Argenson, and their companions in the Club de l'Entresol were already, sixty years before the opening of Revolution, covering the ground of the social ideas of '89, in a vague, timid, and tentative manner, it may be, but withal in a spirit of enthusiastic zeal of the better time they were not destined to see.

Of this group of premature reformers, of these precursors and heralds of '89, none is more illustrious than the Marquis d'Argenson, nor is any book more memorable than his "Reflections on the Government of France" (1739). Here we have the germ of the democratic absolutism which has again and again reasserted its strength in France; here are the germs of the local administration; here is the first proposal for the symmetrical system of eighty-six departments which since 1790 replaced the ancient provinces with all their anomalies. Here also is the repudiation by an illustrious

noble of the privileges of nobility, the condemnation of local restrictions on trade, and the dream of a new France where personal equality should reign, and where the cultivator of the soil should be lord of the land he tilled.

The chief spirit of the social and political destructives was as obviously Rousseau as Voltaire had been the chief spirit of the religious destructives. Our business for the moment is with neither of these schools and with neither of these famous men. As all heterodoxy seemed to be latent in the mordant criticism of Voltaire, so all subsequent political anarchy seems to be concentrated in the morbid passion of Rousseau. But though Rousseau must be regarded as in all essentials a destructive, there are many ways in which he had a share in the constructive movement of '89. In the splendor of his pleading for education, for respecting the dignity of the citizen, in his passion for art, in his pathetic dreams of an ideal simplicity of life, in his spiritual Utopia of a higher and more humane humanity, prophet of anarchy as he was, Rousseau has here and there added a stone to the edifice we are still building to-day.

When we turn to the constructive schools, there we find Diderot supreme in the intellectual world, Turgot in the political; whilst Condorcet is the disciple and complement of both. With the purely philosophical work of any of these three we are not now concerned. Our interest is entirely with the social and political question. And at first sight it may seem that Diderot has no share in any but the philosophical. But this most universal genius had a mind open to all sides of the human problem. His grand task, the "Encyclopédie" (and we may remember that the first idea of it came from an English encyclopædia, which it was proposed to translate), the "Encyclopédie" is largely, and indeed mainly, concerned with economic and social matters. Throughout it runs the potent principle of the unity of man's knowledge, of man's life, and of the whole human race. Diderot does far more than discuss abstract questions of science. He traces out the ramifications of science into the minutest and humblest operations of industry. In the "Encyclopædia" we have installed for the first time on authority that conception of modern times — the marriage of science with industry. Machines, trades, manufactures, implements, tools, processes, were each in turn the object of Diderot's

enthusiastic study. He and his comrades, men like Turgot, D'Alembert, Condorcet, felt that the true destiny of man was the industrial. They strove to place labor on its true level, to dignify its task, and to glorify its mission. Never had philosophy been greater than when she girt up her robes, penetrated into the workshop, and shed her light upon the patient toil of the handicraftsman. For the first time in modern history thought and science took labor to their arms. Industry received its true honor, and was installed in a new sphere. It was a momentous step in the progress of society as much as in the progress of thought.

Chief of all the political reformers, in many things the noblest type of the men of '89, is the great Turgot; he who, if France could have been spared a revolution, was the one man that could have saved her. After him, Necker, a much inferior man, though with equally good intentions, attempted the same task; and the years from 1774-1781 sufficed to show that reform without revolution was impossible. But the twenty years of noble effort, from the hour when Turgot became intendant of Limoges in 1761 until the fall of Necker's ministry in 1781, contained an almost complete rehearsal, were a prelude and epitome, of the practical reforms which the Revolution accomplished after so much blood and such years of chaos. To give the official career of Turgot would be a summary of the ideas of '89. The suppression of the *corvée*, of the restrictions on industry, on the resources of locomotion, the restoration of agriculture, to reduce the finances to order, to diminish public debt, to establish local municipal life, to reorganize the chaotic administration, to remove the exemptions of the noble and ecclesiastical orders, to suppress the monastic orders, to equalize the taxation, to establish a scientific and uniform code of law, a scientific and uniform scale of weights and measures, to reform the feudal land law, to abolish the feudal guilds and antiquated corporations whose obsolete pretensions crushed industry, to recall the Protestants, to establish entire freedom of conscience, to guarantee complete liberty of thought; lastly, to establish a truly national system of education,—such were the plans of Turgot which for two short years he struggled to accomplish with heroic tenacity and elevation of spirit. Those two years, from 1774-1776, are at once the brightest and the saddest in the modern history of France. For almost the first time, and certainly for the

last time, a great philosopher who was also a great statesman, the last French statesman of the old order, held for a moment almost absolute power. It was a gigantic task, and a giant was called in to accomplish it. But against folly even the gods contend in vain. And before folly, combined with insatiable selfishness, lust, greed, and arrogance, the heroic Turgot fell. They refused him his bloodless, orderly, scientific revolution; and the bloody, stormy, spasmodic Revolution began.

To recall Turgot is to recall Condorcet, the equal of Turgot as thinker, if inferior to Turgot as statesman. Around the mind and nature of Condorcet there lingers the halo of a special grace. Sprung from an old baronial family with bigoted prejudices of feudal right, the young noble, from his youth, broke through the opposition of his order to devote himself to a life of thought. Spotless in his life, calm, reserved, warm-hearted, and tender, "the volcano covered with snow," that flamed in his breast, had never betrayed him to an outburst of jealousy, vanity, ill-humor, or extravagance. The courtly and polished aristocrat, without affectation and without hysterics, bore himself as one of the simplest of the people. The privileges of the old system, which were his birthright, filled him with a sense of un-mixed abhorrence. His scepticism, vehement as it was, did not spring from intellectual pride or from turbulent vanity. He disbelieves in orthodoxy out of genuine thirst for truth, and denounces superstition out of no alloy of feeling save that of burning indignation at its evil works. The "Life of Turgot" by Condorcet, 1787, might serve indeed as prologue to the memorable drama which opens in 1789. It was most fitting that the mighty movement should be heralded by the tale of the greatest statesman of the age of Louis XVI., told by one of its chief thinkers. And the fine lines of Lucan, which Condorcet placed as a motto on the title-page of his "Life of Turgot," may serve as the device, not of Turgot alone, but of Condorcet himself, and indeed of the higher spirits of '89 together—

Secta fuit servare modum, finemque tenere,
Naturamque sequi, patriæque impendere vi-
tam;
Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.

"The only party they acknowledged was the rule of good sense, and to keep firm to their purpose, to submit to the teaching of nature's law, and to offer up their lives for their country—holding that

man is born not for himself, but for humanity in the sum." He who would understand what men mean by "the ideas of '89" should mark, learn, and inwardly digest those two small books of Condorcet, the "Life of Turgot," 1787, and the "Historical Sketch of the Progress of the Human Mind," 1795.

The annals of literature have no more pathetic incident than the history of this little book — this still unfinished vision of a brain prematurely cut off. In the midst of the struggle between Mountain and Gironde, Condorcet, who stood between both and who belonged to neither, he who had the enthusiasm of the Mountain without its ferocity, the virtues and culture of the Girondists without their pedantic formalism, was denounced and condemned to death, and dragged out a few weeks of life in a miserable concealment. There, with death hanging round him, he calmly compiled the first true sketch of human evolution. Amidst the chaos and bloodshed he reviews the history of mankind. Not a word of pain, doubt, bitterness, or reproach is wrung from him. He sees nothing but visions of a happy and glorious future for the race, when war shall cease, and the barriers shall fall down between man and man, class and class, race and race, when man shall pursue a regenerate life in human brotherhood and confidence in truth. Industry there shall be the common lot, and the noblest privilege. But it shall be brightened to all by a common education, free, rational, and comprehensive, with . . . burdens of labor by . . . of life and increased opportunity for culture. "Our hopes," he writes, in that last lyric chapter of the little sketch, "our hopes as to the future of the human race may be summed up in these three points: the raising of all nations to a common level; the progress towards equality in each separate people; and, lastly, the practical amelioration of the lot of man." "It is in the contemplation of such a future," he concludes, "that the philosopher may find a safe asylum in all troubles, and may live in that true paradise, to which his reason may look forward with confidence, and which his sympathy with humanity may invest with a rapture of the purest kind."

The ink of these pages was hardly dry when the writer was seized by the agents of a republic to be guillotined on a scaffold in the name of liberty. But how many of us can repeat a hundred anecdotes of the guillotine, of its victims, and its professors, yet how few of us have seriously

taken to heart the "Sketch of Human Progress"! The blood is dried up, but the book lives, and human progress continues on the lines there so prophetically traced. "I have studied history long," says De Tocqueville, "yet I have never read of any revolution wherein there may be found men of patriotism so sincere, of such true devotion of self, of more entire grandeur of spirit."

FREDERIC HARRISON.

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND WAR.

WHILST thousands of voices fill the air in France with shouts to commemorate the centenary of the greatest of all European revolutions, it is interesting to investigate the influence which that event exerted upon the science and practice of war.

Those who know and fully realize the moral forces which influence war in its inception, and still more in its progress, are well aware that no new faith can seize upon the reason or imagination of man without a serious effect upon war in all its phases. The causes which lead to war, the objects sought to be attained by it, the greater or less cruelty with which it is waged, the species of tactics employed, will always more or less reflect the spirit of the epoch, the aims and views of life which at any time happen to be prevalent. Say how any army was organized, disciplined, and taught to fight, and you tell the student of history what was the spirit of the age, the common standard of morality if not of religion, the genius and civilization of the people, and their form of government. War is naturally dependent upon the arms and mechanical contrivances of the age, but it is still more deeply influenced by the sentiment of the nation which wages it.

The French Revolution changed all the old stock notions and views of life, it affected profoundly the general view taken of the duties and responsibilities of man towards his fellow. It so upheaved all the constituted and previously recognized strata of society, that no branch or department of human activity escaped the influence of the great moral earthquake. Despotism, with all its outward garb of power, the golden trappings of sovereignty, that had so long imposed upon the un-united peoples, fell with one wide-sounding crash the moment it was attacked in front.

There had been angry mobs before ; some dispersed with grape-shot or destroyed by charging cavalry. But this was no mere hungry crowd, bent upon some specific and local vengeance. This was no mere combination of citizens to rectify some pressing evil, to remove some obnoxious tyrant. This cry was the cry of imprisoned thought. And the enfranchisement of thought led, as it were by a chemical process, to the aggregation of thought. The mind, the will of man in the multitude, combined into one force which worked in one direction, no one seemed to know why, but as unerringly as if it had been matter worked upon and influenced by a law of material nature. It was then the people became irresistible. They ceased to be a mob, with all its uncertain aims and easily influenced whims. They developed into an irresistible force, working, not steadily—for now it was with frenzied bounds, and then, again, with the slow progress of a fine-thread screw—but still always forwards. This combination of mind and sentiment into one common faith, faith in mankind, led men to realize their strength in a manner and to a degree never before known. I have seen a heavy, frowning rock perched on the edge of a lofty precipice or of some great cataract, where it had evidently been from immemorial time, and where it might have continued for ages had it not been for a push which threw it off its balance forever. And so it was with despotism in July, 1789. It fell before the people the moment it was touched, and its fall taught oppressed man in all civilized States his real power. The bogey became the scorn of all the moment the sheet, which gave it size and seeming importance, had been pulled from it, to allow its naked weakness to be seen by those who had previously shaken in fear and dread before it. The great wave of freedom burst through all the flimsy barriers with which cunning priests and despots had hemmed men in ; and on its swirling waters were to be seen the tinsel crowns, and stars, and trappings which had formerly bedecked tyranny.

The standing army, so commonly the cold, obedient, and relentless instrument of despotism, melted away before the summer heat of that enthusiasm which seized upon man's thoughts as soon as he was free to think and act. The democratic fire that had taken possession of the public mind was stronger than the formality of military obedience. The hitherto bright flame of personal loyalty to the sovereign as the son of St. Louis, to the king as the

head of the army, paled and disappeared when exposed to the glare of the newly developed sun of liberty. The discipline of the army died out, and with it all the steadying influence which organized troops can exercise in any crisis of a nation's life. It was, in fact, the disaffection of the army that led to the capture of the Bastille, which a very small amount of military force would have saved ; and it was the defection of the Royal Guards that lost Louis XVI. his head, events which spread abroad far and wide those revolutionary ideas and aspirations which have so materially altered the condition of man in Europe.

It is a commonplace of to-day that those whom we regard as the titular leaders of the French Revolution exercised but little, if any, actual control over the genius, the spirit of the time, that they were merely men who expressed the general desire by shouting "A la Bastille !" "Aux Invalides !" "A Versailles !" etc. But this clever attempt to deny the permanent effect which the individuality of some of those leaders has had upon the world, crumbles away when the military organization they created is closely studied, not only as to what it was and did then, but as to the new military system which has sprung from it, and what that new system has lately achieved in war and is now bringing about in peace. When the revolutionary leaders preached "liberty, equality, and fraternity" to all the world, urging all peoples to adopt this shibboleth, whatever it meant or still means, and promised to fraternize with all nations struggling to be free, the necessity for a strong army became at once apparent. They might possibly have gone on for years without any regular army, fighting amongst themselves in armed mobs. They might probably have been unmolested from without, as long as they confined themselves to the purification of France by killing only French citizens or murdering and plundering only French nobles ; but when the leaders preached this revolutionary jehad throughout all neighboring countries, they invited invasion and rendered war inevitable. For this war mobs would be of no use ; they must have armies. But where find them, or how organize them ? Up to that time the only conception of an army was an army on the old royal model, with the princes as its leaders and the nobles and gentlemen as its officers. But the guillotine had disposed of all those who could be caught, and those who had escaped swelled the ranks of the hostile

armies which now began to show themselves on the Rhine frontier. But even had the officers been available, would it be possible to create from the boiling, seething mobs, bubbling over with gaseous notions of liberty, any settled military formations, anything : regular army? The stern discipline which is the soul of a regular army is not begotten of revolutionary parents. Looking upon campaigns in the life of an army as one would on generations of men in the history of families, it may be said that several of the former are required before the result is a regular army, just as it is popularly believed it takes several of the latter to make a gentleman.

The leaders of the French Revolution saw war in front of them; their national territory to be defended, and no regular army to defend it with. If they could not meet the German hosts battalion for battalion, and squadron for squadron, they would, they thought, at least meet each hostile unit with a mass of enthusiastic and fiery conscripts. If the newly born revolutionary fire did not entirely compensate for the cool steadiness of the regular soldier, their very numbers might at least enable them, by sheer force of impact, to trample to death the comparatively small force of regulars opposed to them. King, priests, nobles, and gentlefolk had been ruthlessly removed, leaving triumphant Democracy the astonished but undisputed victor over all the active elements of internal France. Would she now bolt and run for it at the challenge of the first invader, the vindictive enemy of all she revered, of all she had achieved? No; "Aux armes!" was her unhesitating answer. It remained to be seen what an armed democracy could do in war; what would be the military institutions naturally evolved from it.

The result is known to all; how not only military institutions were influenced by democracy, but how war itself may be said to have been democratized by the active persistency of revolutionary principles. No previous democracy resembled that of France in 1789; no citizen army before or since was in organization or in spirit like that which first hurled back from the land of France the stiffly equipped and formally moving armies under Brunswick, and then in its turn invaded and overran all the countries of Europe, Great Britain alone excepted. The French Revolution may be said to have popularized war in a way and to an extent that marked a new epoch in man's history. A

strange revulsion of feeling this, in countries where standing armies had always been regarded as the cruel instruments maintained by tyrants for the suppression of liberty of action or freedom of thought. A popular and a truly national French standing army was the immediate result of the invitation to all people to throw off the yoke of despotism, and with it sprang up a passion for military glory, fed daily by frequent allusions to the victories of the Greek republics and of republican Rome. The names of Spartan, Theban, and Roman heroes became household words in every family. The army alone could defend the rights and liberties newly acquired by the French people, and its importance grew by general acclamation, until it at last became the visible sign of the ideas which had taken possession of the popular mind.

The battle of Valmy was fought on the 20th September, 1792, the day France first became really a republic. Goethe was present at it, and has left us an intensely interesting account of how it struck him at the time, of his sensations during its progress, of his reflections when it ended. It can rarely have happened in the history of the world that the most epoch-making event of an age has taken place, as this battle did, under the very eyes of the most penetrating seer then alive. When the veterans of the great Frederick recoiled from their encounter with the revolutionary levies of Kellerman, this great mind realized that it was not merely a battle that had been lost by German troops, but a victory gained by a new phase of thought and of popular aspirations. "From this place, and from this day," said he that eventful evening, "begins a new era in the world's history; and you can all say that you were present at its birth."

What Goethe then foresaw, however, was not, strictly speaking, the changes in the constitution of armies, and in the military organization of nations which the victory, won by armed mechanics and peasants, was shortly to bring about. It was rather the assertion of the imperishable principle of democracy which he hailed as a new agent, a new motive power in the affairs of men. He alone in both camps seems to have realized the mighty political results of that memorable day.

Goethe was no soldier, and did not think or afterwards write of that day's work as it bore upon armies and future wars. His thoughts were upon the future of man, and not upon how that future was to be

affected by wars; much less of how the conduct of those wars was certain to be influenced by the events of that day. Nevertheless, the germ of the great military change which the French Revolution was to bring about, even as it affects the armies of to-day, may be said to have lain hidden in the clouds of smoke which rolled that day from the heights of La Lune over the plateau of Valmy. Brunswick's army was a collection of highly trained regiments, that existed to do the bidding of princes, to carry out the plans and purposes of statesmen. The levies of Dumouriez had been brought together through the enthusiasm of the people. Republican France now felt the country to be in danger, and the principles contended for during the three previous years to be threatened with extinction. A victory won by Brunswick meant the return to Paris of Condé and his emigrant nobles now fighting in the enemy's ranks. That would mean the re-establishment of absolutism, of the privileged classes, and the death-knell of liberty. All felt this was a war by the people for the people. It was no mere king's war, or a war for the glory and advantage of a dynasty, it was a war for freedom. The spark of freedom struck in Paris had indeed run like wild fire over most of France and lit up a lamp of hope in the hovel of the meanest peasant. The first attempts of the National Convention to make war were, however, grotesque failures. Whole armies ran away from mere detachments of the enemy, screaming, as is the wont of mobs, "We are betrayed," for mobs and the demagogues who direct them are never to blame in their own estimation, no matter how great may be their failure. The remains of the old royal army, without discipline, cohesion, or officers, seem at first to have exercised a baneful influence amongst the newly raised levies, and to have set a bad example of violence and disobedience. It was no wonder that all ranks under Brunswick should have laughed at what they contemptuously termed the "army of lawyers" opposed to them. Forming their opinion upon the old cut-and-dry reasoning deduced from the Seven Years' War, it is no wonder they should have regarded the march upon Paris as a sort of autumn parade. They looked through the great Frederick's spectacles, but not with that power of vision that would have enabled him, had he been there, to estimate the new moral as well as the material forces to be contended with.

The long story of the French revolutionary wars which followed this first republican victory, shows clearly enough how all-important is enthusiasm to an army. It is indeed the first element of victory, but especially in contests against mere mechanically moving armies, composed of what are commonly called soldiers, dressed and stiffened and drilled in old-fashioned military movements. But the great lesson we learn from that story is, how impotent for any great aim was that mere enthusiasm until it had been trained and controlled by discipline, and until it had been ordered and directed by the genius of great soldiers. The Valmy campaign is one of those many illustrations in history which destroy the modern theory that the deeds and actions of individuals leave but few lasting marks upon human affairs, upon the progress of man. No one will, I think, deny that had the allied army which then invaded France been commanded by a really able general, that army would have reached Paris with ease. The raw levies who held their ground on the slopes of Valmy would have streamed to the capital as so many others had done before, ignobly striving to excuse their misconduct by insolent denunciation of their officers. How different would history then have been! It might almost be said that the cautious pedantry of Brunswick laid the foundation-stone of the civilization of modern Europe. France, standing alone in Europe, actually poured into the field larger numbers of men than could be mustered by all the allied powers opposed to her. Yet, vast as were the hosts she gathered to her standard, their efforts were generally marred by the license and insubordination of all ranks. The roads to the frontier were filled with crowds of armed men who cheerfully and enthusiastically left their villages and their occupations to fight in the cause of the new faith. General after general was unjustly condemned by the ignoble demagogues who labored at Paris to conceal the great truth which they must have fully realized, that no amount of national enthusiasm will compensate for want of previously worked out and established military organization. Armies suddenly called together as those were in America twenty-seven years ago, can do great things when opposed to one another, but when brought face to face with a well-led regular army, they quickly dissolve into the elements of which they were originally composed.

Many were the unsuccessful leaders got rid of by those who ruled in Paris. some

being murdered in cold blood, others not less manifestly murdered by iniquitous administration, or by semi-official decree. At length one man perceived that under all this popular fury, this frothy enthusiasm and wild insubordination, there was everywhere present a sense of the impotence to which all this led. His vision pierced beneath the rank vegetation which floated on the surface, and he saw in the clear water beneath a general craving for a really skilful commander, who would not only lead them to victory, but prepare for that victory by enforcing his authority, and by the establishment of order and obedience. Napoleon said, "These men are not at heart *sansculottes*," when he found that the more he surrounded Josephine with dignity, and enforced respect for the wife of the general commanding, the more popular that general became.

No doubt when he said this, both time and experience had told on the side of military authority, and given substance and cohesion to what had been at first a mere volcanic effluvia. The quagmire had been drained, but the volcanic power was still there, giving life and ceaseless energy to the now consolidated army. The popgun and firework efforts of the old, formally constituted armies of Europe were hopelessly ineffective before such an army, under such a leader, when the magnetic currents of liberty and equality had been skilfully controlled; when they had changed their rôle from that of master and become the willing and obedient servants of genius.

It was the hand of a great leader of men who alone could effect this change, but it is doubtful if even Napoleon, great child of the Revolution as he was, could have created in the year of Valmy an army like that he formed around him during his first Italian campaign. Running all through Napoleon's writings there is the strongest condemnation of undisciplined armies. "You will not find me going to war with an army of recruits," he wrote. He was, however, fully aware of the power which the spirit infused by the Revolution gave to the well-disciplined army. The cry of liberty, the determination to hold on to the enjoyment and satisfaction of equality, and the love of military glory, which had been fostered by a constant reference to classic history, these and the wars that followed upon the proclamation of a republic, — all gave a strength and an impulse to the well-disciplined army of Napoleon that had been long unknown in the armies of Europe. He saw he could

not retain and utilize the power which had been created by the revolutionary excitement without constant appeals to the feelings which had aroused it. Hence, I think, much of the bombast which he made use of in his military orders and proclamations. Men are apt now to forget that, despite all the robberies in Italy by which he fostered the mere love of conquest in France, the mere love of victory in his army, Napoleon actually inspired a passionate enthusiasm for himself in the hearts of thousands of Italians. Nor were the benefits he conferred upon Italy imaginary only. Everywhere he swept away those cruel mediæval abuses which bound the people to the chariot-wheels of the priests and of the privileged classes. The great bulk of the people felt this, whilst it was only the favored few who mourned the loss of the accumulated works of art which, stolen from their houses, went to decorate the French capital. Though eventually he placed the crown of Italy on his own head, he first created that idea of a united Italy, of Italy for the Italians, which has taken form and substance in recent times.

In a similar way and for very similar reasons, this "child of the Revolution" succeeded in calling forth for his person a genuine and operative enthusiasm in Belgium and in Poland. Even when the moral stimulus changed its character and became the mere devotion of an army to the cherished leader who showed it the way to victory, the change was one which for many years suited the nature of the popular passions which the Revolution had evoked. Where but in an army fighting for a common cause could Frenchmen, Italians, Belgians, Poles, Alsatians, and Lorrainers find a common point of union? During all his earlier wars it was as the representative, as the only useful, the only possible agent of the popular enthusiasm that he struck down the armies opposed to him. Gradually the personal element of his power began more and more to assert itself, until at last in the Waterloo campaign his army was no longer the representative of France at all, but a band of his personal adherents as hostile to the liberties for which the Revolution had struggled as it was to England.

In the reaction against his tyranny, Napoleon had evoked a national spirit which at last became as potent as the forces from which he himself sprang, and which he had subsequently taught to obey him. The forms of change which war took throughout all these quickly varying cir-

cumstances conformed to the spirit they evoked, the amount of active enthusiasm they aroused. The rigid forms, mechanical drill, and mathematical countermarches which accorded with the stern spirit of discipline and the severe punishments of Frederick's military system, were opposed to the genius of the truly national armies which the Revolution brought forth. The cohesive power was no longer the mercenary's dread of punishment; it was the feeling of liberty added to national pride. Greater freedom of movement was exercised by the individual soldier—at first perhaps the result of democratic inspiration—than had been allowed him in the old royal army of France. This seems to have brought with it the great advantage of increased rapidity in movements. But the essential element of Napoleon's power lay in his realization of the value of the moral force in war, and the able manner in which he adapted his forms and system of war to suit them. The one nation which alone successfully resisted him from first to last, both on land and sea, was the one nation which, without any bloody revolution or upheaval of constituted authority, had long enjoyed the liberty the French Revolution aimed at. In England national life was free and active and daring. Nelson, even more than Wellington, represented the patriotic passion of the country. It is curiously characteristic of the English ideas of liberty then, that our great sailor, the son of a poor Norfolk clergyman, should have regarded the French revolutionists as criminals against whom the utmost rigor of devastating war should be waged as a national and a sacred duty.

How different were the feelings which actuated Wellington's soldiers from those which moved Napoleon's! There, beneath a stern sense of duty, lay a deep and sincere patriotism, a love of country, and, rightly or wrongly, an undisguised contempt for all foreign nations. They loved their own freedom and their own free constitution, but no extravagant notions about universal liberty and equality caused them to forget the loyalty they owed to king and country in any clap-trap sentimentality about the rights of man. The characteristics of Wellington's tactics fitted well to the middle place which was occupied by the English people amid the violent extremes of the time. The forms and modes of those tactics, though essentially based upon the Prussian system of Frederick II., were cleverly adapted by Sir John Moore to the genius and fighting instincts

of the British soldier. The line formation was retained; in it we met and overthrew the heavy columns adopted by revolutionary France, and subsequently perfected by Napoleon. The British line was, it may be said, the natural expression of the fighting force of a nation that loved order and hated anarchy; loving order as friendly to freedom, and hating anarchy as the symbol and sure precursor of tyranny.

Both the revolutionary epoch and the rule of Napoleon passed away. But the effect of Napoleon's attacks had developed in Prussia after Jena that national army which must be regarded as the true outcome and realization of the revolutionary spirit. The actual forms, it is true, which the genius of Gneisenau and of Scharnhorst created in order to outwit their great French conqueror having served their turn, crumbled into inefficiency in the sure decay of long years of peace. So much was this the case that in 1850, when the king of Prussia endeavored to collect an army to enable him to resist the dictation of Austria, the instrument broke like a rotten reed in his hand, and he was compelled to submit to an ignominious surrender. Similarly, in 1859, the unreformed organization failed absolutely. But the intense longing for national unity in Germany now came to perfect the instrument which the French Revolution may be said to have forged. Germany had borrowed the idea of universal conscription, a national army, from revolutionary France. The German desire of unity had now to make the national army the finest instrument of warfare that had ever been known. Great changes in the distribution of power between nations can no more be made with rose-water than can revolutions. I have no disposition to question or criticise the methods by which the result was secured. The fact remains that the splendid German army of to-day, the most essentially national of all armies, owes its effective power to this fact, namely, that whilst its inspiring force lies in the national resolution to maintain Germany intact, that force has been directed, disciplined, and ordered by great statesmen and by able soldiers. The actual personal sacrifices of time, comfort, and wealth, about which the revolutionists of 1848-49 could talk so glibly and so eloquently, have been translated into hard fact and actual work in the barrack-yards and manœuvring-fields of the greatest army of to-day. It remains for the future to tell us whether the sense of national humiliation, the result of crushing defeat

in the field, and the desire to see the tricolor restored to its former position in the world, have been similarly translated into those trying personal sacrifices which can alone yield the result pointed at by the patriotic enthusiasm of the nation which is now celebrating the centenary of the first outburst of its revolutionary fire.

The military legacy bequeathed by the first French Revolution to all the great nations of Europe, is the present system of universal service. Its drawbacks are well known. They are the frequent subject of schoolboys' themes, the topics of debating societies, and the delight of the after-dinner orator. It is easy to persuade ourselves that anything which can cause us inconvenience, or that may tend to retard our acquisition of wealth, is not only wrong, but foolish. In dwelling upon its personal inconveniences we are apt to ignore the benefits it confers upon the nation. What does it do for the working man and the laborer? That is a question of more importance to the nation than its effects upon the merchant or the professional man. It must be admitted that it supplies to the men of a nation a perfect system of physical training. It brings with it a love of order, cleanliness, and neatness, as well as physical health. By the obedience and the discipline it enforces, and the self-reliance it inculcates, it affords a splendid moral education that could with difficulty be furnished, nationally, in any other way. Furthermore, the army of Germany, for example, is, as it were, the skeleton of German social life, where every class is represented, duly labelled, and its function ticketed. The highest classes are largely represented in the army, as all its officers are drawn from them. In this way, the rude peasant and ignorant shop-boy carry with them from the army into civil life an appreciation of the purpose and value of a hierarchy. They see the highest in the land working hard in barracks for a pittance that many tradesmen would despise, and so they come to understand that position has its onerous duties as well as its advantages. They learn the worth of wise direction and the necessity of subordination; they see that the work is to the doer, and that honor and position are the rewards of merit. Standing in the ranks shoulder to shoulder with the "one-year volunteer," they perceive that the privilege he enjoys means extra hard work. They see how this volunteer of superior education learns in twelve months what the ordinary soldier takes about thirty to acquire, and

they cannot fail to be struck with the earnestness with which the man of superior social position sets about his task. Each grade in this great military machine has its allotted functions, and every individual in it is taught subordination to, and respect for, those above him. There are no mouthings about that "equality" which ruined the early armies of the French Revolution. In Germany the recruit learns respect for others, and also those sound moral principles upon which alone a healthy discipline can be built up, and thus it is that the German army becomes the surest bulwark of defence against the communistic leanings of the German artisan. Is it not true that this army, constructed for war purposes, is after all the most efficacious of national schools that has ever been possessed by any people? How different must be the views and aims of life, the pride of nation and love of country in a people so educated, from the feelings entertained in those countries where the moral and physical education of the masses is neglected or left to chance!

The French Revolution had a great and immediate influence upon the conduct of war. The old stiff and out-of-date manoeuvres gave place to rapidity of movement. It proved that armies of mercenaries, no matter how well drilled, were feeble instruments when compared with national armies, imbued with all the fire and enthusiasm which love of country and pride of race can alone supply. It taught the world that if an army is to be strong and healthy, promotion and command must be the reward of merit and ability. It imparted many useful lessons to nations as well as to despots. But in this year of grace, the outcome of all it taught is, that whilst republicanism is at a discount in Europe, the army and the nation have come to be synonymous terms in all the great European States. As in the first efforts of the National Convention to make war, so now it is the nation, and not some mere standing army, that marches to the front. Then, the French masses which flocked to the frontiers in arms were undrilled in their use, ignorant of what discipline meant, and, as a people, wholly uneducated. Now, when the European nation embarks in war, its whole manhood falls into the ranks, each individual in his allotted place, and well acquainted with the particular duty he has to perform. It is essentially the people's army; a great democracy, in each unit of which you will find every social class and every gradation of intellect represented in

their due proportion, all well disciplined in mind and well instructed in the use of arms. This is the present effect of the French Revolution upon the military institutions of the great European nations. It is considerable, but yet small when compared with the educational results which those military institutions have already achieved in Germany, and are certainly bringing about in all those nations which have followed Germany's example. I take the German army as the highest existing type of the military system and organization which the changes effected in armies by the French Revolution have led up to; and much as I admire that army as a soldier, I admire it still more as a citizen. Great as it is for war, it is infinitely greater as a national school for the moral, mental, and physical training of the people. Designed exclusively for war, it has become the most important of peace institutions. In it all Germans are trained to strength, and taught the first principles of personal cleanliness and of health. There they learn to be honest and manly, and are taught the excellence of those virtues which serve to make men good subjects and law-abiding citizens. It is the school of the nation, in which deep love of fatherland is fostered and cherished, and where all classes learn that there is honor in obedience and nobility in self-sacrifice.

The principle that merit should be adequately rewarded, which according to Carlyle was the unconscious desire of the French Revolution, is realized almost perfectly in the German army of to-day. The German non-commissioned officer after serving twelve years with the colors, knows that he will be offered civil employment on the railways, or in the police or the customs forces, and that this civil post will be one higher in honor, and generally with better pay attached to it, than he would have been at all likely to reach in the open competition of life. And so he devotes himself to his duties when in the army with an ardor elsewhere unknown. It is a common complaint in France, on the other hand, that their non-commissioned officers are not as good as they might be; and that they are not extremely energetic may, perhaps, be inferred from the fact that their energy is not afterwards rewarded by an assured and high place in civil life. Furthermore, it is said that the gentlemen volunteers of one year are not the source of strength they should be to the French army. In Germany these young gentlemen, we hear,

are required to live for six weeks or so in the barracks with the common soldiers, but after this period, in which they are supposed to have learned the routine of barrack life, they are allowed to take private lodgings, and so relieved from a companionship which is distasteful to them. In France the volunteer is compelled to pass his year in the *chambrière*, side by side with the peasant or working man, whom he not infrequently subsidizes and turns into a servant.

In France the spirit of equality seems here to be pushed a little too far, and we are informed the result is that the gentleman volunteer becomes discontented, while the private soldier is not benefited. But however real these causes of complaint may be, it can scarcely be denied that in Germany, and in France also, the army is the great training-school of the nation in virtues which cannot be too highly esteemed. And this school, with all its many good consequences, is the direct result of the French Revolution, and, perchance, its most valuable result. Why it should be sneered at and condemned by some Englishmen I am at a loss to understand. But perhaps its value may yet come to be truly appreciated in Great Britain, whose splendid volunteer army is a proof that our youths, too, appreciate the advantages of being trained physically and morally; although, alas! the volunteers are drawn from classes who do not need this training nearly as much as do our workmen and agricultural laborers. It seems to me that the lessons of the French Revolution are sure to realize themselves in Great Britain in the process of time, but, perhaps, this lesson will only be learned under the pressure of necessity.

WOLSELEY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
IN A CLEFT STICK.

A LONELY hamlet in the depths of a Moravian pine forest. It consists of but five low cottages, built of rough stones and thatched with straw. For light the peasants burn pine logs upon the hearth. The flickering gleam of their red flames shines through the small windows, and is lost in the gloom of the forest. The summer night is dark with clouds, and the moon has not yet risen. The wind sighs softly over the tops of the pines, otherwise all around reigns the completest stillness.

In a small room in one of the cottages,

five men sit round a rough table, playing cards by the light of the pine logs, and smoking short wooden pipes. They are, all of them, of middle age, between forty and fifty, browned with the sun and the wind. Their beardless faces are covered with wrinkles, and their bristling hair is cut short. They wear roughly knitted, home-made jerseys, and are bare-footed.

In a corner of the room, a woman sits on a wide bed, rocking with her foot a cradle in which a baby is asleep. Two bigger children sleep on the bed behind her. The woman has a rosary in her hands and is telling her beads. The men do not speak, except when the game requires it. They are playing for marks only, which they make with a piece of chalk upon the table. The monotonous amusement lasts an hour or two. Meanwhile the woman has laid herself down on the bed, and gone to sleep.

At length the old, smoke-stained wooden clock strikes eleven with a dull sound, resembling that of a cracked glass. As if at a word of command, the men rise at once from the bench, and shuffle softly from the room.

The last of them, a man of middle height, who limps on one foot, carefully puts out the fire. This is the owner of the cottage, Skokan.

Outside, his companions waited in the yard. One of them had in his hands four rods, each about three yards long, bent in the form of a bow, and a pole. All were something fastened at their sides, which looked like a bag. When Skokan had taken from under the eaves a little, roundish bundle of rods, and another long pole, he also fastened a bag at his side. That done, he whistled to a small dog to come out of his kennel, and then they all left the yard together, Skokan closing the gate carefully, so that the dog should not get out.

Leaving the road at once, they entered under the dark vault of the branches of the great pine-trees. Not a word was spoken amongst them. For half an hour they passed on, following Skokan, sometimes through the thick woods, sometimes through new plantations, where the branches of the young trees beat roughly against their faces. At last they came to a little brook that wound its way through the thickets. There Skokan stopped.

"Mates," he said in a low voice, "we will stop here and rest, so that we shall not go heated into the water."

They all sat down on the spongy moss, unable to see one another in the dark.

"Listen, mates," went on Skokan, "I have heard a report. You know, mates, that we have worked together these twelve years, and up to now they have never caught any of us. But yesterday evening I heard something."

"What then?" asked two voices. The third man was silent.

"You know Frantishka, who was my wife's friend, is in service with the bailiff."

"Ay, what then?" assented again the two voices.

"Yesterday my wife went with her to vespers, and Frantishka told her that they say we ought to keep an eye on you, Zinka. They say that yesterday morning you were talking for a long time with the bailiff and the forester at the office."

The man who had hitherto kept silence, answered quickly, "I went to the office to pay the rent."

"But Frantishka says that you were there a long time."

"Skokan, you are not fooled by a woman's chatter," answered the man who was addressed. "All these years we have worked together you have never doubted me. The forester was there only by chance."

"Well, mate, I did think it was just woman's chatter," agreed Skokan.

"I don't believe it." "Nor I," said the other two.

"I have only told you, mates, that there was something said," replied Skokan easily. "Now we are cool let us go down to the mere. We can jump the stream easily just below here."

The men were poachers, and to-night were going to catch carp in one of the count's meres. They had been thither often enough before, they and the other villagers too. For they all poached—in winter game, and in the summer carp; stealing out at night, when the moon rose late, from their quiet cottages in the lonely woods; to return at dawn, soaking wet, and numbed with cold; bent sometimes with the weight of the carp in the bags on their backs, and sometimes with the pain of a gunshot; and sometimes leaving behind them on the forest paths drops of blood to mark their steps. Now and again a man never came home at all.

Many of them had no occasion to poach. They could live well enough on the produce of their fields and meadows. But the poaching was a passion with them. Of them all, the most daring and the most experienced was the limping Skokan. What a number of carp that man had taken

home from the count's fishponds for his children to eat! His wife also secretly took the fish round for sale. The neighboring country priests bought them for Fridays, the schoolmasters, and sometimes the gentlefolks in the neighboring towns. By means of this trade with the count's carp, Skokan and his companions were piling up a nice little heap of florins. The highest ambition of the count's gamekeepers was to catch Skokan in the act. But all their ingenuity had been hitherto in vain. He always got away.

The poachers rose, and groped through the dark to the edge of the stream. They knew the place well. Three of them had already jumped the brook. Only Zinka remained. Then he jumped too, but, alighting on his right foot, gave a sudden shriek of pain. The same instant he checked himself, and was silent.

"What's happened, Zinka?" asked Skokan quickly.

"I jumped on the stump of a tree, and have hurt my foot."

In fact, he had jumped barefooted on the stump of a young pine, which had been sawn half through, and broken off. A sharp splinter stood up like a finger, and had pierced the sole of his foot.

"It pains me fearfully," moaned Zinka.

One of the poachers tore off a strip, about four inches wide, from the edge of his bag, and gave it to Zinka, who bound his wound with it, and, having picked up his rods, limped after his mates.

"My wound will get washed in the water, and after a few days it will be quite well," he comforted himself, bearing the keen pain with the quiet philosophy of a rough nature, not a little assisted by the fact that he had something heavier than the pain weighing upon his mind. Already he had set down his wound as a judgment come upon him for the treachery of which he had been guilty against his mates. For he was leading his friends, with whom he had poached ever since he was a lad, and more particularly his old, faithful, true mate Skokan, into a trap which the count's gamekeepers had set.

Only the day before, the count's bailiff had sent for him to come to the office, and there had said to him dryly and shortly, "Zinka, all the world knows that you poach with Skokan. Now, if you will not tell us when and where Skokan goes for the fish, so that we can take him in the act, understand this — the time is coming round for the conscription. Your only son will have to stand, and we will have him enlisted, without any chance of his getting

off. You will not see him, Zinka, for four-teen years — perhaps never again."

The bailiff's threat struck Zinka dumb.

"Now, if you will tell us," continued the bailiff, "when and where that old rogue goes poaching, and we catch him, I will get your son off from the conscription forever."

Zinka and his wife had no child except Tomash. Dearly they loved him, and often they talked to each other how they would give him a cottage, and marry him, and reckoned up whether they had put by money enough. Already they had their eyes on several peasants' smart young daughters who would do for him. But the conscription! Fourteen years in the army!

Zinka knew very well that he had been for some time in evil odor with the bailiff for his poaching, and that it was out of revenge that the bailiff would get Tomash enlisted. Well, he could save Tomash. But he must betray his old and faithful mate. To steal carp out of the count's mere — in that Zinka saw no harm at all. But to betray his mate, who helped him to steal the carp, that seemed to Zinka the vilest baseness and degradation.

The conflict in the poacher's soul was fierce. Against his friendship for Skokan, his instincts of a father battled hard, telling him that his first duty was to his own flesh and blood. But for all that he hesitated. The bailiff saw it, and began to describe to him the hardships and miseries of the fourteen years' military service. "For the smallest neglect," said the bailiff, "a soldier has to run the gauntlet, to be wounded with swords in the sides and the back, until his steps are printed in blood!" And of course the soldier might come home a cripple, with only one foot, or without a hand.

"Your honor," broke in the voice of poor, terrified Zinka, "the Lord's will must be done! This is a mean, shameful deed. I know it. But I will do this to save my son. It would be the death of his mother, if they took him away."

The bailiff smiled quietly, patted the poacher on the shoulder, and said, "You are a good and worthy tenant of his lordship's to give information against those people who rob him. Now, tell me, when and where will Skokan be going for the fish?"

"Your honor, to-morrow at midnight we are going down to the big mere," replied the poacher in a trembling voice.

He felt as if, at that moment, his heart was being crushed in a vice.

"Good. The forester will attend to it. If Skokan is caught, they will let you go. And," he added, "they will know Skokan by his limp." Then he changed his threatening tone to a pleasant one, and set the poacher at his ease, saying, "We will get your son put down on the list as short-sighted, and he will be clear of the conscription forever."

Zinka thanked him for his kindness. He had still to explain which way the poachers would approach the mere. After that the bailiff let him go.

On his way home Zinka was very unhappy about having betrayed his mate, but he did his best to comfort himself with the assurance that what he had done was his duty to his son. But not a word did he say about what had passed, neither to his son nor to his wife. And now he was on his way to the mere with his mates, with Skokan, whom a warning against him had reached, but who, nevertheless, believing in his previous fidelity, had given the warning no credence. His other mates trusted him too, Novak and Jarosh. Zinka was sure of it, and it pained him the more that he had betrayed them.

They were making their way now through the thickets downwards from the higher ground. A few hundred steps and they were on the edge of the wood. A narrow ribbon of meadow lay before them, and beyond it, surrounded with rushes and reeds, the black surface of the wide mere; black, because the sky was strewn with thick, dark clouds, through which the rays of the moon, that had just risen, glimmered only now and then for a moment. Two of the poachers undid the bundle of rods which they had brought, bound them in pairs, in the form of a cross, and fastened upon their ends strong nets which they took out of their bags. The nets thus constructed they fastened to the ends of the two poles. A few words spoken softly, and then they silently took different ways to the different parts of the mere.

The mere, lying in a hollow, was in the form of an acute-angled triangle, whose sharpest angle pointed towards the west. The dam at the other end lay towards the east. The poachers came out of the wood directly against the apex of the triangle. Skokan limped along the northern side, and with him Jarosh with the net. On the southern side were Zinka and Novak. They all looked for the places where the openings in the bushes offered a path into the water.

Three of the poachers had no suspicion

at that moment, that in the thick, leafy branches of the alders, that stood dark around the borders of the pool, and in the shadows of the tangled willows, were hidden the count's gamekeepers and woodmen. Only Zinka knew that, and sorely the upbraidings of his conscience tormented him. For a moment he thought that he might take his mates away from the danger; but then he remembered with a shudder the fourteen years' military service, and the lost arms and legs. When he reached the pond the chill of the water was comforting to his fevered blood. Only fifteen steps from the rushes the water was clear, where the carp come to feed in the night. There the poachers let down their nets, in which, when they were after a short time lifted from the water, there were always several large fish.

Zinka's hand trembled as he lifted the slippery carp out of the net and put them into his bag. Every instant he expected that the gamekeepers and woodmen hiding themselves amidst the alders would present themselves before his eyes. Novak's face brightened with pleasure at the size of the fish. Skokan and Jarosh were fortunate, too. On both sides of the water the carp were travelling rapidly out of the mere of their lord and master the count into the bags of the poachers.

In the valley round the mere not a sound of living thing was audible; only the reeds, bent by the wind, rustled together, as did the dark leaves of the alders, and the tangled branches of the willows bending down over the rushes; and, at a little distance, the ceaseless whispering of the pine forest was audible. The darkness was profound. But the quick eyes of the poachers, accustomed to the gloom, and practised to recognize objects even in the darkness, cautiously stole around, even at the busiest moments of their labor, spying keenly, and seconded by sharp hearing, to observe the approach of any danger. Suddenly the hoot of an owl sounded through the silence of the night. It floated over to Zinka and Novak from the north. Both of them instantly, as if they had been struck by a shot from an invisible weapon, dropped their fish, stooped down to their necks in the water, and hid themselves against the high reeds. A short time, and again the hoot was repeated. Novak, crouched against the reeds, softly and silently drew the net to himself, cut off the net from the rods with a knife, and twisted it around his neck. Then he softly let the rods and the pole go in the water. He knew that the hoot of the

owl had really come from Skokan, who, in a dim shimmer of the moon's rays peeping for a moment through the torn clouds, had seen with his quick eye a gun-barrel glisten amongst the branches of the alders. In an instant he had guessed that the mere was surrounded, and had given the owl's hoot as a warning sign to his companions to take flight.

Crouched against the high reeds, the poachers could not now see what was being done around the mere. They could not see the gamekeepers creeping out of the thick bushes on both sides, near the apex of the mere, nor how they came along the banks in order to cut off the retreat to the woods.

The forester and the gamekeepers, in the hands of one of whom the long gun had glistened, waited, listening breathlessly to hear the water splash somewhere in the pool. They had recognized the owl's hoot as an imitation, and knew that that is a sign for flight among the poachers, whom they had seen arrive and wade into the pool. The one of them who recognized the limping Skokan had permission from the forester to shoot at him. At the others they were not to shoot under any circumstances.

The poachers, guessing that the gamekeepers would wait for them near the upper part of the pool, crouching down to their necks in the water, waded cautiously along by the reeds in an eastward direction, downwards towards the dam, in hope of getting out of the mere, and taking flight to the wood.

Saving their bags filled with carp was not to be thought of. They let them go in the water, and the carp struggled and wriggled in the bags until they succeeded at last in getting out the same way they went in.

Softly and cautiously the poachers crept along through the water, so as not to disturb it, lest they should be betrayed by the splashing. Skokan and Jarosh, having waded first of all about a thousand steps by the side of the rushes, crept out afterwards into the deep. There, hidden by the darkness, and by the mist which rose from the mere, they swam silently straight forward in the dark, where it was impossible for any human eye to descry them from the bank, downwards towards the dam. When they reached it they crept in amongst the alders, pushed their way through them to the top of the dam, crossed it on all fours, and slipped down behind into the thicket, where they were safe. They were not together. Neither

knew anything of the other. Skokan, with his lame leg, had dropped behind in swimming. At that moment the wind for an instant cleared the clouds from the sky around the moon, and the moon, a few days past the full, shone out clearly over the mere and the wide woods.

On the southern side of the mere, about half-way to the dam, Novak crept out of the rushes, leapt up on the bank, and like a frightened stag shot with monster strides across the meadow into the wood and disappeared. The gamekeepers saw him plainly, but it was impossible to catch him.

Zinka, too, had crept far from the place where they had caught the carp, and waited for the clouds to cover the moon to take a similar flight to the woods. He was greatly distressed, both with anxiety about his companions, and with the pain that his wound gave him. The bandage had slipped off it, and the sand and the mud had got in. His foot had swollen considerably, and pained him so cruelly that more than once he was near swooning. He wetted his face with the cold water to keep away the sensation of faintness. Meanwhile he awaited momentarily, with a feverish terror, the report of a gun, which would bring down one of his mates either to the earth or to the depths of the mere. Crouched up to his neck in the water against the lofty reeds, he folded his hands, swollen with the cold water, and looking up into the sky, in which the black clouds hurried in dark flight from west to east, prayed with a wild fervor.

"O God, give my mates a chance of getting away safely!"

Once more the heavy clouds veiled the scene in impenetrable darkness. Zinka raised himself. But scarcely had he got upon his feet, when he became aware of a burning pain which seemed to mount from his wound to his head. It was impossible to tread upon that foot. But fly he must! The gamekeepers would let him go if he cried out, but that he dared not do, lest his mates should know that he had betrayed them.

Anxious to avail himself of the momentary gloom, he waded cautiously out of the water and the thick, sticky mud, and, parting with his hands the rustling reeds, emerged at length on the high bank, and, limping, made his way, with long springs, towards the wood.

Suddenly again the clouds broke. The moon shone out in all her brightness, lighting the mysterious dim woods, and gleam-

ing in silver threads upon the mere, rippling beneath the wind. The sudden brightness filled the flying poacher with alarm. With a great effort he hastened with all his strength his halting steps. At that moment a red light gleamed in his eyes. In the quiet of the night the report of a gun rang out startlingly, and rolled on, repeated by the echoes of the woods, till it finally died away. The moment after the shot, Zinka stumbled as if he had been struck by lightning. In the light of the moon, his form stood out black against the grey meadow, close by a thicket. Several times he mastered himself by an effort, but at last rolled over, as a stifled groan broke from his lips pressed against the damp moss. Then everything was quiet and the dark body lay still.

Near the place from whence the shot was fired, a short whistle sounded, and was answered from the other side of the mere. It was the sign of the gamekeepers that their hunt was ended.

At the head of the mere the gamekeepers and woodmen gathered in a knot round one who whispered, —

"That limping beast will give us no more trouble."

"Skokan?" asked one.

"He rolled over; didn't you see?"

"At last!" said another.

None of them went near the wounded man, lest he should recognize them, and give evidence against them, or, more likely, try to revenge himself. Leaving the mere, they took their way home through the dark woods.

The report of the gun made the three poachers hidden in the thickets start. All of them knew that one of their companions had been shot at. Skokan and Jarosh, hidden under the dam, knew that the shot must have been fired at Zinka or Novak. Novak, being nearer, was sure that it was fired at Zinka.

Nearly an hour passed. Novak listened anxiously to assure himself that the gamekeepers were really gone, and, hearing nothing more of them, ventured at last out of the thicket. He was soaked to the skin, and shivering with fear and cold. Cautiously he looked around the meadow, and suddenly stopped, rooted to the ground with horror. About forty steps off, a man with uncovered head sat in the moonlight near a thicket. He was pressing both hands to his face, and moaning as he rocked himself from right to left, "O my God, my God!" Then he fell flat on his back, and his hands dropped powerless at his sides.

The moonlight shone out more clearly, and Novak recognized Zinka. A few steps, without considering whether he was in danger or not, and he knelt on the grass by his side. In a stifled voice, Zinka was whispering to himself, "Jesus, Maria, Joseph!" that cry of the peasant in his moments of agony.

Suddenly Novak remembered his wonted caution of a poacher. Quickly passing his left arm beneath Zinka's knees, and his right around his shoulders, he lifted him and ran with him to the woods. There he laid him down again upon the moss and asked him, —

"Where are you wounded?"

"On the right side, in the ribs," whispered Zinka, and added, "Nothing has happened to the rest of you, please God!"

After a time he whispered, pressing his hand to his breast, "I shan't live; they have settled me."

Novak put his thick, swollen hands to his lips and imitated the cry of an owl, "Tu-whoo, tu-whoo!"

Bending down again over the wounded man, he took out of his pocket a well-corked bottle, opened it, and said, —

"Taste a little powder, mate. It will drive out the sting."

Zinka took the bottle in his weak left hand, lifted it to his mouth, and poured on his tongue a few grains of gunpowder, rolled them in his mouth for a few moments, and swallowed them. That is with the Bohemian poachers a favorite preventative against the evil consequences of a wound.

"It is no good," whispered Zinka. With a sad smile he went on, "The shot has gone into my lungs." And, as he spoke, he coughed, and the blood ran out of his mouth.

Again Novak imitated the hoot of an owl, and this time the cry was answered from a short distance. The boughs of the pines rustled, and presently Skokan appeared, pushing his way through the underwood.

"Zinka has received the whole charge in his lungs," Novak whispered into Skokan's ear. "It seems to me they have finished him."

Skokan bent over Zinka, saying, "It's I, mate, Skokan."

Zinka, feeling with his left hand in the dark, touched Skokan's face. It was the touch of a hand of ice, and he spoke disjointedly.

"Mate — you're alive — please God — forgive — for Tommy's sake — only child — fourteen years — the gauntlet —"

He could say no more. There was a dull, rattling sound in his throat. Skokan could find no meaning in his words. Leaning towards Novak, he whispered, "He does not know what he is saying; he is delirious. Spread out the nets and we will take him home."

They spread out the nets, taking them from their necks and laying them out one above the other on the grass. Opening them to half their breadth, they laid the helpless Zinka in them, lifted up the ends of the nets, and proceeded into the depth of the wood. There they found a narrow path which wound like a snake. Many a time had they taken their way along it, bending under the weight of the fish they had stolen. Five times they had led or carried home a wounded comrade.

Zinka half lay and half sat in the net. Now and then he sighed, and the rattling sound was audible in his throat. They proceeded thus for half an hour through the thickest part of the wood, where the rays of the moon were unable to pierce the branches, though she shone now brightly. Presently, again, Zinka began to murmur some unintelligible words.

"Keep quiet, mate," said Skokan. "You'll be all right presently."

It seemed that Zinka heard, for he remained still. The poachers hastened as much as they could. At last a light appeared before them, and after a little while they were on the edge of the wood. The moon shone down clearly with her soft light, the wind had dropped, and the sky was cloudless.

Where the path joined the road they laid down their burden on the soft, fresh grass, moistened with dew. The moonlight fell straight on Zinka's face. It was as white as linen. A face carved in ivory might have looked so. With a sudden start Skokan put his hand to the pale cheek. It was cold as ice, stiff and stark. In the glassy eye, that seemed to start from its socket, the dim moonlight reflected itself glitteringly.

"Jesus, Maria! it's all up with him," exclaimed Skokan.

Starting up, Novak caught his hair with both his hands, as if he would with a single wrench tear it from his skull.

"The woman and the lad will go mad," said Novak. He was silent for a moment, and then asked, more as if speaking to himself than to his mate, "But how did the gamekeepers guess that we were going to-night——" He stopped, and continued, in a cautious voice, almost as if he feared lest the dead man should hear his

words: "Skokan, what Frantishka said was true, then."

"I thought of that, mate, too, but—God knows," said Skokan, as if loth to judge the dead man.

"You are the stronger," said Skokan. "Carry him home. 'Tis not far. I will go in front and tell his wife that there has been an accident."

He rose from the ground as he spoke and limped away.

Novak drew together the four corners of the net with both his hands, knelt down by the corpse, and then, turning away from it, drew it up upon his back, rose, balanced himself, and proceeded with his burden along the lane. On his right the head and one hand of the dead man hung out of the net. On the other side jogged a wet, naked foot. And at the same time, in the dim depths of the wood, sounded the melodious song of the thrush welcoming the approaching dawn.

He was soon in sight of the cottages. Already a fire had been lighted in one of them. Towards that he directed his steps. Some dogs, barking wildly, ran out to meet him, then, recognizing him, were silent, and sniffed at his burden. From the cottage Skokan came out to meet him, and they both of them took the dead man in their arms.

"They think he is only wounded," whispered Skokan hurriedly.

A woman, half dressed, barefooted, and with her hair in wild disorder, followed almost at Skokan's heels. It was Zinka's wife. She had her son with her, and from the lips of both of them broke the wild, heart-piercing peasant cry, "Jesus, Maria, Joseph!"

The wailing son helped the poachers to carry his father.

"I always told him it would end like this one day," said the woman. And calling him "Joseph, Joseph!" she put down her hand to his face.

In an instant she drew it back.

"The five wounds of the Lord Christ! he is as cold as ice!"

The poachers carried their mate into the little room, where the flickering, restless flame of the resinous pine danced on the hearth. They laid him on a bed. A single look at the glassy eyes, in which now the red flame of the pine wood pictured itself, sparkling and glistening, as the moonlight had done in the road, and woman and boy, as if a flash of lightning had struck them to the earth, fell on their knees beside the bed, in wild, harsh tones, shrieking, rather than crying, "Jesus,

Maria! Jesus, Maria!" Then a wailing without words, broken and piercing, filled the little chamber.

The two poachers stood by the hearth looking now at their dead companion, now at the weeping wife, now at the sobbing son. The same gloomy thought haunted them both. Perhaps some dark night their end would be the same. The minutes passed. The grey light crept into the room. Skokan turned his face towards the hearth, and looked thoughtfully at the sinking flames. Then he put on another pine log. The fire took fresh life, and burned up again. Again the dogs barked. Slow steps came across the yard, and Jarosh walked into the room. Unable to find his mates, he had returned home, and seeing the light had come to Zinka's cottage.

The woman and the youth did not notice him. With a few signs and half-a-dozen words his mates enlightened him as to what had happened. Then for a while they took counsel softly. After that Novak and Jarosh went away.

Skokan sat down on the bench by the hearth. The pine-log flames, flickering restlessly, flared up and fell, and in their shifting light it seemed to Skokan that the face of the dead man smiled coldly, and then again was contorted with pain.

In half an hour Jarosh returned, having changed his clothes. He sat down in Skokan's place by the hearth. Skokan limped home. The eastern sky was colored with the red light of the dawn. Jarosh, sitting down at the hearth, took a coal with which he lighted the tobacco in his short, wooden pipe, and smoked, gazing pensively at the blue clouds which he blew from his lips.

The wife and boy had wept all the tears out of their weary eyes, but they were still crouched by the bed, sobbing plaintively. Little suspicion had the son that he was the occasion of his father's death! In an hour or so it was known in all the cottages that Zinka was dead, shot, it was whispered. And the women said, "That's how my man will end one of these days. I'm always telling him so."

The bailiff was in his office, engaged in looking over his accounts, when the forester came in with the news.

"Well, we've got rid, at last, of that limping, poaching beast, Skokan. One of the gamekeepers finished him off with a shot."

"Then Zinka did not deceive us," said the bailiff coolly. "We will save his son from being enlisted."

The subject was soon dropped, and they talked of something else. Presently some one came in at the door, and they turned to see who it was. Pale as ghosts, the bailiff and the forester stood staring as if they had been turned into stone. On the other side of the table at which the rents were paid, putting down his silver florins, stood — Skokan.

The cunning old fox, in order to give an impression that he had no knowledge at all of what had taken place the previous night, had limped up coolly and humbly to pay his rent. His experienced eye saw that there was something amiss, but he had no suspicion of the truth. For a moment the bailiff and the forester believed they saw a ghost.

"I humbly kiss your honor's hand," he said, bending his back in an awkward bow. "I came to pay the rent and the tax," and, turning his rough hat in his hands, he looked down at the floor.

The bailiff wrote the receipt in his book, and Skokan, carefully placing it in the pocket of his shabby, knitted jersey, once more bowed, and repeating, "I kiss your honor's hands," left the office.

The bailiff turned to the forester.

"The cursed thief!" said the latter, "I myself saw him fall, when the man shot at him. He must have thrown himself down on purpose to make us think that we had hit him. We'll have him some day."

Later in the day the country doctor came in. He had been sent for, he said, to see the dead body of Joseph Zinka, a peasant, who had died of a gunshot the previous night. He had his foot wounded, too, apparently from having trodden on something sharp. The bailiff and the forester exchanged a glance.

"He is no great loss," said the forester, when the doctor was gone. "A thief and poacher."

As the doctor had been called in, a sort of inquest was set on foot. The bailiff was foremost in it, and that very day went down to question Zinka's wife, but could ascertain nothing, except that Zinka had come home in the night, from somewhere, wounded, and had soon afterwards died. And that was all that ever came out. On the fourth day the man was buried, and the reports of the investigations lie somewhere covered with dust and mould.

Zinka, however, had saved his son. The lad was now his mother's only support, and so exempt. He kept away from poaching, too, warned by his father's death.

Skokan, Novak, and Jarosh, shocked

by the fate of their mate, abstained for a few weeks from the count's fish-ponds. But the impression of the grisly adventure gradually became weaker, and after a time their old passion for poaching gained the victory, and they went back to the mere just as if nothing had happened.

Two years afterwards, Skokan disappeared. In the autumn, a fleshless skeleton was found at the bottom of one of the big meres, and it was generally supposed to be the remains of the limping poacher.

Novak and Jarosh knew that it was so. They had seen the shot fired at Skokan standing up to his armpits in the water. The two surviving poachers, when they were old, were rheumatic, the consequence of the frequent wading at night in the icy meres, and the wandering home in wet clothes through the freezing morning mists to their distant homes. Bent double, and scarcely able to move their joints, the old sinners, unable any longer to poach on a large scale, would betake themselves to the neighboring streams, and catch small fish with a rod, and meanwhile narrate to each other the great catches of the days of their youth. Sitting on the bank under the shadow of the willows, watching with their dim eyes the float dancing in the water, they talked of their former mates who were now gone "there." They reminded each other of how they had come to go "there," and if ever Zinka and his fate came into their memories, they shook their heads remarking that "there was some hitch in it that time."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ELIZABETH OF VALOIS AND THE
TRAGEDY OF DON CARLOS.

OUR last number* contained the record of a night of brilliant festivities, but here commences the dark tragedy — the gloomiest episode in the history of Spain, the land of romance, dark legend, and mournful song. Now a shadow was to be cast over the queen's young life from which it was never to be lifted, and which in the minds of a few has dimmed the brightness of her fame. For some time past negotiations had been carried on with a view to the marriage of Don Carlos with Anne, the daughter of the emperor Maximilian. This was purely a political question, and where there is no affection on either side, and the interest is simply

dynastic, marriage arrangements are not quickly concluded, much more so when all the feelings of one party are centred on another object. Don Carlos did all in his power to thwart the negotiations; and while doing so, he did not care to conceal the twofold passions which were raging in his bosom, — the love which he bore to the queen, and the hatred he bore to his father, who, he felt, had robbed him of so much love and loveliness.

Don Carlos was not the insufferable being he has been painted by his enemies, nor had he the princely, chivalrous nature of his glorious grandsire; while the virtues and merits with which he was endowed by the pity and sympathy of Isabella were entirely wanting. He was violent, ambitious, unruly, without any filial affection, but he was the victim of misdirected education. Charles V., after his grandson passed some time with the emperor at Valladolid and Yuste, had no mean opinion of his merits. He was generous and charitable, asking always, "Who would give if princes did not?" and he was much loved by all those who were attached to his service; but his persistency of nature — the obstinacy with which he held to his own opinions, however satisfactory on occasion, when the views he held were noble and honorable — was fraught with danger in the ordinary relations of life, for he would listen to no reason and brooked no control. He might have become under happier circumstances a worthy representative of his illustrious grandsire. "The free-will of the parent is the destiny of the child;" and the free-will of the parent in his case had been fraught with evil to the son. Nor had he a mother to cherish, guide, and plead for him. She who had now replaced the mother carefully concealed any mark of interest in him. His qualities of frankness and generosity gained him many "summer friends," but these were of little avail in the winter of his sorrows. His very frankness of nature was against him; he had no concealments, or power of self-restraint. Thus it was that he publicly avowed his hatred of his father, and he extended his aversion to the large circle of the king's courtiers — in fact, to the majority of the court. Thus, when the crisis of his fate arrived, he had not one friend on whom he could rely; and when

The Sovereign frowned, the train of State
Watched the keen glance, and marked the
signs to hate, —

there were then none to plead for him.

* LIVING AGE, No. 2347.

There was no attempt to palliate his conduct, repugnant as it was not only to his duty to his father, but to the government and to the country.

It should be remembered that, notwithstanding the despotic power of the sovereign, there was in Spain a strong love of independence and privilege, and great awe of religious obligation, with a strict observance of form only second to religion. All the etiquettes were violated by the prince, to the infinite disgust of the court. Yet, notwithstanding his defects, the poets and dramatists have freely used the license they consider themselves entitled to, and have endowed him with the noblest qualities. Alfieri has indeed overstrained the poetic imagination, when he makes the queen, in the opening scene of his "Filippo," speaks of the prince as

Ardito umano cor, nobil fiera,
Sublime ingegno, e in avvenenti spoglie
Bellissim' alma, ah! perché tal ti fero
Natura e il cielo . . .
. . . Ma chi e vede e non l' ama.

At once and without any scruples the affection of the queen for this ill-conditioned boy (for Don Carlos was little more than a boy) is assumed by all the sensational writers — for nearly every European language owes a play or romance to the subject of the loves of Don Carlos and Isabella. And in the construction of this romance, history and the highest authorities have been ignored.

However disliked and feared by the court, no one presumed to interfere with or control the heir-apparent. Even the king, keenly sensitive at the outrages committed by the prince, would have considered his royal dignity violated by any want of respect shown to his son, as the result of his wild eccentricities and reckless violence. Unhappily, as time advanced, the instances of his brutality became more frequent. The Cardinal Spinosa, one of the *préfets* of the city, found it necessary to expel an actress, a favorite of the prince's, who, when he met the cardinal, nearly tore his episcopal vestments from his shoulder, exclaiming, "You wretched priest! do you presume to interfere between my favorites and myself? by the life of my father, I will kill you!" The bystanders had to forget the rules of etiquette, and drag the prince's victim from him, or the threat would certainly have been carried out. Nor was his violence limited to his subordinates; he even raised his hand against his aunt, the queen of Bohemia, because she

ordered a member of his suite to be punished, without having referred the offence to him. One of his own gentlemen, Alonzo de Cordova, he ordered to be thrown out of the window, when on an important occasion he was not to be found on his services being required. If any one offended him, he commanded the house in which the offender dwelt to be razed to the ground. Many of these stories may be exaggerations, having only some slight foundation in fact; but after every allowance is made for court gossip and scandal, it is quite impossible to imagine that even had a high sense of duty been wanting, any sweet and gentle nature such as Elizabeth's could feel for his repulsive character any more than a humane pity for his manifold imperfections. Apart from the sacred tie which bound her to the king, she, like others, must have preferred the cold, phlegmatic, stern, and gloomy father to the vicious, violent, cruel-natured son.

It was in 1565 that the growing ill-feeling between the king and the prince became matter of notoriety. At that time the king intended to visit Flanders, and instead of being accompanied by Don Carlos, which was the prince's anxious wish, he was to be left in Madrid. This became the cause of deep irritation, and his anger found vent in excesses which kept the court in a state of alarm, and produced the worst possible effect on the king. M. Fourquevault writes to Catharine de Medici: "Vous pouvez croire, madame, qu'il y a une merveilleuse indignation et mauvaise sentiment entre le Roi Catholique et le roi son fils, et si le père hait le fils, le fils ne fait pas moins de sort que si ne remède se trouve en pourra s'en venir un grand douleur, mais de tant que le dict fils hait le père de tant augmente son affection pour la reine, car c'est en elle qu'il a tout son secours, et sa Majesté est si sage qu'elle se gouverne discrètement auprès du mari et du beau-fils."

And now the most dark and evil passage in Philip's dark and evil life occurred. Ever mysterious in his gloomy counsels, he was thus far consistent that he worked for the basest objects by basest means. His own observation, and the knowledge of the prince's proceedings through the espionage of the obsequious courtiers, did not suffice for him. Treachery and deceit were now used to furnish evidence against the prince. It was not difficult to find ready instruments for carrying out these evil designs. There were at Philip's court many in high places who, under the

most dignified and stately demeanor, were well fitted for crafty purposes. But it is surprising that mean and unworthy qualities could exist in the breast of those who were regarded as the very type of chivalry. There were two illustrious personages whose conduct towards Don Carlos was mean and unworthy. Fernando Duke of Alva, the great captain of the age, the munificent patron of literature and art, who, terrible in war, still loved all that was beautiful in nature, and embellished his noble palace at Termes,

*En la ribere verde y deleytosa
Del sacro Termes dulce y claro rio,*

with every grace and refinement which taste could devise and fortune command—it is hard to believe that such a gifted nature could from lower motives embitter the feelings of the father towards the son. The Duke of Alva, however, was never in the confidence of the prince. But it is incredible that one most illustrious, where so many were illustrious—the bravest, where so many were brave—could be guilty of the basest treachery. Don John of Austria (for Philip's instrument was no less a personage than his gallant brother) was at this time the observed of all observers. He represented, in appearance and character, the highest type of a Spanish gentleman, and a Spanish gentleman represented the highest type of chivalry.

Great must have been the influence of courtly favor, and deep the homage paid the sovereign, when it could betray a nature so noble as Don John's, and lead him into a course of meanness and subserviency to the king, who acted on the principle that the end justifies the means, and that kings are superior not only to the laws of the land, but to the laws of honor. That Philip was capable of any conduct, however unworthy, was only to be expected; but that he should have found a ready instrument of his treachery in Don John is surprising. It is sad to say that it was not in vain that Don John was instructed to invite the fullest confidence from his nephew, and to contract the warmest friendship with him; to pretend to enter into any schemes he might have formed against the royal authority, and to inform the king daily of any secret intrusted to him; in fact, to apply all his noblest and best qualities to the basest object,

Don John's was not a difficult part to play. The weak, passionate, despised, rejected prince yearned for sympathy, and attached himself to any one who showed an

interest in him. This sympathy and interest, when felt by the queen, little availed him, and the prince turned to Don John as the friend on whom he could rely—the one true, loyal heart among the crowd of faithless and fickle courtiers. Although Don John stood in the relation of uncle to Don Carlos, there was not a great difference in their ages, and from the first, when the uncle was received as one of the family, they lived together as brothers. Thus Don John's claim on Don Carlos's confidence was at once admitted. It is fair to assume that in the first instance the affection shown by Don John was genuine; but his ambition was great, and he felt that its gratification was dependent on the royal power and will. Hence he lent a favorable ear to the king's persuasions, and assented to carry out the king's degrading instructions by pretending to sympathize with the prince in all his expressions of resentment at his treatment by his father, and he even joined the small body of malcontents who adhered to Don Carlos, and entered into all their projects. Don Carlos confided to his willing ears that he regarded his father as his greatest enemy, who treated him as a slave; that he was not allowed any part in the government; that he had no occupation—no interest was given him in life. Like the dauphin in "Louis XI.," he might have said of his father:—

*Depuis l'enfance
Il me laisse loin de lui languir dans l'ignorance.*

*Je ne suis plus libre; et dès que je m'éveille,
D'un regard inquiet je vois qu'on me surveille.*

But he added that he was resolved to be released from this state of bondage, and was fully prepared to join the Huguenot party in Flanders, who were at that time in open insurrection. He, moreover, confided to Don John that he was actually in correspondence with the insurgents; that he had long been a friend of their chiefs, and was made acquainted with all their plans. It was about this time that the Count d'Egmont, the Marquis de Berghes, and the Baron de Montigny, arrived at Madrid, as a deputation from the revolted provinces. Don Carlos, with his uncle's knowledge, if not by his advice, put himself in communication with them, and gave them assurances of his sympathy and support. The prince had previously written to Count d'Egmont:—

*If my father's sentiments were not as alien
to mine as my affections are towards him, it is
certain that the nobility of the Netherlands*

would enjoy a repose which they can never hope to attain during the life of a King to whom they are objects of hatred, nor under a Government that is based on the most odious tyranny. I only wish that my desires could be accomplished, but insurmountable obstacles are opposed to their realization. My views, if carried out, would confer blessings on the Netherlands. All I can do for the present is to advise them to place no confidence in the Duke d'Alva, for his only desire is to see the whole country given up to him, and to ruin all the great nobility.

This letter was found amongst the papers of the Count d'Egmont after his arrest, and it was immediately sent to Philip. There was another accidental but very unfortunate circumstance connected with Count d'Egmont. After the count's return to Flanders, he sent the prince a present of a horse of great value and beauty, but very high-spirited. The prince, despite of all entreaties, determined to mount him at once. The horse took fright, ran away, his rider was thrown and lay insensible. When the prince revived, thinking he was dying, he sent the Marquis de Rosa with his final adieux to the queen. She wrote him a most touching letter full of affection and sorrow, which letter, Don Carlos said, "restored him to life;" and the words were reported to the king.

The expression of Don Carlos's feelings against the Duke d'Alva's conduct in Flanders, where his great authority and influence with the king were so well known, was very rash; but still more imprudent was it for him to show his mistrust and dislike of Ruy Gomez, Philip's most confidential friend and adviser. He was even overheard to say that, next to the king's, Ruy Gomez's was the head that should be brought low.

When all this came to the king's knowledge his resentment knew no bounds, nor did he attempt to conceal it. The court was in a state of consternation, for they well understood it, and had too frequently witnessed the results of Philip's cruel, vindictive, callous nature.

Every act of Don Carlos, every communication that passed between him and the Flemish insurgents, was known. The prince confided to Don John a plan that he had formed for leaving Madrid, with the full intention at placing himself at the head of the great popular movement; and there is little question that had the heir to the throne publicly espoused the national party, even the authority and master-spirit of Alva would have been overcome. Don Carlos indulged the hope that his friend

Don John would unite with him in this treasonable enterprise. Thus was the net spread for the reckless prince, who was the only person in the court who did not perceive the signs of danger that menaced him. It is wonderful that he failed to observe the visible indications of his father's daily increasing aversion to him, for the king publicly displayed his regard for Don John and indifference for the prince. At last one of the courtiers of a more generous temper disclosed to the prince the treachery of his friend and companion. The ambassador writes: "*Le prince crois que Don Juan a descellée au roy tous les secrets du dict prince lequel roy dict qu'il montera, quarante causes et raisons qui le contraignent d'en agir sévèrement.*"

But the prince had a worse enemy even than Don John in the princess Eboli, the astute and intriguing wife of Ruy Gomez. Her duplicity and treachery took a wider range than the ruin of the prince. She hoped to involve in the same catastrophe, not only Don Carlos but the young queen. The princess was a woman "*qui ne se connaissait qu'en amour.*" She could not realize such nobility of nature as Isabella's. The too evident sentiment of Don Carlos for his stepmother she fully believed was reciprocated. Kind and good natures can imagine no ill; mean and perverse natures cannot realize the excellence of others. The Princess Eboli was of that ambitious nature that could brook no rival in that influence which she had exercised over the king until his marriage with Isabella; and she had another powerful reason for desiring the prince's destruction. The prince so openly expressed his dislike of Ruy Gomez, that it was certain the succession of the prince would have been followed by the minister's fall. The influence of this remarkable woman over the king was very great. Anna de Mendoza, the only daughter of the Count de Melito, born in 1540, was married as early as 1553 to Ruy Gomez Silva. She is reported to have been of exceptional beauty in spite of a squint, and she had the gift of gaining the sympathy of those whom she cared to attach. The king's affections were soon won by her. On the occasion of the proposed visit of the king to the Netherlands which aroused so much indignation in the mind of Don Carlos, the Princess Eboli was one of the few persons selected to accompany the king. This attachment of the king's was fatal, not only to Don Carlos but to Antonio Perez, who was one of her admirers,

and who spoke of her as "une perle de femme enchassée de rares fleurs de beauté et de fortune." It may be mentioned that she was later involved in the ruin of Antonio Perez, as indeed she was one of the causes of his disgrace.

The princess lost no opportunity of awakening a jealous feeling in the mind of the king. St. Réal talks of the incessant insinuations and denunciations which were calculated to weaken the confidence even of a confiding nature. The best thing that can be said of Philip was, that his affection for Isabella was proof against these insinuations; but he was not the less irritated at the too manifest affection of the son for his stepmother, nor would this be excused by the consciousness of the injustice done the son when the father robbed him of his bride.

It likes me not to bear reproaches,
Because I know I merit them so greatly,

may have been the king's sentiment. There can be little doubt that the treaty of Château Cambresis had its influence even unknown to the king—for who can tell his secret motives, or admit them to himself? But without any private reasons, on public grounds, the king had quite enough cause for just anger, and the prince was soon to feel the gravity of his position.

It was on the 27th December, 1568, that Don Carlos went to the monastery of Saint Jérôme, situated outside Madrid, near the Buen-Retiro, to confess and receive the sacrament. When he told his confessor that he had a mortal hatred to "some one," the priest refused him absolution. Don Carlos insisted, "I will have absolution. My father, you must decide immediately," he said. "Your Highness should consult the Church authorities," was the confessor's reply. Don Carlos sent for the priests of the monastery of Atocha. These were fourteen in number, and were all opposed to granting any absolution while he possessed this mortal hatred. As he failed to convince them, he asked them to give him next day in public an unconsecrated wafer, that he might seem to the people to have communicated. They unanimously declared that this would be sacrilege. The prior of Atocha then took the prince aside, and asked him of what rank was the person he so hated. "Of very high rank," was the reply. The prior said that if the person was named, it might be possible to find some means of reconciling him with the Church. He then con-

fessed it was his own father against whom he entertained these sentiments. After this avowal the consultation with the monks lasted until two in the morning, when the prince retired without having received absolution.

Having thus betrayed his feeling against his father, Don Carlos felt that he had placed himself in a position of great danger, and was more urgent than ever to leave Spain. His plan was to go to Italy and thence to the Netherlands, where his arrival was anxiously expected. Sismondi says: "Il pensait aller à Gènes, et étant arrivé en Italie, sommer et contraindre sa Majesté Catholique de lui accorder certains articles hors de toute raison." It was the repetition of the conduct of Louis XI. when dauphin, who fled into Burgundy to get rid of the parental authority, and there remained until the death of Charles VII. But the case of Don Carlos was far less defensible, for he intended to aid and abet those who, however justified in their revolt, were in arms against his father. To put his plans into execution, the prince now required a much larger sum of money than he had anticipated, and this was difficult to obtain—his credit was ruined in Madrid. He sent his gentlemen to the great cities, Medina del Campo, Valladolid, Burgos, to borrow money from the wealthy citizens at most usurious interest, but a few thousand ducats were all they were able to collect. He at last sent letters of credit in blank, to be filled up for any sum the lender chose to insert. Osorio, his confidential messenger, was given full powers to sign for any amount. But these negotiations failed. The only person who made him any considerable advance was his barber, Ruy Diaz de Mintanella, who in his subsequent examination stated: "I lent his Highness two hundred crowns of gold. The first hundred was one evening when he took them with him to the apartment of the queen to play at *calvo*. When his Highness left the palace he had lost all his money. The next day I advanced another hundred crowns in gold," and this is the money found on the person of the prince at the time of his arrest.

Philip left Madrid for the Escorial on the 20th December, and Don Carlos hastened the preparations for his own departure. He was so unwise as to invite some of the nobles to accompany him in what he described as a voyage of importance. A few, such as the Duc de Sesa and the Duc de Medina Sidonia, pretended to enter into his plans. Others, such as the

admiral of Castile, sent the invitation to the king. The prince also drew up a document expressing his grievances against the king, and explaining that he exiled himself because his life at home was intolerable (not a word of his intention to visit the Netherlands). Copies of this paper were to be sent after his departure to the king, the pope, the emperor, and other sovereigns. He then sent for the master of the posts, and ordered horses to be in readiness on a certain day and hour, and relays forwarded on the road to Italy. When everything was arranged, he went to Don John and entreated him to join in this expedition. "You cannot trust the king," he urged; "come with me, and later I will give you the sovereignty of Naples or Milan."

Don John, when he saw that Don Carlos was serious in his intention to carry out his dangerous projects, used every argument to dissuade him. He truly urged the difficulties and perils of the course he was pursuing, but all in vain, — Don Carlos only became very violent. He would listen to no reason; he began even to threaten Don John, who saw it was hopeless, and it ended in Don John asking twenty-four hours for reflection.

During this delay he determined his final course of action. The next morning he sent to tell Don Carlos that he had been suddenly summoned to the Escorial, and rode there at once to inform the king of all Don Carlos's plans and arrangements.

We can picture the royal recluse wandering in the cloisters of the gloomy monastery, or kneeling by the tomb of the illustrious dead, and invoking a blessing on deeds at which mercy shuddered; we see the sad, solemn countenance "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" — those cold, marble features which never brightened into joy. The sceptred friar with the grey eyes and callous heart was the fitting tenant of the lonely monastery, rarely warmed by the sun's rays. The Escorial has been well described as a solitude where the silence is only broken by the breeze as it moans through the overhanging pine forest, by the tinkling bell and choral chant of the chapel, by the tread of some white-stoled monk as he glides through the deserted cloisters. The monks of St. Jérôme had been summoned there to discuss weighty matters of Church and State: of Church, to make all arrangements for the due celebration of our Saviour's birth, for peace on earth and good will towards man; of State, to decide on the most momentous question

of State that was ever deliberated — whether a father was justified in judging and sentencing his son?

The information given him by Don John of the detailed arrangements Don Carlos had made for his flight aggravated the feelings of hatred and animosity against the prince which filled the heart of the melancholy king; and when, subsequently, the prior of Atocha told him what had passed between the prince and the monks, when Don Carlos asked for absolution, the king no longer hesitated.

A more solemn, awful council than that which met in the presence-chamber of this funeral pile can rarely have assembled. It was composed of Diego d'Espinosa, the Prince d'Eboli, the Duc de Feria; the prior, Don Antonio de Toledo; and the doctor, Martin de Velasco. Over this council the king presided. It was not the first time that the conduct of the prince had formed the subject of grave consideration, but never under such provocation as the king had now received. It augured ill for Don Carlos that his father, during his seclusion in the Escorial, had been more than usually attentive to his religious observances. He was present at the consecration of a chapel presented to the fathers of Saint Jérôme, and he attended the ceremony of the novitiate of a young priest; he ordered prayers to be said in all the churches to invoke a blessing on the deliberations of the council then sitting at the Escorial. All these circumstances led to the expectation of some great State event, and at last the prince realized his dangerous position.

Louis de Foix, a French engineer, was one of the builders of the Escorial. Don Carlos sent for him, and together they invented a plan by which Don Carlos was able to open or close the door of his room without leaving his bed. He had a table by his bedside on which loaded firearms and other weapons of defence were placed. By the rules of Spanish etiquette, one of the gentlemen of the court had to sleep in the room of the heir-apparent, but Don Carlos had from the first resisted this regulation. All this was well known to the king, when he arrived in Madrid after the council. On the 17th of January the king returned to Madrid, accompanied by Don John and the prior, Don Antonio de Toledo. When Don Carlos was aware of this, he sent for Don John and the prior to meet him secretly, which, with the king's permission, they consented to. The prince was much concerned to know how the king had viewed his absence from all the

religious ceremonies, and they said that his Majesty had expressed great displeasure, but they knew nothing more, and then left him.

The king, as usual, immediately after his arrival at the palace, went to the queen's apartment, when Don Carlos entered to compliment him on his return. The attitude of the prince was full of respect; the king showed neither anger nor dissatisfaction. Such a master of dissimulation was Philip, that when the French ambassador, Fourquevault, saw him the same day, he could discern no indications whatever of irritation or of grave design, and this although within a few hours a deed was to be done which filled all Europe with astonishment and awe.

When Don Carlos left the king, he met Don John, and passed two hours in consultation with his uncle, still placing implicit confidence in his betrayer, who seems to have mastered the art of duplicity taught him by his sovereign and brother. It is related in a work named "*Relacion del Ayuda de Camera*," that when he found Don John disinclined to enter into his plans, and that he was reticent about all that had passed at the *Escurial*, Don Carlos was roused to a pitch of uncontrollable passion, and drew his sword. Don John stepped back to the door, when the prince pressed upon him. Don John then armed himself, and said, "Not another step, your Highness." The officers outside, overhearing the heated discussion, burst into the room, and enabled Don John to retire. After this scene Don Carlos lost not a moment in summoning the *correo mayor*, the grand master of the posts. He ordered eight pairs of horses to be ready the next day, and relays to be sent on the road to Genoa; and then, to avoid any further interview with the king, he said he was unwell, and retired to his room at six o'clock. He partook of a slight dinner, having eaten nothing all day, and afterwards went early to bed.

The king, after an interview with the French ambassador, attended high mass, to which the public were admitted. There was no sign of agitation or uneasiness in his countenance or manner. Calm, composed, the strict decorum of his manner never for a moment indicated any inward disturbance; but it was remarked that after the mass the president Espinosa was a long time closeted with the king.

The king was kept informed of every movement of his son. When he heard that he had retired to his bedroom, he at

once put his plan into execution. At eleven o'clock that night he sent for Ruy Gomez, the Duc de Fera, the prior Don Antonio, and Luis Migado. Again there was a renewal of the confidential consultation. So momentous was the issue, that the king hesitated at the moment of action. At length he spoke, a writer says, "*Comme jamais nul homme ne parla*,"—in what sense we are left to surmise; he then sent for two gentlemen of his chamber, Don Pedro Manuel and Don Diego de Acuña, and went to the apartment of the prince. He was joined on the way by an officer and twelve soldiers of the body-guard, who were provided with hammers and nails. The Duc de Fera headed the procession, carrying a torch. The king was in full armor, and walked with his hand on the hilt of his sword. He wore his helmet with his visor down. Strange and solemn the procession must have seemed, as it passed through the gloomy corridors of the palace.

The engineer Foix, the same Don Carlos had employed to make the fastenings of his door, had betrayed the prince, and, in fulfilment of the king's orders, rendered them all useless, so that there was no disturbance as they entered the prince's room. The king remained in the ante-room, while the ministers seized the various arms which were placed on a table close to the prince, who awoke at the noise, and searched in vain for his weapons. "Who dare enter my apartment?" he exclaimed. "The Council of State," was the reply. The prince seized the arm of the nearest of the ministers. When the king appeared—"My father!" exclaimed Don Carlos, "has your Majesty come to kill me?" "You will know my will in time," was the cold reply. The king then ordered all the windows to be nailed up, and iron bars to be fitted outside. The weapons of every description were removed, and then the closest search was made for papers. A casket full of letters was found carefully concealed, and in a separate place was a programme drawn up of the course which he intended to pursue when once he had escaped; a list of the friends he thought he could rely on, and of those he desired to destroy. It is terrible to record,—at the head of the latter was the king; then Ruy Gomez, the Duke d'Alva, and the president Espinosa. Queen Isabella's name stood first on the list of friends, and terms of endearment were added to her name. Then followed Don John, his very dear and much-loved uncle, and others of less importance.

It was a fearful and solemn scene. How far Philip's feelings were affected by finding his name first on the list of the doomed if his son's rebellion had ever been successful, none can say — such was the king's self-command — but the prince was in a state of great alarm. He threw himself at his father's feet, and prayed that he might be killed rather than condemned to prison. "If your Majesty will not kill me, I will kill myself." The prince, saying this, endeavored to throw himself into the fire, but was prevented by Don Antonio. "This is the act of a madman," said the king. "I am no madman, but have been driven to despair by your Majesty's ill-treatment of me." "You will no longer be treated by me as my son, but as my subject," was the king's ominous reply.

The king then ordered the prince to dress himself in mourning. Six gentlemen were named, of whom Ruy Gomez, the prince's especial aversion, was the chief, who were never to lose sight of the prince. He was to be treated in all respects as a criminal impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors, of treason against his sovereign and the State.

When this sad event became known, the greatest excitement prevailed in the city. Not all the awe, and even terror, with which the king was regarded, — not the stern decorum and habits of submission to the sovereign, regarded as the emblem of divine authority, — could stay the murmurs of indignation, which were not even confined to the public places; even among the obsequious courtiers there were indications of grave disapproval and uneasiness. If the heir to the throne was treated with this severity, what might not the favored courtier expect if he gave any cause of offence?

Fourquevault wrote immediately to the queen-mother: —

This, Madam, is a terrible event, as father and son are engaged in it. Nothing has transpired as to the cause of this catastrophe, except the report that the Prince was plotting his father's death, and intended to head a revolt; but as yet no one is rightly informed, not even the Queen, who is in great affliction — who mourns through affection for both, for the Prince is deeply attached to her. The news of this sad event will spread all over the world, so I hasten to inform your Majesty of it.*

* "La Roynne s'en passionne et en pleure pour l'amour de tous deux vu qu'aussi le Prince l'aime merveilleusement: jusques à ce que Roy lui a defendu les pleurs elle ne peut plus résister. Elle a écrit son beau-
Janvier 19, 1568.)

That the queen was deeply affected at the treatment of the prince was widely known. She was always in tears, until the king hastily desired all such signs of grief should cease. She wrote a letter to the ambassador, which was intended for her mother's perusal, and most probably also for the perusal of the king.

MONSIEUR DE FOURQUEVAULT, — It was my desire to have informed you of everything connected with the Prince, but the grief which I feel for the King at finding himself constrained to treat his son with such severity has interfered with my intention. I may say that if the Prince were my own son, I could not feel greater sorrow. The King has commanded that I am not to write at any length, and meanwhile he desires you not to send any messenger to Paris, and no courier is to leave until the King gives permission.

ELIZABETH.

This, as has been seen, did not prevent the ambassador communicating with the queen-mother; but Isabella's letter has every appearance of being dictated by the king. If jealousy had any part in his conduct, it had to be carefully concealed, for the attention of the whole of Europe was certainly to be attracted to these proceedings, and the king was driven out of his cold judicial attitude to explain and justify his conduct.

Defying the stern orders of the king, many of the nobility appeared at court in deep mourning, among them Don John, who might indeed mourn over the result of his base and unworthy betrayal of his nephew. All Philip's efforts could not stay the excitement which was aroused; and to add to his anxiety he learned that his son's name was associated with that of the queen. He found it necessary to communicate with every court to announce the prince's arrest, and give some explanation of such an extraordinary act. His letter to the pope was the most explicit: —

VERY REVEREND FATHER, — No one is more devoted to, or preserves a more tender affection for, your Holiness than I do. I should not be acting in the spirit of this sentiment if I were not to inform your Holiness of my son, whom I have been compelled to arrest. I may trust that my conduct as a father and of a nature to which all violence is repugnant will testify in my favor, but I do not desire to rely only on those personal sentiments. I would therefore impress on your Holiness that nothing that could improve his character was omitted in the education of Don Carlos. He was under the guidance and tuition of the wisest and best personages. I had hoped he would feel the

responsibilities of his position without its anxieties; but the vicious nature of the Prince poisoned all the sources of good—the evil disposition grew with his years. At last his bad tendencies have become so notorious that concealment is no longer possible, and I have been compelled to imprison him. It has given agony to my paternal heart, but I have felt it my duty to make this sacrifice for the nation and for the faith. I am of your Holiness

THE HUMBLE SON.

The king found to his astonishment that the awe with which he was regarded, and the greatness of his empire, did not suffice to avert the condemnation of all classes. There was uneasiness and trouble in the air. He, the stern, all-powerful sovereign, did not venture to leave the capital, or even to move within its walls, unless surrounded by guards. The Escorial, Aranjuez, the Prado, knew him no more. Secluded in his palace, he could not prevent the opinions from without penetrating his halls. Catharine de Medici was roused to anger. Charles IX. for once expressed himself in a manner worthy of his race. "The imprisonment of the prince of Spain is the strangest event I have heard of. You may well imagine, monsieur the ambassador, how great displeasure this must give me. I deeply feel for all concerned in this unfortunate affair." But to all intercessions, all disapprovals, Philip was unmoved. The only effect was to hasten the final catastrophe.

We now arrive at the supreme moment when historians differ, and fable and romance advance their claims to the domain of history. The inquiry into all the circumstances of the prince's conduct was hurried on; and during that inquiry the king expressed the greatest solicitude for Don Carlos's religious sentiments, and his confessor never ceased to point out the importance of eternal things, and the nothingness of worldly objects. This, however, would not justify conclusions unfavorable to Philip, for after the prince's imprisonment he made repeated attempts on his life. On one occasion he threw himself into the fire, and was severely burned. He would have his bed covered with ice, and drink the coldest water throughout the night. It may be asked, When the prisoner was so carefully guarded, why were facilities afforded him for self-destruction?

All these attempts on his life failed, and every day that the prince remained a prisoner added to the difficulty of the king's position. After the deepest considera-

tion, having thus taken a step fraught with such momentous consequence, and aroused a universal feeling of blame (Philip was not of a nature likely to relent or admit his error), it was understood that the prince was to be tried; and this fact, coupled with the great anxiety Philip expressed that he should receive the sacrament of the Church, and that his confessor, Don Diegues de Chauvés, was to be constantly in attendance, boded no good for the unhappy prisoner. Reports were sedulously circulated through Madrid that the prince was rapidly sinking; the public mind was prepared for his sudden death. It was this that gave rise to the accounts that have been so generally accepted by historians, of the murder of the son by the father. Some of them it may be well to recount, for they were currently believed at the time, although historical evidence has since cast great doubts on their authenticity.

Watson, a very fair, unprejudiced writer, settles the matter in a few lines. He says that the prince was put into the hands of the Inquisition as a dangerous heretic; and in one of the dungeons of the Holy Office he was given poison, and died in a few hours.

Saint Réal also believes in the poison, only that it was given in small quantities, that the prince might have full time for his religious observances; and that the king watched his son's gradual sinking, and delayed or accelerated the action of the poison as he deemed desirable.

In a work entitled "Don Carlos condamné à Mort par son Père," the author asserts, that after the prince was condemned to death, it was proposed to delay the execution until after the Feast of St. Jacques, which was to be kept the next day, and the king said "divine justice should never be delayed, and that he was pleased to think St. Jacques would witness so good a work."

Don Carlos, writes another, was strangled in his room by four slaves, who were permitted to insult him in his dying moments. Of all stories this is the most improbable. Philip was capable of great crimes, but was not likely to sanction any such outrage. If he murdered, he would never have humiliated, the heir to the throne.

De Thou endeavors to reconcile the different stories. "Don Carlos," he writes, "having made repeated attempts to commit suicide, Philip, feeling persuaded that he would succeed at last, thought that he would be justified in taking his life, at the

moment when he was in the best frame of mind to die. So, having communicated with the Holy Office, Don Carlos was, by the authority of the Church, given a poisoned bouillon, when he died in a few hours."

After dwelling, not without interest, on the romance of history and sensational stories, the sober and reasonable historians and actors in these events must be listened to. Fourquevault — and no keener observer resided at the court of Philip II. — and Florente, who was the most active opponent of the Inquisition and of the king's general policy, both exonerate the Holy Office and Philip from any part in the prince's death. The former writes to Catharine de Medici: "His Majesty is deeply distressed at the growing weakness of the prince, for he feels that his death may give rise to the most painful suspicions." And Florente concludes a long report with these words: "In sum, it is my full conviction that the death of Don Carlos was entirely owing to natural causes, and the prince himself never attributed his sufferings to any other." What, then, was the last scene of this short and troubled life?

No palaces or castles can retain the secrets of all that passes within their walls; and it is unfortunate for the memories of the great who dwell within them, that the historians who are the trustees of the reputations they transmit to posterity are rarely witnesses of the scenes which they describe. The greater the precautions taken to veil the mystery, the greater the anxiety to penetrate its folds and discover the impenetrable secrets. There are no special documents at Simancas which refer to the imprisonment of Don Carlos, and the circumstances attending it must be gathered from the archives of other countries. It was widely known that the prince was in a very feeble state, a feeling of general uneasiness prevailed, rumors of a sinister kind were not wanting, the gloom of the palace cast its shadow over the city, and sadness fell on all men's hearts, in sympathy with the tragic event passing within.

Whatever the cause, it was suddenly reported that the prince was dying, and that his nature had undergone an entire change. We read in a letter from Tisnacq to Viglius: "The poor prince, for days before his death, expressed himself on all occasions in the most holy and edifying manner. It would seem that the judgment which he had wanted in life had

been bestowed on him abundantly in his last hours." The Archbishop of Rossano says: "God bestowed all his richest gifts upon him as he was leaving this world." It was in the spirit of penitence that he asked to see the king, who had the cruelty to refuse his wish; neither would he permit the queen or any of the prince's personal servants to visit him. Not one kind message was sent to the dying son; but as the supreme moment drew near, after the last sacrament had been administered, it is recorded by many writers that the ruthless, relentless, heartless father was at the last so far softened, that, unseen by his son, he stretched forth his hands and blessed him.

The scene as described must indeed have been one to fill the mind with awe. The prince, born within the radiance of the light of his grandfather's glory, — he who was to be the inheritor of the vast empire and treasure, possessions won by the valor and sagacity of the greatest captain of any age — who gave promise in his early youth that he would not prove unworthy of his ancestral fame — who possessed abundant gifts which might, under happier circumstances, have produced excellent results, — he, the hero of romance and love, in almost the dawn of his life, was secluded in a darkened, iron-barred, and lonely apartment, surrounded by those whom he knew to be his worst enemies, and gasp by gasp was faltering forth his soul.

Low on his funeral couch he lies;
No pitying heart, no eye affords
A tear to grace his obsequies.

Yes; the historian asserts one eye was fixed upon him, but we may be well assured that eye was a tearless one; at the last solemn moment, standing behind the prior, Don Antonio, and Ruy Gomez, so as not to be seen from the bed, the king, it is recorded, stretched forth his hands and blessed his departing son.

Thy son is gone: he rests among the dead.

If magnificent obsequies, solemn functions, funeral orations, could satisfy the nation that its hope in the future, the heir to so much glory, had not been the victim of crime, or of cruel treatment akin to crime, these were not wanting. The prince was transported from the gloom of the prison to the glorious church of the Monastery of Saint Dominique. If the deed was one of darkness, its apotheosis was made glorious in light. It was by the especial order of the king that every honor

should be paid to the dead. The princely grandees, the proud nobility, the Grand Council, were convoked. And of this solemn ceremony, Ruy Gomez, the worst enemy of the dead, was appointed president. The jailer was to be the chief mourner at the grave.

A general mourning for all classes was ordered. In this, and in this alone, did the nation sympathize; for with all his faults, in spite of his many deficiencies, the prince was dear to the people. His reckless extravagances were preferred to the cold cynicism of his father. His youth, his well-known crushed affections, the grandeur of his descent and inheritance, his terrible, lonely, mysterious fate, all touched the nation's heart. The sorrow that possessed all classes was in harmony with the trappings and the signs of woe which were universally worn. The king retired to the Escorial during the funeral, which was conducted with the grandest ceremonial. The old Monastery of Saint Dominique had never witnessed such a princely array; all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of worldly glory were called forth to do honor to the remains of this short and shattered life. Nor was it only at Madrid that these manifestations of affection and regret were witnessed. In every capital funeral masses of the highest solemnity were ordered. In the Netherlands the Duc d'Alva, as governor-general, attended the memorial service of the king's "très cher et très aimé fils." With what kind of emotions could he have heard the solemn requiem echoing through the lofty aisles of the venerable, majestic cathedral? In Rome, the pope, Pio V., assisted at high mass, surrounded by the whole college of cardinals. No victor of the greatest battles against foreign foes, no conqueror in the field of human intelligence, ever received so universal a tribute to his merit as the unfortunate Don Carlos, when every church re-echoed with lamentations at his untimely fate.

Her Majesty the queen, says Maritana, was present at the ceremony in the Monastery of Saint Dominique. This sentence contains a life romance,—the queen, by Philip's command, weeping over the tomb of her at one time affianced husband, and whose heart, she too well knew, beat only for her. It would seem that the queen never was seen to greater advantage. Painters generally prefer mourning to any other costume, for there are few whom it does not more become than bright and gaudy colors; to the

queen it was pre-eminently suited. "Il faisait bon la voir en ce royal costume," says the courtly chronicler. She was very young, but her life since her residence in Spain had greatly matured her nature; and she, in this atmosphere of mystery, had learned to conceal her feelings. So in this last trial she was calm and self-possessed. And well it was she had acquired this art; for Philip's jealousies, having no foundation in fact, were by no means set at rest by the death of his rival son. So prevalent was the feeling that the king's worst suspicions were aroused, that Antonio Perez* does not hesitate to charge the king with the murder of the queen. And while he was an exile he proclaimed the evil deed alike in France and England. He, the once friend and intimate councillor of Philip, after his banishment made this formidable denunciation against his sovereign. While always maintaining the honor of the queen, he asserts that the Duchesse d'Alva, her Majesty's *gouvernante*, by the king's orders proffered the queen a poisoned medicine at a crisis of her illness; that the queen, suspecting danger, refused the potion, and that the king in person entered and compelled her to drink it, when she died within a few hours.

This is very circumstantial, but there is no corroborative evidence. On the contrary, the most impartial authorities, De Thou, Ferrara, and others, while they admit that there are grounds for suspicion, are persuaded that the queen sank from weakness,—it may be, accelerated by anxiety and mental distress. Florente, no friend to the king, says "que sa mort est due à la nature, nullement au poison." But the greatest authority is the French ambassador, who never left her Majesty, and was acquainted with all the rumors and jealousies of the court. In his account of her death written to the queen-mother, Philip's kindness to her in her last moments is mentioned.

The King [so writes the ambassador] scarcely ever left the Queen, while her Majesty always addressed the King in most touching terms; and when she bade him farewell, it was with such tenderness as to melt the heart of so good a husband as the King was. And I am told that he retired in an agony of grief. The Queen then confessed, and received the last sacraments. Her Majesty then sent for

* Antonio Perez's life is a theme for another Spanish romance. Stirling describes him "as the dark, handsome, bright-eyed man, wearing a small black cap and white plume, with the cross of Santiago on his breast—the gay, ambitious, irresistible, unfortunate Antonio Perez."

me, and said, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, I am about to leave this miserable world for a happier kingdom. May the Queen my mother, and the King my brother, bear my loss with fortitude, and be as contented as I am in going to my Creator, where I shall pray God for all those dear to me."

He adds : —

On my expressing the hope that she might still be spared, "No! no!" she replied — she seemed to desire repose — and so passed peacefully away. And then we all retired, leaving every one in the palace in tears. In the city there is not one, old or young, who is not overwhelmed with grief, all saying, "Such a good and kind Queen was never before seen."

And then he terminates abruptly : "The king has left for the Monastery of Saint Hieronime."

So perished, at twenty-three years of age — born in 1545, married in 1559, died 1568 — one whose name will ever be dear to Spanish hearts; and whose portrait in the Madrid gallery, which contains pictures of all the noble and beautiful, is pre-eminent in its nobility and beauty. The light on the countenance comes from within, and the peace, the piety, the grace of her heart, were expressed in her face. "Among women," says Montaigne, "the most virtuous will always possess the greatest charm;" and this was the charm of Elizabeth of Valois.

She lived in an age when women occupied a large space, not alone in the hearts of men, but in the annals of kingdoms. The age of the Renaissance in art and science witnessed at the same time the Renaissance of female influence, and by many was that influence nobly exercised. The names of Claude of France, of Louise of Savoie, of Margaret, married to James of Scotland, of Marguerite, the wife of Emmanuel Philibert, of our own Mary Stuart, will ever be enshrined in the hearts of those who love the history of their respective countries. Then come the three sisters, the Duchesse de Lorraine, the gentle Queen of Navarre, and Elizabeth of Valois, all pre-eminent in charm. Of the last it has been nobly said : "She was greater than any by the grandeur of her destiny, most unfortunate of all by her premature death, most interesting by the drama of her short life and the deep mystery which is associated with her name." Of all queens of Spain, none has left behind her nobler traditions of love, of charity, and of the beauty of holiness, than Elizabeth of Valois, Isabella della Pace.

LAMINGTON.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE LAST OF THE SOUTHEYS.

MEMORIES OF GRETA HALL.

"MOUNT HOREB with the glory upon its summit might have been more glorious but not more beautiful than old Skiddaw in his winter pelisse." So wrote Robert Southey. It is as beautiful to-day; but we cannot enter into its beauty, for we are standing at Greta Hall with tears in our eyes; the last of the laureate's children has passed away.

We turn from Skiddaw, glowing into rosiest sunset, to gaze upon the dark purple ranges towards the west.

The Greta runs with audible weeping towards the bridge. The great giant's camp, as Coleridge called it, of tent-like mountains, Grisedale, Swinside, Barrow, Causey, and Catbels, is hushed and darkened, as if some of our sorrow possessed it also.

Sadly the returning rooks clang among the trees, then pass on to rest in the great wood beyond, as if they too felt that a change had fallen upon the place.

A change *has* fallen upon the place; the last link that bound full forty years of Greta Hall memories with the present has snapped. We, who would talk with his son about the father who, with singular purpose and the noblest self-sacrifice joined with deepest affection for his family, labored on in the weary mill of letters at this sweet Hall of the Muses, whose days among the dead were passed for forty years in yonder library, who suffered family bereavement more than mortal flesh, unaided by a quiet spirit, could have endured, and passed to his rest as long ago as the 21st of March, 1843, henceforth are unable to hold such converse.

Henceforward we must seek for reminiscences hereabout of Robert Southey not from his children, but from the country folk amongst whom he sojourned. It is true that there still lives one venerable lady in the vale who remembers how she and the Greta Hall children twined a laurel wreath to set upon his brows when the laureate returned from London in November, 1813, "sworn to reveal all treason against the king, to discharge the duties of his poet-laureateship, and to obey the lord chamberlain."

No one else hereabout survives who entered into the sweet simplicities of Greta Hall, where household manners must needs have breathed wholesome laws, seeing that educated women with their own hands performed much house-

hold work in love for one another and in devotion for the master and children of the house, and seeing too that, from the naming of the cats to the ordering of the little line of children's clogs in the "mangling-room" "curiously to symbolize the various stages of life," there was a halo of romance thrown over all.

But Greta Hall has changed little or nothing. Still, as one enters the front door, one realizes how completely the house was adapted by its very building to be the home of a double family.

The wing on the left of the front hall passage was the first half of the house that was erected. There dwelt its architect, old Jackson, the well-known carrier between Whitehaven and Lancaster, employer of "mild Benjamin," "whose much infirmity," seeing he was but "a frail child of thirsty clay," once got the better of him at the Cherry Tree, and though it won immortality for himself and his stately charge —

That through the mountains used to go
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow
Majestically, huge and slow —

lost him his place and robbed the countryside of both wagoner and wain.

In that left-hand wing of the master wagoner's house the Coleridges were domiciled when their cousins the Southey's came in 1803 to Keswick. One never enters the left-hand room, "Paul," as it was called, to distinguish it from "Peter," opposite, without thoughts of little Derwent Coleridge giving his father that wonderful lesson in "Derwentogony" —

Father. Who made you, Derwent?

D. James Lawson, the carpenter, father.

Father. And what did he make you of?

D. The stuff he makes wood of; he sawed me off, and I did not like it —

or else listening in fancy to the prattle of that "blessed vision, happy child," that was "so exquisitely wild," whose name still lingers in connection with this room — Hartley Coleridge.

Here Hartley would invent his new line of kings that were to be, here create the wondrous animals whose skeletons grew outside their skins, and become afraid of his own creations.

Above his head would little Hartley hear his father's footsteps pacing to and fro; sometimes too, perhaps, young Derwent playing tricks with old Mr. Jackson's organ, stowed away in Coleridge's study.

But we are thinking of Robert Southey and his children, and we must leave this left-hand or northern wing of Greta Hall

and pass across the passage to the later-built half of the house, and we shall find ghosts in every corner.

Across the passage we enter the room opposite Hartley's, that was known of old as "Peter," comfortably but plainly furnished. We seem to see upon its walls many pictures — two oil landscapes by a friend and several water-colors; in one recess "a frightful portrait," as Sara Coleridge called it, of Mrs. Coleridge, by a young lady. It is breakfast-time, eight of the clock. Southey has already had two hours' work down at Davies's lodgings over Dr. Bell's "Letters and Remains;" he has been lingering out on the terrace to see the morning light on Grisedale Pike from what he used to call the finest vantage ground for a home view in Cumberland. He stoops his bushy head to enter the door; little Sara Coleridge runs to his arms, arms that have never forgotten his own little grey-eyed, good-humored Margaret, whose place the baby niece had seemed to fill when first the poet and his heart-broken wife came to Keswick.

"Uncle," cries Sara, "it's Edith's birthday to-day; we are going to make a May queen of her. I couldn't sleep all night, the river sounded so loud and the forge hammer began so early." And as she of the dark and glittering eye speaks "with voluble discourse and eager mien," into the room runs quaint Moses, or Job, as they called Hartley, head all awry, top-heavy with thinking, and crammed full of his prophecies about King Thomas III. and the unearthly creatures of his imagination — the Rabzeze Kallaton and others. With Job enters his younger, merry-eyed, robustly framed brother Derwent, "Stumpy Canary," in his yellow frock; radiant, affectionate Isabel runs in with Bluff King Hal, as Bertha was nicknamed, — Bertha the tender-hearted, "my dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove." Garrulous Kate, "as round as a mushroom button," comes in next, and with her that "Edith-ling" once "so very ugly, with no more beauty than a young dodo," now grown to be a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked child, with quite enough of the queen of the house about her in her graceful movements to anticipate that burst of Wordsworth's praise: —

O lady, worthy of earth's proudest throne,
Nor less by excellence of nature fit
Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
Domestic queen.

With Edith comes into the room her younger and only brother Herbert, that

light of his father's eyes, Southey's "only and his studious boy," now seven years old, very active and bright in manner, but pale of face with a pallor that gives a depth to the darkness of his Tartar eyes, and delicate in all his bearing; up he runs at once, and leaps into his father's arms. It was of Edith May that Southey had written,—

A child more welcome by indulgent Heaven
Never to parents' tears and prayers was given;

but as one watches the poet's look when Herbert, leaping down again, runs round to give his sister another birthday kiss, one feels that it had been more truly written of this his "only boy."

Then Wilsy, dear old Mrs. Wilson, aboriginal inhabitant of the house, now seventy years old—

The aged friend, serene with quiet smile,
Who in their pleasure finds her own delight—

enters, and with her Madame Bianchi and her niece Pulcheria, Wilsy's favorite tabbies. She has come to say that Mrs. Southey will be down directly. Would Aunt Lovell come from her sitting-room next door and make tea, and would Mrs. Coleridge mind stepping up-stairs for a moment? There is a whisper at the door about a birthday present; Edith May's cheeks burn. There was something of the father in the child; men remember still how Southey's face used to flush up like a young girl's with emotion when he was quite an old man.

Now breakfast begins. How sweet a thing it is to watch the tender ways in which Southey almost coaxes his wife to take the morning meal—now pours out a cup of tea for her, now prepares toast daintily for her acceptance—all with such pretty, cooing ways as lovers use, for lovers they are now, as on that half-sad, half-joyous day that made them man and wife in mid-November, 1795.

Then up the stairs the whole party go to the great library with its noble outlooks. The large window, looking south down upon the green with its wide flower-border and over the whitewashed houses with their quaint, low chimneys to Walla Crag and the town, gives glimpses of Derwent-water above the houses. Beautiful Walla Crag as seen through this window, to-day at least, will be robbed of that familiar form for foreground, the back view of a gentleman seated at a library table as seen in the frontispiece to "The Doctor." To-day is Edith's birthday, and to-day on

the green below with much pomp will the May-pole be set up, and tea-drinking and flowers and frolic will demand the poet's presence. To-day no hand will touch the heaps of vellum-covered tomes on their sides upon the floor, no mouth will blow the dust from a single one of the four thousand volumes of the library that lines the walls. Of course little Job cries out to be shown "his pictures," because it is a "birfday;" but Dapper, the dog, runs barking up the stairs, and Duppa's sketches of Raffaele and Michael Angelo are forgotten at the voice of honest Joseph Glover, the factotum at Greta Hall, who has come to say that the boat will be ready at eleven o'clock for the young ladies to gather "daffys" at Lord's Isle.

There is a rush to the mangling-room below stairs; such a tumbling together of lanthorns and clogs and pattens; Mrs. Coleridge in a terrible fidget; Mrs. Southey calm; Robert Southey asking for his clogs, his blue peaked cap, and his coat with the lapped cape and the poem in its pocket; and away from Greta Hall the happy family go, leaving Aunt Lovell to superintend the pastry and the cakes for the May-day tea. Back they come laden with springtide spoil, Wilsy and Glover and Betty Thompson, the faithful nurse, like Jacks in the green.

Then dinner at two; afterwards a romp in the apple-room, where the ghost was. A ring at the front-door bell announces the arrival of merry, grey-eyed little Mary Calvert, who has come from Windy Brow to join in the birthday happiness and May-day festival.

"Father's written a special poem for Edith—something about a tale of Paraguay!" shrieked the Southey children. "We had no Spanish lesson this morning—and got such a lot of daffodils!"

Mary Calvert has brought bluebells, and a gift from her mother and a pot of cream; and, after a good kiss all round, the party set to work to wreath the May-pole Glover has prepared, and weave the crown for Edith May.

Then all run up into the buff-curtained library, and very touchingly the poet speaks to the children of this birthday festival. He tells them that he should like them to remember to-day that they have another little sister Edith—Margaret Edith, Margery in heaven—and that there is a little grave which he hopes they will not forget to make a posy for in the old Crosthwaite churchyard, there where baby Emma of the dark eyes, five years ago, was buried—"the sweetest

child that ever was born," so Wilsy says, and so says Betty Thompson. Poor Nurse Betty! she chokes audibly. "But now, children, I have got some news for you," continues the father. "We are all to be happy, not sad, for Edith May's sake to-day. Mrs. Senhouse sends her compliments, and will you all go over, in honor of Edith, to the Bay for tea to-morrow? And here is a kind letter wishing Edith happy returns from Mr. Spedding, of Armathwaite; and, if we will go, his pleasure-boat, the Spanish Patriot, shall meet us all at 'the lands' below Great Crosthwaite, and we are to have a prim-rosing with him in the woods. And here is a letter from Senhora, the Bhow Beghum, for Edith's very self, with lots of kisses."

"But the poem, father!" cry the children.

"I want to be thinking about the tale," chimes in little Job, and breathlessly the youngsters wait to hear the introduction to Edith's very own poem, "The Tale of Paraguay"—not understanding truly, but pleased as only children can be pleased when something has been written for their own occasion.

Clear-voiced, high, and tremulous—but not sonorously and deep, as Wordsworth would have read it—Robert Southey reads the dedication of his poem; but his voice shakes at the close, when, looking straight into little Edith's face, he reads,

And I have seen thine eyes suffused with grief
When I have said that with autumnal grey
The touch of eld hath marked thy father's
head,

That even the longest day of life is brief,
And mine is falling fast into the yellow leaf.

For, young as the May queen is to-day, Southey has taken Edith, as afterwards he took Herbert, to his heart; has made the "Edithling" his companion and his fellow-student, and spoken often of matters that pertain to serious age and the things that shall be beyond.

The children clap their hands. Hartley puts his head on one side and begins asking the questions of a philosopher. Isabel, swift of tongue and temper, rebukes him. Kate sidles up and puts her hand in her father's. Herbert toddles off to Sara of the black eyes, to ask about the new tartan frock in which he is to be dressed for the May-pole dance, and Stumpy Canary votes for the "wreaf" to be put on Edith's head.

Then Mrs. Coleridge bustles Sara off to be dressed. Dear, good, clever Mrs.

Coleridge, she was always dressing Sara, and generally a little fidgety. And soon the clogs are heard pattering down from the nursery, and out into "the front" the family go, Edith May, radiant with the daffodil crown, to dance about the glorious May-pole. I think if we had seen the poet that afternoon of the May queen's festival we should have said that he had accurately described himself when, writing to his friend Grosvenor Bedford, he said he did not think "a happier, merrier-hearted man" existed. And yet that little "Tale of Paraguay," of which the poet had written the preface for Edith's tenth birthday, had—so Southey tells us—as its object to plant the grave with flowers and wreath a chaplet for the angel of death; and here, on the birthday of his darling May queen, he thinks the poem well in place; he feels the grey hairs are thickening upon him, and thinks of the infant children he has lost. Perhaps, in midst of all the fun and frolic that the villagers, at the Greta Hall gate, saw going on up at the Hall—there were no solid doors there then, but a simple barred gate between the village street and the garden—the fear of loss for some of that happy flock was upon him.

"O Christ!" wrote Southey to Landor, "what a pang it is to look upon the young shoot and think it will be cut down! and this is the thought that always haunts me."

Two years later the May-pole would probably be undressed. Herbert of the Tartar eyes and swift, precocious mind, the head and flower of Southey's earthly happiness, had died, at the age of ten, on April 17, 1816. But five years later there was the sound of May-day revelry again, and standing at the window above the lawn was dear old Betty with a tender babe in her arms, not yet three months old; and as the bairns go dancing round the May-pole they break hands to wave their kisses to little Charles Cuthbert, their baby brother, who is to be christened the week after next at the old Church of St. Kentigern, in Crosthwaite.

We would not have so digressed but that we believe that Southey's heart and soul were wrapped in that happy May-day party. He was a home man; his felicities were round the hearth of Greta Hall. Punctual as the quarter boys of St. Dunstan in his afternoon walk, his up-rising, and his down-lying for the whole of the forty years he resided at Greta Hall, he seems to have shut the world, in which he lived and moved, within the circle of

that grassy, "tree-clad, house-crowned knoll" above the Greta. The garden door that was closed after him when he went abroad seems to have shut his heart within it at the same time. What pathos lingers at that garden gate! There came a time when people still alive remember how on a Sunday, as the poet walked from church, he sought in vain to find its familiar entrance, and would stand like a man in a dream, waiting for some kind friend to open it and guide him to his garden walk.

Of course there are many relics that speak of the Greta Hall days still with us — here an armchair the poet used in his study, there the remains of the blue china dinner service of Greta Hall; here again, much prized, the slippers he moved so listlessly about in during the last sad days of his library's haunt. Not one of the least remarkable is the exquisitely written transcript of the poem "A Vision of Judgment," with all its beauty of rare penmanship and patient correction, given to his daughter Bertha in the year 1830.

But these dead things can tell us little; it is better to learn of living lips the impression made on the dalesmen by the great scholar, so little known intimately, save to his household, but so widely loved in the Vale of Keswick.

All the memories of the dale that can now speak of the poet laureate tell of him as "one who was not a man as said much to anybody except he kenned 'em, and then he wad nivver ga by wi'out passin' t' daay."

"Vara kind, ye kna', and weel thowt on, a particler man to look upon, but not a man as ivver cracked on with anybody a deal," is another character of the poet, given by one who often met him.

"Remember Southey?" (pronounced "Soothey" hereabouts). "Ay, barn, wha cou'd forgit him?" said one of my friends. "Sic a tall, slender man, wi' sic eyes and sic a head of hair — a vara particler man" (meaning, as one ought to explain, a very noticeable man) "was Robert Soothey."

I remember overhearing an American say to the old sexton, Joe, who was showing him the recumbent effigy of the poet in Crosthwaite church, "Can you tell me, sir, if the poet went to his grave with such a suit of hair as he is represented as wearing here?" and old Joe's answer was remarkable.

"Nivver a better heead o' hair here-aboot. It was the most particler thing to see i' the whoal churchfull. And t' alder he grew darker it was gittin'. That likeness is t' best that ivver was; it's his very

saame, you may saay, beuk in hand and aw."

From many witnesses one has heard how that "Mr. Soothey," who was a "regular church-gaer, ye kna'," used to sit through the service with his eyes close shut, as if in deepest meditation. The pews in those days were square boxes, "aw maks o' sizes and aw maks o' colors an aw." The Southeyian pew, repainted, as he himself chronicles, in 1822, was on the right-hand side of the chancel, and nearest to the body of the church, and Southey was too tall to remain invisible when seated; folks noticed his bushy head, so venerably grey, and the meditative mien with which he entered into the service.

Yet his patience was sorely tried, as he tells us, by the quaint inapplicability of some of the discourses he had to listen to, and he who wrote to Lady Beaumont, "If I were a preacher redeeming love should be my theme," lived in an age when "some of the best divines" appeared to Southey to "err in not representing Christianity as the admirable religion it really is — the dispensation of love."

"Was Mr. Southey often seen?" I once asked.

"Ay, ay, most every daay. He could go out all wedders; and if it was fine he would have a beuk in his hand and be gaan slow, and if it was wet he would step away grandly. The way he would go up Causey or Walla Crag was something serious. There was no pride about Soothey. He moast always wore clogs, and all the bairns wore clogs, and he had a fawn-colored, all-round cwoat and a cap with a neb to it — that was his rig — vara plain, you mind, but vara neat; not a button off nor nowt; but he nivver wore swaller-lapped cwoats, for o they was in vogue — moastly all-round lang fawn ones. And at times, latterly, he had brown cwoat with cape to it, over shoulders; but that was at end o' his time, ye kna'."

"But where did he usually walk?"

"Well," continued my informant, "Soothey was partial to Latrigg; vara fond o' t' Terrace Road along by Applethet to Millbeck. I have heard him saay finest spot in whole daale was t' view above Applethet. Then he was vara proud o' the Howrahs; he would walk backward and forret there for an hour or mair."

I remembered, as the old man spoke, the contemplative picture Southey draws in the passage of his "Colloquies" that begins, "I was walking alone in Howrah."

"But did he generally go alone or with companions?"

"He would oft ga by hissel. He wanted to be studying, ye kna'. And you wad come along happen and say, 'Good-morning, Mr. Soothey,' and he wad nivver raise his head till he had got on past, and then he wad stop and turn round and put up his stick, or raise neb of his cap, as if he was i' dreams and had only just heard ye. But he was a man particler fond of a halliday, and then all the Hall folks must gang along wid him, sarvin' lasses an' aw. I remember time as he christened Muttonpie Bay I was rowing the family, and sic laughing and gaen on as nivver was, and then the pies and things; and efter luncheon Mr. Soothey said nivver was better pie made or eaten i' t' w'hoal world, and they would christen spot 'Muttonpie Bay,' and so it was caed ivver efter."

Lovers of our Lakeland worthies, if they land at the spot beyond "the Bay" on the west of Derwentwater, will think of the frolic and the fun of those old Greta Hall days and wish that their simplicity was back again; will see the tall, slender form of the poet, with his eagle look and his keen, dark-brown eyes, a child among his children on that shore, and in the swift movings of his delicate face and expressive mouth catch something of the light that seemed to need just such occasions to make and keep the poet ever young.

Another informant once spoke of the poet's way of going up the Newlands Beck or to Appletwaite Ghyll for a bathe.

"He was just a girt watter dog, was Mr. Soothey, nowt mair nor less," said the old yeoman. "He was terble fond of bathing thereaway, below t' Emerald Bank."

Fond as the poet was of Catghyll, of the stream at Ashness, or of the miniature cascades of the Causey Pike Beck, he never so entirely entered into the glory of the river god as when he was feeling the refreshing coolness of that beck

Whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistose bed

below the beautiful farmhouse beneath Causey Pike, where his brother Tom Southey, the retired sea captain, came to reside on Lady Day of 1819.

That farmhouse, "a very sweet place," as Southey called it, "in the vale of Newlands," was the goal of many of Southey's walks, and, as he once wrote to his friend Bedford, doubled the quantum of his daily exercise.

"He was a very good walker, was Mr.

Soothey, ye kna'—tall and leish, but had nowt to carry, and cud git ower t' grund weel if he hedn't a beuk in his hand," the same old friend once said; and as he spoke I remembered the way he loved to go round by the Brundholme Woods and across the Greta, and so by the Druid circles home; how he often clomb Saddleback and Skiddaw, visited Eagle Crag in Borrodale and Honister; how he cared much to visit the quaint little churchyard among the mountains of St. John's Vale, and so again stroll homewards by the haunt of the Druids, or onwards to Dalehead Hall for the poet meetings by Leathes water. I remembered how he described himself as walking hard all day with a single rest upon a stone, and a single apple for his food, and how Sir Henry Taylor, in his notes to "Philip van Artevelde," speaking of him as a man of sixty summers, could still say,—

With him the strong hilarity of youth
Abides, despite grey hairs, a constant guest.

This hilarity was, doubtless, part of the poet's native stock of quiet humor, but it was also the direct consequence of active health, the result of active habits and simplest life. It is not generally known how, latterly, Crosthwaite churchyard was the poet's favorite haunt. He would go by Howrah, and so by Church Lunning, and Doctor Dub, to the churchyard.

One of the older inhabitants of Crosthwaite parish tells me of the way in which, however absorbed the old poet might seem, he would never forget to pat a child on its head as he passed it. His love for children was wonderful. A child's grave was enough to keep him in Cumberland till his bones were laid beside it; for the children's sake he toiled unceasingly, and with them he sorrowed and rejoiced. Southey could not hear the patter of the little clogs along the road without hearing the patter of his own bairns upon the way and giving children wayfarers his benediction.

But the bairns of Greta Hall grew up. The girls got beyond the age of the long fillibag trousers trimmed with frills at the ankles, still remembered. They passed the time of dear Mrs. Coleridge's fuss about Sara's frock and gentle Mrs. Southey's careful dressing of her daughters for the dancing master's annual party at the Queen's Head. They passed the time of Mrs. Senhouse's parties at the Bay and the collegians' long-vacation ball in the town. Edith the swanlike flew away, and tall Miss Bertha, so like her father the

poet in sweetness of face and in temper, married. Master Cuthbert Southey — Og, king of Bashan, as they called him at Greta Hall — waxed great and got beyond Nurse Betty Thompson's hands or the management of Dan Wilson, the clogger. People hereabout who were lads when Cuthbert was a boy tell of the quaint tricks played upon him, because they knew of his short sight. Barrows were sometimes set in his path; and Master Southey was sometimes seen to fall over, then pick himself up and put his spectacles on, and look without a complaint at the unseemly obstruction that had brought his fall. Og, king of Bashan, he was rightly called. But he grew on shock-headed, tall, with eyes of wonderful grey, high forehead, strong nose, stronger chin than his father, and with a lower lip that quaintly hung, as they say, in Cumberland, a little like a motherless foal.

"The leanest, lankiest, longest lad I ever knew," so wrote a friend of more than half a century ago.

So long was he that there are doorways in Keswick still shown where Master Southey always bumped his head; so lean and lanky that, when he was preparing to go to college, his father spoke of him and wrote of him not as Og, nor as Cuthbert, nor as Karl, but as "the North Pole." Cuthbert Southey is well remembered as a boy in Keswick, for Cuthbert, because he filled in a measure Herbert's place, was kept with diligence at home. He regretted this himself; he never learned boys' ways, and grew up with a certain shyness that lasted all his days. And yet "fair seed-time had his soul," and almost the last time I talked with him his eyes glowed, though his voice quavered as his father's voice used to quaver, as he told of the perfect lessons of patient cheerfulness, of unselfish industry, of constant, tender kindness and high-minded simplicity, he learned in those young boyhood days from that noble spirit the genius of Greta Hall.

"Take him all in all, though I have lived nearly as many years as my father I have not seen his like for perfect gentlemanhood. The more I have seen of literary men, the more do I marvel at the pure unselfishness and pre-eminent goodness of my father; and I am more glad each year that I bestowed such care as I could upon his 'Life and Correspondence,' because I feel that it, with the 'Southey's Letters' my brother-in-law edited, reflects faithfully the essence of his character."

In some such words did Cuthbert speak

of the father who begat him — and now Cuthbert cannot speak more. The last of the voices at Greta Hall is silent. The last of the Southseys of Greta Hall days has gone home.

It was a day of storm and gloom as bitter as that wild March morning in 1843 when Wordsworth and his son-in-law Quillinan stood beside the laureate father's grave in Crosthwaite churchyard. There was no sudden shining after rain; no robins sang hard by for us, as then they sang. We, the mourners, were gathered at short notice by an open grave beside the rushing Louthier stream. The pastor of Askham had suddenly been called away from his flock, and death had led him very gently through the swoon that knows no waking to the land that is very far off.

The bell tolled sadly in the hollow beside the stream; sadly on that dark December day yeomen friends were seen bearing the body of Cuthbert Southey to the church. Tenderly there a hymn was sung, reverently the prayers were said, and we left the poet's son, whose youth had known the sound of the Greta, whose manhood had heard the flow of the Parratt stream, to rest unhearing in a fair spot for any poet's son to sleep in, beside the Louthier, till the river sing no more its requiem and the dead in Christ arise.

The last of the Southseys of Greta Hall has gone home; the book of Greta Hall memories is closed forever. No wonder we grieve as we stand to-night at Greta Hall; no wonder the Greta seems to share our sorrow. But the western light beyond grey Grisedale grows in glory, and ere its wonder fades from out the heavens, lo! high o'er Hindscarth gleams the evening star.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ON THE RIVIERA.

It would be curious to inquire in these days of advancement, with all their increased and ever-increasing ways of pleasure-making, what our fathers did before the Riviera was invented. They went, the well-instructed reader will reply, to German baths, where the Kursaal accomplished as many ruins as cures, and the *tapis vert* was as great and as absorbing a centre of interest in Baden and Homburg as at Monte Carlo. But this is but a partial answer to the question, for German baths exist only in summer and in seasons given up to holiday or the pursuit

of health, which is very different from that wonderful line of coast between Marseilles and Genoa, in which the darker side of the year is turned into sunshine and brightness, and the holiday season is still left intact for the enjoyment which once was confined within its limits. We might answer in another manner, and say that the invention of the Riviera is not a matter of to-day,—that the times have been, and that indeed in the memory of living man, when the Riviera was the dream of bliss of many a romantic spirit; when big *vetture* rumbled leisurely along the Cornice road, conveying persons of cultured minds, who really enjoyed the beauty of the landscape, and lingered over every lovely bay and shining village perched high among the rocks. This, too, is true, yet not all the truth. In these days a bridal pair would wander along the glowing hills, finding a reflection of their happiness in the quiet, genial sun, that turned winter into an enchanted and perennial spring; or, what was still more interesting if less radiant, a little party of anxious (and lovely) attendants would convey some gentle invalid to all the advantages of the soft and balmy south. But the privilege was extended to but few, and the vulgar could only gaze and sigh in vain.

Nowadays all these things have changed; and instead of the occasional travellers, the little English colonies scattered here and there, the invalids and the *dilettantes* who once had these realms of Paradise all to themselves, the line of coast is dotted all along by a scarcely broken line of hotels and villas, and a tenth part or so of the civilized world pours along this coast, hurrying from railway station to railway station, changing the language and manners of an entire district; changing the language, for though all the world is represented, there can be no doubt that the great stream of the invaders speak English, whether in its native and original form or in that vigorous if less elegant version which comes from the other side of the Atlantic. It is the Anglo-Saxon race which fills up all the hotels, and settles down, with all its natural accessories, in every villa along the sea-margin, demanding its particular national luxuries everywhere. Whether it was the opening of the railway or of the Casino at Monte Carlo which determined this great wave of motion, this flight of the northern swallows, it would be difficult to say. The stream had begun even before the railway; it was flowing while yet the principality of Monaco starved on its

own resources, and was virtuously unaware of the existence of M. Blanc. But all these elements have to be taken into calculation when we consider the actual result; for their can be no doubt that life on the Riviera centres on Monte Carlo as on the axle which keeps everything turning, and the railway is the line of connection that keeps all the outlying portions of the dominion *en rapport* with the heart.

We may leave Marseilles and its immediate neighborhood behind. They belong to a definite country and a practical world. France possesses them, and business, and their own affairs. Liverpool and Woolwich have not less to do with Piccadilly than Marseilles and Toulon with the Riviera, properly so called. That begins, let us say, at St. Raphael, where the quiet people go, where there is nothing much to do or to see; where the sun rises every morning (or at least most mornings), lighting up a dazzling sea, with only a few innocent boats to lend an occasional translucent shadow to the water, and scarcely a pedestrian to contribute a more substantial shadow on the beach. St. Raphael is so far off that the thrill of communication is faint. You can scarcely feel the throb of Monte Carlo in its veins. It is respectable and Ritualistic. There is daily service in the little new church, which gathers a little colony round it who are not as other men are. But as we get on to Cannes we feel the electric touch. From thence the stream flows, coming and going as far as Mentone on the other side. This, in the present sense of the word, is the true Riviera. The road runs along the coast, close to the sea, flanked with gardens of lemons and oranges on one side, and the grey olives all gnarled and twisted, in terraced plantations mounting up the hills on the other. The railway runs parallel here and there, but keeps plunging into tunnel after tunnel, disappearing from view; but along the road sweeps carriage after carriage, up and down the slopes, and round the sharp corners with jangling bells and flying hoofs. They are all on their way to or from the centre of existence; they dash, they gallop, they fly; it is the rule of the road to go always at full speed. In many of them there are pretty creatures with yellow hair—the fashion may have faded a little in other places, but it is still *de rigueur* in Monte Carlo—whose audacious beauty, bold yet pitiful, makes the heart sick; in many others bands of men, three or four together, who are equally suspect, but rouse feelings quite different

from pity. It is difficult, however, to draw the line among them — between the idle and vacant, who go simply to amuse themselves, and the *vauriens* who naturally hang about a place where everything that is illegitimate and *déclassé* elsewhere becomes lawful and commonplace. One of the classes of passers-by to which I most object is the solitary old gentleman, very much wrapped up, who scowls out of his furs and shawls at the sea which has ventured to chill an air which he expects to be made to order for him, to keep cold away and his ailments at arm's length, and preserve his unprecious life as long as possible. There are a great many of these old men about the Riviera, keeping themselves alive, after a sufficiently long life not well spent, one feels sure; at all events, it is a sort of satisfaction to the mind to conclude that it cannot have been well spent when one sees all the luxuries that surround the old fellows, and the frown with which they generally regard the sun which is not warm enough, and the sea which makes too much noise and interferes with their sleep.

It is with a sentiment less bellicose that we survey another class which is very familiar on the Riviera — that of the elderly young man, who has come to estimate at their full value the gifts of careless youth, and who is determined to keep his hold upon them till the last practicable moment. He is the man, perhaps, who most enjoys all that is beautiful and delightful here. He has too much good taste to care for anything that involves the nausea of vice. He is in his own person virtuous and clean, from his linen to his likings — unimpeachable, but not strait-laced. He ignores the relationships which may not be quite in accord with the law, when he is asked to a sumptuous dinner or to join a party on board a beautiful yacht. He is not a censor of morals. He enjoys everything, — the smile of a pretty woman, and even the little *éclat* of knowing her, and the sensation of passing her without any acknowledgment of acquaintance when he is with ladies of another description. The contact with the unlawful thus brings him a peculiar touch of pleasure; but he is not in any way unlawful himself. He takes the good out of everything, and all the world is open to him. The most innocent person, perhaps, regards him with a certain additional interest, in that he knows all sides of the human problem, and has spoken familiarly with those who are mentioned in polite society only with bated

breath. He is free to walk where everything smells of pitch, yet he is not defiled. No unsavory adventures or relationships are his; indeed there is nothing about him that is not wholesome, clean, and, if the word were permitted, respectable. He would not choose, perhaps, to be called respectable, because that is supposed to infer dulness and limitations which he does not find necessary or desirable. Yet so well brushed, so well got up, so *soigné* and careful is his toilet, both of body and soul, that the title, if he would accept it, would be entirely suitable.

This gentleman, if he were in Piccadilly, might be called a man about town, where he would know all the best people, and do everything that the best people do. On the Riviera, while retaining that character, he is a man about the world. He knows not only the best people but the worst, yet, as has been said, he remains undefiled. He may live at Monte Carlo and not even play. Life is enough to interest him without any miserable adjuncts of that kind. The thing that particularly strikes the observer is his care to preserve himself in that perfect condition of enjoyment and comfort to which he has attained. While he is quite aware that a younger man could never get as much (perhaps by dint of wanting so much more) from life as he does, he is also conscious that an older man generally gets much less. He knows that he is on the apex, and that the next step from the apex means more or less downfall. Therefore his health is a matter of the greatest importance to him. It is so, let us allow, to all sensible persons, but to him even more, for it involves more. It involves diminution — a decrease in every way — and he is most reluctant to contemplate diminution and decrease. He wants to remain where he is, enjoying everything, exercising what he still feels to be a voluntary moderation. If the years would but stand still, all would be well; they have nothing more to bring him, but only less, which is a contingency he has no desire to face. Therefore he takes care of himself, body and mind, with a constant, unremitting, modest attention. He takes care not to tire himself, not to be put out, to undergo no *contretemps* — such as inferior rooms, a bad dinner, or a company that bores him. All these things detract from perfect vitality — and to preserve that perfect, tempered, well-balanced vitality is the main object of his life.

This gentleman is to be found at his highest perfection on the Riviera. He is

well off — generally very well off; he has nothing to do but the pursuits above mentioned. He has no pressure of duties at home, being unmarried and without care save for himself. Generally he is very kind and good-hearted, and pleased to please other people, which gives the finest aroma to such a life. If he were not, indeed, good and amiable, he would not have half so much enjoyment in his existence. This gives the last perfection to it. He would not be what he is if he had not a great deal of goodness in him. And yet, to think that a few years may turn this quintessence of humanity into the old gentleman with a *cache-nez* up to his eyes, who will scowl at the Mediterranean because it is not a hot bath! That is the dreadful possibility that is always before him.

There is no feminine counterbalance to this development of man. The nearest thing to him is the old lady who is perennial in liveliness and eagerness to enjoy everything and see everything, and who is amused impartially by the proper and the improper, — the latter of whom would bear the bell with her if it were not for the infinite drollery of the prim people who are not as other women are, and whose superior virtue puts on airs which delight the clever old critic who has seen everything and everybody, and to whom life is now a spectacle at which she sits, not caring much what passes before her, amused by all the follies, whatever they may be. But women can never attain the impartiality of men. Their toleration is never so genuine, their curiosity not so calm. The middle-aged, unmarried woman vainly tries to emulate that perfection of enlightenment which marks her male contemporary. She cannot reach it. Probably she would be a monster if she did. Ladies, on the whole, don't shine, I think, at Monte Carlo. They are too much on the alert, either to avoid encounters with the equivocal or to brave them. They do not take matters with the same majestic calm.

There are to be seen, however, upon the dusty but lively road which leads by all the inexhaustible curves, bays, and headlands of this wonderful coast, towards that curious little metropolis of folly, passers-by of a very different description. Between the ladies with the yellow hair and the men with the cigars will come along at a pace more moderate an English family, father, mother, and children, generally grown-up daughters, with worth and wealth in every feature. "Que diable allaient-ils faire en cette galère?" What

can they want at Monte Carlo? They go, because, we suppose, they have formed to themselves an idea of something in the shape of gaiety and exhilarating pleasure which is almost beyond a sober man's dreams, — the vortex, the whirl which recluses in the country dream of but never find. They expect to be seized upon by the *tourbillon* of joyous life — to be whirled out of themselves in a maelstrom of dissipation in which their own high principles will keep them individually guiltless, but which will have all the fascination of wickedness. Perhaps they are a little shamefaced about going there at all, and murmur excuses as to having heard that it is the best air in the Riviera, the best music, and beautiful gardens, etc. All which is true enough; but it is something more that they expect. Still more extraordinary are the other carriagefuls of English travellers, all ladies — ladies who have no yellow hair, but scanty wisps of grey, — ladies not fair of feature, and of guise altogether unlike that of seekers of pleasure, most of them in black, most of them a little worn by life, all of them propriety incarnate. As a general rule they do not care how fast they go, except when there is something to see. Their coachman is a man whom they think very civil, who tells them what everything is on the way, and points out the castle that belongs to Mr. Smith, or the great gardens of the Villa Brown. What records of life might come out of those parties! They are all — or almost all — in black; some of them in crape, just emancipated by death from some lifelong bondage of circumstances — some long monotony of living, in which no relaxation or variety was possible. Perhaps it is the father who has died, after holding his more than grown-up daughters in grim captivity for years. They have found out that they required change — fresh air, new scenes; and once more it is with the delusion in their minds that they will see at least, if they do not share, if they only look on, the wildest gaiety at Monte Carlo, — dissipation and amusement beyond their wildest dreams, — that they are making their way, in a state of excitement and enchantment difficult to describe, to that centre. The painted ladies, the equivocal men, are all part of the play. They gaze at their fellow-travellers when they dash past, raising clouds of dust, with a shock of delightful horror. These, then, are the Monte Carlo people, the wicked, the thoughtless, the gay. Shortly they will all be there, and our friends will stand and

look on delighted at the vortex, the whirl, the abyss. Yes, they will be shocked — they expect no less; but it will be something to see it, to watch those abandoned crowds in their diversion, to see how they do it, perhaps to come within reach of some tragic catastrophe such as they are assured happens every day.

Monte Carlo, the centre of all those visions, has indeed the most delightfully holiday aspect when one gets there. The little fortress-town of Monaco, standing out to sea upon its lofty rock, with the loveliest little basin of a bay, gay with boats, a yacht or two, perhaps an errant steamer, quaintly out of place, flanks it on one side. The road mounts steeply from the line of houses on the lip of the bay called the Condamine, to the platform above, on which the two pepper-casters of the Casino, looking not unlike a modern *rococo* cathedral, stand out in the sun. Behind are the grey mountains, sprinkled along all their lower slopes with olives; in front the broad sea, in wonderful tints of blue, clear as the sky towards the margin, deep as the wine-colored ocean of the classics towards the horizon. Along the coast sparkles Bordighera on the headland, and the white-terraced fortifications of Ventimiglia, the frontier town, with here and there a cluster of towers and roofs upon the hills behind, Rocca-bruna slipping downward, the immemorial tower of Turbia standing up blanched and everlasting in a fold of the lofty slopes. The gardens are full of palms of every description, great and small, and rare plants which are all put to bed at night, and carefully tucked under coverlets of matting. And, as everywhere else on the Riviera, flowers abound; no need to deny yourself a button-hole or a bouquet. The sunshine streams down upon everything, and January is like June. Nothing can exceed the brightness, the sweetness, the radiance of the air outside. It is happiness of a morning to breathe in that radiant purity of boundless atmosphere, where you can have as much air as you will, enough to fill the mighty lungs of giants, uninterrupted, enclosed in a whole wide hemisphere of far-stretching sky.

But there is but one point to which everybody is bound — the Rooms. Air, sky, outdoor radiance and beauty, are nothing to those more potent fascinations. The inexperienced visitor, whose head is full of the vortex, etc., is brought up, suddenly pulled back to himself and such

as he may possess, by the ceremonial which has to

be gone through before he can be admitted. If it is dissipation, it is at least protected by all the punctilio of French formality and red tape. He has to state his name, his age, what profession he follows when he is at home. ("Que faites vous là-bas?" — question put to a young man entering in the respectable companionship of a group of middle-aged ladies.) Should any member of the party happen to look exceptionally young, there is an immediate inquisition into his (or her) age, minors being prohibited at Monte Carlo. The direction watches paternally, also, over any one who may be supposed to be a dependant, dragged thither against his (or her) will by wicked employers. No native of Monaco is allowed on any consideration to enter, and there is even a tempered prohibition addressed to the inhabitants of the province of Alpes Maritimes. Could virtuous precaution go further? Nevertheless, by fatality a number of equivocal people get admission, — greatly to the distress, as is natural, of the company of capitalists which was once M. Blanc.

And now, here we are on the edge of the vortex, having gained admission, in a great hall crowded with people walking to and fro, the men all smoking, the women in every kind of *exaggerated* toilet, tempered and subdued by the English ladies in tweed and in black. The air is rather stifling; and, strange to think of, coming in out of the radiant sunshine, there is here nothing but artificial light. Opening from one corner of the hall is a great concert-room, where, if it is afternoon, and Thursday, a crowd is pressing, and where you may hear the best music played by probably the most perfect orchestra in the world. At another corner is an equally great reading-room, where all the journals of Europe, and most of those of America, are to be found. But the stream is tending towards the other end, where you enter by guarded doors in a religious quiet into the heart of the place. Here all is evening, no tone of daylight, — everything excluded that could recall the facts of nature; clusters of lights burning, crowds of people stealing about with softened steps, talking with bated breath. The idea of certain mysteries of worship, heretofore unheard of, disturbs the simple minds who are on the watch for that whirl of gaiety. Is this a devout preliminary to the after-delights, a sort of invocation to the gods of pleasure? There are a succession of tables, each surrounded by an earnest crowd. Round them are seated, first a

line of men and women, with pencils, and pieces of paper, and rolls of money before them; outside of these, another line standing, looking over the heads of the first rank; and outside of them, as many as can get a glimpse of the table, which is all laid out in squares, with numbers inscribed. In the midst is the *roulette*, watched by several persons preternaturally serious — men incapable of a smile, who shovel about the big, white five-franc pieces with which the multitude *fait son jeu*. Everybody is serious; it is only the strangers, the spectators, the new people, who venture on the levity of smiles. A raised voice is an offence in this temple of decorum; a laugh — one does not know what explosion a laugh might produce. All is hushed and quiet; a grave discretion reigns on every face. It requires a keen and practised eye even to derive that simple excitement which a child enjoys when its teetotum begins to slacken and totter towards the decisive number. To the inexperienced there is but a moment of ignorant wonder between the putting down of a coin and the return — of nothing, or the double, whatever it may be. The novice goes on subdued from a short inspection of these rites, deciding that this is only the vestibule, and that it is at the *trente et quarante* tables that the real interest reigns.

At *trente et quarante* there is the same stillness, the same decorum, the same solemn officials, graver than any judges that ever sat upon the bench; the same line of inner worshippers with pins or pencil pricking their paper, following some sombre calculation, or pretending to do so, acting on some system; the same line of votaries over their heads; the same rear ranks stretching hands and stakes over the others' shoulders. *Trente et quarante* is, if possible, less exciting, save for the terrible question of the stake, than the *roulette*. The grave croupier deals out a few rows of cards, rakes in or flings out with remarkable skill a quantity of shining pieces of gold, and all is over — to begin again without a moment's pause. It is all so quick, so silent, so monotonous, that there is no time for interest. Nothing but the instinct of play, the desire of gain, that passion of acquisition which is in humanity, could confer upon the operation the least possibility of excitement. People say, however, assuming a fine faculty of observation, that the interest lies in the faces of the players, where all the vicissitudes of delight and despair are to be read. I doubt whether there are many

critics of humanity so highly endowed as really to derive pleasure from this; and, as a matter of fact, these exhibitions of highly strained feeling are few. The great proportion of people at Monte Carlo who play persistently are but little the better or the worse for their devotions. They gain one day and lose another — probably at the end of all things each individual has paid his tribute just enough to make him an item of profit to the bank, and in the enormous numbers that come and go this will naturally produce a large revenue. But tragical losses, like everything that is tragical, occur but seldom, and perhaps the people who sustain them are able to keep their feelings to themselves. Every visitor to Monte Carlo hears of dreadful accidents that have happened, — of suicides so frequent that they become a commonplace; but nobody sees these dreadful occurrences. I have heard a story of a man who shot himself at the table, and was paid no attention to, infatuated gamblers jostling his body as it drooped over the fatal board in order to lay down their stakes. Nothing could surpass the ghastly sensation of this tale — one seemed to see it, — the *affaissement* of the lifeless victim, the dead head dropped upon the arms, the heartless, horrible players pushing forward their gold across him or drawing back their gains. But does anybody suppose that there would not have been a dozen letters in the *Times* as quick as the post could carry them, narrating every detail of the incident? At no time of the day can there be less than a dozen persons round these tables whose natural instinct it would be to write at once to the *Times* — a dozen! fifty would be more like. There would probably be a dozen clergymen, ready, each and all, to point the moral in the *Guardian* or the *Church Times*, not to speak of the grand medium of British reclamation. For which reason, if for no other, I put very little faith in the suicides.

But all the same, the profits of the company who carry on the Casino at Monte Carlo must be immense. They support, as has been said, one of the most perfect orchestras in the world, and give concerts almost daily which cost the audience nothing. The classical concerts on Thursdays are crowded by listeners from all parts of the Riviera. There is nothing to pay; and nowhere in the world is a more finished programme to be had. Crowds of people, who in no way conduce to the prosperity of Monte Carlo, who never enter the gam-

bling-rooms, take advantage of these entertainments — from Mentone on one side, and Nice or even Cannes on the other, the railway fares there and back being insignificant in comparison with the price anywhere else of tickets for such a performance. On most of the other days there are also concerts performed by the same inimitable band, which are not classical, but perhaps not the less enjoyable from that circumstance. The expense of maintaining this huge number of most skilled performers must be enormous. The reading-rooms, the gardens, even the immense vestiaries, where there are crowds of liveried attendants, prove the extent of the profits of the bank. Nowhere is there so much gratuitous pleasure to be had; and even those people who condemn Monte Carlo the most, take advantage without hesitation of the good things it provides. But these are not wild gaieties or dissipations. A Methodist prayer-meeting is lively and exciting in comparison with the Rooms, at least to those who do not play.

It seems only right to say this for the warning of those who come from all kinds of quiet places for amusement at Monte Carlo. The air of the rooms is stifling, hot, and unwholesome. The artificial light adds to the artificial heat which is kept up through the building, and which the closed-up windows blocked against the daylight can do nothing to mitigate. In the concert-room, crowded with a mass of people, so that there is scarcely standing-room, there is never breathing-room, nor any movement at all in the dead air, so strangely different from the delightful radiancy and breadth of the air outside. When the visitor comes forth dazzled from all that gaslight, and opens his chest to the sweetness of the atmosphere, what a contrast! The bay sparkles in all its tints and shades of varying blue. Monaco on its rock rises seaward, in picturesque perfection, crowned with trees and palaces. The boats rock, as it seems, upon the sunshine, which is reflected under them, and shines above, penetrating all the wide vault of heavenly atmosphere between sky and sea. Upon the hills the flowers grow unregarded, the soft olives flutter in grey and glistening foliage over the green terraces, and here and there upon the spur of a hill rises a small mediæval town, little changed since it was founded, with houses faintly yellow or pink in the intense light, its little campanile, its tower, ruined or otherwise. But for the most part the denizens below ignore

these delights. The hotels are full of men who meet each other everywhere — in London, in English country houses, in all the monotonous resorts of fashion. The ladies, I think, are a little out of it; they are hustled on every side by equivocal personages — sometimes the most correct will find that she has been hobnobbing, without knowing it, with something not to be named to ears polite. The family parties, who live in their hotel as in a wing of their paternal mansion, with their own servants, their own "ways," all English and individual, have perhaps the best of it. It does not much matter where they go, seeing they carry their little *Britannic milieu* with them everywhere; but in another sense also it does not much matter where they go, for everywhere is very much the same.

The people, however, who cannot engage the first floor of an expensive hotel, nor have couriers and maids to shut them out from contact with the lower world — the people who have to take their dinner at *tables d'hôte*, and in such apartments as are to be had, especially the ladies, and the innocent new-married people in all the bloom of youthful virtue — had better seek a nest in other places along the coast, from which they can make the flight of a day to see the more piquant company in these haunts of wickedness. Almost every bay has its settlement — its little villas nestling among the olives on the edge of the sea; its little ports, with each its detachment of lazy boats. Here is one small town, for instance, which is perfect, though its perfection is all the greater for an absolute absence of hotels or accommodation for the tourist, — the little French-Italian townlet of Villefranche. It was Villafranca in the old days, before this coast became French, and it is little less Italian now than then. The bay is famed over all the world, — a natural harbor, sheltered from every wind between two far-stretching arms of land; the water so deep that great ships can anchor at a stone's throw from the olives. The other day the bay was full of leviathans — great lions of the sea, the ironclads of the French Mediterranean squadron, dark, ominous, and ugly, with a white *torpilleur* or two in attendance; a Russian ship of war, not so ugly nor so scientific; an American ship of war, old-fashioned, and almost graceful; and a humble barque of English origin, old, harmonious, and charming in every line, with no pretensions at all. The English ship was full of ruddy boys, English from stem to stern, but not too trim or tidy — the

lads, perhaps, being scarcely trained as yet to the perfection of sea order — and the whole a charity, instituted and supported by one man, a member of the great banking firm of Hoare, who has taken a hundred and fifty boys from the London streets to train them into good seamen for their country's service; a noble work — much luck to him who thought of it! The American is on another mission, that favorite one of impressing the world with a sense of American gentlemanliness and courtesy and general superiority to all comers, which is at present so constant an enterprise with the great republic, and, it must be said, a very successful one.

The little town rising upon the slope of the shore towards the olive woods above is as picturesque a mass of building as could be conceived. What seems its principal street (but is not, for there is a certain Rue Droite running parallel to the sea half-way up which holds that place) is a long, steep stairway, with projecting angles of picturesque houses at every step, and the tower of the old church at the apex — a line of street to enchant any artist. There is also a Rue Obscure running under the deep arches on which the upper town is built — a sombre colonnade, in which are the doors of the houses which front to the sea, and which afford, whenever one stands open, a dazzling glimpse of sunshine and brilliant blue water to the passer-by as he gropes his way along. The indescribable color of this small town — a grey-white lighted up by tones of rose, faint washes of yellow, gleams of red tiles, and upon the church tower a shining pointed roof of green and bronze — is delightful to see. Behind the enchanting promontory which forms one of the protecting arms of the harbor lie half-a-dozen little bays, each with its cluster of houses, its fringes of villas among the trees, and the village of Saint Hospice, on a further fantastic little promontory, cutting the blue into successive baylets and nooks of verdure, each with its circle of rocks and sea-foam. St. Jean-Beaulieu — why should we call attention to their pleasant names? There are enough and to spare of visitors already; making everything — save flowers and lemons — dear and scarce. Here almost every house has its grove of lemon and orange. The hedges are roses; and the violets — those light-blue, double, fragrant Parma violets which scent the air — lie in acres of blueness, wherever it is thought worth while to cultivate them. It is worth while, for every post carries boxes of flowers northward, and the En-

glish girls spend all their pocket-money in this sweet way for the pleasure of their friends at home.

These seeming gentle coasts, however, are grim with means of defence, and show dark, open mouths, ready to burst forth into fire and flame whenever one approaches near enough to the heights to see them. The other night our village was bombarded and taken by the fleet, to the great entertainment of the instructed but terror of the ignorant. In the dead of night great guns began to thunder over our heads, the forts replying to the broadsides from the sea. In the darkness and stillness these tremendous discharges were amazingly effective, conveying an impression of real war which curdled the blood. If it had been an Italian fleet! we said to ourselves, not altogether assured that the suggestion might not turn out to be true. Then came rolling volleys of musketry, with flashes in the darkness all along the curve of the bay; and there appeared faintly in the first pallor of the dawn a ship — a small one, but bitter — engaging the defenders along the coast with continual flash and echo of its guns. The Tête de Chien thundered from the east, from which it commanded the bay; but the wicked little gunboat had got too close, inshore to suffer, and effected a landing as we heard afterwards, to the confusion of all precautions. Just as the sun began to rise there glided into sight — huge, black, and terrible — an ironclad, the parent doubtless of the gunboat, arrived upon the scene to see that all the forts were silenced and the landing secure. Our fort upon the nearest point blazed with ineffectual gallantry, but in vain. To a lively imagination, however, all these sights and sounds were wonderfully suggestive. They were only pantomime, manœuvres — a sort of object-lesson to the soldiers and sailors; a lesson, too, to peaceful folk. Supposing it to have been true! Suppose that into the very room from which we looked out, half frightened, half delighted, on this sport of war got up for our behalf, a stray shell might have plunged in! Suppose those big guns were really carrying slaughter, and our safety and our property depended upon whether the troops on the beach could repel the attack! The sensation was too startling to be quite agreeable; and the sight of that puissant monster, all black and noiseless, stealing out against the earliest rose of dawn, gave the lookers-on a thrill. If there ever should be a struggle along those mild Mediterranean coasts

between the two nations who are nearest of kin, — whose discord would be as the discord of brothers! Suppose, more dreadful still, it had been our own cliffs from which those guns were roaring, and along our own sea-margin that the line of soldiers, only a sort of picturesque accessory here, had crowded to resist the invader! Let down the curtain — the mock struggle is over; go back to bed, and don't think of such horrors. Let us hope they will never come, and that there will be peace in our time. It is a fine sight, but the suggestion is not agreeable. It all ended, I hear, in some strengthening of the batteries on the Tête de Chien. Is it understood in such mock attacks that the assailant is always to win, in order to keep the defenders on their guard? Certainly it was always the attacking party which had the best of it in the manœuvres at home.

It is to a more peaceful invasion that the Riviera in the mean time, and for many years past, has succumbed. One asks one's self, while wandering about these coasts, whether by some strange chance the language of the south of France has been swept away? whether this portion of it which once was Italian, in changing one kindred tongue for another has slipped from its moorings altogether, and slid somehow between two stools into English plain and unadorned? There is almost as little French to be heard on the great route between Cannes and Monte Carlo as there might be on the way to Hampton Court or Windsor, or any great English centre of sightseeing. A French party here and there occurs accidentally, as they do on these routes; but the majority speak nothing but English. If you get into a railway carriage, the chances are that all your fellow-travellers will be your country-folk — at least the half of them will be exchanging experiences in your natural tongue. More curious still is the fact that this invasion has brought with it the most remarkable polyglot train of servants. Out of the four servants in a certain villa with which we are familiarly acquainted, one is German, one Italian, one Swiss, and one Alsatian — the last, no doubt, French, but of a French very different from that of the countrymen of Gambetta. In the hotels, of course, the preponderance is German, as everywhere; but even in private houses the native race is rare. In such a house as we have described, the communications of the household are most easily carried on in a language which is not of the coun-

try, sometimes one and sometimes another. It used to be the unfailling excuse for living abroad in former days, that it was so good for education; the children learned French so easily. Alas! there is now no French to learn; the unfortunate children who had to practise the language under the influence of Teutonic pronunciation on one side, and Italian and English on the other, would call for our profoundest sympathy. They might grow up in the belief that *pou chour* was the recognized form of saying good-day, or that it was right to count *oon* as the first of the numerals. These pretences, however, which used to hold good in Normandy and other places where the French language is spoken with the same purity which would distinguish the English in Glasgow or in Yorkshire, are now happily exploded, and people do not bring their children for the benefits of education to Nice or Cannes; but it is strange to find the language of a country so curiously superseded, and its natural society so oddly pushed aside.

The native Frenchman, however, in these regions, if he is compelled to come more or less in contact with the invader, does not grow much in acquaintance with him; and notwithstanding the proverbial French politeness, he does not think it necessary, as the English visitor does, to consider the susceptibilities of the stranger. A rural official of the most hospitable instincts, exceedingly kind, and ready to be serviceable to the English colony, explained to the present writer one day that he had but lately come to know much of the English, but had been much pleased, agreeably surprised, on nearer acquaintance, to find, on the whole, how tolerable they were. There was a good deal against them on the outside, but it wore off on further acquaintance. The Englishman did not show well at first. "Le Français," said our friend, "est séduisant," — and he laid his hand instinctively upon his breast, — but not his neighbor on the other side of the Channel. The speaker was a small, elderly personage, with a little of the Jew in his nose, and something of the Gascon in his talk. "Le Français est séduisant!" He believed it with all his heart.

Less excusable was the other, who, in the excess of his patriotism, declared to us that even the grass in England was not green. "What!" we cried; "the grass! Why, the grass is our specialty. We grant you more sunshine, more flowers; but our grass! why, the very *brouillard* about which you are so eloquent — our

clouds, our rains — secure us that one advantage." "Pardon," replied our friend; "I have been in England, and I have seen it. It is different. There is nothing green as in France." It was here suggested that perhaps this impartial observer had seen the London parks in August, when they were burned brown with the summer's wear and tear. He replied with dignity, "It was indeed August, but it was not London. I was in Norwood, which is in the bosom of the country. I am quite correct in what I say. Ah, par exemple!" he exclaimed, with the impatience of conviction, as the obstinate Englishman continued his defence.

It may be noted that the one defect of the Riviera is, that it is not green. A few of our forest trees would make the landscape perhaps too perfect. The olives which clothe the hills are grey. The grass is scanty and ill-grown. When a millionaire would indulge in the luxury of a lawn, he has to resow it every year; from which the reader accustomed to immemorial turf, which has lived through as many generations as would suffice to confirm the nobility of a family, will understand what grass is in these regions. But our Frenchman was none the less sure. "Sir," said an American afterwards, "there is no grass in the world like English grass, except at Newport; there is beautiful grass at Newport." And we bethought us, to soothe our feelings, of Mr. John Burroughs, the American naturalist, who declares that if we would but refrain from washing for a little while, such is the soft and dewy character of our climate, a greenness would grow all over us, — a turfy deposit upon our hands, a gentle veil of mosses upon our uncovered brows. Such are the differing opinions of other nations.

We should like to tell, did time and space serve, about our village; how M. le Curé is by no means at one with M. le Maire; how the commune squabbles within itself; how the keen peasants put a fabulous price on every scrap of land while all the foreigners are about, but come to their senses in the solitary summer, when the sunshine blazes unnoted, and all the English are gone; how many a *noce*, and parties who are by no means of that kind, come to eat *douillabaisse* at the Reserve, which they ought not to do, but go farther to the humble but more genuine fare of St. Jean; how everything is fabulously dear since the leading journal of Christendom wrote an article about the little place, which the officials declare to be nothing but a *hameau*, although it

attained the honor of a mention in the *Times*. We wish this latter honor might have been dispensed with, for it has added a good many francs to the price of every metre of land, and even a centime or two to every egg, and made the wood dearer, and the oil. Such are the drawbacks of fame.

From The National Review.

ENGLAND'S CLIMATIC PHENOMENA.

I HAVE been prompted to place on writing some curious facts in connection with our climate, after reading a book entitled "Famous Frosts and Fairs," which has been written by Mr. William Andrews, the author of another charming book, "Modern Yorkshire Poets." Although I have not the pleasure of knowing the author personally, I was attracted to the book from the quaint and curious facts which it records of that subject — the weather — which we all find ourselves talking of, more or less, and which, in another sense, finds out the weak places in the armory of our health and activity. With sun and sunshine within only a few hours of us, and luxurious trains to the south of France, how very few there are, unless it be chanted in the bitterness of despair by the unhappy legislator, amid sombre days of dull weather and dull debates, who would join in the lines of Kingsley: —

Welcome, wild North-Easter,
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr,
Ne'er a verse to thee.

Come; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow, thou wind of God!

But with all our grumblings, coughs, and grunts at the weather, there has not been, within the memory of any but old men, the serious frosts which used to occur, and which, accompanied by great dearth of food, resulted so often in terrible famines and plagues.

To turn to the earliest periods of English history, we find the Thames frozen over in A.D. 134 for two months, in 153 for three months, in 250 for nine weeks, in 290 for six weeks, and so on at intervals of various distances of time.

In the "Harleian Miscellany," vol. iii., page 167, it is recorded that "in the tenth year of the reign of William the Con-

queror, the cold of winter was exceeding memorable, both for sharpness and for continuance; for the earth remained hard from the beginning of November until the midst of April then ensuing." I am unable to discover whether, just as the great heat of the jubilee year was preceded by a cold and very late spring, so this extraordinary winter (which is, perhaps, at the bottom of the expression so often used by old-fashioned people, of seasonable weather) was followed by a very hot summer.

In those days, money and science could not, as they do to-day, make our houses independent of cold; for ten years afterwards, as Walford, in his "Insurance Cyclopædia," tells us, the weather was so inclement that in the unusual efforts made to warm the houses, nearly all the chief cities of the kingdom were destroyed by fire, including a great part of London and St. Paul's. Nor at that period of English history were we independent of our own food supply. London was not then, as it is now, the market of the world, for in 1121-22 a severe frost killed the grain crops and a famine followed.

In 1281-82 a very severe winter was followed by an equally dry summer, for in Stow, edited by Howes, 1631, we find the following statement:—

From Christmas to the Purification of our Lady there was such a frost and snow as no man living could remember the like: when through five arches of London Bridge and all Rochester Bridge were borne downe and carried away by the streame; and the like hapned to many other bridges in England; and not long after, men passed over the Thames between Westminster and Lambeth dryshod.

We must congratulate ourselves in these latter days that when we wake up to find a hard frost and deep snow in the streets, we have not to experience any anxiety as to whether the appetite that is engendered, and is the best sauce for our breakfast, will meet in an hour or so's time the genial muffin and the savory cutlet.

In 1434-35 Stow records that the Thames was frozen from below London Bridge to Gravesend from December the 25th to February the 10th, when the merchandise which came to the Thames mouth was carried to London by land. The river was in those days the only artery by which London could be fed cheaply and abundantly. "Carried to London by land," suggests a grim and painful picture of difficulty, delay, and effort. It was not until quite modern times, to the period immediately preceding the railway era,

that coaches like the Quicksilver and others had brought travelling to anything like perfection, and had necessitated decent and well-kept roads. But in those times of bad roads, bad horses, and bad drivers with bad language, it would be difficult to imagine the felicity of those who had to depend upon the generosity of the retail merchants for their daily sustenance. London tradesmen, without the competition of the stores from within or of the railways from without, would meet with blandlike triumph the helplessness of the economical housewife, and in those far times their forefathers, perhaps, reaped their reward, and felt in the self-complacency of a convenient philosophy that it is an ill wind that blows no one any good. To them, indeed —

Welcome, bleak North-Easter!
O'er the German foam,
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.

In 1234-35, the misery brought upon the poor by a severe frost is described by Penkethman, who makes the following statement relative to the frost of that year:—

In the eighteenth year of the reign of Henry III. there was a great frost at Christmasse, which destroyed the corne in the ground, and the roots and hearbs in the gardens, continuing til Candlemasse without any snow, so that no man could plough the ground; and all the year after was unseasonable weather, so that barrenness of all things ensued, and many poor folks died for the want of victuals, the rich being so bewitched with avarice that they could yield them no reliefe.

Speaking of 1235, Short says: "In England there is famine and plague; twenty thousand persons die in London, and people eat horse-flesh, the bark of trees, and grass."

To skip over a long interval of time, it is recorded how, during the frost of 1739-40, the watermen, "with a peter-boat in mourning," walked through the streets in large bodies imploring relief for their own and families' necessities.

I cannot refrain from quoting here some lines from an old broadside, relative to the frost of 1683, which possesses a sort of irresistible humor in the happy belief it exhibits, that all things are for the best in the very best of worlds:—

Yet was it hard and grievous to the poor,
Who many hungry bellies did endure;
Sad spectacles enough you might behold,
Who felt th' effect of this prodigious cold.

But God, who is most righteous, good, and just,
Will them preserve, who in Him put their trust,
And when their dangers greatest seem to be,
Blest be His name, He then doth set them free.
Then let us all, while we have time and breath,
Be still prepar'd to meet with pale-faced death.

I cannot find that any famine followed this frost. In 1693, Voltaire speaks of an "awful famine" in France.

The seventeenth century may be said to be the frost century. In 1607, 1608, 1609, 1614, 1615, 1620, 1634, 1648-49, 1663, 1664-65, 1672, 1683-84, 1688-89, there were severe and terrible frosts, and on each occasion the Thames was frozen over.

I will touch upon some of these and upon some curious and amusing points that seem to belong to them.

Drake, in his "Eboracum; or, The History and Antiquities of York," makes the following statement about the frost of 1607:—

About Martinmas began an extreme frost. . . . The Ouse was wholly frozen up. . . . Many sports were practised upon the ice, as shooting at eleven score (a sport of the nature of which I must plead ignorance), and a horse race was run from the tower at St. Mary's Gate End along and under the great arch of the bridge to the Crain at Skeldergate postern.

In connection with this frost Mr. Andrews relates an amusing tradition about Bess of Hardwicke. Chatsworth and Hardwicke will immortalize her memory to the lovers of English homes and English architecture. Bess was the name for the great governing women of the time. The Virgin Queen, who, to quote from a rare and contemporaneous history of her time, "died on the eve of the Holy Virgines Annuntiation, a blessed note of her endless blessednesse and society in Heaven with those wise virgins that kept oyle in their lampes to await the Bridegroom," loved power and loved life. And so did her great subject. Bess of Hardwicke, so runs the legend, consulted a fortune-teller. The reply was that she would not suffer death so long as she was suffered to build. King Fios' settled the matter, and fulfilled the prophecy, for her death occurred in 1607, when the workmen could not proceed with their work, although they tried, as is found on reference to the parish books of Ecclesfield, South Yorkshire, to mix their mortar with hot ale, with a view of adding to its durability.

In the following year, 1608, we have the first account of a Frost Fair. Commencing on the 8th of December, from the 10th of January till the 15th, "the frost," to quote from Howes's "Continuation of Stow's English Chronicle," "grew so extreme as the ice on the Thames became firme and removed not, and then all sorts of men, women, and children went boldly upon the ice . . . some shot at prickles . . . others bowled and danced, with other variable pastimes; by reason of which concourse of people, were many that set up boothes, as fruit-sellers, victuallers that sold beere and wine, shoemakers' and a barber's tent, in which fires appear to have been kept."

In the following year, 1609, a great frost began in October, and appears to have lasted four months, during which heavy carriages were driven over the Thames.

In 1615 and 1620 there were visitations of terrible frosts. In 1634 the Thames was again frozen over and made the arena of many pastimes and much revelry. Those were the days of the great Puritan movement; they were fast treading on that great struggle for pure morals and plain Parliamentary government which has left its imperishable influence upon English politics.

The "Divine Tragedie" of Prynne, like other works of that period, was written to show how judgments were overtaking the people because of the recent order which enforced the reading in churches of the "Book of Liberty" that legalized sports on Sunday after service. In it we find an account of how fourteen young men, on January 25th, 1634, being the Lord's day, presumed to play football on the river Trent, when, "coming all of a heap in a scuffle, the ice suddenly broke, and eight of them were drowned."

Pepys, in his diary, describes a bitterly cold frost on the 28th August, in 1663.

A very curious shower of freezing rain appears to have fallen in December, 1672, in the west of England. Mr. Andrews describes it in this wise:—

This rain, as soon as it touched anything above ground, as a bough, or the like, immediately settled into ice, and by multiplying and enlarging the icicles broke down with its weight. The rain that fell on the snow immediately froze into ice without sinking into the snow at all. An eyewitness on the spot weighed the sprig of an ash-tree, of just three quarters of a pound, the ice of which weighed sixteen pounds. Some were frightened [he goes on to say] with the noise in the air that was produced by the clatter of icy boughs dashed against each other.

The destruction to the trees was as terrible as when a somewhat similar condition, followed by a wind, occurred three years ago. The damage that was then inflicted upon cedars, thorns, and yews will never be forgotten by the owners of fine gardens and parks in the home counties.

In "Frostiana" there is an interesting account of the effect of these freezing rainstorms upon birds. In February, 1809, a boy in the service of Mr. W. Newman, a miller, at Leybourne, near Malling, went into a field called the forty acres, and saw a number of rooks on the ground very close together. He made a noise to drive them away; they did not appear alarmed. He threw snowballs to make them rise, still they remained. Surprised at this apparent indifference he went in among them and picked up twenty-seven rooks, and besides the rooks ninety larks already dead, a live pheasant, and a buzzard hawk, which, struggling hard for his liberty, got away. This astounding fact was explained by a heavy rain, which froze as it descended, and so completely glazed over the bodies of the birds that they were fettered in a coat of ice and completely deprived of the power of motion.

The great Frost Fair of 1683 to 1684 upon the Thames is familiar to us by various broadsides, and sundry doggerels of the time that breathe with full blast the loose and jovial temper of the Merry Monarch and his times.

Evelyn, in his Diary under date of January the 24th, 1684, describes how the Thames before London was planted with booths in formal streets; how people made the fortunes of printers, who, printing "a line only," got sixpence a name; how coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, "and from several other staires (to quote his own words) as in the streets, and the sled-sliding with skeets, bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet plays and interludes, cooks, tipling, and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph or carnival on the water."

There is a print of this famous Frost Fair in the possession of the British Museum, among a collection of prints and drawings of the metropolis that was the present of George the Fourth, to which I would venture to refer any of my readers. Oxen were roasted whole, bull-baiting flourished on the frozen Thames—poor sport, indeed, for the dogs:—

And never was poor dogs more bravely tost
Than they were, in this prodigious frost.
There was fox-hunting, on this frozen river,
Which may a memorandum be forever;

For I do think since Adam drew his breath
No fox was hunted on the ice to death.

To the Thames and on the ice the fun and frolics of the whole town betook themselves. The thaw was rapid, if one can rely upon some lines in a broadside, entitled the "Wonders of the Deep," for

In six hours this great and rary show
Of booths and pastimes all away did go.

Another very severe frost occurred in this, the frost century, in 1688–89.

Timbs, in his "Curiosities of London," describes a frost lasting from December 20th to February 6th, when the Thames was covered with streets of shops, and a coach with six horses was driven from Whitehall almost to London Bridge.

During the eighteenth century the Thames was frozen over five times, in 1709, 1715–16, 1739–40, 1788–89, 1795–96.

This brings us to the present century, and to the great frost of the century which commenced on the 28th December, 1813.

This great frost was divided into (1) a tremendous fog with "a darkness that might be felt," which lasted from the evening of December the 27th to the 3rd of January; (2) this was succeeded by a very heavy fall of snow, which continued for forty-eight hours; (3) from January the 31st to February the 6th the Thames was frozen over, and a Frost Fair was held.

The terrible fog which preceded the frost appears to have been general throughout England. The prince regent starting for Hatfield, to stay with Lord Salisbury, had to return to Carlton House. The Maidenhead coach missed the road near Harford Bridge, and was upset. The Birmingham mail took seven hours to go to Uxbridge. In the metropolis the Frost Fair was accompanied by the usual incidents of fun and games. In *Kelso the Champion* of February 6th, 1814, gives an account of an amusing banquet held on the frozen Tweed. The dinner was held in an enormous tent, heated by stoves, and decorated with the flags of England and Holland. Among the toasts the following was drunk with enthusiasm, "General Frost, who so signally fought last winter for the deliverance of Europe, and who now supports the present company both sides of the Tweed, and God preserve us in the middle."

During the subsequent years of this century we have had, notably during the winter of the Crimean war, very severe frosts, but none of any remarkable character.

Old pamphlets describe some very remarkable storms, both on account of their intensity, and on account of the curious natural phenomena with which they were accompanied.

To go back to the seventeenth century. On September the 17th, 1659, hailstones fell at a place called Markfield in the form of stars, swords, daggers, and halberts, and an old pamphlet printed in London in 1680 gives a graphic description of a hail-storm which raged about London on May the 18th of that year, pelting hailstones as large as pullet eggs and accompanied with lightning that consumed a town in Oxfordshire.

In 1677 a contemporaneous tract gives "a strange and wonderful relation of a clap of thunder which furiously burnt down the house of a widow living in the town of Ewloe in the parish of Howerden in Flintshire, notwithstanding the early assistance of the whole town."

In 1674 a terrible snowstorm descended on the 3rd of March, whereby twenty families of poor people were destroyed at Langsdale, a narrow valley between two very high hills in Durham. The snow drifted with a strong wind from the hills on either side, and completely shut in the houses so that the inhabitants could not get out and were starved to death. The same rare tract describes the effect of the same storm on some villagers living in the narrow vales around Bath. They managed to survive, but had been forced to live for three days on nothing but grain.

Zadkiel's almanack has, I believe, many disciples. It may please them to know that the firm of students in astrology of those days, which was represented by William Andrewes, prophesied the storm. In his almanack, entitled "News from the Stars," he says, against March 5th, 6th, and 7th of that year, "Some cold weather may be expected."

During the eighteenth century a tract of the time describes a surprising meteor in 1719, whose light at Exeter exceeded that of the noonday sun—a ball of fire that broke over the sea near Brittany.

The famous storm of November, 1703, that did damage in London to an amount exceeding two millions (larger than the great fire), that wrecked the Eddystone, and caused tiles to rise in price from one guinea to six pounds per thousand, colored the poetical imagery of the time. Moreover, it created the first opportunity to Addison's literary career.

"Distressed by indigency, Addison wrote a poem on the victory at Blenheim.

So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er Pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

With this simile Godolphin was so pleased that he appointed Addison to a commissionership of appeals.

Before I conclude my article I must make some reference to the various superstitions that linger around winds and storms. Those who have read Stewart's "Popular Superstitions of the Highlands" will remember his delightful description of the customs of Candlemas with the Candlemas bull, a passing cloud that Highland imagination perverts into the form of a bull. As it rises or falls, or takes peculiar directions of great significance to the seers, it is said to prognosticate good or bad weather.

Throughout all ages and countries have been expressed the sense and presence of a higher power in the dramatic and terrible fury of great storms. "The Lord bath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet." In the great pagan world we find constant reference to the sense of awe and terror that was associated with lightning. Its victims were reckoned the accursed of heaven, and buried alone and apart lest the ashes of others should be polluted by their presence. Even a spot of ground struck by lightning (*bidental*) was hedged in and no man allowed to enter it.

Laurel is now regarded as the emblem of victory and triumph, but Suetonius informs us that the emperor Tiberius wore a chaplet of laurel because he believed that lightning would not touch this kind of leaf. In China the mulberry and the peach are regarded as preservatives against lightning. The Romans considered seal-skins as a protection, and as a tradition handed down from ancient times it is curious to note that the shepherds who inhabit the neighborhood of Mount Cevennes in Languedoc, where some Roman colonies existed, cover their hats as a charm against storms with the skins of snakes.

Among the more distant races of the world lightning and thunder were regarded with abject terror. The emperors of Japan retired into a deep grotto, and had a reservoir of water sunk in the centre in the fatuous belief that it could extinguish the lightning. The Tartars, as soon as the first rumble of thunder is heard, expel all

strangers from their tents, and sit glum and immovable, immersed in woollen cloaks. The contrast is somewhat amusing between these potentates in abject terror and an old couple who were forced, in the great storm of 1703, into a cellar by the fall of a chimney. They were, I use the quaint language of an old tract, "digged up about 8 o'clock the next morning; it was well worthy of observation that the first question that the man asked was where were his breeches, in which were 50 shillings in money, and the woman demanded what was become of her trunk in which were some pieces of gold, being not at all terrified, and minding their worldly concerns more than the danger." This quaint and superlatively matter-of-fact view of events that savor of the preternatural is, I believe, rare, for, to conclude my paper in the words of an old broadside, "the common impression of terrible tempests was that they are instruments which God oftener uses in an extraordinary manner than any others, and which in their first designment seem peculiarly levelled at those men and their bold thoughts who would first only droll the world out of conceit of his power, that they may, as they think, the more pleasantly huff him out of his throne."

LYMINGTON.

From Nature.

DR. NANSEN'S JOURNEY ACROSS GREENLAND.

FROM a communication sent us by Dr. Nansen, we are able to give some details of the remarkable journey across Greenland which he accomplished last summer. We need only briefly recall the most important attempts which had previously been made to cross a country which is exactly in the condition of our own islands during the glacial period. The first serious attempt was made in 1878 by Jensen and Steenstrup, who, from the west coast in lat. 62° 30' N., managed to get some forty miles into the interior, after many difficulties and dangers, ascending a mountain to a height of five thousand feet, from which they saw the inland ice rising gradually towards the interior. Then came the famous expedition of Baron Nordenskiöld in 1883. He, with a comparatively large party, started much further north than the previous expedition, a short distance south of Disco Island. The party succeeded in penetrating some ninety

miles eastwards, to an altitude of five thousand feet. The Laplanders, however, who accompanied Nordenskiöld went in their snow-shoes one hundred and forty miles further, travelling over a continual snow desert to a height of seven thousand feet. The next serious attempt was made by an American, Mr. R. E. Peary, in the summer of 1886. Mr. Peary started much further to the north than Nordenskiöld, and his course was due east. He reached one hundred miles from the edge of the ice-blank, or inland ice, his highest elevation being 7,525 feet.

Dr. Nansen felt sure that the only way to cross the ice was by means of *ski* (a special kind of long snow-shoe) and sledges. He had many applications to be allowed to accompany him; but he selected only five companions—a lieutenant in the army, a shipmaster, a Norwegian peasant, and two Lapps. The expenses of the expedition were generously supplied by Mr. Augustin Gamel, of Copenhagen. The party left Christiania early in May, 1888, for Iceland, whence they embarked on board a sealer for the east coast of Greenland. Dr. Nansen's own account of his attempts to land is of interest as showing the condition of the ice and the currents off the east-Greenland coast:—

"On June 4 we left Iceland in the *Jason* for Greenland. My hope was that early in June we should be able to reach the coast in the neighborhood of Cap Dan, in latitude about 65° 30' N.; but I was disappointed, as large masses of ice stopped us at a distance of fifty miles from the coast. At last, on July 17, we approached the land at the Termilik Fjord, west of Cap Dan, and I determined to leave the ship. In our two boats we had to force our way about ten miles through the ice. The current was, however, very strong, the ice-floes were thrown and pressed against each other, and during such a pressure of the ice one of our boats was broken. We were then very near to the coast, but the boat could not float, and some hours passed before the leak could be restored. In the mean time, the ice was very much pressed, and we went adrift, the speed with which the current carried us off from the coast being much greater than that with which we could advance on the ice. At the great rate of about twenty-eight miles each twenty-four hours we were driven southwards along the coast. We tried to reach land three times, but by a rapid current we were again carried towards the sea.

"At last, on July 29, we succeeded, and

reached land at Anoritok, $61^{\circ} 30'$ N. lat. Originally, I had thought to land at Inigssalik, in $65^{\circ} 30'$ N. lat. We had consequently come two hundred and forty miles too far southwards. Our destination was Christianshaab, in Disco Bay, to reach which we should be obliged to go in our boats northwards, to cross the continent at a more northerly latitude. To get northwards was not, however, very easy. Masses of polar ice were pressed towards the land, and very often the axe alone could break a way through the tightly pressed ice-floes."

Two parties of heathen Eskimo were met with, who were at first rather distrustful of the strangers, as they had scarcely ever before seen Europeans.

On August 10, (more than a month behind time) the party reached Umiavik, $64^{\circ} 30'$ N., whence the start was to be made across the inland ice. Dr. Nansen and Captain Sverdrup the next day made an excursion to examine the glacier. They got ten miles from the coast, and reached a height of three thousand feet. On August 15, a start was made, there being five sledges to pull, one loaded with four hundred pounds, pulled by Dr. Nansen and Captain Sverdrup. Two days later they were stopped by a heavy gale which kept them in their tents for three days. At first the intense heat compelled them to travel only at night. Dr. Nansen goes on to say:—

"At some distance from the coast the snow became, however, very deep and bad for pulling. We were also met by a heavy gale from the north with snowdrift, so that we could advance only very slowly. I hoped that it would soon become better, but each day it became worse. It was only too clear that if it continued in this way we would not be able to reach Disco Bay by the middle of September, when the last ship left for Europe. Though I expected to find more difficult ice in this direction, I changed our route and turned towards Godthaab. That was on August 27. We had then reached about $64^{\circ} 50'$ N., about forty miles from the coast, and a height of about seven thousand feet. By this change of direction, the wind became so favorable that we could use sails on the sledges, and thus they became less heavy to pull. In this manner we advanced during three days, then the wind went down, and we were obliged to lower our sails.

"In the beginning of September we reached a quite flat and extensive plateau, which resembled a frozen ocean. Its height was between eight thousand and

nine thousand feet, though towards the north it seemed to be considerably higher. Over this plateau or highland we travelled more than two weeks. The cold was considerable. I am not, however, able to give an exact statement of the temperature, as our thermometers did not go low enough. I believe that on some nights it was between -45° and -50° C. (between 80° and 90° F. below freezing-point). In the tent even where we (six men) slept, and where we cooked our tea and chocolate, it was less than -40° C. (72° F. of frost). During one month we found no water. To get drinking-water we were obliged to melt snow either in our cooking apparatus or by our own warmth in iron bottles, which were carried inside our clothes on our bosoms. The sunshine on these white snow-fields was bad for the eyes, but no case of snow-blindness occurred. Only one day, September 8, we were stopped by a snowstorm; the next day, when we wanted to continue our journey, we found the tent was quite buried in the snow.

"On September 19, we got a favorable sailing wind, and then we advanced very rapidly. That day we got the first sight of the mountains of the west coast. In the night we were stopped by dangerous ice with many crevasses, after having very nearly lost several men and sledges in one of them. We met here with very difficult and uneven ice, where we advanced very slowly. At last on September 24, we reached land at a small lake to the south of Kangersunok, a fjord inside Godthaab. On September 26, we reached the sea at the inner end of the Ameralik fjord, in $64^{\circ} 12'$ N. latitude."

This really finished the journey across Greenland. With considerable difficulty the party reached Godthaab, where, as the last ship was gone, they had to spend the winter, reaching Copenhagen only last week. So far Dr. Nansen has not been able to tell us much more than we knew already about the interior ice of Greenland; though he will probably give us full details in the paper which he is to read at the Royal Geographical Society on June 24.

From Paris Figaro.

VISIT TO THE SULTAN.

HAVING learned how difficult a thing it was to obtain an interview with Abdul-Hamid II., I felt a mighty longing for the

forbidden fruit, and, eventually, I enjoyed it, through the assistance of Mikael-Effendi, the secretary to the minister of foreign affairs. He called for me, at my hotel, in his carriage, and the vehicle took its tortuous way, first through the grand street of Pera, then into break-neck roads around and about immense barracks, until at last it gained the heights of Orta-Keni, and, after quite a long and perilous voyage, we found ourselves before the palace. Yildiz-Kiosk (Palace of the Star), the actual residence of the sultan, is an isolated retreat where the disturbances of the outer world can scarcely penetrate, and whose inward disturbances rarely and inexactly reach the ears of the outer world. The carriage stopped in a narrow garden, where we remained, under strict surveillance of the sentinels, while our names were announced to the chamberlain of the service. To the right, to the left, before and behind us, trotted sentinels, soldiers, servants, workmen (for they are forever adding to the Kiosk, and it threatens to become a small city in itself) in one continual stream, but none entered the doors of the palace and I saw no one go out. After a very few moments we were admitted and passed up a long, steep staircase of oak, with a balustrade of crystal, then through narrow galleries, between thick walls, making a veritable excursion down suites of rooms, all furnished in the European style, and, finally, coming to a halt in a saloon, where we were served by a negro with coffee and cigars, while we awaited the good pleasure of the chamberlain. From some room very near us I heard the voice of a man, in dreary, drawling monotone, and Mikael-Effendi informed me that each Friday, in the Kiosk, are sung the praises of departed sultans. But for this monotonous chant, silence reigned in the Palace of the Star. It seemed to me a million servants, or officers of the Kiosk, passed and repassed through the rooms while we waited, but they exchanged no words, only an occasional sign, and their steps were noiseless. A veil of mystery seemed to envelop our surroundings, and I was distinctly conscious of a sense of oppression. In the heavy atmosphere about

me rose visions of grand viziers, dead and gone — powerful, terrible — passing through these thick-walled corridors, their sweeping mantles of gorgeous brocade, their infamous snares. But instead, there came toward us a courteous gentleman of the nineteenth century, accompanied by his chamberlain, both men dressed alike in long black redingotes, with scarce a shade of difference beyond the shirt collar worn by the sultan and dispensed with by his chamberlain. A small man, less than medium height, but well made and with the dark hair and eyes of his race, a pointed Van Dyck beard of raven blackness — this is Abdul-Hamid, sultan of Turkey. The man's gaze is something remarkable, at once soft and keen, and while utterly frank and straightforward, yet expressing both doubt and suspicion of what it may find in another's. Looking into these questioning eyes, I realized that this monarch, even in his own palace, does not feel secure. It may be that he suspects no one, but he is a man who doubts all the world. At the same time, he is really loved by his people, to whom a sultan who can spare many hours from his harem to devote to the affairs of his country is an unceasing source of surprise. Abdul-Hamid has cast off the precedent and example of the monarchs of his race, and works as hard and faithfully as any of his ministers, of whom he demands strict accounts, and who come to no serious decisions without his order. He is very affable, and received us with the utmost cordiality. I could not pass for a Turk, nor he for a Frenchman, and our conversation was not as brisk as I should have liked it to be. We received every possible courtesy, however, and although difficult enough of accomplishment, I found an interview with the sultan to be very nearly as commonplace in reality as the meeting with any other gentleman. Through the interminable suites and narrow corridors again, down the steep staircase, out through the ranks of soldiers and servants, into our carriage and across the Orta-Keni, and this time our faces were turned from the sultan's Palace of the Star.

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{ Vol. CLXXXII.

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DELOS.

WE came to an isle of flowers
That lay in a trance of sleep,
In a world forgotten of ours,
Far out on a sapphire deep.

Dwellers were none on the island,
And far as the eye could see
From the shore to the central highland
Was never a bush nor tree.

Long, long had her fields lain fallow,
And the drought had dried her rills,
But the vetch and the gourd and mallow
Ran riot on all her hills.

The length of her shoreward level,
High bank and terrace and quay,
Were red with a scarlet revel
Of poppies down to the sea;

Each bloom pressed close on its fellow,
The marigolds peeped between,
Till the scarlet and the yellow
Had hidden the under-green.

Was it here, that heart of a nation,
That first of the fanes of old!
This garden of desolation,
This ruin of red, of gold?

High up from the rock-cleft hollow,
Roofed over of Titan hands,
The cradle of dead Apollo
Still looks to his silent lands.

The sacred lake lies solemn,
In a havoc of fallen shrines;
Where the shaft of each broken column
Is tangled about with vines.

It lives in the dreams which haunt it,
This isle of the sun-god's birth;
It lives in the songs which vaunt it
The holiest earth on earth.

But the shrines without note or number
Lie wrecked on a barren shore,
And the dead ideals slumber
Forever and evermore.

So Spring in her pride of pity
Had hidden the marble wraith,
And shed on the holy city
The flower of sleep and death.

RENNELL RODD.

DELOS, 1889.

Murray's Magazine.

THE SPECTRUM.

How many colors here do we see set,
Like rings upon God's finger? Some say
three,
Some four, some six, some seven. All
agree
To left of red, to right of violet,

Waits darkness deep as night and black as
jet.

And so we know what Noah saw we see
Nor less nor more — of God's emblazonry
A shred — a sign of glory known not yet.

If red can glide to yellow, green to blue,
What joys may yet await our wider eyes
When we awake upon a wider shore?
What deep pulsations exquisite and new;
What keener, swifter, raptures may surprise
Men born to see the rainbow and no more!
Academy. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

"VENITE."

SHALL I upon my knees from day to day
Pass all my life in penitential prayer,
Amidst a world so wonderfully fair,
While birds and breezes call my soul away
To woodlands where the children dance and
play?
Shall I bend low and mutter words of care,
Lest He who made the earth and placed us
there,
Should leave His flock all shepherdless to
stray?

Ah no! the truest worship does not lie
In fast and vigil; spending dismal days
Only to lift the tribute of a sigh
Gives God no glory. Come with gladsome
lays,
All ye who truly love the Lord most high,
For perfect prayer is found in perfect praise.
Good Words. ARTHUR L. SALMON.

SONNET.

THERE was intoxication in the air;
The wind, keen blowing from across the
seas,
O'er leagues of new-ploughed land and
heathery leas,
Smelt of wild gorse whose gold flamed every-
where.
An undertone of song pulsed far and near,
The soaring larks filled heaven with ecsta-
sies,
And, like a living clock among the trees,
The shouting cuckoo struck the time of year.
For now the Sun had found the earth once
more,
And woke the Sleeping Beauty with a kiss;
Who, thrilled with light of love in every pore,
Opened her flower-blue eyes, and looked in
his.
Then all things felt life fluttering at their
core —
The world shook mystical in lambent bliss.

Academy.

From The Contemporary Review
THE SAVAGE CLUB.

LITERARY and artistic society in England has, within the last thirty or forty years, undergone a notable change—a change which has been concurrent with a corresponding movement among other classes of the community. During this space of time those persons, especially, who are engaged in the professional and superior commercial pursuits, have shown an ever-advancing tendency in the direction of greater luxury and refinement—a constantly increasing desire to surround themselves with the elegancies of life, and, as the phrase goes, to “live up to them.” Their houses are more handsomely and tastefully furnished and decorated than in the past; walls once disfigured with pictorial monstrosities are now hung with works pleasing to the æsthetic sense; the hand of art has touched and beautified every article of domestic use; antique fashions have been revived to give new grace to modern ornament. Simultaneously we have to note a growing disposition among the upper-middle classes to cultivate the fine arts. There is, in these days, more art-work—more painting, singing, and playing—executed in our homes than there was a generation ago; while persons well-to-do, and even of moderate means, in larger numbers than ever, buy pictures, engravings, books, periodical publications, and so forth; throng the art-galleries and frequent the theatres and concert-rooms. At the same time our upper-middle classes have come more and more to affect the ways of the orders immediately above them in the social scale. They aspire to be “in the fashion;” and have migrated from the west central and northern districts to the West End, in the endeavor to creep nearer to the outer ring of that magic circle known as the *beau monde*. That love of “appearances” which so provoked the scorn of Michael Angelo Titmarsh has shown no sign of diminution since his time. Indeed, it has become so common and so general, that it has almost ceased to be an object of ridicule to the censors of the age. And for good reason. The censors themselves have adopted the same mode of life—the

satirist of “gentility” has himself become “genteel.”

These social developments have had a marked influence upon the conditions under which the fine arts are professionally pursued. They have rendered the artist at once more prosperous and more fastidious. The sphere of employment opened to him—that is, to the author, the painter, the musician, and the actor—has been immensely widened of late years. The circulating library system has been largely extended; illustrated books and periodicals have been multiplied almost beyond computation; journalism has grown to gigantic dimensions, and has thrown out new offshoots in many different directions; while there are more than twice as many art-exhibitions, theatres, and other places of entertainment open to the public as existed a generation since. The consequence is that not a few of the professions which minister to the popular love of culture, amusement, and recreation, now offer prizes that might tempt the most ambitious aspirant to fame and fortune.

The gains of successful dramatists and novelists in our days would indeed have been thought impossible some years ago. Larger prices are paid for pictures than were ever known before, while for those artists who prefer to work in “black and white,” and who excel in that branch of graphics, there is an abundance of well-remunerated employment. Again, the salaries now earned by actors and actresses, not by any means of the first rank, would have been beyond the reach of the most eminent performers in the earlier part of the present reign. No doubt the ranks of the army of art are greatly overcrowded, and the number of desperately struggling competitors is larger than ever. Yet never before was there such a chance for superior ability as is offered now. Even industrious mediocrity has fair ground for hope, while a starving genius—except in extraordinary cases of individual perversity—ought in these days to be regarded as an anomaly of the age.

This remarkable change in the conditions under which the artistic professions are practised has worked a corresponding

change in the circumstances of that strange, fascinating microcosm known as Bohemia. Of its gay, careless, picturesque life, which shines so brightly in the pages of Henri Murger and Edward Whitty, there is now little left. The old Bohemian, as he used to be — not to go so far back as the days of Goldsmith and Grub Street, but only to a period when men still living were young — has almost ceased to exist. The poor man of genius — often drunken, dirty, and disreputable — is well-nigh as extinct as the dodo. He is a reformed character nowadays, and dictates terms to publishers, managers, and dealers, from his villa residence in a fashionable suburb, or his mansion in South Kensington. He is clothed no longer in rags, but in "purple and fine linen;" he lives not upon chop-house fare and gin and water, but on dainty dishes and champagne, while between his lips cigars of the choicest brands take the place once occupied by the humble cutty pipe. Even if he still wears some of the insignia of the old order of Bohemians, it is "with a difference." If he is careless in his attire, it is with the consciousness that he could dress better if he liked; if he is simple in his habits, it is under a sense that he can amply afford luxuries. The genius in art or letters who is still Bohemian is so from choice, not from necessity.

Those who have had experience of the "seamy side" of Bohemianism — its mire and meanness, both moral and physical — may rejoice that the old days are no more. But, while we have lost much that we are glad to have got rid of, there was still something in the simple, picturesque by-gone life which those who knew it once must miss with regret. Gone are the pleasant symposia in humble taverns, where wit and whiskey gaily commingled; gone are the merry supper-parties of the old Newman Street days immortalized by Thackeray. Our successful authors, actors, and painters have lost touch of such unpretending conviviality, and have deserted their old haunts for those gilded salons and sumptuous dinner-tables of the great where they are now welcome and habitual guests.

Under these circumstances it is interesting to know that there is still left among us a small strip of that charming land of Bohemia, even though it may not be so wild and weed-grown as of yore; that there is still one little nook remaining where the gay, careless artist may foregather with his brethren in the good old-fashioned style, and keep up the traditions of his race.

The Savage Club claims to be the one coterie of men cultivating the fine arts that has preserved, as nearly as possible in its integrity, the last vestige of the old Bohemia. Many other clubs which began by being Bohemian have ended by becoming fashionable — in Douglas Jerrold's phrase, "They have gone westward and caught coronets." Others, again, have been started in a spirit of somewhat ostentatious defiance of the conventionalities of society, but these artificial attempts to revive the Bohemianism of the past have usually resulted in failure. It may at least be said of the Savage Club that its growth has been spontaneous and natural, and that it has from first to last clung faithfully to the ancient ways. As such it should supply an interesting study, since its progress corresponds with, and illustrates in a marked manner, those changes in the social condition of the artist to which we have adverted. The history of the Savage Club from the date of its foundation to the present period is, in fact, the history of the literary and artistic society of its time.

When the club first came into existence, that simple old Bohemian life was at its best and gayest. Then men of talent and genius were content to smoke their pipes and refresh themselves, and engage in pleasant, friendly intercourse, in dingy little taverns or chop-houses in Fleet Street and the Strand and their neighborhood, in unadorned rooms with sanded floors and wooden "boxes," and with only John, the old-fashioned cockney waiter, greasy but civil, to minister to their needs. Famous novelists, successful dramatists, popular actors, and Royal Academicians might be seen any day or night taking their glass of beer or of grog together in hostleries now almost wholly abandoned to the sport-

ing reporter and the barrister's clerk. It was the last scene of the old tavern days of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Boswell and Topham Beauclerk, and the curtain has fallen upon it, never to rise again.

It was at this period that the Savage Club became established. Its earliest history is characteristically nebulous. Of the very few surviving original members, no two exactly agree as to the circumstances of its genesis. Indeed, the Savages, like the true Bohemians that they are, may actually be said not to know when they were born or who was their father. There is a record extant that the club was founded in October, 1857, but there are those who assert that it was formed at least some months prior to that date. Still greater uncertainty envelops the origin of the title of the club itself. Here is the account given by Andrew Halliday, its first and only president:—

The Savage Club was founded to supply the want which Dr. Samuel Johnson and his friends experienced when they founded the Literary Club. A little band of authors, journalists, and artists felt the need of a place of reunion where, in their hours of leisure, they might gather together and enjoy each other's society, apart from the publicity of that which was known in Johnson's time as the "coffee-house," and equally apart from the chilling splendor of the modern club. When about a dozen of the original members were assembled in the place selected for their meetings, it became a question what the club should be called. Every one in the room suggested a title. One said the "Addison," another the "Johnson," a third the "Goldsmith," and so forth; and at last, after we had run the whole gamut of famous literary names of the modern period, a modest member in the corner suggested the "Shakespeare." This was too much for the gravity of one of the company (the late Robert Brough), whose keen sense of humor enabled him, in the midst of our enthusiasm, to perceive that we were bent on making ourselves ridiculous. "Who are we," he said, "that we should take these great names in vain? Don't let us be pretentious. If we must have a name, let it be a modest one—one that signifies as little as possible." Hereupon a member called out, in a pure spirit of wantonness, "The Savage!" That keen sense of humor was again tickled. "The very thing!" he exclaimed, "no one can say there is anything pretentious in assum-

ing *that* name. If we accept Richard Savage as our godfather, it shows that there is no pride about us; if we mean that we are *savi*, why then it will be a pleasant surprise for those who may join us to find the wigwam a *lucus a non lucendo*." And so, in a frolicsome humor, our little Society was christened the "Savage Club."

On the other hand, another original member, Mr. George Augustus Sala—a high authority on any question of literary history—differs widely from Mr. Halliday. He says:—

The name originally given to that pleasant and now prosperous symposium had nothing whatever to do with the pseudo-son of the Countess of Macclesfield. . . . We dubbed ourselves Savages for mere fun; just as the convivial club, which is an offshoot from one of the learned societies, calls itself the "Roaring Lions." Somebody who had travelled in savage regions made us a present of some old tomahawks and moccasins, spear-heads and wampum-belts, and something resembling a circular disc cut from a horsehair-bottomed chair, but which was understood to be a human scalp; and these trophies were duly displayed on the walls of our wigwam—that is to say, a room on the first floor of the Crown Tavern, Vinegar Yard, over against the gallery entrance of Drury Lane Theatre, on the occasion of our first anniversary dinner. More than this, to keep up our character of "Savages," we sedulously practised a shrill shriek or war-whoop, which was given in unison at stated intervals.

Yet another version of the story is supplied by a third original member, Dr. Strauss, "The Old Bohemian." He writes:—

I remember distinctly that in one of my heart effusions in the midst of the small knot of authors, journalists, and artists who used to meet some twenty-six or twenty-seven years since at the White Hart Tavern, I said, looking around me: "I see Otways before me who have not yet felt the want of a penny loaf, Chattertons guiltless of literary forgeries and suicidal thoughts—Savages, a great many Savages, who have never yet seen the inside of a gaol." . . . It was Robert Brough who, at a later period, when we contemplated forming ourselves into a club, suggested (not, as Halliday states, adopted) Richard Savage as our godfather. And it was John Deffett Francis who suggested the alternative meaning of the name. . . . Francis also presented

the new "reunion" incontinently with a choice assortment of tomahawks, boomerangs, assegais, and other weapons of savage warfare.

Who shall decide when such "doctors" disagree? Certain it is that the origin of the club's name is a point of dispute among the members to this day, and it will probably remain a mystery to the end of time. However, it is not less certain that the Savages have always adhered to their barbaric emblems. Savage weapons and implements still adorn their walls; some of their members assumed the garb of North American Indians at the famous fancy ball at the Albert Hall in 1883, and even the stranger within their gates is allowed, without rebuke, to make playful jests with reference to their uncivilized designation.

Everything relating to the early history of the Savage Club is quaint and curious, and characteristic of the Bohemian life of the times. The first records of the club contain entries which now sound as odd and old-fashioned as anything in the domestic annals of the reign of Henry VIII. or Elizabeth. Thus, in May, 1858, we find the committee resolving: "That the sum of fifteen shillings, in respect of the annual supper and a frame for the purposes of the club, be paid to the landlord." A very significant motion was passed on the same occasion—one too often renewed even in subsequent years: "That the secretary be ordered to request those members who have not paid their subscriptions to do so." That question of subscriptions was long a sore point with the primitive Savages. At first, so tradition says, there was no subscription at all; then the privilege of being a Savage involved the tax of five shillings per annum, and afterwards of ten. The secretary, it is said, used in those early days to collect as many subscriptions as would pay expenses, and let the rest—in American parlance—"slide." Indeed, for some years it was a humorous suggestion that the member who paid his subscription regularly was liable to disqualification and expulsion. One esteemed secretary, happily still living, was actually presented with a testimonial on the ground that he had successfully "embezzled the funds of the club," a delicate way of recognizing the fact that the kindly official in question, having found the subscriptions he had collected insufficient to meet the club's current expenses, had supplied the deficit out of his own pocket.

Later in 1858, the committee endeavored to give more distinct definition to the

fundamental qualification of the club—that its members should be "working men in literature and art." It seems odd that this definition should have been worded in extraordinarily clumsy terms, and by so accomplished a literary man as Robert Brough himself. The queen's speech is notoriously never written in what may properly be regarded as the queen's English, but Savages need not necessarily express themselves in barbarous language. The exact terms of the definition were as follows: "That the description, working men in literature and art, is intended to mean men who as a profession produce works in literature and art, and who, although even if not being habitually and professionally engaged therein, have produced such works of acknowledged merit."

Other entries in the early, and somewhat fitful, records of the club are strikingly significant of the simplicity of the old Bohemian life. Thus it was resolved, also in May, 1858: "That every member of the committee who shall not be in his place, not having twelve hours previously excused himself to the secretary in writing, shall be fined one shilling, to go to the funds of the club." In November of the same year it was agreed, "That a lock be put on the club door, and each member be furnished with a key, and that another key be given to the waiter with instructions to admit none but members, and further"—mark the touching pathos of this proviso!—"that each member be requested to *pay* for his key." In the following year a curious regulation was made. It was enacted, "That after any stranger has been introduced three times into the club, any member shall be at liberty privately to require the committee to call upon his introducer to propose the said stranger as a member, and that the committee shall be bound to act on this requisition." This rule, if ever enforced, did not long remain in operation. In view of the sumptuous annual banquets given by the club in after years, the next entry, so suggestive of the primitive habits of the aboriginal Savages, offers a striking contrast. It was resolved in 1860: "That the anniversary supper of the club be held on Friday, January 13, and that the tickets be 2s. 6d., including draught beer; that Robert Brough be invited to take the chair, and no one be entitled to bring a friend until he has received the approval of either the chairman or the secretary."

It was in that same year 1860, however, that in spite of its quiet, homely character, the Savage Club first exposed itself to the

full glare of publicity, and even to the gaze of royalty itself. Two members of the club had died, leaving their families in distress, and the happy thought occurred to their brother Savages to get up a public performance for the benefit of their widows and children. The use of the Lyceum Theatre was granted for the occasion, and the pieces selected were "The School for Scandal" and a new burlesque, called "The Forty Thieves," written specially by no fewer than nine dramatic authors, a feat of collaboration quite unexampled. The names of these associated dramatists were: J. R. Planché, Frank Talfourd, Henry J. Byron, Leicester Buckingham, Edward Draper, Andrew Halliday, F. Lawrence, and Robert and William Brough. The male characters in both plays were represented by many of the most distinguished members of the club, assisted by professional actresses; and Albert Smith, although not a member, also lent his aid, by giving a little entertainment between the pieces. Needless to say, a performance so novel drew all London. The Lyceum, at extra prices, was crowded to the ceiling, and, to crown all, the Savage Club enjoyed its first association with royalty in the presence of the queen and the prince consort, who, with Prince Alfred, afterwards Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Alice, occupied the royal box on this memorable occasion.

The success of the Lyceum performance proved so great that the members of the club became tempted shortly afterwards to enter upon another undertaking of the same description. In 1860 their gifted and beloved fellow-member, Robert Brough, died, also leaving a family unprovided for. It is, by the way, a suggestive illustration of the remarks with which we set out, that only so short a time ago as the year named above, a man so talented and so successful as Robert Brough should have died poor. He, the author of scores of popular plays, might in these days have been a rich man. It was different then. Dramatists generally sold their works for fixed sums, and knew nothing of those "percentage" arrangements which often make fortunes in our times. So Robert Brough's brother Savages gave a brilliant performance at Drury Lane, in which they were assisted by many of the most popular actors and actresses of the day, and the outcome of the undertaking was a substantial sum for the widow and orphans.

Two years later the Savages had another opportunity of exhibiting their abilities and rendering service to a worthy

cause. It may be thought that in this instance they went somewhat out of their way in the direction of charitable effort. It was not for the purpose of helping any of their brethren in distress that they got up their next performances, but to succor the starving cotton operatives of Lancashire. Yet the step they took needs no apology. All England, just then, was putting its hands into its pockets to assist the unfortunate factory people, and almost every public body and society did something for their relief. The Bohemians of Covent Garden, where the club was now situated — in the Gordon Hotel — had not much money in their pockets, but what they had to give they gave. They had brains and talents, and these, at least, they could lend for the benefit of the distressed. So, in 1862, they played at Manchester, and again at Liverpool, and it is understood that the performances — of which the burlesque of "Valentine and Orson" was the principal feature — realized the very handsome sum, extraordinary in those days, of between £800 and £900.

A few years after their mission to Lancashire — in 1867 — the Savages lost another of their brethren, a young artist, under very sad circumstances. It was the old story — talent recognized but unrewarded, an early grave, and a destitute family. This time they got up a novel kind of "benefit" for the widow and orphans of their deceased fellow-member. It was no longer dramatic, but literary and artistic. In other words, they composed and issued the first series of "Savage Club Papers," now unfortunately out of print, but doubtless not forgotten by those who took an interest in the literary work of the time. It was a remarkable publication from any point of view, and perhaps contained more brilliant matter than any dozen annuals or Christmas numbers of our day put together. An extraordinarily large number of eminent literary men contributed to its pages; most of them members of the club, others kind friends not connected with it. Among those who supplied stories, essays, poems, and sketches to this attractive volume, were J. R. Planché, James Hannay, Walter Thornbury, T. W. Robertson, Henry J. Byron, "Jeff" Prowse, E. Draper, E. L. Blanchard, Godfrey Turner, Tom Hood, Artemus Ward, Clement Scott, T. H. S. Escott, Andrew Halliday, W. S. Gilbert, Henry S. Leigh, Arthur Sketchley, John Oxenford, Arthur a Becket, John Brough, W. B. Tegetmeier, Arthur Locker, Tom Archer, Charles Millward, and others;

while the list of artists who illustrated the text comprised such names as those of William Brunton, G. du Maurier, E. C. Barnes, F. Barnard, W. S. Gilbert, Gordon Thomson, E. Weedon, Paul Gray, Alfred Thompson, M. Morgan, Ernest Griset, C. H. Bennett, Harrison Weir, A. B. Houghton, J. D. Watson, George Cruikshank, and Gustave Doré. A similar work brought out now, with as many names of corresponding reputation, would no doubt achieve an extraordinary success. It is characteristic of the widely different state of literature and art in those days, that the financial returns of this undertaking, though substantial, were by no means magnificent. The result, however, was so far satisfactory as to encourage the Savages to issue a second volume of "Papers" in the following year, 1868. To this many of the eminent literary men and artists named above contributed, with the addition of the following: W. Sawyer, John Hollingshead, Westland Marston, Hain Friswell, George Manville Fenn, George Grossmith (the elder), German Reed, Sutherland Edwards, Dion Boucicault, Mortimer Collins, Howard Paul, James Greenwood, and G. A. Sala. This volume was published, not for the benefit of any person in particular, but with the object of founding a charitable fund to meet any case of necessity that might arise.

We have hitherto been dealing with what may be termed the ancient history of the Savage Club. Indeed, so rapid and so radical have been the changes which have come over Bohemian life, that even a period no more remote than twenty years ago, seems now to wear something like an air of antiquity. The year of the so-called "coming of age" of the club marks what may be termed its transition epoch, and that of the society which it has always represented. Those old, simple habits, of which we have spoken, were fast dying out. The arts were growing more prosperous and the artists more luxurious. Literary men, painters, and actors, and their like, were no longer content with taverns and sanded floors. A certain element of Bohemianism had become—and very properly become—distasteful and even repugnant to them. A sense of the humor that surrounded it had, at one time, rendered that tolerable which could be no longer tolerated when the light of genius was withdrawn from it to be shed on other objects, and it was felt that there was much dust of the past which the Savages would do well to shake off their feet. The eccentricities of men of shining abili-

ties were one thing, the same eccentricities practised by persons of a lower intellectual grade were another, and when these were abandoned by the former they became unendurable in the latter. So the club moved with the times, and was the better for the change. It passed more definite and more stringent rules for its own conduct and management; it became more methodical and business-like; made its members pay their subscriptions regularly, and provided more carefully for their comfort and convenience. Yet all the while the club remained, as it still remains, what it originally was—Bohemian to the core; but it was the new Bohemianism taking the place of the old, as gay and joyous as ever, if more decorous and respectable.

The "coming of age" dinner in 1878, under the presidency of Mr. Sala—now, unfortunately, no longer a member of the club—was the first of its kind that attained any conspicuous publicity, and it was rendered remarkable, not only by the brilliant oratory of its gifted chairman, but by the presence of Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley and the late gallant Colonel Burnaby. In the following year the club gave a banquet still more memorable. It was presided over by Lord Dunraven, who had been elected a member in the days when he acted as a special correspondent in the Franco-German war, and included among its guests several highly distinguished men. Foremost of these was Mr. Gladstone, and there were also present M. Got and other members of the *Comédie Française*, then acting at the Gaiety Theatre, the illustrious French journalist and man of letters, M. Edmond About, besides Sir Theodore Martin, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Frith, R.A., Mr. Horsley, R.A., Mr. William Black, Mr. Frederick Locker, and other eminent professors of the fine arts. Mr. Gladstone had a splendid reception on personal and intellectual grounds, and never did the veteran orator appear in better "form" than on this occasion. Those who know Mr. Gladstone only in his political capacity are little aware how keenly he appreciates the lighter side of life. He can, in his leisure moments, throw himself heartily into the enjoyment of the most trivial pleasures, and has been seen to be as excited with wonder and delight at an exhibition of conjuring as any schoolboy. Thus the great statesman appeared to make himself thoroughly at home among the Savages, and no one laughed more merrily than he at the humorous contributions to the entertainment of that evening. The late Mr. George

Grossmith's droll mock-scientific lecture on "The Dark Races of Mankind" seemed particularly to take Mr. Gladstone's fancy, and, indeed, the "performing" Savages could not have had a more sympathetic listener. His speech in response for the toast of "Literature" was one of his happiest non-political harangues. It abounded in graceful and humorous points, one of which made an especial impression on those who heard it. The chairman had incidentally referred to the wandering habits of the Savages, who had so often changed their place of abode. "It seems to me," said Mr. Gladstone, "that nothing could be in more perfect harmony than those frequent movements with the title which you bear, and of which you are justly proud, because it shows that your society, in accordance with its appellation, is at the stage which is commonly called nomad, and has not yet reached that of an agricultural community."

These observations happened to be singularly well-timed, for the Savages were just then on the very eve of abandoning those nomadic habits to which the eloquent orator referred. Hitherto they had migrated from tavern to tavern — dignified now by the name of hotel — and a growing discontent with this state of things had long been manifested. So, shortly afterwards, they achieved the object of their ambition, to have "a house of their own," and, in the spring of 1881, they found themselves settled in commodious premises, the first that the club had rented, in the Savoy.

The Savage Club had now obtained for itself a local habitation as well as a name, and its position as a public body, as well as a private society, had, only a year before, been recognized in a marked manner. The Savages were invited to dine at the Mansion House. Here was a recognition of Bohemia indeed! Who among that little coterie of men which used to foregather in Vinegar Yard barely a quarter of a century before, could have dreamt that the modest club which they had founded would so soon be deemed worthy of being entertained by the lord mayor and corporation of the city of London? But so it was. In March, 1880, a banquet was given to the Savage Club by Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott. Nor did the Savages by any means leave their Bohemianism outside the doors of the Egyptian Hall. The lord mayor's plain and pleasant bargain with them had been conveyed literally in these words: "I will give you a dinner, but you must bring your 'entertainment' with

you." This arrangement was carried out to the letter, and for the first time in the annals of the city the walls of the Mansion House rang with the jocular melody of Savage songs and choruses, in which aldermen and common councillors joined with true Bohemian spirit. It was a novel scene, indeed, but it so little shocked the proprieties of civic society, that it was repeated last year, when Sir Polydore de Keyser occupied the throne of the city.

Bohemianism thus recognized and associated with by an ex-prime minister and a chief magistrate, naturally soon became ripe for intercourse with royalty. The attendance of the queen at the performance in 1860 could hardly be regarded as anything but an act of gracious and charitable patronage. The visit of the Prince of Wales in 1882, meant something more. For the heir apparent on that occasion became himself a Savage, being elected an honorary life-member of the club. It was at the twenty-fifth anniversary dinner, presided over by Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, then honorable treasurer of the club, that this interesting event took place, and the prince in acknowledging the compliment paid him made an exceptionally happy speech, in the course of which he returned that compliment in singularly graceful language.

In becoming a member of your club [he said] I feel that I am not among strangers, for at this moment I can see around me and before me many gentlemen whom I have had the advantage of knowing, some in distant parts of the Empire, while there are others who have made me both laugh and cry. I am well aware that your club consists of gentlemen connected with literature, with journalism, with art, and with the drama, and I can easily understand how you must enjoy these convivial meetings after the long and arduous duties of your respective callings. I am given to understand that your qualifications are that you must belong to literature and art, and also that you must be good fellows. I feel that I can hardly aspire to the first qualification in order to be a competent member; but, if you will allow me, I will be the second. Before knowing anything personally about your club I was asked of what it consisted, and one of my nephews asked me what was meant by my going to dine with Savages. After partaking of your kind hospitality to-night, and after your reception of me this evening, I shall be able to inform my nephew that you are by no means the savages he might have imagined, but are as civilized as any gentlemen he may meet with.

It is not to be wondered at that, after so very pretty a speech as this, the popularity of the Prince of Wales in Bohemia

waxed greater than ever. A year later the prince visited the club again, and further exhibited his sympathy with the Savages by presiding at a *soirée* in the club-rooms, at which Mr. Melton Prior, the accomplished special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, gave a lecture, with illustrations of scenes in the Egyptian war. On that occasion the prince was presented with a sumptuous album containing the photographs and autographs of all the members, then about two hundred and fifty in number, prepared for him at his special request, and in acknowledging the presentation he threw out a suggestion which brought about one of the most remarkable events in the history of the club. The prince, it is well known, takes a warm interest in the Royal College of Music, and he seized the opportunity of his visit to the club to suggest, remembering what the Savages had done in former times, that they should get up an entertainment for the benefit of the institution in question. To speak more precisely, he proposed that the funds derived from such an entertainment should be devoted to the foundation of a musical scholarship in the name of the Savage Club, and for the education of the children of persons belonging to those professions which qualified for membership under its first rule. The proposal was accepted with acclamation, and eventually resulted in that magnificent costume ball at the Albert Hall in 1883, which was attended by about a dozen members of the royal family, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, and realized, if not enough money to found a scholarship, sufficient at any rate to establish an exhibition, which has already turned out one promising pupil, a son of the eminent violinist, Mr. Carrodus, a member of the club.

It may, indeed, fairly be said of the Savage Club festivities that, apart from their merely convivial character, they have usually had some purpose or *raison d'être*. If they have not been got up to promote any charitable work or public object, they have at least been designed as special acts of hospitality. The annual dinner, as we have seen, has often been made the occasion of doing honor to distinguished public men, and the more private entertainments have frequently been arranged for the congratulation of fellow-members on some notable success in their respective pursuits. At various times the club has feasted such eminent persons, besides those already mentioned, as Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the present

lord chancellor, the lord chief justice, the president of the Royal Academy, the United States minister (Mr. James Russell Lowell), Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. H. M. Stanley, Ismail Pasha, and several representative colonists at the time of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Dinners have also been given to many members who had achieved the distinction of election as Royal Academicians or Associates; to one member, Mr. Woodall, M.P., on the occasion of his appointment as surveyor-general of ordnance in her Majesty's government; to Mr. Toole, to celebrate the commencement of his first undertaking in theatrical management; and more than once to members of the club who had acted as special correspondents or special artists in the Egyptian campaigns. An interesting memento of these festivities has usually been left in the shape of an illustrated *menu*, generally of a quaint, fantastic character, designed for the occasion by one of the many talented artists of the club, such as Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Herbert Johnson, Mr. Walter Wilson, and others. A collection of these curious sketches is carefully preserved, with other records, in the club's scrap-book.

But conviviality is a plant of perennial growth in the Savage Club. All the year round, except in August and September, there is a house dinner every Saturday night—simple enough, no doubt, as a feast, but supplemented by an entertainment or smoking concert of a very peculiar character. The chairman of the evening usually nominates his successor for the following week; and is otherwise invested with an absolute authority, symbolized by the quaint club—one of the many savage weapons or implements presented by travellers from distant lands—which he wields as his presidential hammer. He alone is allowed to address the company, and, as a rule, his functions are limited to the duties of calling upon members or visitors to take part in the entertainment and of making the one speech of the evening, which consists simply of the words, after the cloth has been removed: "Gentlemen, you may smoke." Indeed, the standing law of the club at its ordinary house dinners is, "No speeches;" but, now and again, when any particularly eminent guest, known to be a good speaker, chances to be present, this rule is relaxed, and the health of the distinguished person in question is toasted. As for the entertainment, it is of a curiously haphazard character. No preparation

whatever is made for it. The chairman of the evening depends for the amusement of the company simply upon anybody or anything that may chance to "turn up." This impromptu performance is usually a success, as the club includes so many public performers of various kinds and also so many clever amateurs, that there is rarely any lack of "talent." Thus, from six or seven o'clock—the Savages have always dined early to suit the convenience of their theatrical members—until about midnight, there is an uninterrupted flow of musical and dramatic recital, besides other performances of the most miscellaneous kind. For the Savages are not at all particular as to the class of entertainment offered to them, so long as it is good of its sort, and the catholicity of their tastes leads to occasional surprises which give additional piquancy to the evening's pleasures. Not only music, vocal and instrumental, and recitations, serious and humorous, but story-telling, conjuring, thought-reading, mesmerism, and every kind of eccentric exhibition, from that of the "lightning calculator" to that of the gentleman who gives a lecture with charcoal illustrations drawn upon the spot, have from time to time been included in the very comprehensive programme of the Savage Saturday night. As might be expected, the lighter side of the entertainer's art is, as a rule, the most prominent feature of these reunions, and it must in justice be admitted that no one ever complains of the liveliness of the proceedings. Indeed, many who have been present as visitors have been good enough to declare a really first-rate night at the Savage Club to be the brightest and most varied evening's amusement to be had in the world.

In business as in pleasure the Savages have ways of their own. Thus the process of electing members which prevails in this club differs in many respects from that in force elsewhere. The qualification for membership is that the candidate must be "professionally connected with literature, art, the drama, or science;" though now and again certain gentlemen who are proved to have done good work in one or other of these branches of intellectual industry, while engaged in other professions, are deemed eligible. This, it will be seen, is thoroughly in accordance with the original rule laid down at the foundation of the club. Some modifications have had to be made of late years in the method of election, but at present it stands thus: The name of every candidate, together with a statement of his qualification, has

first to be submitted to the committee. If they pass the qualification as sufficient, the name is entered in the candidates' book, and it is open to members of the club to support him by their signatures. On the book the candidate's name remains until there is a vacancy, and of late these much-coveted opportunities have been so scarce that many of those seeking election have been kept waiting for two or three years. When, however, there is a prospect that the candidate will shortly go to the ballot, he is notified of the fact, and invited, and indeed required, to visit the club, and avail himself of nearly all its privileges on the same footing as members. It is a somewhat trying ordeal that is thus proposed, the object of this invitation being to test the eligibility of the candidate on personal grounds. Not only must he be professionally qualified, but, as the Prince of Wales reminded his hearers on the occasion referred to above, he must show himself to be "a good fellow." Naturally the candidate is, during his term of probation, "on his best behavior," but, as might be expected in a society like the Savage Club, the measure of a man is soon taken. The ballot, as in other clubs, thins out the candidates' list both in the way of election and rejection; but, thanks to a process which, we believe, is quite peculiar to this body, the fatal box does not deal so hardly with the ineligible as is the case elsewhere. There is very little actual black-balling at the Savage Club. The committee vote, in the first instance, on the question, "That the candidate be *now* elected." If the vote be adverse, a second ballot takes place on the motion, "That the candidate be referred to his proposer"—that is to say, that the committee recommend his withdrawal. It is still open to the proposer to come forward and plead for his nominee, and sometimes he does so, with satisfactory results. Of course, if, on the second ballot, the vote is against "referring" the candidate, or if he is persistently pressed upon the committee after they have finally suggested his withdrawal, the extreme fate befalls him. It rarely happens, however, that such a step is found necessary. As a rule, the recommendation of the committee is adopted, and the candidate retires without the painful stigma of having been black-balled. Other clubs—especially those of an essentially social character—might copy this merciful procedure with advantage.

Once a member of the Savage Club, the elected one ought to feel himself thor-

oughly "at home." In this little society—for its present limit of numbers, though lately extended, is still only five hundred—everybody is supposed to know, and be the friend of, everybody else. It is not, as in some other clubs, regarded as a "liberty" when one member addresses another without being introduced. Perfect freedom of personal association prevails there, and doubtless it was this fact which led that intelligent foreigner, M. Max O'Rell, to remark, in his "John Bull and his Island," that "the only club which does not strike me with a respect akin to awe is the Savage Club." It is in this way that the Savages endeavor to keep up the best spirit of the old Bohemianism. The pretensions of the club are not great; it only professes to be what its original founders intended it to be—a society of "working men in literature and art." It is a sort of family party, and has its family quarrels, of which, of course, it would not be becoming to speak. It has, besides, superficial defects, which doubtless will be amended in the future, as such blemishes have been corrected in the past. But, with all its shortcomings, and all its occasional troubles, the Savage Club has shown itself to have a wonderful power of vitality, and to possess a firm hold on the affection of its members. The Savages, in short, are a tribe which has for its sole birthright the twin qualifications of good work and good-fellowship, and for its most imperative law the duty of proving to the world, by its own example, that, amidst all the rivalries of active life, and all the friction of social intercourse, there is no more powerful bond of union among men than the brotherhood of art.

E. J. GOODMAN.

From *Belgravia*.

A QUEER PATRON.

IN the quiet seclusion of his cell in one of the London short-sentence prisons, prisoner No. 119 was wondering what the world outside was saying about him. His fingers were busy with the piece of old rope he was making into oakum, but his mind was full of an imaginary report of his own case at the police-court. He even hoped some of the papers might have devoted a short leader to him, for his offence was a strange one.

Arrayed in a tattered gown of the cut peculiar to Camford bachelors of art, with a battered cap upon his head, he had in

broad daylight walked down Regent Street breaking the lamps with a long stick. Proceeding calmly and without hurry, and followed by a rapidly increasing crowd, he had smashed some half-dozen before a policeman appeared and took him into custody. At the police-court he told the magistrate that he had once been an assistant master in a school, but had lately got his living on the turf, on tramp, and in other more or less disreputable ways. He was willing enough to work but could not get employment, so had broken the lamps by way of advertisement. He had one little complaint to make against the police. He gave his name, Charles Micklereed, to the inspector, and that officer refused further to embellish the charge sheet with his proper description—Bachelor of Arts, St. Boniface College, Camford. Sentence, twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labor.

No. 119 was quite right in his surmises. His case was making a good deal of sensation outside the prison walls. It was a slack time, and editors were rather short of subjects. They deemed Charles Micklereed's exploit a good source of cheap copy, and they were not wrong, for letters about it poured in freely. Some of his old college friends even proposed to do something for him when he came out, and, as three weeks is not long, there was just a chance they might not have forgotten him by the time he was released.

As the prisoner was musing, his cell door was thrown open and Warder Smith in official tones announced:—

"No. 119, the chaplain to see you."

The warder was not, however, quite accurate in his assertion, for the clergyman who entered the cell was not the regular chaplain of the gaol, but the curate of a neighboring church, who was visiting the prisoners while their usual pastor recruited himself at the seaside.

The prisoner stood up and faced his visitor, who shut the cell door behind him. As soon as the sheep got a fair look at the shepherd, he exclaimed, "Why, Josh, old fellow, how are you?" at the same time holding out his hand, in evident expectation of a friendly grasp.

The Rev. Joshua Bamlett recoiled a little. "I don't know, prisoner," began he, "whether you mean this as a joke. Let me tell you it is hardly the way to —"

"Oh! stow it, Josh," interrupted the unabashed reprobate. "Do you mean to say you don't know me. It's my beard, I suppose. Pity I didn't get a spell long

enough to have it shaved off. I'm Charley Micklereed."

"What! Micklereed, my old Camford friend? Yes, now I see it is. But oh! Charley, Charley, what has brought you to this?"

"Proximately, the government omnibus known as 'Black Maria;' ultimately, that common complaint — want of employment. Don't you know why I was sent up? You don't mean to say it isn't in the papers?" said Mr. Micklereed, seriously alarmed for the success of his scheme.

"I have been too busy to look at a paper these three days," replied the clergyman. "They ought to tell me what each prisoner has done and the length of his sentence, but my visits are so hurried they forget sometimes."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the prisoner, apparently immensely relieved. "Well, I took a leaf from the Irishman's book and committed an outrage to call attention to my distress. Smashed some lamps in Regent Street. Shouldn't wonder if they make a music-hall song out of it. 'Charley Micklereed smashed the lamps to find himself provender,' with an accent on the 'en,' has as good a lilt about it as that thing on the other Charley and the milk at Chelsea, anyhow. Just look in the papers when you go home and tell me what they say when you call again."

"My dear Micklereed, it's against all rules to tell a prisoner what is in the papers. But don't, pray don't, look at this serious thing in that light way. You shock me terribly. You seem as hard as —"

"An old horseshoe nail," interrupted the prisoner; "and let me tell you, it's a good nail that gets harder by much hammering. Only the bad ones break."

"I can stay no longer now," said the clergyman, as the warder was heard coming along the corridor; "I will come again to-morrow. But do try, my old friend, to look at this matter in its true light."

"Well, don't you forget about the papers then," was the prisoner's parting shot.

The Rev. Joshua Bamlett went straight to his lodgings and tried to compose his mind. He sat down in his easy-chair, lit a pipe, and fell into a reverie. How well he remembered the old Camford days when he and Charley Micklereed had lodged in the same house and belonged to the same set. It was not in any way a distinguished set, and Micklereed had been a kind of honorary member of it.

That eccentric young man always seemed to regard the university as a monk did the world — he was in it but not of it. He was an orphan and had gone to Camford against his own will, but in accordance with that of his father. His father had had a belief — founded, it is needless to say, on ignorance — in the value of a Camford degree, which had induced him to make his son's inheritance of his little property depend upon the attainment of that academical distinction. Charley fulfilled this condition as easily as he could, and spent the money as quickly as possible. Then he took a situation, but, as he could not bring himself to look upon the unwillingness of John Bull, junior, to acquire useless knowledge as a serious crime, he soon lost it. From that time Mr. Bamlett had lost sight of his friend, though he had often wondered what had become of him.

It happened that the wife and family of Warder Smith were members of Mr. Bamlett's congregation. The warder himself was by the nature of his official duties compelled to attend the ministrations of the prison chaplain, but as a private citizen in the bosom of his family he was well known to the curate. Mr. Bamlett thought it could do no harm to Micklereed to recommend him to the favorable notice of his guardian, so he sent a message to the warder asking him to step round and see him as soon as he was off duty.

"Good-evening, Smith," said he, when that worthy put in an appearance; "I want to speak to you about No. 119."

The set visage of the warder relaxed into a kindly grin.

"Rum customer, sir, ain't he?" said he. "When I took his work to his cell this morning, says he, as cool as you please, 'Ah! my warder, I suppose. Well, you look a decent sort of fellow and I dare say we shall get along well enough.' 'No. 119,' says I, 'don't you know it's against the rules to talk unnecessarily?' 'Oh! blow the rules,' says he; 'I'm only here for three weeks and I mean to enjoy myself.' 'I'll report you,' says I. 'No, you won't,' says he, 'you're not that sort.' Blessed if I did report him either. Couldn't do it somehow."

"I am afraid, Smith," said the clergyman, "he does not realize his sad position. I will try and awake him to it. Meanwhile, be as lenient with him as you can without neglecting your duty. I knew him, that is, I met him, years ago, and I feel an unusual interest in him."

"Just what he told me this afternoon

after you'd gone, sir; only he put it in rather a queer way," replied the warder. "'Warder,' says he, 'you know that good gentleman?' 'Yes,' says I. 'Well, he's an old college friend of mine, and would be much distressed if he heard I was under punishment. I know you wouldn't like to trouble him, so pray let us hear no more about reporting.' Talk about cheek; a prize pig ain't in it with him. I suppose he was only a-kidding of me about the college, sir?"

"Alas! no," replied the clergyman, "his story is true; we were at college together. What has brought him to this I cannot imagine. Does he seem to you at all mad?"

"No, sir, not a bit," said the warder promptly, "as eggsentric as you like, but not mad. I was attendant in an asylum before I came here, and know a lunatic when I see him. Bless you, sir, he feels it more than he pretends."

"I'm glad to hear it, Smith; very glad. But be as easy with him as you can."

"All right, sir. Trust me for that. He's not one of the sort to give real trouble. I've read his case and fancy he really was precious hungry when he broke them lamps. Starving men have done worse things to get a meal before now. Good-night, sir."

Charley Micklereed had always had a peculiar knack of enlisting the affections of those about him. As a sort of human cork floating on the sea of chance he never seemed to have any aims, and consequently he had no interests to clash with those of others. Therefore his acquaintances had always looked kindly upon him and been ready to do him small favors.

Mr. Bamlett had several other interviews with his friend, and strove, to all appearance in vain, to exorcise the spirit of indifference from his breast. "It's no use, my dear fellow," said Charley to him one day; "I don't believe your theories about responsibility and all that. Wish I did, but I don't. The serious troubles of life to me are hunger, cold, and illness. Should soon have been in for all three if I hadn't smashed those lamps. As it is, with my moderate appetite, I'm fairly warm and comfortable for a fortnight yet, and I'll bet you what you like there's a philanthropist waiting for me, when I get outside, with the offer of a situation."

"But will you stick to work if you get it?" asked the clergyman.

"Of course I will, if the work will stick to me," replied Mr. Micklereed. "I don't

pretend to be in love with work like so many humbugs nowadays, but I bow to the necessity of it. Honestly, I tried all I could to get a job before I came here."

"But then what character had you ——" began his friend.

"Character! what has character to do with it?" interrupted the prisoner. "Isn't the right to labor the pet theory of the present day? Besides, there was nothing against my character. I didn't drink. I didn't steal. I didn't even lie. The last head-master I saw, after seeming satisfied with my answers to all his questions about my competence, had the impudence to ask what were my religious opinions, and he showed me the door when I said I hadn't any."

"Do you really mean to say, Micklereed," remonstrated the clergyman, "that you can't see that your boast of indifference in religious matters was rightly fatal to your chance?"

"Of course I can't see it," replied that perverse individual, "unless you maintain that he who fattens oxen must himself be fat. I gave up the schools though after that, and tried the docks, but they wouldn't have me there. Then it was prison or workhouse to get a meal, and I chose prison as being easier to get into than the other place."

Mr. Bamlett sighed and gave it up for the present. "Have you any complaint to make?" he asked mechanically as he prepared to leave the cell.

"Yes, by Jove, I'd almost forgotten," exclaimed the prisoner. "Smuggle me in a bit of tobacco the size of a small pea next time you come. I can't sleep without it. Wish I could, for it must be uncommonly nasty to swallow."

The coolness of the request took away Mr. Bamlett's breath. He told his friend he would not on any account commit such a breach of the trust reposed in him. For five minutes they argued the point. The clergyman pleaded conscience; the prisoner pleaded the duties of friendship. The question was left unsettled, but next night the prisoner with a morsel of tobacco in his mouth slept better than the man who had supplied him with it. The Rev. Mr. Bamlett's conscience was tender, and though he gave way to the importunities of his friend on two or three subsequent occasions he was very glad when the day came for No. 119 to leave the prison.

One thing alone somewhat lessened the bitterness of his self-reproach. Micklereed during the last week of his time

showed some faint signs of repentance, or rather of consciousness that he might, after all, have made a fool of himself. The Rev. Joshua was neither proud nor envious, and did not scruple to acknowledge to himself that nicotine had perhaps succeeded where he had failed. As a smoker he knew its soothing effect on a troubled mind. The rules of the prison were meant for the prisoners' good, and if by breaking them he had done a prisoner good—but he dared not follow this Jesuitical line of reasoning any further.

Micklereed had promised that when released he would come to his friend's lodgings, but greatly to that good man's disappointment he did not put in an appearance. Warder Smith, who saw him leave the prison, said that "a lawyer-looking gentleman" had met him and taken him off in a hansom. Also that No. 119, noticing him outside the gate, had borrowed a sovereign from the "lawyer-looking gentleman" and given it to him, saying, "Tell Mr. Bamlett he shall hear from me, and thank you, warder, for your kindness."

Three months passed away, but Mr. Bamlett heard no more of his unfortunate friend. He hoped his relations might have come to his help. The readiness of the "lawyer-like gentleman" to lend the sovereign looked as if he had friends, but the curate was rather vexed at his silence and murmured to himself hard sayings about the ingratitude of man.

One Friday night, however, Mr. Bamlett was reading the *Guardian*, and he came to a paragraph which considerably astonished him. It ran as follows:—

"We understand that the valuable living of Platton Magna, Southshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Samuel Sloman, has been offered by the patron, C. M. Masterton, Esq., to the Rev. Joshua Bamlett, curate of St. Swithin's, W.C. This living enjoys an enviable distinction at the present time. Most of its income is derived from property in the city of London, so that its nominal value of 900*l.* a year is some indication of its actual one. The population of the parish is 260, and there is a good vicarage. We congratulate Mr. Bamlett on his good fortune."

"Nonsense," was the curate's mental comment; "the *Guardian* must have made a mistake. There must be another man of the same name. Those papers are always wrong in details."

He took down the "Clergy List," and

ran through the Bamletts, but there were not many of them, and not one, save himself, rejoiced in the name of Joshua.

"Surely," said he to himself, "it can't be true. I know no one called Masterton. Besides, I should have heard of it direct."

Just then his landlady entered the room with a letter.

"This came for you, sir, this morning," said she, "and I'm sorry it has been mislaid."

The letter proved to be from Twibell and Twiss, the solicitors of C. M. Masterton. It contained a formal offer of the living of Platton, and mentioned the solicitors' regret that their client was at present abroad. They requested Mr. Bamlett to call upon them as soon as possible.

He called, accepted the living, and had read himself in and taken possession before Mr. Masterton returned.

One morning he was walking in the garden of his vicarage, wishing his patron would come back that he might make his acquaintance and discover what manner of man it was, who, having a good thing to give away, sought out an obscure curate as the recipient of it, when he saw Charley Micklereed open the gate.

Could it be, thought he, that Charley had not deemed him worth visiting before his promotion? Did he mean to levy blackmail upon him? It would not be nice to have the story of the tobacco spread abroad. No! he would not believe his friend could be so base; especially as his friend, to judge by his clothes and the aroma of his cigar, had also prospered in worldly affairs since he left the prison.

"Well, Josh, my boy," began Mr. Micklereed, "how do you like it? House all right, isn't it? I told them to put everything square for you before I went away."

"You told them," said Mr. Bamlett; "but what on earth had you to do with it?"

"Everything," replied his friend; "I'm not Charley Micklereed now, you know, but Charles Micklereed Masterton, lord of this manor and patron of this living. Possibly J.P. some day. Wouldn't that be a joke, eh, Josh?"

"I don't understand," said the vicar feebly.

"Ah! I suppose you never heard of my great-uncle Masterton. Well, I hardly ever did before I came out of—you know what. It seems he quarrelled with my mother's mother for marrying my grandfather. She was his only near relation, and until the newspapers brought me

to his notice he was actually without any one to leave his money to. He was pleased to say I was a man of spirit, and made me *de facto* what I already was *de jure*—his heir. Poor old chap! we were only together a month before he died. The only thing he asked me to do was to take his name."

"Then you were the patron of this living when Mr. Sloman died!" said Mr. Bamlett in a disappointed tone. It is not pleasant to find that favor and not merit, after all, has led to our advancement.

"Certainly I was, old fellow, and I knew no one who deserved it better than you. Shouldn't have cared if I had either. I owe you more than this for that tobacco," replied his friend.

"Don't, pray don't, put it on that ground, Charley," remonstrated the other; "you cannot imagine the trouble my conscience has given me over that matter. If I had known the offer came from you I should not have accepted the living."

"Just what I was afraid of," retorted his friend; "that's why I sent it through my solicitors."

Then Mr. Bamlett talked of resigning, but his friend, though with some difficulty, persuaded him to abandon the idea.

"Well, you know your way up to the hall," said Charles at parting. "By the bye, you'll find some more old friends of yours at the lodge. I've made that warder chap gate-keeper. He and his family came down yesterday. Wonder if he ever smelt that tobacco. Sometimes I fancied he did."

The clergyman sincerely hoped Mr. Smith's olfactory nerves were not keen. Whether they were or not that judicious individual never breathed a word on the subject. No one in the parish ever knew that the man who, with a military salute, threw open the park gate as the vicar went up to see his friend the squire, had done the same sort of thing before when the clergyman visited the layman under very different circumstances.

The squire was popular and made a good landlord, but the vicar never could persuade him to take life as seriously as he would have liked. Occasionally the pair talked over the lamp-breaking exploit. The vicar proved conclusively that it was wrong and foolish and his friend admitted it, maintaining nevertheless that it was no use showing a man that a winning outsider really had no chance, and that the result of the race was a fluke, after he's backed the animal and got his money.

R. HAYWARD.

From The National Review.

THE ROMAN FAMILY.

IN one of the letters of Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher and emperor, we find the observation that the Latin language had no word corresponding to the Greek *φίλοστοργία*—the kindred love of child and parent. The want of the word was indeed the less felt by the Romans in that the quality was seldom found and little esteemed among them. Cicero in his moral no less than in his intellectual nature differed widely from the mass of his countrymen. His letters are those of a man whose affections are unusually keen, yet it is apologetically, as of a thing almost discreditable to his manhood, that he writes to a friend of the overmastering grief which he felt for the death of his darling daughter. Duty, far more than affection, was the bond that held the Roman family together. The well-known anecdote told of the Manlian family illustrates the relations between father and son in the olden times. Manlius Capitolinus, dictator about two centuries after the establishment of the republic, had a son Titus, whom he treated harshly, and brought up in strict seclusion on a solitary farm. On resigning the dictatorship Manlius was impeached of excessive cruelty during his term of office by the tribune Pomponius, who sought to prejudice him by representing him as a tyrannical father. Titus heard of the charge, hurried to Rome, and, with threats of death, forced Pomponius to abandon the prosecution. Years went by; Titus became consul, and led an army against the Latins. At the beginning of the campaign he issued an order that no soldier should engage in a single combat with any of the enemy. His son, challenged by a Tusculan noble, and provoked beyond endurance by his taunts, disregarded the order, fought, and killed his foe. Exulting in his victory he brought the spoils to his father, but Manlius punished the breach of discipline by putting his son to death before the awestruck army. It is true that it was as consul that he punished the soldier, but it is no less clear that he might have justified the sentence as a lawful exercise of paternal authority.

A student of modern jurisprudence would probably explain the terribly despotic rule of the paterfamilias by the theory that the State in the plenitude of its power delegated a portion of its authority to the house-father, just as it did to the consul or other official, submitting to him the life and property of every member of

his family, and supporting him in the exercise of that authority with the sanction of its laws. But this view, however agreeable to our notions of the respective claims of State and family, will not bear examination. As a fact, the family existed prior to the State. The union of families formed the commonwealth, and to the central authority born of this union the heads of the several families constituting it resigned a part of their disciplinary authority. We must look on the king or consul as exercising over the great collective family of the commonwealth a rule in its nature similar to, and in fact derived from and depending on, that exercised by each father over his own household. Gradually, however, the authority of the latter, though always great, and for a long time as absolute as that of a master over his slave, came to be limited by the encroachments of the central governments. Yet it was not till A.D. 200 that the father lost the right to rule absolutely the life of even his grown-up sons. But in spite of successive limitations the power of the father remained in one important respect intact. The right of infanticide, though discouraged, was not abrogated, and it continued to be exercised even after the harsh usages of primitive times had been in other respects modified. Till the times of the empire, superfluous infants, like sick slaves, were commonly exposed on the island in the Tiber, near the Temple of Æsculapius. Slaves, if they recovered, obtained their freedom, or at least changed proprietors, the rights of their original owner being transferred to any one who took them in and maintained them. Children, on the other hand, if they survived, and were brought up by a stranger, did not pass out of their father's ownership. The father, if he traced the child that he had abandoned, might, at any time, reassert his authority over it. For that authority was more enduring if not more absolute even than that which a master had over his slave. A slave, if sold, passed at once and forever into the possession of the purchaser. If he were liberated his freedom could not be impugned by any one. A son on the contrary might be twice sold to a stranger as a bondsman, and twice restored to freedom, and yet after each liberation he at once returned under his father's authority. It was only after a third sale and a third liberation that he was really emancipated from paternal rule. In fact, if a father wished for any reason to emancipate his son, it was by a fictitious sale to a friend three times

repeated that the tie between them was dissolved.

When a child was born, it was looked on as an open question whether or not the father would choose to acknowledge it as his own, and bring it up as a member of his family. If he decided in the affirmative he raised it in his arms, and then set it upright on the ground that it might commence life with a happy omen. A special divinity, *Levana*, presided over this ceremony, after which the child straightway passed into the guardianship of the numerous tutelary deities that watched over every phase and every act of its life. Its first cry was listened to by *Vagitanus*; its first articulate word inspired by *Fabulinus*; *Potina* saw it suck; when weaned, *Eduia* taught it how to eat; *Cuba* rocked its cradle; and throughout life the genius born and dying with it, that guarded it from any evil influences of the constellations shining on its birth, shared its every act and never left its side. Its whole existence was spent, surrounded by a world of spirits unseen, unheard, but whose influence was always felt.

On the ninth day after birth the child received its name. A fresh goddess, *Nundina*, presided over this ceremony, during which family friends gave it presents, such as silver sucking-rings, rattles, toy swords, and for boys especially the *bullæ*, a charm made of gold or leather, according to the rank of the family, and worn constantly as a protection against the evil eye, and as a mark of the lad's station till he came of age. For their daughters, mothers desired above all the fatal gift of beauty. Amulets and charms helped to counteract the malign influences that might mar their growth, and tusks of the wild boar hung from their necks to secure a fine set of teeth.

In the course of the first month the child's name was entered in the official register of citizens kept in the Temple of Saturn, which served as evidence of the age and status of all whose names were inscribed. From the time of Cæsar onwards the boy's name, at least if he belonged to the order of senators or knights, was published in the *Acta diurna*, the daily official register of Rome. His identity was thus established, and the way prepared for his admission to the full rights of citizenship.

Children were always, when health allowed it, nursed by their mothers till the relaxation of morals in the time of the empire, when ladies of fashion came to be as anxious to cast off the burdens of

motherhood as they were reluctant to submit to the ties of marriage. The great advantages of a mother's training were fully acknowledged, and during the first seven years of its life the child, whether boy or girl, was brought up almost entirely by the mother in her own home. Little, unfortunately, is known of the details of the home training given during these early years. How lasting the effects of it sometimes were, we may learn from the story of the mother of the Gracchi, Cornelia, who did so much to form the characters of her sons, and never lost her influence over them. Girls, much as now, played with their dolls and balls and listened to fairy tales, such as that of Cupid and Psyche. Boys had bricks to build with, played at odd-and-even, rode on cock-horse, had little carriages with teams of mice to draw them, and flourished toy swords. Seven was the ordinary age for beginning school life. There was in Rome no institution resembling the common State school of Sparta, so highly praised by historians and philosophers. Roman law allowed absolute free trade in teaching. Any one who wished was at liberty to hire a room for his classes, or even to teach in the public streets or porticos. Such private schools, to which boys and girls went together, existed at a very early date, and mention is made of them in one of the best-known stories of republican Rome. Virginius, a plebeian of substance and position, sent his daughter to a school in the Forum or adjoining it. Who does not remember the lines that tell, how the young girl came by, —

With her small tablets in her hand and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school nor dreamed of shame or harm?

At home the girls of all classes learned to spin and weave, and were trained in all the mysteries of housekeeping. The daughters of the more wealthy were taught, in addition, the ordinary accomplishments learned in our modern schools. Singing, dancing, and playing on the harp were indispensable in fashionable society, and girls of noble birth took part, occasionally even in public, in rhythmic march or sacred chant. As, for instance, during the secular games, or when, as at the funeral of Augustus, boys and girls, children of the greatest families, sang the elegy over the deceased emperor.

Painting, too, was sometimes studied, and some Roman ladies were artists of considerable merit. Nor were more solid

subjects neglected. Some knowledge of the great writers of Rome, and even of Greece, formed an essential part of the training of every educated girl. These, like the other subjects, were often taught by the mother. Sometimes, however, professors were engaged for teaching all the accomplishments, including fencing, which, for a time, was quite the rage in the fast set of the capital, though at the risk that the girl might disgrace her family by a runaway match with one of her tutors. But the education of girls was necessarily rather superficial, for it was soon cut short. At from thirteen to sixteen the young lady was expected to marry, and the spinster who reached the mature age of twenty came under the censure of the law of Augustus against celibacy.

School training was, on the other hand, held essential for boys, and boys' schools accordingly were found even in small country towns such as Venusia, where, as we learn from Horace, the sons of sergeants and corporals, with their school pence in their hands and their satchels on their shoulders, went to learn their letters. But the teaching to be had in these establishments left much to be desired, and Horace's father, poor though he was, took care to send his son to Rome to be educated. If, however, the poet had been born a century later, he might have got excellent teaching much nearer home; for in imperial times great progress was made in this respect, and we find that many municipalities had their own first-rate schools either provided by local taxation or endowed by the munificence of a wealthy citizen. Thus, among his other benefactions to Como, Pliny gave the town £5,000 to keep up a school in which the sons and daughters of the poor got a free education. Nor was that of Como an isolated case. Many other towns throughout the empire, as we learn from inscriptions commemorating the deeds of gift, and the numerous bursaries established by Trajan gave an opportunity to thousands of destitute children of acquiring a liberal education. No notice, however, of such endowments is met with before the second century of the empire; and, even in spite of the great educational movement of that generation, schoolmastering was still despised as a poorly paid and repulsive, if not absolutely discreditable profession. Juvenal ranks the schoolmaster lowest of all professional men, even below the private tutor. His work is hard and degrading, and his wages miserable. He sits from before dawn in a

den which no smith, no wool-carder, would deign to occupy; where the air is foul, and the thick, sooty smoke of the scholars' lamps begrimes their Vergil and their Horace. Even his wretched fee, for which he has to bargain like a weaver or a shingle-splitter, has to pay toll to the rich man's house-steward, and after all is seldom collected without a law-suit. And this is the reward of a man who is expected to have all history and all literature at his fingers' ends; to know, as we might say, the name of King Arthur's nurse and Merlin's mother, how old Dunstan was when he died, and how many rowers Hengist had to his war-ship. He must watch, too, as carefully over the morals as the minds of his pupils, and no easy task it is to keep twenty flighty tongues and twenty pairs of unruly hands in order; and in return for all this his yearly pay is as much as a gladiator earns in a single hour.

Horace gives an amusing account of a lesson in one of these schools, showing how arithmetic was taught in the last century before Christ:—

Our Roman boys must learn to work their sums,
Add, and divide a shilling into pence.
"Albinus's son, come tell me, if you take
A penny from this fivepence, what remains?
Out with it!" "Fourpence." "Bravely
answered, boy;
You'll make a banker. Now to fivepence add
A penny; what's the total?" "Sixpence."
"Right."

Besides commercial arithmetic the chief subjects studied in Roman schools were history and literature. Reading was taught, not, as in Greece, by letters, but by syllables according to our most approved modern methods; and sets of ivory letters were often given to children to make up words with. Homer and Æsop were the commonest reading-books for Greek, while Vergil and Horace very soon after their death entered into their immortality as Latin class-books. The laws of the XII. Tables were got by heart by all Roman boys as a matter of course. Public speaking, too, was an art in which it was not so much a glory to excel as a disgrace to fail; and in the upper divisions of schools rhetoric and the practice of declamation were carefully attended to. For the rest, the management of schools in Rome was similar to what it has been in all time. Little boys were coaxed to learn the elements of knowledge by gifts of sweets and biscuits. Prizes were given to the most proficient, books valuable for their rarity or beautiful manuscript or

binding, while laggards in the race for learning were whipt up with great earnestness. Juvenal tells us how he had flinched his hand from the master's cane at school; and Orbilius, the flogging professor, who had begun life as a magistrate's clerk, and had then tried his luck in the army, both in the cavalry and infantry, where he perhaps picked up his partiality for strenuous discipline, has earned for himself by his vigor in the use of the rod a reputation as enduring as that of Dr. Keate or Dr. Busby.

The school day usually began even before sunrise, and Martial, living in his third story in the "pear-tree district," complains of the schoolmaster near the modern Piazza Barberini who woke him up before cock-crow when he had hardly got to sleep after the nightly din of the baker, with his shouts and blows. But the picture of the satirists is not altogether accurate, and it would be unfair not to say that the men at the top of the profession were well paid and enjoyed probably a good social position. Verrius Flaccus, for instance, tutor to Augustus's grandchildren, received from the emperor more than £1,000 annually, and, in addition, had free lodging in the palace, and was allowed to keep a private school. Another master, Palemon, made an income of over £4,000 out of his school. There were also lucrative government appointments open to teachers of Latin, Greek, and rhetoric, the salaries attached to which amounted in some cases to over £1,000; and the holders of them were in addition exempt from municipal taxation. In the summer they had four months' vacation, and there were besides several holidays during winter and spring, so that the profession was not altogether without its prizes and compensations.

During his school-days the Roman boy wore a white toga with a broad purple stripe similar to that of the senator. At sixteen he came of age, and the 16th of March was usually chosen as the most suitable day for the ceremony with which that event was celebrated. In the early morning, dressed for the first time in the pure white toga of the citizen, the young man offered a sacrifice in his father's house to the Lares, the protecting deities of the family, and laid aside his golden *bullæ* and his purple-striped toga. He was then taken by his father into the Forum, where, accompanied by as large a number as possible of friends, acquaintances, and dependants, he showed himself to the citizens. From the Forum the procession

went up to the Capitol, and there a sacrifice was offered up at the altar of the mighty Jupiter, protector of Rome, that he might sanctify the admission of a new citizen into the great family of the State.

Though the youth had now left his school-days behind him, his education was by no means completed. He still had to prepare himself for the business of life. To this end he now became his father's constant companion, attended him to the Forum, and there saw how he transacted his own business and shared in that of the commonwealth; followed him about his farm and learnt the management of crops and cattle, listened to him as, sitting in the atrium of his house, he gave advice to his clients who came for counsel, or heard him plead their causes or his own in the law courts. Such was the preparation given to the young citizen for following any of the occupations that became a Roman gentleman. He was fitted for the life of a capitalist, a farmer, or an advocate, or to become a candidate for office.

A young man who had come of age might, after his father's death, be looked on as a *paterfamilias* even though unmarried. He was subject to no one, potentially he was the father of children and the head of a family; and to be the father of children and give new citizens to the commonwealth was, at least in early times, looked on as the first duty of a citizen. Even the landless, houseless man, who had no stake in the country, no vote, and no status, had the same duty laid on him. He was one of the proletariat, the child-getters. If he could do nothing else for the city that gave him shelter, he could at least help to increase its population. Much more did the obligation lie on the full citizen to leave a posterity behind to keep his name alive, to continue the worship of the family deities, and serve the State in peace and war. But though matrimony was always esteemed, at least in the abstract, a distaste for forming the tie began to call for censure even in the days of the republic. In A.U.C. 351 fines were imposed on celibates to remind them of their duties. In 554 a system of rewards was tried which secured to married persons certain immunities and privileges, but hopes of reward proved no more efficacious than fear of punishment to drive men into matrimony. Metellus, the conqueror of Greece, is often quoted by Roman writers as an example of human felicity. He had filled honorably the highest offices in the State. He was very fortunate in his family. Of his sons three

had been consuls in his lifetime, and when he died the fourth was candidate for the office. His temper had not been soured by domestic trouble or disappointed ambition. Yet his opinion of women was summed up in very few words: they were a necessary evil, with whom life was a trouble, though without them it was impossible. To some extent at all events this dislike of marriage during the republican era, which, after all, was limited to the more luxurious classes, may be attributed to dread of that extravagant expenditure of which, rightly or wrongly, women were accused. The Roman was a strict and austere steward of his patrimony. A man who left his sons an inheritance smaller than that which he had received from his father was held to be not merely a bad administrator but almost a moral delinquent. The accounts of his household expenditure were balanced to the last penny. Unproductive outlay was looked on with suspicion, and the waste of money that might have gone to purchase popularity, or develop his business, or increase his farm, was a sin and almost a crime. Female profusion was a disturbing element in this rigid system of household economy, and laws were constantly being passed to regulate their clothes, their jewelry, and their carriages. The very frequency of these laws shows how ineffectual they proved. Later on, when the ruling caste in Rome had abandoned itself to the pursuit of all the coarsest forms of sensual extravagance, marriage was accounted a grievous burden, hindering a man from drawing from life all the enjoyment it might give him.

If, in spite of all, a man determined to marry, having selected his future bride, he was solemnly betrothed to her. He placed on her finger a ring of iron, or as wealth increased of gold, as a token of the engagement. The ceremony ended with a family feast to which all relatives were invited, and in which the household gods, too, had their share. According to the old laws of Latium, if at this stage either of the parties to the engagement drew back, an action could be brought to recover damages for a breach of promise.

There were several forms of the marriage ceremony. The oldest and most solemn was essentially a religious rite, establishing a perfect union. Sons of persons so married were alone eligible for the higher offices of the priesthood, and it was open to none but members of the old patrician families, the original citizens of Rome. In the atrium of the house, before

the altar on which burned the sacred fire, in the presence of the Lares, the pontifex maximus and the flamen of Jupiter, in the hearing of ten witnesses, taught the bride and bridegroom how to offer a sacrificial cake of salt and flour, which had been prepared by the Vestal Virgins. Part of this cake was then eaten by them as a symbol of the community of life, of property, of family worship, that henceforth united them. Then, seated side by side, they declared their will to enter the married state according to a sacred formula dictated by the priest. A second form of marriage, also dating back to very early times, was marriage by purchase. Accompanied by five witnesses, the bridegroom went to the house of the bride's father. There, in the presence of a citizen who held a balance in his hand, he asked the woman: "Wilt thou be my wife?" She answered, "I will;" and she asked him: "Wilt thou be my husband?" and he answered, "I will." Then the man bought his bride of her father. Holding a piece of money in his hand, he said: "I declare that according to the laws of the Romans thou art my wife and the mother of my household. Be thou purchased for me with this piece of copper and by these copper balances." Then the woman was formally delivered over and passed into her husband's possession, and became a member of his family, looking up to him as her friend, her guardian, and her father. In the course of time a third form grew up; marriage by prescription. A man who held undisputed possession of anything for a year established, by so doing, his lawful ownership to it. By a very obvious legal fiction, this rule of law was extended to the relations of husband and wife. A man living with the woman he chose as his wife for a complete year was held, by so doing, to have established his right of property over her without further ado; and this mode of escaping the formalities of the religious ceremony soon proved very attractive. As time went on, women came to be as unwilling as men to be married according to any of the established forms by which they passed as absolutely into their husbands' possession as they had before been in that of their father. They desired a more independent position, and it did not require much ingenuity on the part of the lawyers to find a way of accomplishing their wish. Ownership by prescription was not established till after a year's unbroken possession. It was decided, therefore, consistently enough, that a woman might retain her

independence indefinitely by staying away from her husband's house for three days in each year. By so doing she retained her property in herself, just as a land-owner prevents others from establishing a right of way by closing his gates one day in every year. During the empire, this was the favorite mode of marriage, especially if the wife had a large dowry. For she thus passed out of her father's family without entering into her husband's. She became mistress of herself and her property.

Independent of the legal forms, there were the social observances of marriage which were the same whatever was the legal ceremony chosen. At nightfall, when the star of Venus began to shine, the bride was fetched from her father's house. She was dressed in a white robe, a symbol of her virgin purity, bound round her waist with a woollen sash; her hair was plaited into six tresses after those of the Vestal Virgins; on her head she wore a flame-colored veil, and a fresh wreath of the sacred verbena, for the wife was priestess in her family. Under the protection of Juno Domiduca (the home-leader) she passed through the streets accompanied by her friends, and lighted on her way with torches. By her side there walked a young boy carrying an open basket, in which there lay a hank of wool, a distaff, and a spindle, for spinning was the great duty of the Roman matron of the republic. To be a good spinner was a gem in her crown of virtues, by the side of chastity and frugality, and the emblems of this occupation were held in honor even at a time when the chosen pursuits of women were very different. Arriving at the door of her new home, she found it wreathed with flowers in honor of the festive occasion. On the doorposts she hung fillets of wool, and anointed them with oil as a symbol, it would seem, of fertility. She was then lifted over the threshold, a custom in which we may see a survival of the time when wives were habitually stolen from neighboring tribes, and carried by force to their husband's house. In the atrium the bridegroom received her, handed to her a key as a sign of her rule in the house, and offered her fire and water to represent the necessities of life which were at her disposal. Answering to the fixed formula in which he addressed her, asking who she was, she replied: "Where you are Caius there am I, Caia," as we might say, "Your people shall be my people, your house, my house, and your life my life." The pair then sat side

by side on two chairs covered with the fleece of a sheep, and the priest joined their hands. The marriage contract fixing the amount of the dowry and the mode of its administration was then signed, and a banquet followed, during which five wax candles were burned, while from the walls the waxen masks of the husband's ancestors, decked for the occasion with flowers, looked down from their open cupboards with approval.

Though during the early days of Rome divorces were very rare, the husband always had the absolute right to put away his wife, just as he had the right to inflict any other punishment on her as on every member of his household. The wife was held in high esteem; she was not, as in Greece, relegated to the seclusion of the women's apartment; but the Roman would not admit the possibility of a divided rule. The household must have a supreme head, and that head was the father. Public opinion, however, required that he should take the advice of his wife's relatives and of his own family council before acting, and a reason must be assigned, though it might be a slight one. Thus it was admitted that if a wife drank wine without leave, or had the key of the cellar in her possession, without being able to explain why, the husband was justified in punishing her according to the enormity of the offence, or even in putting her away. Later on, more trivial reasons were held to be sufficient. Thus cases are recorded in which a wife was divorced for walking in the streets with a bare head (in modern Rome, it may be observed, wearing a covering on the head in the streets is looked on as a sign of respectability), or for talking in a public place with a freed-woman, or for going to see the games without her husband's leave.

No event in his life was, if one may be allowed the bull, more important to the Roman than his burial. If the body were not buried, the ghost could find no repose, but must wander round the place of death or on the borders of the gloomy Styx. An elaborate funeral was not necessary, three handfuls of dust scattered over the corpse, if nothing more were possible, sufficed to set the soul free; yet, though the needful was so little, to give a magnificent funeral to the dead was a point of honor to the survivors, and the ceremonies ordained by custom were followed out with scrupulous exactitude. As the man lay dying a relative gave him a last kiss in which to receive his parting breath. The friends then standing round his death-bed

called on him loudly by name to answer them if he were yet alive, just as at a funeral of a king of Spain, before the coffin is finally closed, a herald shouts to wake him if he only sleeps. The arrangement of all details of the burial were, as a rule, left to the undertakers, who were in Rome numerous enough to form a strong guild. Though their trade was looked on with contempt, if not with horror, it was sufficiently lucrative, and they were able to provide all requisites for the ceremony, which was in its essentials the same for all, however much the pomp might vary according to wealth and rank. The burial of a noble was, if somewhat barbaric in its details, a picturesque, even an impressive ceremony. After death the corpse was laid out in a bed of state in the atrium, with its feet towards the door ready to go out thence, there for the last time to receive all who came to do honor to the departed. The body was covered with the white toga which its owner had worn during life, and on its brow were placed any wreaths that had been awarded to him for distinguished services. On the lips lay a coin to pay the ferryman of Orcus, and on the ground beside the bier burned censers of incense. A cypress was placed outside the house door, an emblem of death, to warn those who feared defilement not to enter. After nine days a herald going through the streets invited all to attend: "Lo! a Roman citizen is dead, come, every man that can, and follow after. He is now being carried out of his house." Then at last the procession, ordered by the officer of the undertaker, passed out from the vestibule into the street. First went singers and musicians with their pipes, sounding the funeral dirge; after them followed a troop of female mourners robed in black, professional wailers provided by the undertakers, who expressed by voice and gesture the grief of the family. Then a troop of actors. Of these the chief, imitating the deceased, whom he impersonated in dress and stature, took the place of chief mourner, and seemed to follow himself out to his own burial. With a grotesque mixture of farce and tragedy, he assumed the character of the dead, and even turned his peculiarities into jest. Thus when Vespasian was carried out to burial, and a fellow in the crowd remarked on the extravagance of the funeral, "Give me ten pounds," cried the archimimus, alluding to the dead emperor's reputation for avarice, "and pitch my body into the Tiber without more ado." Following these actors came men carrying tablets in-

scribed with the great deeds of the dead ; the battles he had fought, the nations he had conquered. After them came the most striking feature of the procession. The waxen masks of ancestors, taken from their places on the walls of the atrium, were worn by men chosen to represent the deceased members of the family. In a long line swept by the senators, consuls, censors, dictators, each in his robe of state, and the triumphator in his gold-embroidered toga. It seemed as if the dead man's ancestors had returned again to earth to do honor to their descendant, and welcome him to his new abode. Then followed the bier, draped in cloth of gold, and carried often by men of note, who thus showed their respect to the deceased ; sometimes by the relations, as when Metellus of Macedonia was borne out by his sons to burial. After it followed the heirs, the slaves whom the deceased had freed by will, connections, friends, and acquaintances, and others who joined the crowd as a token of respect. From the house the procession passed into the Forum ; there the corpse was set down below the rostra, from which the heir delivered a panegyric of the dead, relating the great deeds of himself and his family. Thence the corpse was carried out of the town gate to the family tomb on the Flaminian or Appian way. There the pyre had been built, and the funeral cypresses had been planted. The body was placed on the pile ; one of the relatives, with averted face, applied a torch, and the wood flared up. Gladiators often fought the while, a form of sacrifice to the dead, introduced from Etruria, and which gradually developed into the monstrous massacres of the amphitheatre.

When the fire had burned out, the ashes were quenched, the calcined bones were carefully folded in a black cloth and washed with wine and milk, then dried and placed with perfumes in the urn of marble or alabaster which found its place in the chambers of the family tomb.

E. STRACHAN MORGAN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
GEORGE CRABBE.

THERE is a certain small class of persons in the history of literature the members of which possess, at least for literary students, an interest peculiar to themselves. They are the writers who having attained not merely popular vogue, but

fame as solid as fame can ever be, in their own day, having been praised by the praised, and as far as can be seen having owed this praise to none of the merely external and irrelevant causes — politics, religion, fashion, or what not — from which it sometimes arises, experience in a more or less short time after their death, the fate of being, not exactly cast down from their high place, but left respectfully alone in it, unvisited, unincensed, unread. Among these writers, over the gate of whose division of the literary Elysium the famous "Who now reads Bolingbroke?" might serve as motto, the author of "The Village" and "Tales of the Hall" is one of the most remarkable. As for Crabbe's popularity in his own day there is no mistake about that. It was extraordinarily long, it was extremely wide, it included the select few as well as the vulgar, it was felt and more or less fully acquiesced in by persons of the most diverse tastes, habits, and literary standards. His was not the case, which occurs now and then, of a man who makes a great reputation in early life and long afterwards preserves it because, either by accident or prudence, he does not enter the lists with his younger rivals, and therefore these rivals can afford to show him a reverence which is at once graceful and cheap. Crabbe won his spurs in full eighteenth century, and might have boasted, altering Lauder's words, that he had dined early and in the best of company, or have parodied Goldsmith, and said, "I have Johnson and Burke ; all the wits have been here." But when his studious though barren manhood was passed, and he again began as almost an old man to write poetry, he entered into full competition with the giants of the new school, whose ideals and whose education were utterly different from his. While "The Library" and "The Village" came to a public which still had Johnson, which had but just lost Goldsmith, and which had no other poetical novelty before it than Cowper, "The Borough" and the later tales entered the lists with "Marmion" and "Childe Harold," with "Christabel" and "The Excursion," even with "Endymion" and "The Revolt of Islam." Yet these later works of Crabbe met with the fullest recognition both from readers and from critics of the most opposite tendencies. Scott, the most generous, and Wordsworth,* the most grudging, of all

* In 1834, after Crabbe's death, Wordsworth wrote to his son, "Your father's works . . . will last, from their combined merit as poetry and truth, full as long as anything that has been expressed in verse since the

tained themselves to be at the best Norfolk yeomen, and though they possessed a coat of arms, avowed with much frankness that they did not know how they got it. A hundred and forty years ago they had apparently lost even the dignity of yeomanhood, and occupied stations quite in the lower rank of the middle class as tradesmen, non-commissioned officers in the navy or the merchant service, and so forth. George Crabbe, the grandfather, was collector of customs at Aldborough, but his son, also a George, was a parish schoolmaster and a parish clerk before he returned to the Suffolk port as deputy collector and then as salt-master, or collector of the salt duties. He seems to have had no kind of polish, and late in life was a mere rough, drinking exciseman; but his education, especially in mathematics, appears to have been considerable, and his ability in business not small. The third George, his eldest son, was also fairly though very irregularly educated for a time, and his father perceiving that he was "a fool about a boat," had the rather unusual common sense to destine him to a learned profession. Unluckily his will was better than his means, and while the profession which Crabbe chose or which was chosen for him—that of medicine—was not the best suited to his tastes or talents, the resources of the family were not equal to giving him a full education, even in that. He was still at intervals employed in the customs' warehouses at "piling up butter and cheese," even after he was apprenticed at fourteen to a country surgeon. The twelve years which he spent in this apprenticeship, in an abhorred return for a short time to the cheese and butter, in a brief visit to London, where he had no means to walk the hospitals, and in an attempt to practise with little or no qualification at Aldborough itself, present a rather dismal history of apprenticeship which taught nothing. But love was, for once, most truly and literally Crabbe's solace and his salvation, his master and his patron. When he was barely eighteen, still an apprentice, and possessed, as far as can be made out, neither of manners nor prospects, he met a certain Miss Sarah Elmy. She was three or four years older than himself and much better connected, being the niece and eventual co-heiress of a wealthy yeoman squire. She was, it is said, pretty; she was evidently accomplished, and she seems to have had access to the country society of those days. But Mira, as Crabbe called her, perhaps merely in the

fashion of the eighteenth century, perhaps in remembrance of Fulke Greville's heroine (for he knew his Elizabethans rather well for a man of those days), and no doubt also with a secret joy to think that the last syllables of her Christian name and surname in a way spelt the appellation, fell in love with the boy and made his fortune. But for her Crabbe would probably have subsided, not contentedly but stolidly, into the lot of a Doctor Slop of the time, consoling himself with snuff (which he always loved) and schnaps (to which we have hints that in his youth he was not averse). Mira was at once unalterably faithful to him and unalterably determined not to marry unless he could give her something like a position. Their long engagement (they were not married till he was twenty-nine and she was thirty-three) may, as we shall see, have carried with it some of the penalties of long engagements. But it is as certain as any such thing can be that but for it English literature would have lacked the name of Crabbe.

There is no space here to go through the sufferings of the novice. At last, at the extreme end of 1779, Crabbe made up his mind once more to seek his fortune, this time by aid of literature only, in London. His son has printed two rare scraps of a very interesting journal to Mira which he kept during at least a part of the terrible year of struggle which he passed there. He saw the riots of '80; he canvassed, always more or less in vain, the booksellers and the peers; he spent three-and-sixpence of his last ten shillings on a copy of Dryden; he was much less disturbed about imminent starvation than by the delay of a letter from Mira ("my dearest Sally" she becomes with a pathetic lapse from convention, when the pinch is sorest) or by the doubt whether he had enough left to pay the postage of one. He writes prayers (but not for the public eye), abstracts of sermons for Mira, addresses (rather adulatory) to Lord Sherborne, which received no answer. All this has the most genuine note that ever man of letters put into his work, for whatever Crabbe was or was not, now or at any time, he was utterly sincere; and his sincerity makes his not very abundant letters and journals unusually interesting. At last, after a year during which his means of subsistence are for the most part absolutely unknown, he, as he says himself, fixed "by some propitious influence, in some happy moment," on Edmund Burke as the subject of a last appeal.

Nothing in all literary history is, in a

modest way and without pearls and gold, quite so like a fairy tale as the difference in Crabbe's fortunes which this propitious influence brought about. On the day when he wrote to Burke he was, as he said in the letter, "an outcast, without friends, without employment, without bread." In some twenty-four hours (the night term of which he passed in ceaselessly pacing Westminster bridge to cheat the agony of expectation) he was a made man. It was not merely that, directly or indirectly, Burke procured him a solid and an increasing income. He did much more than that. Crabbe, like most self-educated men, was quite uncritical of his own work; Burke took him into his own house for months, encouraged him to submit his poems, criticised them at once without mercy and with judgment, found him publishers, found him a public, turned him from a raw country boy into a man who at least had met society of the best kind. It is a platitude to say that for a hundred persons who will give money or patronage there is scarcely one who will take trouble of this kind, and if any devil's advocate objects to the delight of producing a "lion" it may be answered that for Burke at least this delight would not have been delightful at all.

The immediate form which the patronage of Burke and that, soon added, of Thurlow took, is one which rather shocks the present day. They made Crabbe turn to the Church, and got a complaisant bishop to ordain him. They sent him (a rather dangerous experiment) to be curate in his own native place, and finally Burke procured him the chaplaincy at Belvoir. The young Duke of Rutland, who had been made a strong Tory by Pitt, was fond of letters, and his duchess Isabel, who was — like her elder kinswoman, Dryden's Duchess of Ormond —

A daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite
The varying beauties of the red and white,

in other words, a Somerset, was one of the most beautiful and gracious women in England. Crabbe, whose strictly literary fortunes I postpone for the present, was apparently treated with the greatest possible kindness by both; but he was not quite happy,* and his ever-prudent Mira

still would not marry him. At last Thurlow's patronage took the practical form (it had already taken that, equally practical, of a hundred pounds) of two small chancellor's livings in Dorsetshire, residence at which was dispensed with by the easy fashions of the day. The Duke of Rutland, when he was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, did not take Crabbe with him, a circumstance which has excited some unnecessary discussion; but he gave him free quarters at Belvoir, where he and his wife lived for a time before they migrated to a neighboring curacy — his wife, for even Mira's prudence had yielded at last to the Dorsetshire livings, and they were married in December, 1783. They lived together for nearly thirty years, in, as it would seem, unbroken mutual devotion, but Mrs. Crabbe's health seems very early to have broken down, and a remarkable endorsement of Crabbe's on a letter of hers has been preserved. I do not think Mr. Keble quotes it; it ends, "And yet happiness was denied" — a sentence fully encouraging to Mr. Browning and other good men who denounce long engagements.* The story of Crabbe's life after his marriage may be told very shortly. His first patron died in Ireland, but the duchess with some difficulty prevailed on Thurlow to exchange his former gifts for more convenient and rather better livings in the neighborhood of Belvoir, at the chief of which, Muston, Crabbe long resided. The death of his wife's uncle made him leave his living and take up his abode for many years at Glemham, in Suffolk, only to find, when he returned, that (not unnaturally, though to his own great indignation) Dissent had taken bodily possession of the parish. His wife died in 1813, and the continued kindness, after nearly a generation, of the house of Rutland, gave him the living of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, with a small Leicestershire incumbency near Belvoir added, instead of Muston. At Trowbridge he lived nearly twenty years, revisiting London society, making the acquaint-

* Rogers told Ticknor in 1838 that "Crabbe was nearly ruined by grief and vexation at the conduct of his wife for above seven years, at the end of which time she proved to be insane." But this was long after his death. C. Crabbe's, and it is not clear that while she lived R. knew Crabbe at all. Nor is there the least ground for attaching to the phrase "vexation at the conduct" the sense which it would usually have. A quatrain found after Crabbe's death wrapped round his wife's wedding-ring is touching, and graceful, in its old-fashioned way.

The ring so worn, as you behold,
So thin, so pale, is yet of gold:
The passion such it was to prove;
Worn with life's cares, love yet was love.

* Although constantly patronized by the Rutland family in successive generations, and honored by the attentions of "Old Q." and others, his poems are full of growls at patrons. These cannot be mere echoes of Oldham and Johnson, but their exact reason is unknown. His son's reference to it is so extremely cautious that it has been read as a confession that Crabbe was prone to his cups, and quarrelsome in them — a signal instance of the un wisdom of not speaking out.

ance personally (he had already known him by letter) of Sir Walter, paying a memorable visit to Edinburgh, flirting in an elderly and simple fashion with many ladies, writing much, and being even more of a lion in the society of George the Fourth's reign than he had been in the days of George the Third. He died February 3rd, 1832.

Crabbe's character is not at all enigmatical, and emerges as clearly in such letters and diaries of his as have been published as in anecdotes of him by others. Perhaps the famous story of his politely endeavoring to talk French to divers Highlanders during George the Fourth's visit to Edinburgh is slightly embroidered — Lockhart, who tells it, was a mystifier without peer. His life, no less than his work, speaks him a man of amiable though by no means wholly sweet temper, of more common sense than romance, and of more simplicity than common sense. His nature and his early trials made him not exactly sour, but shy, till age and prosperity mellowed him; but simplicity was his chief characteristic in age and youth alike.

The mere facts of his strictly literary career are chiefly remarkable for the enormous gap between his two periods of productiveness. In early youth he published some verses in the magazines and a poem called "Inebriety," which appeared at Ipswich in 1775. His year of struggle in London saw the publication of another short piece, "The Candidate," but with the ill-luck which then pursued him, the bookseller who brought it out became bankrupt. His despairing resort to Burke ushered in "The Library," 1781, followed by "The Village," 1783, which Johnson revised and improved not a little. Two years later again came "The Newspaper," and then twenty-two years passed without anything appearing from Crabbe's pen. It was not that he was otherwise occupied, for he had little or nothing to do, and for the greater part of the time lived away from his parish. It was not that he was idle, for we have his son's testimony that he was perpetually writing, and that holocausts of manuscripts in prose and verse used from time to time to be offered up in the open air for fear of setting the house on fire by their mass. At last, in 1807, "The Parish Register" appeared, and three years later "The Borough" — perhaps the strongest division of his work. The miscellaneous tales came in 1812, the "Tales of the Hall" in 1819. Meanwhile and afterwards various collected editions appeared, the last and most com-

plete being in 1829 — a very comely little book in eight volumes. His death led to the issue of some "Posthumous Tales" and to the inclusion by his son of divers fragments both in the life and in the works. It is understood, however, that there are still considerable remains in manuscript; perhaps they might be published with less harm to the author's fame and with less fear of incurring a famous curse than in the case of almost any other poet.

For Crabbe, though by no means always at his best, is one of the most curiously equal of verse-writers. "Inebriety" and such other very youthful things are not to be counted; but between "The Village" of 1783 and the "Posthumous Tales" of more than fifty years later the difference is surprisingly small. Such as it is, it rather reverses ordinary experience, for the later poems exhibit the greater play of fancy, the earlier the exacter graces of form and expression. Yet there is nothing really wonderful in this, for Crabbe's earliest poems were published under severe surveillance of himself and others, and at a time which still thought nothing of such value in literature as correctness, while his later were written under no particular censorship, and when the romantic revival had already for better or worse emancipated the world. The change was in Crabbe's case not wholly for the better. He does not in his later verse become more prosaic, but he becomes considerably less intelligible. There is a passage in "The Old Bachelor" too long to quote but worth referring to, which, though it may be easy enough to understand it with a little, defy anybody to understand and grammatical meaning. Such welters of words are very common in Crabbe, and Johnson saved him from one of them in the very first lines of "The Village" by an emendation which Mr. Keibel seems not quite to understand. Yet Johnson could never have written the passages which earned Crabbe his fame. The great lexicographer knew man in general much better than Crabbe did; but he nowhere shows anything like Crabbe's power of seizing and reproducing man in particular. Crabbe is one of the first and certainly one of the greatest of the "realists," who, exactly reversing the old philosophical signification of the word, devote themselves to the particular only. Yet of the three small volumes by which he, after his introduction to Burke, made his reputation and on which he lived for a

quarter of a century, the first and the last display comparatively little of this peculiar quality. "The Library" and "The Newspaper" are characteristic pieces of the school of Pope, but not characteristic of their author. The first catalogues books as folio, quarto, octavo, and so forth, and then cross-catalogues them as law, physic, divinity, and the rest, but is otherwise written very much "in the air." "The Newspaper" suited Crabbe a little better, because he pretty obviously took a particular newspaper and went through its contents — scandal, news, reviews, advertisements — in his own special fashion, but still the subject did not appeal to him. In "The Village," on the other hand, contemporaries and successors alike have agreed to recognize Crabbe in his true vein. The two famous passages which attracted the suffrages of judges so different as Scott and Wordsworth, are still, after more than a hundred years, fresh, distinct, and striking. Here they are once more: —

Theirs is yon House that holds the parish
poor,

Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken
door;

There, where the putrid vapors, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the
day;

There children dwell who know no parents'
care;

Parents who know no children's love dwell
there!

Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood
fears;

The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest
they!

The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste
to go,

He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye:
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy Bench pro-
tect,

And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where Misery lies,
Impatience marked in his averted eyes;
And some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply he rushes on the door:
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long to see his doctor's face no more;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

The poet executed endless variations on this class of theme, but he never quite succeeded in discovering a new one, though in process of time he brought his narrow study of the Aldborough fishermen and townsfolk down still more narrowly to individuals. His landscape is always marvellously exact, the strokes selected with extraordinary skill so as to show autumn rather than spring, failure rather than hope, the riddle of the painful earth rather than any joy of living. Attempts have been made to vindicate Crabbe from the charge of being a gloomy poet, but I cannot think them successful; I can hardly think that they have been quite serious. Crabbe, our chief realistic poet, has an altogether astonishing likeness to the chief prose realist of France, Gustave Flaubert, so far as his manner of view goes, for in point of style the two have small resemblance. One of the most striking things in Crabbe's biography is his remembrance of the gradual disillusion of a day of pleasure which as a child he enjoyed in a new boat of his father's. We all of us, except those who are gifted or cursed with the proverbial "duck's back," have these experiences and these remembrances of them. But most men either simply grin and bear it, or carrying the grin a little farther, console themselves by regarding their own disappointments from the ironic and humorous point of view. Crabbe, though not destitute of humor, does not seem to have been able or to have been disposed to employ it in this way. Perhaps he never quite got over the terrible and for the most part unrecorded year in London; perhaps the difference between the Mira of promise and the Mira of possession — the "happiness denied" — had something to do with it; perhaps it was a question of natural disposition with him; but when years afterwards, as a prosperous middle-aged man, he began his series of published poems once more with "The Parish Register," the same manner of seeing is evident, though the minuteness and elaboration of the views themselves are almost infinitely greater. Nor did he ever succeed in altering it, if he ever tried to do so.

With the exception of his few lyrics, the most important of which "Sir Eustace Grey" (one of his very best things), is itself a tale in different metre, and a few other occasional pieces of little importance, the entire work of Crabbe, voluminous as it is, is framed upon a single pattern, the vignettes of "The Village" being merely

enlarged in size and altered in frame in the later books. The three parts of "The Parish Register" the twenty-four letters of "The Borough," some of which have single and others grouped subjects, and the sixty or seventy pieces which make up the three divisions of tales, consist almost exclusively of heroic couplets, shorter measures very rarely intervening. They are also almost wholly devoted to narratives, partly satirical, partly pathetic, of the lives of individuals of the lower and middle class chiefly. Jeffrey, who was a great champion of Crabbe and allotted several essays to him, takes delight in analyzing the plots or stories of these tales; but it is a little amusing to notice that he does it for the most part exactly as if he were criticising a novelist or a dramatist. "The object," says he, in one place, "is to show that a man's fluency of speech depends very much upon his confidence in the approbation of his auditors;" "In Squire Thomas we have the history of a mean, domineering spirit," and so forth. Gifford in one place actually discusses Crabbe as a novelist. I shall make some further reference to this curious attitude of Crabbe's admiring critics. For the moment I shall only remark that the singularly mean character of so much of Crabbe's style, the "style of drab stucco," as it has been unkindly called, which is familiar from the wicked wit that tells how the youth at the theatre

Regained the felt and felt what he regained,

is by no means universal. The most powerful of all his pieces, the history of Peter Grimes, the tyrant of apprentices, is almost entirely free from it, and so are a few others. But it is common enough to be a very serious stumbling-block. In nine tales out of ten this is the staple:—

Of a fair town where Dr. Rack was guide,
His only daughter was the boast and pride.

Now that is unexceptionable verse enough, but what is the good of putting it in verse at all? Here again:—

For he who makes me thus on business wait,
Is not for business in a proper state.

It is obvious that you cannot trust a man who, unless he is intending a burlesque, can bring himself to write like that. Crabbe not only brings himself to it, but rejoices and luxuriates in the style. The tale from which that last luckless distich is taken, "The Elder Brother," is full of pathos and about equally full of false notes. If we turn to a far different sub-

ject, the very vigorously conceived "Natural Death of Love," we find a piece of strong and true satire, the best thing of its kind in the author, which is kept up throughout. Although, like all satire, it belongs at best but to the outer courts of poetry, it is so good that none can complain. Then the page is turned and one reads:—

"I met," said Richard, when returned to dine,

"In my excursion with a friend of mine."

It may be childish, it may be uncritical, but I own that such verse as that excites in me an irritation which destroys all power of enjoyment, except the enjoyment of ridicule. Nor let any one say that pedestrian passages of the kind are inseparable from ordinary narrative in verse and from the adaptation of verse to miscellaneous themes. If it were so the argument would be fatal to such adaptation, but it is not. Pope seldom indulges in such passages, though he does sometimes. Dryden never does. He can praise, abuse, argue, tell stories, make questionable jests, do anything, in verse that is still poetry, that has a throb and a quiver and a swell in it, and is not merely limp, rhythmised prose. In Crabbe, save in a few passages of feeling and a great many of mere description—the last an excellent setting for poetry but not necessarily poetical—this rhythmised prose is everywhere. The matter which it serves to convey is, with the limitations above given, varied, and it is excellent. No one except the greatest prose novelists has such a gallery of distinct, sharply etched characters, such another gallery of equally distinct scenes and manner-pieces, to set before the reader. Exasperating as Crabbe's style sometimes is he seldom bores—never indeed except in his rare passages of digressive reflection. It has, I think, been observed, and if not the observation is obvious, that he has done with the pen for the neighborhood of Aldborough and Glemham what Crome and Cotman have done for the neighborhood of Norwich with the pencil. His observation of human nature, so far as it goes, is not less careful, true, and vivid. His pictures of manners, to those who read them at all, are perfectly fresh and in no respect grotesque or faded, dead as the manners themselves are. His pictures of motives and of facts, of vice and virtue, never can fade, because the subjects are perennial and are truly caught. Even his plays on words, which horrified Jeffrey,—

Alas! your reverence, wanton thoughts I grant
Were once my motive, now the thoughts of
want,

and the like, are not worse than Milton's jokes on the guns. He has immense talent, and he has the originality which sets talent to work in a way not tried by others, and may thus be very fairly said to turn it into genius. He is all this and more. But despite the warnings of a certain precedent, I cannot help stating the case which we have discussed in the old form, and asking, Was Crabbe a poet?

And thus putting the question, we may try to sum up. It is the gracious habit of a summing-up to introduce, if possible, a dictum of the famous men our fathers that were before us, a habit which by me shall ever be honored. I have already referred to Hazlitt's criticism on Crabbe in "The Spirit of the Age," and I need not, here at least, repeat at very great length the cautions which are always necessary in considering any judgment of Hazlitt's. Much that he says even in the brief space of six or eight pages which he allots to Crabbe is unjust; much is explicable, and not too creditably, unjust. Crabbe was a successful man, and Hazlitt did not like successful men; he was a clergyman of the Church of England, and Hazlitt did not love clergymen of the Church of England; he had been a duke's chaplain, and Hazlitt loathed dukes; he had been a Radical, and was still (though Hazlitt does not seem to have thought him so) a Liberal, but his Liberalism had been Tonnied into a tame variety. Again, Crabbe, though by no means squeamish, is the most unvoluptuous and dispassionate of all describers of inconvenient things; and Hazlitt was the author of "Liber Amoris." Accordingly there is much that is untrue in the tissue of denunciation which the critic devotes to the poet. But there are two passages in this tirade which alone might show how great a critic Hazlitt himself was. Here in a couple of lines ("They turn, one and all, on the same sort of teasing, helpless, unimaginative distress") is the germ of one of the most famous and certainly of the best passages of the late Mr. Arnold; and here again is one of those critical taps of the finger which shivers by a touch of the weakest part a whole Rupert's drop of misapprehension. Crabbe justified himself by Pope's example. "Nothing," says Hazlitt, "can be more dissimilar. Pope describes what is striking; Crabbe would have described merely what was there. . . . In Pope there was an appeal to the imagination, you see

what was passing in a *poetical point of view*."

Even here (and I have not been able to quote the whole passage) there is one of the flaws, which Hazlitt rarely avoided, in the use of the word "striking;" for, Heaven knows, Crabbe is often striking enough. But the description of Pope as showing things "in a poetical point of view" hits the white at once, wounds Crabbe mortally, and demolishes "realism," as we have been pleased to understand it for the last generation or two. Hazlitt, it is true, has not followed up the attack, as I shall hope to show in an instant; but he has indicated the right line of it. As far as mere treatment goes, the fault of Crabbe is that he is pictorial rather than poetic, and photographic rather than pictorial. He sees his subject steadily, and even in a way he sees it whole; but he does not see it in the poetical way. You are bound in the shallows and the miseries of the individual; never do you reach the large freedom of the poet who looks at the universal. The absence of selection, of the discarding of details that are not wanted, has no doubt a great deal to do with this — Hazlitt seems to have thought that it had everything to do. I do not quite agree with him there. Dante, I think, was sometimes quite as minute as Crabbe; and I do not know that any one less hardy than Hazlitt himself would single out, as Hazlitt expressly does, the death-bed scene of Buckingham as a conquering instance in Pope to compare with Crabbe. We know that the bard of Twickenham grossly exaggerated this. But suppose he had not? Would it have been worse verse? I think not. Although the faculty of selecting instead of giving all, as Hazlitt himself justly contends, is one of the things which make *poesis non ut pictura*, it is not all, and I think myself that a poet, if he is a poet, could be almost absolutely literal. Shakespeare is so in the picture of Gloucester's corpse. Is that not poetry?

The defect of Crabbe, as it seems to me, is best indicated by reference to one of the truest of all dicta on poetry, the famous maxim of Joubert — that the lyre is a winged instrument and must transport. There is no wing in Crabbe, there is no transport, because, as I hold (and this is where I go beyond Hazlitt), there is no music. In all poetry, the very highest as well as the very lowest that is still poetry, there is something which transports, and that something in my view is always the music of the verse, of the words, of the

cadence, of the rhythm, of the sounds superadded to the meaning. When you get the best music married to the best meaning, then you get, say, Shakespeare; when you get some music married to even moderate meaning, you get, say, Moore. Wordsworth can, as everybody but Wordsworthians holds, and as some even of Wordsworthians admit, write the most detestable doggerel and platitude. But when any one who knows what poetry is reads, —

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence,

he sees that, quite independently of the meaning, which disturbs the soul of no less a person than Mr. John Morley, there is one note added to the articulate music of the world — a note that never will leave off resounding till the eternal silence itself gulfs it. He leaves Wordsworth, he goes straight into the middle of the eighteenth century, and he sees Thomson with his hands in his dressing-gown pockets biting at the peaches, and hears him between the mouthfuls murmuring, —

So when the shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main,

and there is another note, as different as possible in kind yet still alike, struck forever. Yet again, to take example still from the less romantic poets, and in this case from a poet, whom Mr. Keblel specially and disadvantageously contrasts with Crabbe, when we read the old school-boy's favorite, —

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,

we hear the same quality of music informing words though again in a kind somewhat lower, commoner, and less. In this matter, as in all matters that are worth handling at all, we come of course *ad mysterium*. Why certain combinations of letters, sounds, cadences, should almost without the aid of meaning though no doubt immensely assisted by meaning, produce this effect of poetry on men no man can say. But they do; and the chief merit of criticism is that it enables us by much study of different times and different languages to recognize something like the laws, though not the ultimate causes, of the production.

Now I can only say that Crabbe does not produce, or only in the rarest instances produces, this effect on me, and what is more, that on ceasing to be a patient in search of poetical stimulant and becoming merely a gelid critic, I do not discover

even in Crabbe's warmest admirers any evidence that he produced this effect on them. Both in the eulogies which Mr. Keblel quotes and in those that he does not quote I observe that the eulogists either discreetly avoid saying what they mean by poetry, or specify for praise something in Crabbe that is not distinctly poetical. Cardinal Newman says that Crabbe "pleased and touched him at thirty years' interval," and pleads that this answers to the "accidental definition of a classic." Most certainly; but not necessarily to that of a poetical classic. Jeffrey thought him "original and powerful." Granted; but there are plenty of original and powerful writers who are not poets. Wilson gave him the superlative for "original and vivid painting." Perhaps; but is Hogarth a poet? Jane Austen "thought she could have married him." She had not read his biography; but even if she had would that prove him to be a poet? Lord Tennyson is said to single out the following passage, which is certainly one of Crabbe's best, if not his very best: —

Early he rose, and looked with many a sigh
On the red light that filled the eastern sky;
Oft had he stood before, alert and gay,
To hail the glories of the new-born day;
But now dejected, languid, listless, low,
He saw the wind upon the water blow,
And the cold stream curled onward as the
gale
From the pine-hill blew harshly down the
vale;
On the right side the youth a wood surveyed,
With all its dark intensity of shade;
Where the rough wind alone was heard to
move
In this, the pause of nature and of love
When now the young are reared, and when
the old,
Lost to the tie, grow negligent and cold:
Far to the left he saw the huts of men,
Half hid in mist that hung upon the fen:
Before him swallows gathering for the sea,
Took their short flights and twittered o'er the
lea;
And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest
done,
And slowly blackened in the sickly sun;
All these were sad in nature, or they took
Sadness from him, the likeness of his look
And of his mind — he pondered for a while,
Then met his Fanny with a borrowed smile.

It is good; it is extraordinarily good; it could not be better of its kind. It is as nearly poetry as anything that Crabbe ever did — but is it quite? If it is (and I am not careful to deny it) the reason as it seems to me is that the verbal and rhythmic music here, with its special effect of "transporting," of "making the common

as if it were uncommon," is infinitely better than is usual with Crabbe, that in fact there is music as well as meaning. Hardly anywhere else, not even in the best passages of the story of Peter Grimes, shall we find such music; and in its absence it may be said of Crabbe much more truly than of Dryden (who carries the true if not the finest poetical undertone with him even into the rant of Almanzor and Maximin, into the interminable arguments of "Religio Laici" and "The Hind and the Panther") that he is a classic of our prose.

Yet the qualities which are so noteworthy in him are all qualities which are valuable to the poet, and which for the most part are present in good poets. And I cannot help thinking that this was what actually deceived some of his contemporaries and made others content, for the most part to acquiesce in an exaggerated estimate of his poetical merits. It must be remembered that even the latest generation which, as a whole and unhesitatingly, admired Crabbe, had been brought up on the poets of the eighteenth century, in the very best of whom the qualities which Crabbe lacks had been but sparingly and not eminently present. It must be remembered, too, that from the great vice of the poetry of the eighteenth century, its artificiality and convention, Crabbe is conspicuously free. The return to nature was not the only secret of the return to poetry; but it was part of it, and that Crabbe returned to nature no one could doubt. Moreover he came just between the school of prose fiction which practically ended with "Evelina" and the school of prose fiction which opened its different branches with "Waverley" and "Sense and Sensibility." His contemporaries found nowhere else the narrative power, the faculty of character-drawing, the genius for description of places and manners, which they found in Crabbe; and they knew that in almost all, if not in all the great poets there is narrative power, faculty of character-drawing, genius for description. Yet again, Crabbe put these gifts into verse which at its best was excellent in its own way, and at its worst was a blessed contrast to Darwin or to Hayley. Some readers may have had an uncomfortable though only half conscious feeling that if they had not a poet in Crabbe they had not a poet at all. At all events they made up their minds that they had a poet in him.

But are we bound to follow their example? I think not. You could play on Crabbe that odd trick which used, it is

said, to be actually played on some mediæval verse chroniclers, and unrhyme him — that is to say, put him into prose with the least possible changes — and his merits would, save in rare instances, remain very much as they are now. You could put other words in the place of his words, keeping the verse, and it would not as a rule be much the worse. You cannot do either of these things with poets who are poets. Therefore I shall conclude that save at the rarest moments, moments of some sudden gust of emotion, some happy accident, some special grace of the Muses to reward long and blameless toil in their service, Crabbe was not a poet. But I have not the least intention of denying that he was great, and all but of the greatest, among English writers.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From The Nineteenth Century.

SARDINIA AND ITS WILD SHEEP.

NOTWITHSTANDING the perpetual struggle to make life more comfortable, it is a master passion with some of us to escape from time to time from this complex civilization to some barbarous land, there to become for a few weeks happy savages like our ancestors, emancipated from Babylon and babies. If, in addition, one can so far imitate those noble creatures as to spend the time in killing something, the deception is more perfect. One's happiness is complete if the animal to be hunted lives in a mountainous country, is difficult to obtain, but may be fairly stalked in the open. At least, that is my case.

I had a bad fit of this unquenchable thirst at the beginning of this year, and the particular excuse which served was the County Council Elections. I was personally responsible for the conduct of fifty-six of them, and I ask any candid person whether that did not justify the buck-fever from which I was suffering. On January 18 I learned that the contests had all passed off without a hitch, and the anxieties of the previous weeks were forgotten. People congratulated the victors and consoled with the victims, but nobody pitied the high sheriff, so he consoled himself in his own way. On the following morning I packed up my camping outfit, and, accompanied by two kindred spirits, fled to the land of the free. To a busy man the scope for this sort of thing is limited. If six weeks be the outside of his tether,

dreams of Arctic bears or Oves Poli are unattainable and unreal. Time and distance have to be considered; but Scandinavia, the Alps, the Pryenees, the Mediterranean islands, can be reached within six days even in their remoter parts, and open out possibilities of elk, reindeer, chamois, bear, ibex, and deer of several kinds. Of all these I possessed memories and trophies, and, besides, the season for them was over. But there is another land of forests which I had for long marked down in my agenda, and gathered stray scraps of information about, as a squirrel harvests his acorns — no doubt, with all the pleasures of anticipation. This was the island of Sardinia, where dwell many wild animals — red deer, fallow deer, boar, ducks, and long-bills innumerable; but, chief of all, in the wildest parts, the curly-horned mouflon, desired by many sportsmen, seriously hunted by a few, attained by but a very few.

The old numbers of the *Field* had been ransacked, travel-books searched, H.B.M.'s consuls resident on the island written to, still the information about these particular animals was meagre and contradictory. The authorities all differed as to what was the close season of the mouflon, but they all concurred in saying that it didn't much matter. They were also unanimous in declaring that the method of hunting them was by driving, whereas I was convinced that, being sheep, they must feed on the open, and therefore might be honestly spied and stalked. Possessed by this idea, I had engaged C——, keenest of chamois-hunters, cheeriest of companions — though he knew no world wider than his own mountain valley. His friend Benjamin had begged to be allowed to come too, content to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water without pay if only he might see some new thing. These two joined us at Genoa, and were eyed suspiciously by the swallow-tailed waiters when their iron-clad boots clinked along the marble halls.

My immediate companions were G——, one of those overworked country bankers who are expected to shoot with their customers four days a week, and F——, of the numerous army of Anglo-American cowboys who return to Bond Street and Leicestershire when the autumn "round-up" is over. After being clothed and in his right mind for two months, his soul hungered for scalps and the war-path. I was due back under six weeks to receive one of her Majesty's judges at Assizes. So

there must be no avoidable delays — and of course delays occurred, perverse and irritating.

Instead of following my own instincts as to route, I took advice — always a mistaken thing to do — and thereby lost, for hunting purposes, three whole days. But, as every expedition has its share of bad luck, perhaps it was as well to take ours in this way. Our intention was to be landed at a small harbor within easy reach of the range where we desired to hunt; but when, the morning after leaving Leghorn, we got among the islands in the Straits of Bonifacio, the Tramontana wind blew so furiously that it became certain that no landing could be effected between the sheltered harbor of Terranova at the northern end of the island and that of Cagliari at the other extremity. Our plan of campaign had to be changed at an hour's notice, and a landing effected at Terranova, many weary leagues from our hunting-ground. Not liking the look of the *trattoria*, where we supped, we got the station-master to lend us an empty room in his station. Here we spread our mattresses and waited for the morning train. Heavens! how the wind hissed all night! It was some consolation that no landing would have been possible on the open coast.

The early train took us through a broken, rocky country, the little ravines covered with cork and arbutus. It would have been picturesque if it had not been marred by numerous straight stone walls, under which the little smoke-colored cattle cowered from the storm. In some parts the landscape was dotted with *nuraghi*, the ancient fortified dwellings of primeval Sards — conical stone towers, yellow with the moss of three or four millenniums — into which they retired with their families on the approach of Phœnicians, Moors, or other predatory navigators. But this hypothesis is quite unauthorized, and very likely wrong.

As we rose to a higher level the snow fell heavily, driven before a raging gale, and the Highland Railway in mid-winter could not have presented a more desolate picture. I blessed my fur coat and reindeer-lined boots, if I blessed nothing else. It was merely a foretaste of the weather which we were to endure with few respites for a month.

Foiled in our first attempt to reach our destination by water, we now proposed to enter the hill country from a certain point in the railway, whence the map indicated a road of some sort in the direction we desired. Fortune, for the moment, seemed

to favor us, as we found a fellow-traveller who knew the country we proposed to traverse. He warned us of *malviventi*, but my companions were a sufficient body-guard, so we telegraphed inquiries for a vehicle. When we reached the station from which we hoped to start, a message met us that this road was blocked with snowdrifts, and that there were no means of entering the mountains that way. We could only bow to the perversity of fate which doomed us to spend our precious days in wandering round the charmed circle of our land of promise, while we gazed wistfully at the leaden clouds which covered our Paradise. There was nothing for it but to re-enter the train and continue the journey to Cagliari at the southern extremity of the island. We now descended to the great plain of Oristano — chocolate-colored and dank — and traversed it from end to end. It is a pestilential hotbed which has helped to give the island a bad name for two thousand years. Miles away the mountains rose with sudden steepness from the plain, as they do on the Italian littoral. We passed several *stagni*, or brackish lagoons, covered with wild fowl, which would have stirred our sporting instincts if we had not been thinking of higher game, and cursing the fate which kept us at arm's length. The natives pop at them all day and sometimes kill them, for they brought ducks for sale to the carriage windows, along with fresh-gathered oranges.

The next morning saw us again on board the train — this time on a narrow-gauge railway which winds for fifty miles into the mountains. At the terminus we found the "post" waiting — a small edition of a Rocky Mountain mud-wagon, already occupied by three passengers, and into which we were invited to stow our five selves. At first the conductor volubly refused all luggage, but by dint of heavy bribery we got our rifles allowed and such a minimum of equipment as would serve at a pinch. The rest was left forlorn on the platform, and did not rejoin us for a week.

Somehow we all squeezed in — six inside, two in the *coupé*, driver and conductor in front of that — and started for a twenty hours' continuous drive. We saved our lives by walking nearly all the way; and this was not difficult, as we were always either diving into a ravine or climbing out of one. The road continually returns upon itself, and short cuts were numerous. As we rose, the cultivation became scantier, and the *macquia* or

scrub more frequent, till it covered the whole hillside. The population is exceedingly thin, and the houses are all huddled together for mutual protection in little towns, separated by long intervals. In the evening we stopped at such a one, and the conductor wired an inquiry as to the state of the road. Somewhat to our relief the answer came back that there was too much snow to traverse in the night, and six feet two inches was able to stretch itself on the flat. The padrone of the telegraph was hospitably inclined — as indeed we found all the Sard — and put bread and wine before us, and a room to lie in. We had rescued from our stores two bottles of that traveller's friend, British jam, and with the padrone and his brother the priest, enjoyed a jovial meal. The jam took the priest's fancy immensely, and his conversation was confined to blessings on that condiment and curses on Garibaldi, whom he seemed to think still an enemy of the Church. One of the bottles was broken and the glass scattered among the contents, and we told the priest it was *molto pericoloso* for him to eat it, but I fancy he elected to chance it after we had left. In the room where we slept were the first signs which we had seen of the *caccia grossa* for which we were enduring so much — skins of boar, mouflon, red and fallow deer. It is not correct in Sardinia to offer any payment for such casual hospitality, but a little keepsake to the signorina, who waits in the background with curious eyes, is taken in good part.

In the morning we resumed our journey on the frozen road, and passed through some grand ilex woods — alas! rapidly disappearing before the charcoal-burner. Once in the snow we found tracks of mouflon, or were they tame pigs? I am not sure, but they served the purpose of raising our spirits. The horses, which are small but well-bred and wiry, did their work well, and in due course we reached the little town which was to be the base of our operations. It is piled on the steep side of the mountain, facing a lovely view of purple plain and distant sea. We were greeted by the kind-hearted sportsman who is familiarly known in these parts as Signor Carlo. Blessings on his head for the good things he showered on us, not only then and there, but during the whole time we were in the mountains! What bread, short in the grain, white and tender! what succulent kids, what honey, more divinely flavored than that of Hymettus; and above all what Ogliastro wine, of which the tally *said* that we and our fol-

lowers had drunk (shades of Sir W. L.) six hundred bottles! But it was only two-pence a bottle, so a fig for the expense!

The next morning, being Sunday, the whole male population was on the little Piazza. The women seem to be kept in almost Oriental seclusion. The national costume is peculiar. It has the appearance of being too hot above the waist and too chilly below it. A heavy Phrygian cap, fur waistcoat, and the universal hooded capote, constitutes the upper part, while below there is nothing but a short linen petticoat and gaiters. Nearly all wore a heavy knife, fully two feet long, across the stomach; this is used indifferently to chop wood, slice a sausage, or avenge a quarrel. Varied and strongly marked features seem to denote that every conquering nation of the Mediterranean has set its seal on the physiognomies of the island. Spaniards, Greeks, Moors, Arabs, and Jews reproduce, after many generations, their respective types, distinct, and apparently unmixed. Notwithstanding the very predatory appearance of some of these gentry, we found them universally civil, though we were advised not to carry a large sum of money with us, and it would probably be rash to go into the wilder parts unarmed. The island is well patrolled by police, and these carabinieri were, as we thought, needlessly solicitous about our safety. The only approach to marauding habits which we experienced was on one occasion when one of our party was walking alone and unarmed, on the hill, when three sportsmen whistled to him to halt, and, approaching with their guns pointed at him from the hip, demanded cigars and then money. He turned out his purse, which contained an English shilling, with which booty they retired, apparently well pleased with the result of their little game of brag. When he wanted to examine their guns, they sprang back, spurred by guilty conscience. This very mild case of highway robbery came round to the ears of the carabinieri, though we had carefully concealed the incident from them. They professed great indignation that we had not reported it, and the row waxed so hot, that at one time we thought we were to be locked up for having been robbed. Ultimately they offered to intern the whole countryside in their villages as long as we remained! The only recent crime of which we heard in the neighborhood was recorded by a little cross on the road a mile from the cantoniera where we stayed. Here, a merchant, returning with the proceeds of

a sale of wine, was murdered for his money last summer. There was a hue and cry and a demand for justice, and *somebody* was shot "at sight" by one of the carabinieri a month afterwards. As far as I could learn there was only the barest suspicion against this man, but if he hadn't murdered the merchant perhaps he had "booed the police." The carabinieri were decorated! The custom of the vendetta has been almost stamped out, and what remains is merely a residue of commonplace sordid crime, and very little of that. As impulsive as children, the Sards are also as susceptible to praise or blame. If the least thing went wrong I have seen them blubber like overgrown babies, with heaving shoulders and streaming eyes. Our coachman, on one occasion having to get an extra load up a rather steep hill, was so overcome by such a paroxysm that he actually rolled off the box from sheer inability to hold himself upright. I am afraid it cannot be said that they are as simple as doves. Many of them are, it must be confessed, sad rogues and snappers up of unconsidered trifles; but their *bonhomie* covers a multitude of sins, and I confess I liked them.

The language bears traces of the same mixed origin as the people, and many Arabic words are used; but three hundred years of Spanish occupation has left the most marked impression. Some of our party who knew Spanish and no Italian had no difficulty in making themselves understood.

We had intended to establish a camp in some valley high up in the best mouffon ranges, but our camp equipage had had to be left behind with the bulk of our heavy luggage, so that until it arrived this scheme was out of the question; and though we began with two or three brilliant days, for the rest of our stay the weather was such as to make four walls and a roof a necessity of existence. I have said that there were no houses outside of the villages and towns. The exceptions to the rule are the cantoniere. These houses are placed about ten miles apart on the government roads, which now traverse the mountains in various directions. They are used primarily for the accommodation of the cantonieri, who keep the roads in order; but they also contain, as a rule, a large empty barrack-room for the shelter of travellers, and a similar one for their horses. In one of these houses, at a height of nearly four thousand feet, and close under some of the

highest peaks on the island, we took up our quarters, afterwards moving to the guard-house of a mine a few miles further on. The nearest habitation, a small village of five or six houses, was six miles off. This cantoniera contained a fairly comfortable room, reserved for the use of the engineer of the road on his periodical visits, and this, by leave of the head official at Cagliari, we used. It was furnished with a rough table and two camp bedsteads, and we soon felt quite at home. The two cantonieri quartered here had each his separate tenement under the same roof, and as their abodes contained the only fireplaces, we had to mix a great deal in the family circle. I dare say we were as great a nuisance to them as they were to us, but we made very free with the family hearth, and were always greeted with a friendly invitation to take the warmest place. Here every evening we had a jovial hunting symposium, as we dried ourselves and our telescopes. The man himself, with his wife and progeny, retired at night to an inner room; but the hospitality of the kitchen was extended indifferently to carabinieri, several of whom slept there every night, goats, dogs, and casual wayfarers. I used to get up early, and it was always a difficulty to pick my way to the fireplace across the floor, which was literally covered with the sleeping figures. As soon as we saw these surroundings, we of course expected to be devoured; but during our stay of four weeks I only once caught a flea, and that was a very little one — in fact, a mere kid, not worth hunting. Perhaps they were hibernating, and if the weather were warmer this kind of *caccia* would be more lively.

We had added to our party two Sardes — Gigi and Enricetto — reputed to be knowing hunters. They were cheery companions and willing workers, and never lost their tempers, but their ideas of the art of *venerie* differed from ours. Gigi had lost a hand by an explosion of dynamite at the mines, but the remaining member was marvellously busy and useful. He was a capital shot and at odd hours would be out on the hill for partridges, seldom failing to score; but his favorite occupation was to draw a stocking on to his stump and darn it — I mean the stocking; the stump was sound enough. Enricetto had a mercurial temperament, which occasionally vented itself in irrepressible shouts when he saw any wild animal — an inconvenient practice when stalking. The worst thing he did was to

break up one of my mouflon heads and take it out for his luncheon. After this we chiefly used him to fetch supplies from the nearest town, at a distance of seventeen miles; and he and his horse seldom failed to perform the double journey in the day, and to return laden with huge demijohns of wine and sacks of bread.

On the first evening our anticipations were raised to the highest pitch by the accounts which the carabinieri gave of the mouflon, or "mufli" as they familiarly styled them, which they saw daily from the road — an account which we thought too good to be true, but which our own experience afterwards confirmed. And now arose a tremendous controversy as to how they ought to be hunted. One writer says, "These animals are almost impossible to get except by driving them, and this is a very uncertain proceeding." With the last part of this statement I agree. As to the first I believed there was a better way. I had come to stalk them, and stalk I would. The Sardes on the other hand vehemently maintained that their method had always been pursued; that it was to fly in the face of providence to try any other, and that none but a pestilent Radical would suggest such a thing. Willing to humor them I stooped to conquer. On the first day we would go all together, and the Sardes were to show us how to hunt mouflon, but I secretly determined not to let pass a fair chance of a stalk.

We started before daylight. Indeed, if I may make a harmless boast, I saw every sunrise during the five weeks I remained in the island — that is to say when there was one. Nor will any one be successful at this sport who does not do likewise. But I am bound to confess there were so many mornings that the sky shook out the feather beds, instead of producing any sun at all, that the conceit does not amount to much. We ascended a ridge immediately behind the house, and followed its crest. The snow, in spite of the three previous fine days, still lay everywhere except on some southern slopes. Alternate sun and frost had produced a crust upon its surface, in plunging through which our feet made a terrible noise, which did not promise well for "still hunting." However, whatever its disadvantages, one learns more of the habits of an animal in one day on the snow, than in three without it. And oh! the exhilaration of that moment! Here was fresh "sign." In the neighborhood of one of these clear slopes there were unmistakable mouflon tracks.

Telescopes were immediately busy, notwithstanding the impatience of the natives, who thought this a needless waste of time. A few minutes later those blessed words, "I have them," from C—— brought us all, eager worshippers, to his side. There they were sure enough — four brown spots on one of the southern slopes a mile or more distant. We had never seen mouflon before, but there was no mistaking the identity of the animal. The Sardis were sceptical and said it was impossible to see mouflon at that distance, but that they might be pigs. It was worth the delay of a few minutes to give these gentlemen a lesson, so we carefully posed a telescope on the rocks, and presided over the peepshow. As each man came up to look, it was amusing to watch his face. He would apply his eye with an expression of supercilious pity for our credulity. After a long gaze this would suddenly give place to an eager look, while the glass was convulsively clutched; then a broad grin and a volley of smothered oaths followed. Ross's thirty-inch stalker was a new revelation to them, and visibly altered their attitude towards us. From that moment they recognized that we did know a thing or two which they had not dreamed of in their philosophy.

These mouflon were close above the highroad, and as they would obviously be put away by the first person that passed along it that morning, we did not attempt to stalk them, especially as they were all females or kids, and were separated from us by a deep valley. We went on along the ridge till we came to another favorable spying-place, and again called a halt. Again the telescope, or rather the practised eye behind it, was successful. This time the mouflon were in a shallow hollow in the ridge upon which we stood, and by dropping down to our left and keeping along parallel to the ridge we could reach them in twenty minutes. The Sardis assumed an air of profound wisdom and showed how they were to be driven. I pointed out how they might be approached with certainty if they remained where they were. We compromised. They were to place themselves and the other guns as though for a drive, and I was to make the stalk. A long tramp through drifted snow took us to the rock which we had marked as overlooking the macquia where they were. Lying flat on the top of it we scanned the slope below us with infinite precautions. There was nothing to be seen but the macquia, which was here so high and dense that it might have con-

cealed a hundred. I sent C—— back to a point on the ridge three hundred yards further back, which commanded the slope from a different angle, and whence I hoped he might see them. But while he was gone I continued to watch the waving covert below me, and at last saw a little brown patch in the dark green. This presently developed into the head and shoulders of a mouflon. It was a long shot, but I had had plenty of time to get my hand steady. She fell stone dead in her tracks. At the sound another, darker and more conspicuous, jumped up and stood for a moment; I rammed in a second cartridge, and as he moved off I felt sure I had hit him. As a matter of fact he had received as deadly a wound as the other, and had fallen within ten yards, but the covert was so dense that I was some time finding him. This was a handsome young male. The other, I regret to say, was a female, but it was the first one I saw, and though this chance came thus early, I could not tell that I should have another. After this we always let the ewes alone. The natives make no such distinction, but fire a charge of slugs into the brown at short range, as they are driven by the *poste*. Two of those subsequently killed by us had old wounds thus given.

So triumphant a beginning was beyond the dreams of avarice. Incidentally it raised us several pegs in the estimation of the natives, and proved to them the efficacy of our method. The great difficulty was to teach them the importance of finding the game before the game found you. But from this time C——'s superior skill was recognized, and brute force bowed to science. While at luncheon under a clump of fine ilex, F—— made a clever spy of a small herd of mouflon containing some good males, on the further side of the valley. They were lying in some thin covert and the master ram lay on the top of a rock, only his dark brown shoulder and fine head being visible. In accordance with our plan for the day, while two of us were "posted" the third took the stalk, but this was a very different business from the first trial. For the first time we discovered the exceeding shiftness of the wind among these hills. A back current carried a warning message to the herd, and F—— got only a long running shot. The Sardis said it was all the fault of this beastly stalking.

I came home by myself, following the stream, where the macquia is tallest and the snow was most drifted. When these long, flexible shoots are bowed down by

masses of snow, and interlaced, it constitutes a temper-trying obstacle comparable only with the *leg-föhren* of the eastern Alps. On the way I saw another lot of mouflon which I had unwittingly disturbed in my struggle through the covert. Now let nobody suppose from this grand day's sport that it is easy to put salt on the tails of these wily beasts. To some extent, as often happens, we exhausted our luck on the first day, and we did not get another for many days.

To enable sportsmen to appreciate the difficulties of the sport, let me endeavor to describe this little wild sheep and his ways and surroundings. The mouflon is a small edition of the big-horn sheep of the Rocky Mountains. Though only about a fifth of the size, he carries the same sturdy body on short legs. Like that animal, his horns spring well back, and then curve downwards and forwards parallel with his cheeks; and like him, instead of the wool of a sheep, he has the close hair of a deer. The color of the ewes is also the same grey dun as the *Ovis montana*, but the rams are distinguished by the rich dark brown of the shoulders and a black fringe of longer hair below the neck. On either side he bears a conspicuous grey saddle-mark, which some have supposed that nature intended as a target. If so, it is like the false portholes painted on iron forts to deceive the enemy — too far back and too high. The belly is a pure white. His meat is excellent when well hung, but in February very lean. I saw no herd of more than twelve. The old rams were sometimes solitary, but more often in small companies by themselves. The young rams were often in the company of the does. It seemed to us that there was a preponderance of males, and we were told that the shepherds who bring their flocks to the hills in the spring, kill many ewes and kids at that season; but this disparity may be only apparent, as the ewes are easily missed with the glass.

He stands about the height of a South-down sheep, but he carries a head that seems large, out of proportion to his body. The following are the measurements of our two best heads: —

Length round outer curve	. 29 & 28 inches
Span across horns	. 17 & 21 "
Girth of horn at base	. 9 & 10 "

It will be seen that as regards length and span they are not far inferior to big-horn sheep, but the girth and weight is much less. I had no means of weighing those we got, but our chamois hunter

thought the weight of the best about twice that of a large buck chamois, which would bring it to about one hundred pounds.

I believe the mouflon, as I know him, is confined to the islands of Sardinia and Corsica. There are mouflon in Cyprus, and also in the mountains of Tunis, but they are distinct species from the Sardinian animal, and from one another.

Take him all round I think the *Ovis musimon* is the best hand at keeping a whole skin of any wild animal that I have hunted, not excepting the chamois, which I should place next. *Rusé* is not the word for him. He is up to all the tricks of the trade and several more. One writer states that to approach the rams is "not unaccompanied by danger." If to his other good qualities this sturdy little sheep added that of occasionally showing fight, he would indeed be perfect. To say that "they frequent the precipitous bluffs, where even charcoal-burners find it difficult to set foot," as another writer avers, conveys a wrong impression. Though he lives on ground more or less steep, it is easy, and he has no occasion for any remarkable feats of agility. On the other hand, his best safeguard lies in the dense macquia which covers the hills. At this elevation it is exclusively composed of the tall *bruyère* heather, from which the so-called "briar-root" pipes are made. This grows from two to six feet high. If this covert were continuous it would of course be impossible to see an animal which stands little over two feet, but much of it has been burnt, and there are natural openings besides. It is in these openings that he must be sought when feeding. As all wild sheep are constitutionally restless, and never remain long in one place, it will be understood how difficult it is, even when they have been spied, to hold them with the glass. They are constantly disappearing in the macquia, and have to be refound again and again before a stalk can be successfully effected. When they are alarmed or "at gaze" they have a habit, or at least the rams have, of placing themselves in the middle of a bush of macquia, or at least in the shadow which it casts. The does, which are naturally less conspicuous, do this in a less degree. The mouflon are also assisted by the wonderful alertness of their eyes. I do not think that they see at a great distance, but they detect an exceedingly slight sign at a moderate range. On one occasion I got up to a small band at so high a level that there was no covert at all except that of rocks. They were two hundred yards off at least,

and feeding away, and the ground being bare I could see that there were no outliers — that fruitful source of unaccountable alarms. Yet the moment I looked over with all the usual precautions, my cap, which closely matched the rocks, was “picked up,” and the alarm communicated to the whole lot. No deer or chamois that I am acquainted with would have detected so slight a movement at that distance. This experience was repeated on several occasions. The Sardis have a fable relating that a hair which fell from the head of a hunter was smelt by the wild boar, while the stag heard it, and the mouflon saw it. When startled they whistle, as a chamois and occasionally a Highland sheep, does.

One of their favorite devices is to seek for spots on the lee side of a ridge where the currents of air meet. Here in otherwise favorable positions they are quite unapproachable. And the worst of it is there is no means of finding it out until the stalker, after surmounting all other difficulties, arrives within two hundred yards, only to find the treacherous wind tickling the backs of his ears. Well he knows that he will presently find their couches warm but empty. I also fancy, though I cannot prove this meanness against them, that they practice an artful dodge which is not unknown to red deer. This is to circle round an object which has excited some suspicion until they get the wind of it.

Many of our largest and most interesting days were spent in vainly trying to defeat craft of this kind, and to circumvent some strategical position that ultimately proved impregnable. At last they begin to feed; fading light compels us to do something, a flat crawl through thin *macchia*, a suspicious old ewe in the way, which will keep looking back instead of attending to her supper, finally a long running shot in the failing light without result — some such record was a frequent experience, but such days are not failure.

The ground on which we found them may be described as broken rather than mountainous. The valley in which we chiefly hunted is a wide tract bounded on either side by considerable ridges, and containing quite a maze of shallow corries, affording excellent shelter in all weathers, and where the wind was most aggravating for the stalker. Most of the valleys hereabouts contain groves of fine old *ilex* in the hollows. These *ilex* woods contain splendid timber of that species, as well as oaks. I saw one of the former, in the

hollow of which four men could easily have lain abreast. But the destruction of them is most melancholy. The *pastorali* seem out of pure wantonness to build their fires under the finest trees of the grove, and it was a common sight to see such giants thus done to death and stretching their gaunt arms to the sky, or overthrown by the wind. On the day following the one above described, I went some miles down the road and explored carefully a valley thus wooded. The *ilex* were splendid to look upon; but though I tramped for many miles through the snow, there was not a single track of mouflon to be found, and the reason was sufficiently obvious. The *ilex* produces an immense crop of acorns, and large droves of tame pigs are brought into the woods under the charge of *pastorali*. The mouflon therefore quit the neighborhood of these forests. Now our pet valley was free from such woods, with the exception of some small groves too remote for it to be worth while to bring the pigs so far, which were given over to the wild boar. These had tracked up the snow, which lay there like a cattle-yard.

These boar lie too close in the daytime to stalk, and as a rule can only be driven; but on several occasions we caught glimpses of them, and once by a fortunate chance bagged one while stalking mouflon. We were all together on that day, and were spying for mouflon from some high rocks. One of our men was at the bottom of the slope four or five hundred yards off, and started a fine boar from a bunch of scrub. He came out into the open and stood half-way down the slope, unconscious of our presence as we were of his, until *Enricetto* jumped up, yelling “*Cinghiale! cinghiale!*” (wild boar) at the top of his voice, and waving his arms. This was the Sard notion of the best way to get a quiet shot. The boar started at his best speed, and tore across the slope below us as if he had forgotten something, his stumpy black body ploughing up the snow at every stride. *F* — was the first to get hold of his rifle, an American repeater, and began “pumping lead” with it. I rushed back and laid hold of the first rifle I could find, which happened to be *G* —’s. He was twenty yards off and could see the fun, but not having his rifle could not get a shot in. When I got into position the boar was straight below us, going at a great pace through some burnt *macchia*, where he showed plainly against the snow among the black stems. I fired a length ahead of him. Some one said,

"E ferrato," and the beast seemed to slacken his pace. Before I could load my single barrel again, F—— got in two more shots, and at the last, as it appeared, piggy rolled over among the macchia. When we got down to him he was still sitting up, champing blood and foam. I got C——'s big alpenstock firmly planted against his side, so that he could not charge, and F—— gave him the *coup de grâce* with his hunting-knife. He was a fine boar, about as big as they make them in this island, which is less than they grow to on the mainland. Only one bullet had struck him, and passed clean through. Of course we assumed that this was F——'s last shot, but after the "gralloch" we followed the track backwards and found that the blood began a hundred yards from where he fell. It was therefore plain that the fatal shot might have been fired by either of us, and the question would have remained forever unsolved if it had not been for a curious piece of evidence. We carried the boar to the top of the ridge, and, some further cleansing being necessary, a small battered piece of copper was found in his liver. Now F—— shoots with a solid bullet, whereas I used an express, the bullet of which carries a copper tube in the hollow. The bullet had passed through, but it had left behind this unmistakable "certificate of origin." Poor cowboy!

We were obliged to bow down in the house of Rimmon, and, for the satisfaction of our Sards, devote a day or two to the *caccia grossa* which they esteem so much. A motley band of peasants, accompanied by a variety of dogs, appeared at an early hour one morning by agreement. Some who came from a distance had camped for the night in the woods. They were very keen and confident, and expected no pay beyond a supply of wine and a share of such game as might be killed. All had guns, but in a more or less rickety condition. The barrels of some were badly cracked; not to be wondered at, for the muzzles were "stoppered" with plugs of grass when not in use, and doubtless these trivial obstacles were occasionally forgotten. I was told of one man who shot with an ancient piece which had a distinct elbow in the barrel. This slight blemish, he said, had been made by his grandfather, so that only the owner should possess the secret of shooting with it.

Before each drive there was a great deal of voluble discussion, not to say quarrelling, as to how the drives were to be taken, and who were to act as beaters. About a

third were told off for this purpose, while the remainder with ourselves occupied the posts on the ridge above the drive, or on the slope which was to be driven. I confess I envied the beaters, for we were soon chilled to the bone at the posts. They did not appear to attach much importance to driving down wind. The beaters kept up a discordant din, but the dogs did most of the work. We took four or five drives that day; boar or mouflon were seen in most of them, but only one or two snap shots were obtained and the result was *nil*. They say a small pig passed within twenty yards of me without my knowing it. The following day we drove down to the little village whence most of these men came, and took some likely-looking places on another range. The result was no better. If we made any sceptical remark as to any drive, we were greeted with, "*Cervi — altro!*" (with emphasis) "*Anche moufloni — Anche cinghiale — Suro, suro!*" (*crescendo*). This indeed was a formula with which we grew very familiar while we remained in Sardinia, but after this experience we did not trouble the native form of sport, if such it can be called. Perhaps we were unlucky; certainly many boar are killed in this way, but I believe very few mouflon. This is borne out by the following, which is given by Mr. Tennant as the average annual bag on the Marquis of Laconi's estate, which is one of the largest and best preserved on the island: Mouflon, 5; red deer, 10; fallow deer, 40; boar, 85; partridges, 500; hares, 150; rabbits, 300; woodcock, 160; snipe, 125; duck, 100; quail, 50; plover, 30; bustards, 5. There are a few red deer on these ranges, and the Sards would occasionally point out an old mouflon track in the snow which had been enlarged by the sun, and assert that it was a red deer. I saw no genuine fresh red deer's tracks myself, but the exceptionally severe weather had perhaps driven them away from the high ground. Fallow deer must also be sought at a lower level.

Returning from that expedition in the evening in the little wagonette we had hired, we had an object lesson in the obstinacy of Sard horses. Such a pair of jibbers I never saw before. After a series of tremendous struggles, during which we progressed about a mile in an hour, we gave it up and walked home. The driver arrived there at midnight leading his horses. The next day he made another attempt, but ultimately he was beaten, and had to walk twelve miles to fetch another pair.

After this we returned with renewed zest to our own methods, thanking our stars that we were not dependent upon a mixed rabble of Sardis for our sport. It was not all plain sailing, however, for the weather again turned abominably rough and remained so almost without intermission for the rest of our stay. One does not expect to find the Arctic regions within a hundred and fifty miles of Africa. Daily we had to face heavy falls of snow and hail which condemned us to a voluntary imprisonment for hours together under some hospitable rock, waiting for such a clearance as would make it possible to use the telescope. But our worst enemy was the wind. So thrashing, hammering, persistent a gale I never tried to stand against. The windows of the *cantoniera* were partly blown in, and the fine powdery snow poured in through the broken panes for several days continuously, while outside nothing was to be seen but whirlwinds of snow and columns of spray a hundred feet high, torn up from the surface of the river. Even when the snow ceased to fall the wind was so high that it caught up the snow in wreaths and filled the air with the fine particles like a fog, so that no use could be made of the glass. Nor was this the worst of it, for, though we faced the weather, and by patience succeeded in finding the game, some shuddering current of air, whirling round the corries and rebounding from the cliffs, would carry a warning to their senses, from whatever quarter we attempted to approach, and time after time good stalks were spoiled. Still we were often reminded of our latitude, even on the worst days, by distant visions, as through a veil, of gleams of southern sun bathing in golden light the low country which lay beyond the influence of this centre of storms. More rarely we enjoyed a whole day's respite, which we thought heavenly by contrast, and in some sheltered corner we would pretend to take a siesta after the manner of these parts, with the head pillowed on a bunch of wild thyme, and its scent filling the nostrils.

On such a day we had one of the prettiest of stalks. We had spied from the top of a ridge two old stagers — rams of quite exceptional quality — on the slope below us. They were thinking of settling for the day, and the wariness with which they sought a retreat was highly instructive. After trying several spots they ascended the opposite slope, and at last lay down within shot of the top of it, but so carefully concealed that though they lay

on snow and where the scrub was thin, if three powerful telescopes had not watched every move, we should certainly have lost them when they lay down. We had now to get down our side of the valley, which was, naturally, in full view; but the *macchia*, which generally favors the game, sometimes helps the hunter. Lying on our backs, and pushing ourselves down through the snow with our elbows, we slid in and out among the low bushes, as well concealed as our quarry, and reached the bottom in safety. Thence a shallow ravine led us easily to the top of the ridge under which the mouflon lay, and following it along to the well-noted point above them, and finding the wind there sure and steady, we felt pretty safe of a fair shot. I crept down the hill till I was nearly level with the rams, and could just make out a pair of horns. G——, who was to take the shot, got straight above them and much nearer. We stayed like this for twenty minutes waiting for them to rise, when suddenly, without warning, rhyme, or reason, they sprang from their beds and bounded down the slope without a pause. G—— got in a futile running shot. I was too astonished even to do that. The cause remains to this moment a mystery, but there is one hypothesis which fits the case. We had left Gigi forty yards behind on the other side of the ridge with strict injunctions not to move. I hope I am not doing him an injustice, but it is just possible that, as we had so long passed out of his sight, overcome by curiosity he came over the ridge to see what had become of us. If he did so it is certain that the rams would see him before he saw them. When we returned to the spot where we had left him, he wore an exceedingly innocent expression, but he did not inquire if the shot had been successful.

The *cantoniera* was not attractive by daylight. Even at the worst of the weather we went out on the off chance, and by sheer perseverance sometimes got a stroke of luck and conquered fortune against odds. On one of the most unpromising of days we struggled against the gale to our favorite spying-place. On the ridge we found that, even if the falling snow would have allowed a clear sight, the wind was too high to hold the glass steady. So we descended into a deep valley at right angles to the course of the wind, and sought a big rock. Here we built a huge fire, and, baking alternate sides of our bodies, waited to see whose patience would first give out.

For five hours we waited for a chance, and then gave in and followed the stream homewards, but kept a bright lookout as we passed certain deep hollows on the sheltered side, well knowing that in weather like this all the living things in the valley must be concentrated in such spots. We had passed several of these and were nearing the highroad when C—, who was in front, dropped on the track. We followed his example and felt for our glasses, now almost useless from damp. High up the slope he had seen a mouflon, and we now made out four cunning old rams, the same, as we believed, which we had seen on previous occasions, but which had always eluded us. They were sheltering under a steep slope where the patches of heather were quite six feet high, which accounted for their choice of the spot. Getting into a hollow we went straight up at them, with very faint expectation of getting within shooting distance. Perhaps they thought that nobody would be fool enough to be hunting on such a day. In any case they were less vigilant than usual. Though the wind seemed to be whirling about in every direction we got right up to them before they were "jumped." It was impossible to tell exactly where they were, and the first sign I saw was a pair of horns describing a series of arched curves. I had just time to shout to G— to look out, when they bolted up the hill across a patch of open ground. The leader had his heels in the air before he could cross it. G—'s shot also seemed to tell. Then I tried to get into a sitting position for a steady shot when they should reappear in the next opening, but I forgot how steep the hill was, and rolled clean over backwards, heels over head, and only recovered myself to fire a futile shot. Again I got into position with the bead on the sky-line, feeling sure that one or another would turn there to look for his scattered companions. Exactly so! A massive pair of shoulders and horns clear cut against the sky! Click—I had forgotten to put a cartridge in. Egregious duffer! fat-head! tender-foot! Pile on the epithets—you will never have such another chance. Casting a hasty glance at the dead mouflon we followed up the trail, and soon found blood on the snow, which quickly led us to the body of another. We had two beauties at any rate, but we ought to have had the lot.

These two had heads which are not easy to beat, but there were two or three veterans about, with heads as wide and strong,

and in addition with the outward turn of the tips of the horns, which gives such a character to some of the Asian sheep, and, more rarely, to the American big-horn. We were greedy for one of these, and for many days counted all else as trash; but they set quite as much value on their trophies as we did. One day we spied such a one, well placed on the opposite slope of a deep valley. He had others nearly as good in his company as well as some ewes, but we recked not of them. A solemn resolution was agreed to, to spare no time or trouble to get this fellow; and having so resolved, we immediately broke it. The first difficulty was to get down the slope below us, which was in view. We ought to have returned along the ridge for a mile to where a hollow would have covered us, but to save a quarter of an hour we clipped it. I fancied there was a little ravine below us, but the slope proved painfully smooth, and the covert was unusually thin and the snow abominably white. Having got a third of the way down in safety, slithering *dos-à-terre*, we could not slither up again, and had to risk it. Now these crafty sheep practised a dirty little trick, which we observed on more than one previous occasion. They really saw us all the time, but *pretended* that they did not, and remained apparently unconscious until we disappeared from their sight into the gully of the stream, when they instantly departed. Fortunately we had left Benjamin on the top of the ridge with a telescope to guard against such a contingency. Finding them gone we now signalled him to join us. He had seen that their heads were turned towards us, but they did not even rise from their beds until they thought their departure would be unobserved. They then separated into two parties, but B— had kept his glass on the patriarch and two or three others which accompanied him. He reported that they had passed over a shoulder of the mountain towards a certain deep corrie which we knew to be a favorite sanctuary. We now made a big *détour*, as we should have done in the first instance, and at length reached the rim of this basin. From here, after a long search, we again discovered them. To approach was a different business in this concave hollow. For several hours we wound ourselves about among the low bushes, and horribly cold work was this flat crawling in powdery snow; but it was impossible to get nearer than a quarter of a mile. We had left Benjamin at the point where we had refound them, with instructions to

hold them with the glass. Once he thought they had discovered us, for all their heads went up together; but, turning his glass towards the quarter at which they were looking, he discovered the cause in a large boar snouting about the scrub. In the mean while there was nothing for it but to wait till they fed into a more accessible place. This they at length did, feeding down the stream till a friendly shoulder hid them. Then we jumped up and ran along the hill as quickly as our stiffened limbs could travel, till we got right above them. The supreme moment seemed to have arrived. They were quietly feeding through some tall macchia towards a clearing. We slid down a hollow which faced this opening, and waited seventy yards from it. First came a suspicious old ewe gazing about. Now they were all in the open except the big one. Last of all he trotted out, and turned to graze on the edge of a steep bank, the whole length of his broad back exposed to us. What a grand trophy he will make set up in Ward's best style! It was just the loveliest chance I ever saw, and after such a stalk too! I whispered to F—— to take him so. There was a crash of lead on splintered rock—twenty bounds, and he was gone. Alas that the minute trembling of some superfluous, misbegotten nerve should squander all that labor, forethought, endurance, and science! Well! I know whereabouts he is, and I hope to look him up again some day.

It would be extremely interesting to me, but I fear tedious for the reader, to describe other stalks, successful or the reverse. I will content myself with saying that notwithstanding quite an epidemic of misses we secured nine mouflon and one boar, all by fair stalking.

I will conclude this paper with a suggestion or two that may be useful to any one who may follow in our footsteps. If he understands stalking, by all means let him take a telescope, which must be used with industry and perseverance. Nor let him be content with looking the ground over once or twice. In such covert an animal may be hidden one minute and exposed the next. If he must drive let him avoid surrounding himself with a tribe of natives. Two or three are enough to drive a wide area for sheep. Let them drive, while he puts himself in the *best* post. His individual chance will be as good or better than if the ridge were lined with impetuous natives. The headquarters should be as far as possible from a town. A few Italian cigars carried in the pocket

are the best passport. The best season for stalking mouflon would probably be the summer, when they are high up on the peaks where the rocks are nearly bare; but there may be danger of fever until October. Supplies should be fetched every two or three days from the nearest town by a man on horseback. To avoid the necessity of carrying much money, a sum should be deposited with some agent there, and everything paid for through him. If the sportsman carries a good stock of wholesome incredulity, and relies upon his own judgment, he will enjoy himself. If he discovers my particular preserve, I hope he will move on to some other equally good, or, should I find him in my quarters, there might be a bad case of *vendetta*. E. N. BUXTON.

From Temple Bar.

DR. JOHNSON AND CHARLES LAMB.

A PARALLEL.

AT first sight no two men could appear more unlike than Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb. To compare a bear with a kid would seem as appropriate. The one so slight, so light, so unassertive; the other of such ponderous individuality and overbearing temper. Yet for all the obvious incongruity of the comparison, a marked resemblance may be traced between the "stately moralist" of Boswell's reverent admiration, and the "stammering buffoon" for whom Elia himself had so scant respect.

To begin with, both had to fight through life against hereditary madness, even while each was possessed of what Charles Lamb has defined as "the sanity of true genius," to an extent which makes it hard to realize how closely allied was its opposite to their peculiar quality of wit. It was indeed only by sad experience that each learned how to manage his mind, and keep the dread foe, insanity, at bay. In them both the taint was derived from the paternal side. "I inherited," said Johnson, "a vile melancholy from my father, which has made me MAD all my life, at least not sober." And through life he showed peculiar sympathy with any one of clouded intellect. "Poor dear Collins!" he wrote, "I have been often *near his state*, and therefore have it in great commiseration." Lamb, who had actually once been the inmate of an asylum, experienced something of the same attraction towards such as were affected by mental aberration of

whatever kind. "I love a *fool*," he breaks forth in one of those quaint, half-disguised revelations of character, so common in his essays, "as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. . . . I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding." The frequent allusions in his letters to attacks of nervousness, sleeplessness, and depression, "black as a smith's beard, Vulcanic, Stygian," prove how hard a fight he had to sustain against "dark hypochondria," Johnson's dread familiar. And the rebound in both cases was to an almost morbid vivacity, during the very effervescence of which they might be cracking their jokes, and cursing the sun, as Johnson expressed it of himself.

Alike too, and due to the same cause (a desire to escape from themselves), was their craving for stimulants, and constitutional inability to use them in moderation. The sturdy doctor, in his drinking days, could take the strongest liquors, and in large quantities, with comparative impunity; while on Lamb's sensitive brain the slightest indulgence instantly told. Once, however, Johnson showed unmistakable symptoms of having "had his dose," and one of his long words hanging fire he suddenly became aware of his condition, and, starting up, solemnly observed, "I think it time we should go to bed." He got the better of his weakness, after several futile endeavors, by adhering rigidly to abstinence. Lamb also had his leave-off-drinking, as he had his "leave-off-smoking," days. But alas! his resolution was too severely tried in other quarters that it could serve him here. And how heavily the failing, alluded to in general so lightly by himself and others, weighed on his conscience may be divined from that mournfullest of his essays, the "Confessions of a Drunkard," which, for all to the contrary, must be perceived in parts to bear the ring of genuine and agonized remorse.

They both wanted that sense which renders music grateful to the ear. Johnson complained that it not only supplied him no thoughts, but prevented him from following his own. And Lamb found it irksome in the extreme to sit quiet through the windings of harmony, feeling himself under a strange necessity to provide some sort of mental accompaniment to the measured sounds. Yet both seem to have had a lurking wish to excel in some department of the art. "I once bought me a flageolet," Johnson late in life confided to Boswell, "but I could never make out a tune;" while Lamb declared he had been practising "God save the King," all his

life, whistling and humming it over to himself in solitary corners, but could not arrive within many quavers of it. Neither of them, however, was devoid of an undeveloped faculty of music, nor incapable of being moved by the concord of sweet sounds. Hearing some solemn music played on French horns at a funeral, "This is the first time," said Johnson, "that I have ever been affected by musical sounds;" adding that the impression made upon him was of a melancholy kind. And Lamb mentions two airs, "Water parted from the Sea" and "In Infancy," which never failed to move him strangely. In those cases, 'tis true, association may have exercised half the charm. But if neither of them took delight in music, their ear for verbal melody was unusually keen.

In this connection the curious circumstance may be revived that Johnson, in his youth, wrote verses to a lady "playing on the spinnet" (Miss Hickman, the sister of one of his early friends), something, perhaps, in the grace of her occupation having won him to an innocent and fleeting attachment. Lamb did not write verses, but he devoted one of his most musical paragraphs to the praise of the "blooming Fanny Weatheral," on whose strains, as she sang at her harpsichord, he used, in his early days, to hang enraptured, thrilled and trembling with a passion premonitory of that which overcame him afterwards for Alice W——n.

These were transitory affections. Still more striking is the fact that they both were at one time in love with members of the Society of Friends.

It was while Johnson was at Stourbridge school that he became enamored of Olivia Lloyd, "a young Quaker, to whom he wrote a copy of verses," beyond which token of admiration he scarcely seems to have gone.

I send you [Lamb writes to Manning] some verses I have made on the death of a young Quaker you may have heard me speak of as being in love with for some years while I lived at Pentonville, though I had never spoken to her in my life.

This was Hester Savory, the verses alluded to being that peculiarly tender yet lively poem beginning, —

When maidens such as Hester die.

There must have been something in the maidens, an atmosphere of purity and peace surrounding them, some spell of restfulness, perhaps, in their "garb and stillness conjoined" (every Quakeress is a

lily, says Charles Lamb) that exercised the same attraction on the fretted, troubled spirits of them both.

All but the names of these two young Quakers, and that they stirred the passing affection, the one of Johnson and the other of Lamb, has passed into oblivion. We would fain know something more of Olivia Lloyd, in whose very name there is a charm; but even Johnson's verses on her have never been recovered. Could she by any chance have been of the same family as Charles Lloyd, the sometime bosom friend of Lamb?

In both a constitutional love of idleness, which neither of them was slow to confess, went together with their capacity for hard work. "I have been an idle fellow all my life," Johnson avowed, to the mystification of a fat, elderly gentlewoman he had chanced to meet in a stage-coach. His conviction was that no man loves labor for itself, and he acted on it by never writing (unless it were for friendship's sake) without pay. And though, driven by poverty, he accomplished as much work as any man in England, he always felt, he said, an inclination to do nothing. Lamb, though he stuck to his desk as manfully as the sternest moralist could exact, was ever beset by a craving for leisure; and in his fierce revulsion from bondage was fain to exalt idleness for its own sake, citing old "Sabbathless Satan" as the first invader of repose, as Johnson had reviled him for the first Whig. "A man can never have too much time to himself, nor too little to do," he exclaims in his enthusiasm. "Had I a little son, I would christen him Nothing-To-Do; he should do nothing."

Charles Lamb's own estimate of himself as a stammering buffoon was accepted by some undiscerning spirits. Samuel Johnson is scarcely regarded in that light, though his claims as a merry-andrew are well established. "His vein of humor," says Mrs. Piozzi, "was rich and apparently inexhaustible." And Mr. Murphy, another of his intimates, pronounced him to be "incomparable at buffoonery." It is as the weighty philosopher, born to reason and to dictate, that Boswell loves best to show him forth. He could ill brook that a "light notion" of his hero should be entertained by any one, least of all by Johnson himself. Yet even Boswell was constrained to acknowledge that he showed himself at times exceedingly diverted at what seemed to others very small sport. Some there were, indeed, who thought that with all Johnson's powers of

mind, wit and humor were his most conspicuous talents. And in his lucid intervals from melancholy, or perhaps often during its acutest attacks, he was as liberal a contributor to the merriment of his company as Charles Lamb himself; while, like Lamb's, his manner of uttering things which appear rude in the narration would generally deprive them of all offence.

Johnson did not look on himself as a solemn man. "I sometimes say more than I mean, in jest," he said, "and people are apt to believe me serious." Rather oppressive to him must have been the serious spirit in which most of his contemporaries were inclined to take him. And nothing did Charles Lamb more deprecate than to be literally interpreted when in his jesting moods. "If you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the April fool," is one of his protests on the matter. In both this native buoyancy of spirit, existing along with constitutional melancholy, was apt to break forth inopportunely, in inconsiderate sallies which with dullards might pass for want of feeling—as when Lamb would jest upon the subject of insanity, that black and ever-threatening thunder-cloud from which the bolt had fallen which destroyed his peace; or as when the old doctor, after that extraordinary frolic with his young friends, Beauclerk and Langton, the details of which have been brought out for us in such life-like relief, turned off Garrick's subsequent remonstrance with the sly comment, "*He* durst not do such a thing. His *wife* would not *let* him,"—an allusion which to Croker's mind seemed inconsistent with that almost morbid regret he so long had felt for the loss of his own wife. It was with a more reckless abandon, but at the cost of a heavier conscience than Charles Lamb, that Dr. Johnson indulged in such rambles; the sorer-stricken nature possessing the art, as few of the sanest spirits have ever possessed it, of distinguishing between what was allowable for him in the way of diversion and amusement, and what his better angel absolutely forbade. Yet both considered it a duty to be gay. "Entertain yourself as you can with small amusements or light conversation," writes Johnson to a lady who had been ill; "and let nothing but your devotion ever make you serious." It was not his devotion that could make Lamb serious. Nay, rather, it formed perhaps a part of his devotion to be merry. Speaking of an actor who had exchanged the surplice of a cathedral chorister for "the robe of mot-

ley," he supposes that a cheerful heart, if kind and humble withal, may be a part of sanctity—a remark in perfect keeping with Johnson's eulogy on Garrick—"Garrick was a very cheerful man, the cheerfulest man of his age."

Dr. Johnson's "bow-wow way" and preliminary contortions contributed not a little to the effect of his talk. "Stay, stay—Doctor Shonson is going to say something," a German who sat next him, perceiving the great man rolling himself as if about to speak, officiously proclaimed—a tribute only to be regretted because of the discomfiture it occasioned honest Goldsmith, who had been rattling away in his liveliest style; while, as De Quincey graphically describes, Lamb's apparent distress of utterance availed to procure for him the silence of profound attention, on which his good things burst with the force of pistol-shots. Some of their witticisms, moreover, were of genuine kin. Exchange the convulsive rollings of the one for the other's no less effective stammer, and it would be hard in many instances to fasten their several sayings on the rightful perpetrators. A lady showing the old doctor a grotto she had been making, asked him if it would not be a pretty, cool habitation in summer. "I think it would, madam," he retorted—"for a toad." Only the hesitancy of speech is wanting here to make it Lamb's. Lamb met a Scotchman (as he tells a correspondent) who assured him he did not see much in Shakespeare. "I dare say *not*," responded Lamb. On which the Caledonian, though flustered for the moment, retaliated by saying he thought Burns was as good as Shakespeare. "I have no doubt he was—to a Scotchman," was Lamb's retort. The identities in this case seem actually to be confused.

Equal in its intensity, half-real, half-assumed, as it appeared in both instances, was their prejudice against Scotchmen. Charles Lamb declared he had been trying all his life to like them, and was obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. To the full as anti-Caledonian in his temperament was Johnson, who would let no opportunity go by of casting discredit on the Scotch, their character, their literature, and their country, though he too could play with his prejudices, and admit that he had no reason for them. His partiality for Boswell was greatly due to the fact that he was, in his opinion, "the most unscotified" of his countrymen.

Though Johnson professed himself to be, or at least to love, a *good hater*, it was

remarked that his dislike of any one seldom prompted him to say much more than that the fellow was a *blockhead*, a *poor creature*, or some such epithet. He delighted, as Lamb did, in drawing characters, but "I cannot say," records a friend, "I ever heard him draw any *con odio*." "I am willing to love all mankind, *except an American*," he once declared in the very heat of passion. It was the type he condemned, rarely the individual. He hated the Scotch, but he loved Boswell. He hated a rogue, but for that arch-vagrant, Richard Savage, he had the warmest regard. And for Harry Hervey, one of his early friends, he pleaded, "He was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." He hated a Whig perhaps the worst of any; yet with his peculiar abhorrence, Wilkes, he got on very amicably when once the famous meeting between them had been accomplished. "He has always been at *me*," was his version of the story, "but I would do Jack a kindness rather than not. The contest is now over." Personal acquaintanceship had done away with imaginary dislike. When Lamb was asked whether he did not hate a certain person, "How could I hate him?" he answered. "Don't I know him? I never could hate any one I knew." He pretended to be a woman-hater (of *one* woman, that was to say), and none better than the "gentle-hearted Charles" (a title he often deprecated) knew how to apply such good round terms of abuse as the sturdy lexicographer delighted in. But as for genuine hatred, it had small place in either of them.

Very striking in its similarity was the tenacity of their attachment to old friends, of whatever station. These are the terms in which Johnson laments the death of one:—

When I came to Lichfield, I found my old friend Harry Jackson [a low man, "dull and untaught," as Boswell describes him] dead. It was a loss, and a loss not to be repaired, as he was one of the companions of my childhood. I hope we may long continue to gain friends; but the friends which merit or usefulness can procure us are not able to supply the place of old acquaintance, with whom the days of youth may be retraced, and those images revived which gave the earliest delight.

It is in the self-same spirit that Lamb writes of the death of his old friend Norris:—

In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend and my father's friend all the life I can remember. I seem to have

made foolish friendships ever since. Those are friendships which outlive a second generation. Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child he first knew me. To the last he called me Charley; I have none to call me Charley now. He was the last link that bound me to the Temple [Lamb's birth-place]. You are but of yesterday.

None better than the rough old doctor could have sympathized with Lamb in his yearning after the old familiar faces.

Dr. Johnson's thoughts, in the latter part of his life, were frequently employed on his deceased friends. "He often muttered these or such-like sentences, 'Poor man! and then he died!'" the very echo of Lamb's plaintive reiteration in his last days, "Coleridge is dead."

Perhaps no two men could be named to whom death bore so dark an aspect; whom the subject of it, in all its bearings, inspired with such vague uneasiness and fear. "Let's have no more on it!" roared Johnson, in a fury of agitation, when Boswell, in one of his inquisitive-fly humors, would persist in hovering about the discussion. "Out upon thee, I say," cries Elia, setting his thin face in a passion, half-real, half-simulated, against what Johnson's massive countenance had paled at. "Thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to sixscore thousand devils." Neither of them, though good Christians both, knew anything of that happy-go-lucky sort of faith, such as possessed the man who, had he been told (as he declared) that only one person in the whole world was to be saved, would have exclaimed with not a shade of doubt, "That man am I, O Lord!" Dr. Johnson thought it not inconsistent with his reverent trust in "the mercy of God through Jesus Christ" to take into account the possibility that annihilation or else *damnation* after death might be his doom; while Lamb, in a spirit of foreboding reluctance, questions of the things that go out with life, till death looms before him as a melancholy "*Privation*," or more frightful and confounding *Positive*." "An odd thought strikes me," said Johnson on his death-bed, "we shall get no letters in the grave;" which comes almost as an after-reflection to Lamb's quaint conceit, "There is no tippie nor tobacco in the grave." Both clung with a sort of desperate affection to "this good world," as Elia calls it; and, in spite of what they went through in it, would have been willing to linger on with those they loved forever. Yet their imaginations were strongly at-

tracted towards the state beyond. Speculations concerning our future have mingled, says Johnson in his life of Milton, "with our solitary thoughts and familiar conversations, and are habitually interwoven with the whole texture of life." So also did Lamb's thoughts hover often in that direction. His slighter, more ethereal spirit grappled with and partly overcame that horror of the unseen which had troubled him from childhood. And when death came, they both yielded themselves to him more calmly than many who have never dreaded his approach.

Both were Londoners to the backbone, in spirit and in fact (though Johnson hailed from Lichfield), and preferred their natural river Thamesis, to all the streams and seas of the actual or the ideal world. More suggestive to their imaginations than any Arcadian scenes was the stir and bustle of London's crowded streets. "Is not this fine?" the doctor slyly asked of Boswell, while the two walked together through Greenwich Park. But the would-be biographer, though but a youngster then, was on his guard. He would own to no "exquisite relish of the beauties of nature." "Yes, sir," was his diplomatic compromise of the question, "but not equal to Fleet Street." "You are right, sir," came the approving rejoinder. And the intimacy, then in its beginning, made a rapid stride. Charles Lamb would at any moment have been ready to walk down Fleet Street under Dr. Johnson's burly escort. "In dreams I am in Fleet Market, but I wake and cry to sleep again," he writes to Wordsworth. And in his loneliest days the streets and faces of London had power to cheer him "inexpressibly." The very faults of the city, her noise, her discords, her tumult, her "beloved smoke," as Elia rapturously calls it, were congenial to them. To one as to the other, —

No sound was dissonant which told of life.

The sins and sorrows, the toils and miseries, the sordid cares, the selfish rushing tide of the myriad-bodied life around, moved them to deepest sympathy. How different from Carlyle's contempt! Wherever they might be, their thoughts were sure to stray beloved-London-wards. They were as exiles in any other place. Johnson, in illness and old age, sought comfort from his native air of Lichfield. But such was his love of London, we are told, that he languished when away from it. "In the smoky atmosphere," he bursts forth, with something even of unreasoning partiality (recalling Lamb's yearning after the

"fresher air of the metropolis"), "I was delivered from the dropsy. . . . The town is my element; there are my friends, there are my books . . . and there are my amusements." "Give me old London at fire and plague times," writes Lamb from *dull* Enfield, "rather than these tepid gales, healthy country air, and purposeless exercise."

Neither of them was in the least "romance-bit about nature." They were not meant for "mariners and vagabonds." Johnson hated to hear about prospects and views, as Mrs. Piozzi testifies. "That was the best garden (he said) which produced most roots and fruits; and that water was most to be prized which contained most fish." "The earth, and sea, and sky (when all is said) is but as a house to dwell in," quoth Elia. The phenomena of nature, except in a general way, passed unnoticed of them. And though equally observant of the various phases of humanity within his ken, Johnson, no more than Lamb, would have been moved to wonder had the sun some morning made his first appearance in the west. Yet to say of one or of the other that he was incapable of appreciating a fine scene would be a cruel libel. Dr. Johnson seems to have been touched with some unwonted emotion as he sat "silent and patient" in a boat with Boswell off the Isle of Skye toward night. "Once he said, as he looked on the black coast of Skye—black, as being composed of rocks seen in the dusk—'This is very solemn!'" And Charles Lamb goes into the most orthodox raptures after his visit to Coleridge at the Lakes. They reached the poet's house, he writes to Manning, after travelling through a gorgeous sunshine, in the dusk, "when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before." But his conclusion, even with the shadow of mighty Skiddaw still upon him, is that—

After all Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in. . . . I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know.

The revulsion in either case was sure to come. "Hills, woods, lakes, and mountains, to the devil!" Johnson, in an unguarded moment, might have exclaimed with Lamb.

Every one knows that Lamb was fond of swearing. "A curse relieves; do you

ever try it?" he writes to a lady. Only one spontaneous "swear" is recorded of Dr. Johnson. (He had a character to maintain.) But that this one slipped out of him inadvertently in his old age would go far to show that he had a natural inclination that way. It was during a dispute as to whether sandhills could be fixed down by art, when the sage, in whom the subject had apparently awakened as curious an interest as possessed the Walrus and the Carpenter on a somewhat similar one, blurted out the query, "How *the devil* can you do it?" though instantly (perhaps perceiving Boswell taking open-mouthed note of the lapse) he toned decorously down to, "How can you do it?" On another occasion a gentleman, in opposition to him in an argument, having called some one a "damned fool," "He was not a *damned fool!*" roared back Johnson, taking advantage of the opportunity to repeat the oath with increasing energy again and again, somewhat in the spirit of the Scotch minister, who, inveighing against the use of snuff, applied pinch after pinch to his own nostrils to show how its votaries indulged in it, as, with rising wrath, he held them up to reprobation. Boswell loyally attributes this bout of swearing to Johnson's anger at his opponent's want of decorum in *his* presence. But from his marked emphasis on the word, and its unnecessary repetition, we may surmise that the philosopher found a relish, akin to that which Lamb experienced, in its utterance.

Neither of them was indifferent to the pleasures of the table, Charles Lamb denouncing the saying that "enough is as good as a feast," for a vile "cold scrag-of-mutton sophism;" while Johnson vehemently declares that "to be merely satisfied is not enough." Elia confesses to being "impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner-hour, for instance, expecting some savory mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless." Not less so, to say the least, was the author of "The Rambler." The only occasions on which he and his *Tetty* seemed to have been in danger of falling out were when he "huffed" her about his dinner, which, as he told Mrs. Piozzi, happened pretty often. Charles Lamb hated a man, he said, who could eat of dainties affecting not to know what he was swallowing. "I suspect his taste in higher matters," is his shrewd remark. "Some people," said Dr. Johnson one night at supper, which he was partaking of with uncommon satis-

faction, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat," going on, in language too forcible for transcription, to observe that he who does not mind such things will hardly mind anything else. His voracious love of a boiled leg of mutton, of which dish he once eat so much as a boy that his mother told him "it would hardly ever be forgotten," adhered to him through life; and a leg of lamb always bore a close relation to "the heart of Lamb." While Johnson's inordinate love of pork (more suited to his grosser proportions) may be set against Lamb's passion for roast pig.

Not only did they love good eating, but they were also interested in the details of cookery. Lamb throws out a delicate suggestion here and there to the presiding deities of the kitchen on the concerns of their art, from the proper serving of roast pig and "his sauce," to the preparation of frogs, which he and his sister had learned the flavor of in France. "You shall see what a book of cookery I shall make!" cried Johnson once at table. It was to be on philosophical principles, and its directions would probably have been no easier to carry out than some of Lamb's. Equally ready, too, were they to impart their good things to their friends. "The Hoopes, Miss Burney, and Mrs. Hall (Wesley's sister) feasted yesterday with me very cheerfully on your noble salmon. Mr. Allen could not come, and I sent him a piece, and a great tail is still left," Johnson writes to Mrs. Thrale; while the presents Lamb received from absent friends — of hares, sturgeon, pheasants, barrels of oysters, and other dainties — he dispensed as freely to his friends as to himself, as he once quaintly put it.

Both Lamb and Johnson were frequenters of taverns. In the distractions of the theatre they also occasionally sought relief. And both loved to recall their impressions of the principal performers they had seen upon the stage, the old doctor affecting a keen discrimination, on the nicest matters connected with dramatic representation, his rambling, appreciative remarks on the Lamb's reflections on some of the old actors. Their taste in literature, also, was in many respects similar. Johnson loved the old black-letter books, in which the soul of Charles delighted; and for the same reason, that they were "rich in matter." Neither a folio nor a friend was ever the less valuable in their eyes because of a stain or two. And certain authors had the same attraction for them both. Burton,

in whom Lamb found so much of kin to himself, was the only writer who could lure Johnson out of bed to read him. He was a man, writes Lamb to Manning, "often assailed by deepest melancholy, and at other times much given to laughing and jesting, as is the way with melancholy men" — as was the way with Lamb and Johnson both. From rare old Isaac Walton, who, to Lamb's fancy, hallowed any page in which his reverend name appears, we find Johnson quoting verses. And he includes the "Complete Angler," Lamb's delight from childhood, and recommended by him to Coleridge, in a list of books he drew up for a friend. But perhaps the strongest influence of any author on them, one to which their style was most indebted, was that of Sir Thomas Browne, one of Johnson's acknowledged archetypes, so much so that his authorship of a piece was once discovered by what was called his *Brownism*. And if in the style of Lamb, original as it is inimitable, the trace of another mind can be discovered, it is that of the author of the "Urn Burial" and the "Religio Medici," who, moreover, was one of the persons he would have wished to have seen. Cowley, Temple, and Jeremy Taylor held prominent places in both their mental repertoires; and between their own styles, founded partly as they are on the same models, a resemblance may occasionally be traced through all the difference. Their physical imperfections, too, as has been remarked of both of them, peep out in their writings. Elia's stammer seems often to hold back his sentences when at their fullest flow. It is as if we had to pause and wait on the very sound of his voice. And Johnson's long, inverted sentences are contorted at times as if in sympathy with his twitching frame.

The light, playful strain in Johnson has scarcely yet been fully . . . — that vein of "strange nonsense" (to borrow Lamb's description of his own), which found expression in all sorts of out-of-the-way sayings and doings. "Grand nonsense is insupportable," he once emphatically declared, showing that he had studied the subject more than might be supposed. Neither has enough account been made of Lamb's more serious vein of eloquence, under the influence of which, when the ligaments of his speech were loosened by congenial society, or by the fumes of his "sweet enemy" tobacco, he would discourse with fulness of insight and richness of imagery exceeding Johnson's own. "His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is his best," says

Hazlitt, who had better opportunities than most men of judging.

Throughout Johnson's letters, and where one might least expect it, are scattered hundreds of natural and lively touches.

— is now making tea for me [he writes from Oxford]. I have been in my gown ever since I came here; it was, at my first coming, quite new and handsome. . . . I have proposed to Vansittart climbing over the wall, but he has refused me, and I have clapped my hands till they are sore at Dr. King's speech.

Against which may be set Lamb's statement (whether to be believed or not, 'twere hard to say) that he had "strained tendons," got by skipping a skipping-rope at fifty-three. In another letter Johnson comes out with the following racy bit of scandal: "Reynolds has taken too much to strong liquor, and seems to delight in his new character"—which even Boswell is constrained to set down as a "fanfiful description," while Croker surmises it to be a "mere pleasantry;" in the spirit, most likely, of those with which Lamb was wont to bewilder his absent friends. But it cannot be denied that a morsel of scandal, whether well-founded or only for the fun of the thing, was never unwelcome to either of them. Like Lamb, Johnson will jest even on his ailments. "The gout that was in my ankles," he writes to Mrs. Thrale, "when Queeny [Esther Thrale] criticised my gait, passed into my toe, but I have hunted it, and starved it, and it makes no figure." Again: "I think to go to my physician and try what can be done. For why should not I grow better as well as you?" he jokingly demands. And, speaking once lightly of his asthma, he cites the case of an old gentleman who "panted on to ninety." This is how he closes one of his letters: "Mrs. Thrale, poor thing, has a daughter. Mr. Thrale dislikes the times, like the rest of us. Mrs. Williams is sick; Mrs. Desmoulins is poor. I have miserable nights. Nobody is well but Mr. Levett." And in the following he gives full vent to the exuberance of his spirits—"To-night there will be opium; to-morrow the tea-pot; then heigh for Saturday!"

In his conversation, too, strange turns and twists of thought and speech (plays on idea, if not on words) continually appear. More than once, indeed, great as was his professed contempt for puns, he condescended to the actual perpetration of one. Having some difficulty in finding a toy-shop to which he had been directed, "To direct one only to a corner-shop is

toying with one," he was provoked to say. He would play on a name, as when he said of a gentleman under discussion, "Mr. Long's character is very *short*." And on the title of the Deanery of *Ferns*, which Burke had ridiculed as *barren*, he jested with high relish, suggesting that Dr. Moss should have it. Hearing of a horse which went at a snail's pace even in going down hill, "Ay," said Johnson, "and when he goes up hill he *stands still*." He pronounced one of Burke's puns to be *admirable*; and at a very poor attempt of Boswell's he laughed in approbation, taking the compliment it conveyed with "pun-sauce," as old Mr. Sheridan aptly put it; in consideration of all which we are free to suppose that, though he bought him a big oak stick to be in readiness for Foote, who had threatened to take him off, he would have submitted with a good grace to be *lamb-pooned* by Lamb, which allusion to his own peculiar form of wit by the essayist would have had the advantage of appearing as a perfect play upon words to Dr. Johnson who, Lichfield-fashion, pronouncing punch *poonsh*, would most certainly have called a pun a *poon*.

It would be hard to say whether Lamb or Johnson had the greater dislike and contempt for any affectation of sensibility. So glaringly did this quality manifest itself that superficial observers might have taken it for want of feeling. The death of Princess Charlotte, which was sentimentally supposed to have plunged the nation in mourning, evoked no more than the cheerful tribute from Lamb, "What a nice holiday I got on Wednesday by favor of a princess dying!" And he frankly confesses, though with some evident reluctance, that he cannot "squeeze a tear" to Byron's memory. "He did not like the world, and he has left it, as Alderman Curtis advised the Radicals, 'If they don't like their country, damn 'em, let 'em leave it,'" is his comment, which from any one else would have sounded cynical, on that tragic death at news of which so universal a moan had broken forth. Said Boswell one day to Johnson, "I have often blamed myself, sir, for not feeling for others as sensibly as many say they do." "Sir, don't be duped by them any more," was Johnson's answer. "You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They *pay* you by *feeling*." Davies having stated that he had been unable to sleep from the concern he felt for Baretti, who was on trial for his life, "As to his not sleeping, sir," said Johnson, "Tom Davies is a very great man;

Tom has been upon the stage, and knows how to do those things. I have not been upon the stage, and cannot do those things." He chafed against any display of conventional feeling; but his own exhibitions of the genuine article were almost ludicrous at times in their intensity. Mrs. Piozzi describes his distress at sight of an omelet, of which dish he had lately partaken with a friend who had since died. "Ah, my poor dear friend, I shall never eat omelet with *thee* again!" he cried in an agony. And as Miss Reynolds was relating to him a touching story of maternal love she heard him, to use her own words, "heave heavy sighs and sobs, and turning round she saw his dear face bathed in tears." So also Lamb was often moved to a betrayal of the deepest feeling.

Oh, Manning [he writes, after parting with his friend] I am serious to sinking almost, when I think that all those evenings which you have made so pleasant are gone perhaps forever; . . . indeed, we die many deaths before we die, and I am almost sick when I think that such a hold as I had of you is gone.

Something in the death of Nelson, whom he looked on as a hero indeed, touched him to the quick. And even over imaginary woes his eyes could fill. But, like Johnson, he was no actor. He could not feign a grief. Their sympathies may, as Lamb said of himself, have been imperfect, but they were very keen.

Lamb humorously, yet not without a reserve of genuine admiration, pronounces his encomium on that lordly race who go forth "borrowing and to borrow." It is amusing to find Dr. Johnson, of all men, actually complimenting a young gentleman of his acquaintance on the "courage" with which he had contracted debts, and the "spirit" with which he endured them; though each in his own case was laudably alive to the desirability of keeping within one's means. Boswell has not failed to notice "a propensity to paltry saving" in Dr. Johnson, who gave away nine-tenths of his income in charity, and was shabby in nothing but his dress. On the candid Scotchman once owning to him that he was "occasionally troubled with a fit of narrowness," "Why, sir," said Johnson, "so am I; *but I do not tell it.*" It must have been under the influence of some such fit that Lamb protests, "I cannot bear to pay for articles I used to get for nothing," on an enumeration of the various shifts he was put to for stationery after leaving the East India House, where unlimited supplies of pens and paper had

been at his disposal. "My brother (Mary had long before confided to a correspondent), who never makes up his mind whether he will be a miser or a spendthrift, is at all times a strange mixture of both."

It needs no ingenuity to discover the likeness between Lamb and Johnson in the respect of charity; for it was never in the matter of giving that either of them spared his purse. Of one voice is the testimony of their several friends on this point. In Lamb's case, from that of De Quincey, who exalts his beneficence as nothing short of *princely*, to Proctor, one of his younger intimates, who, at a loss for words to express his sense of the little ex-clerk's liberality, says simply, "He gave away *greatly*," while the witness on behalf of Johnson is no less unequivocal. His generosity seemed to strike all who came in contact with him with fresh wonder; and he could scarcely trust himself, we are told, with his own money. If they were both unmoved by spurious sentiment, they had the like solicitude for all real sorrow, trouble, and want. Neither Lamb nor Johnson ever turned a deaf ear to the cry of actual distress; and of perfect resemblance was their keen, intuitive, and utterly unconventional sympathy with the poor. No considerations of political economy could induce either of them to steel his heart against a beggar. The tender-hearted doctor used to go abroad with loose money in his pockets to give away to any that might ask of him—a practice he had often recommended before he could afford habitually to carry it out himself. Nor did he grudge to hear of his alms being spent in gin or tobacco, or even tawdry finery. "Why should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence?" was his indulgent plea. The stern philosopher would, perhaps, have regretted the decay of beggars in the metropolis as keenly as did the humorous essayist, who would have one "*give and ask no questions.*"

Returning to his lodgings at one or two o'clock in the morning, Johnson would often put pennies into the hands of poor children sleeping on thresholds and stalls, to provide them with the wherewithal for a breakfast; and this at a time when he was living on pennies himself. "Reader," pleads Elia, in his "Praise of Chimney-Sweepers," "if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny—it is better to give him twopence." And he goes on, with a fulness of detail, a fine gusto in the

elaboration of his subject, which shows that the charity inculcated had been often indulged in by himself, to describe the composition best suited to the palates of those sooty youngsters, and to implore its frequent administration.

Alike, too, was their habit of succoring indigent ladies and others. Had Charles Lamb lived by himself he would probably have had his house full of queer pensioners, as Johnson had. As it was, he contributed to the support of several, amongst others his old schoolmistress, to whom, for a long period, he allowed thirty pounds a year. Perhaps the most touching example of his impulsive generosity was when having, by his own request, seen the nurse who had attended upon Coleridge in his last days, so affected was he, as Talfourd relates, by the feeling she manifested toward his friend, that he forced five guineas on her; though equally characteristic was the manner in which, fancying his friend Proctor, because he appeared in low spirits, to be in want of money, he suddenly addressed him, "My dear boy, I have a quantity of useless things — I have now in my desk a — a hundred pounds — that I don't *know* what to do with. Take it."

Nor did either of them ever shirk that hardest task of charity (for all Sydney Smith's cynical characterization of the English form of it) applying to others in behalf of those in difficulty. We find them pleading, earnestly and humbly, as if it were their own, whatever sad case that was capable of relief by human aid may have come under their notice, whether it were that of some poor old man going under in the battle of life, of a widow left unprovided for, a young lady establishing a school, or a lad in search of employment. Whimsical and humorsome as both were, so that volumes might be filled with their several oddities, above all things they were humane; and though they valued goodness beyond everything, and loved and revered a true man when they saw him, yet was their inexhaustible charity extended toward the least worthy. To be miserable, as Goldsmith remarked, was enough to insure the protection of Johnson. It sufficed unfailingly to wake the compassion of Lamb. In short, were these two men living now it would be from either of them that one in misfortune from whatever cause would be likeliest to obtain relief.

Dr. Johnson was one of the few men who might, in his way, have done for one belonging to him, in poor Mary's position, what Charles Lamb did for Mary. A dif-

ferent way from Lamb's, it is true; yet the seemingly overbearing doctor was capable of scarcely less tender a forbearance and consideration. Witness the "humane attention," the "delicate humanity," to borrow Boswell's phrases, with which he ever treated his valued friend, peevish, blind Miss Williams, who, as he said after her death, had filled for him through thirty years the place of sister, and whose loss he mourned as if she had been his sister indeed; her only claim upon him at the first having been her forlorn and indigent state. As many allusions to her, her ailments, her occupations, her trips into the country, are scattered through his letters as through Lamb's concerning Mary. Not only did he suffer her to play the despot in his own house, but he accommodated many of his friends, as we are told, by carrying her with him on his visits to them, that she might not be spared out of his amusements. And many seeing them together, as he let go her hand at the door, leaving her to grope her way inside (failing a servant to lead her in), or else whirled and twisted her about with him on the steps while, like some beneficent old horror on the threshold, he performed his antics, might have considered them to the full as sorry a "pair of phenomena" as Charles Lamb and his sister appeared to Carlyle; Lamb who "tottered and shuffled . . . ricketty, gasping, - 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408-2409-2410-2411-2412-2413-2414-2415-2416-2417-2418-2419-2420-2421-2422-2423-2424-2425-2426-2427-2428-2429-2430-2431-2432-2433-2434-2435-2436-2437-2438-2439-2440-2441-2442-2443-2444-2445-2446-2447-2448-2449-2450-2451-2452-2453-2454-2455-2456-2457-2458-2459-2460-2461-2462-2463-2464-2465-2466-2467-2468-2469-2470-2471-2472-2473-2474-2475-2476-2477-

talked his best to the ladies." Neither he nor Lamb believed in that "sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other," which, as Lamb observes, is too apt to grow up amongst those in frequent communion. Lamb's tender epithets in speaking of his "poor, dear, dearest sister," his "guardian angel," recall Johnson's sweet superlatives — "dearest dear," or "dearest love" — in addressing his more intimate lady friends.

They themselves were objects of what to some might seem extravagant affection. "It seems," says one writing of Lamb, "as if no one else can ever have had such love and honor paid him, such troops of almost idolizing friends" — which might be said with equal truth of Johnson. Each in his way was the centre of his circle, and all who came in contact with them delighted to preserve some record of the intercourse, so that they occupy for us the place almost as of living friends. Not all his bearishness, his roughness, his tyrannies, can put us for one moment against Dr. Johnson. As for Charles Lamb, he had nothing to put one against him. They were both privileged characters. What would be borne from no one else was not only suffered from them, but seemed to endear them the more to their admirers. They acted the part, often, as of licensed jesters, coming out, as if in the palace of truth, with whatever was in their minds. And whoever objected to this method was none the less obliged to submit to it. The unfortunate comptroller of stamps, a self-invited guest (by virtue of his being Wordsworth's superior in office) at Haydon's one evening, and on whose complacent twaddle Lamb burst with the quelling remark that he was "a silly fellow," fared no better than the gentleman who, chancing to have gone against Johnson's grain, was put down by him with the crushing *snub*, "I hope, sir, what you are going to say may be better worth hearing than what you have already said;" though Lamb's explosions bore relation to Johnson's as the bright harmless play of sheet-lightning to the bolts from a heavy thunder-cloud. Yet the wild freaks in which Lamb's unaccountable antipathies were apt to manifest themselves occasioned at times no less uneasiness to his friends, enlivened though it was with laughter, than Johnson's outbreaks caused his faithful Boswell, who would sit on pins till the passion had blown over, trying by every means in his power to divert or mitigate its force, unless, indeed, he had deliberately, for his own amusement,

brought it on. In both cases the responsibility of these misdemeanors fell on others, as if the delinquents had been children spending the evening out, and putting their guardians to confusion by a fit of naughtiness; and often when good behavior was most anxiously desired of them. So Charles, suspecting Coleridge one evening of a design to show his "pet Lamb" off, did his malicious best to thwart it, and disappoint the strangers who had been led to expect great things from him; while Boswell's attitude toward the more refractory doctor suggested to Sir Walter Scott the comical idea of a jockey showing off a half-broken horse, accounting for his skittishness with the anxious apology, "'Tis only pretty Fanny's way."

Incongruous as the word brute (so often applied to Johnson) may seem in connection with Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," yet it was in something the character of a brute, as his devoted friend and admirer, Mr. Patmore, confesses, that he appeared to those who did not know or who could not appreciate him; whilst his own distinctive epithet of "gentle-hearted," which cleaves to him as if it were a part almost of his Christian name, would apply with almost equal force to Johnson, who, however rough in the file he may have been, was gentle to the heart's core.

Candor and outspokenness were distinguishing attributes of them both. And but for fear of straining the comparison, that "correct regard for truth," so preeminently characteristic of Dr. Johnson, and which always marked the conduct of Lamb (as he himself assures a correspondent), might be instanced as a point in common between them. "If I am singular in anything," says Lamb, "it is in too great a squeamishness to anything that remotely looks like a falsehood. I am called Old Honesty; sometimes Upright Telltruth, Esq." When he spoke of himself as a "matter-of-lie man," it was only his fun. "There are inexcusable lies and consecrated lies," Dr. Johnson once jocularly admitted to a certain learned divine. When Lamb retailed his strings of fiction to amuse an invalid correspondent, they may come under the definition of consecrated lies.

A point of union, which may seem whimsical, may be found in erring, childlike Hartley Coleridge, who, loving and reverencing Charles Lamb as he did, was strongly drawn in imagination to the large, compassionate nature of Samuel Johnson. "I should have liked," he said, "to invite him to a *good* dinner." For it was never

on the weak (as the poet's instinct told him) that either the despotic philosopher or the wayward humorist would have wreaked his spleen. It was as in recoil from the anxious discharge of duties toward those whose claim upon them was their helplessness, that they both indulged it, at the expense of such as were well able to support the brunt.

We are all familiar with Johnson's huge, ungainly form, arrayed in brown suit more or less dilapidated, singed, bushy wig, black stockings, and mean old shoes. A quaint little figure, Lamb comes before our mental vision, in costume unctemporary and as queer as himself, consisting of a suit of black cloth (they both affected dark colors), rusty silk stockings shown from the knees, thick shoes a mile too large, shirt with a wide, ill-plaited frill, and tiny white neckcloth tied in a minute bow.

It is pleasant to fancy these two originals being brought into personal contact. Nor is it hard, for all the tokens to the contrary, to imagine Elia taking the grand, humane old doctor into his embrace (a huger armful than his beloved folios), sitting up with him o' nights, as he did with them, delighting in the humor of his conversation, which was said by a contemporary to be unequalled except among the old comedians, in whom Lamb's spirit found diversion; piercing to heights and depths in his nature which Boswell never revealed to him; while Johnson, it may safely be inferred, would have loved "this poor Charles," in whom Carlyle could perceive but so slender a strain of worth.

But had they met at all, it would have been on equal terms. Goldsmith maintained with difficulty, though he did maintain, his attitude of independence towards the colossus of his age. Charles Lamb, without any difficulty and with not the shadow of assertiveness, would have maintained it better. Lamb, who from earliest manhood refused to knock under to the threatening intellectual arrogance of Coleridge; who shook Wordsworth by the nose instead of by the hand with the greeting, "How d' ye do, old Lake Poet!"—his stammering voice might have broken with impunity on the doctor's weightiest utterances with the absurdest quips and twists of speech of which even he was capable. Yet both were of wayward nature, and had they met might not have coalesced.

The parallel might have been run longer and perhaps drawn closer. As much also might be adduced to show that none exists. Charles Lamb himself would have

been the first to scout it. But the kernel of the two natures was the same—encased in one within the huge, gnarled, and knotted framework with whose rollings and contortions we are all familiar as if we had known him in the flesh; in the other, within a little, peculiar, frail, transparent shell. Yet was Lamb not one whit less of a man than Johnson; nor was there less of tenderness in Johnson's nature than in Lamb's. Of one as of the other, the heart responds to the eulogy, —

Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived!
P. W. ROOSE.

From Murray's Magazine.

MOUNT ATHOS IN 1889.

Velificatus Athos is an expression which has a meaning even now, though a very different one from that implied by Juvenal. The satirist would not believe that Xerxes turned it into an island, though the remains of the canal are plainly visible to the present day. But now the incompetence of the Turkish government has turned Athos, for English travellers, into an island, for it may only be approached by sea. If you attempt to ride there from Salonica or Cavalla, you are at once warned that you do so at your own risk; that the tariff now fixed by a joint commission of Turks, dragomans, and bandits for the release of an English captive is £15,000; that you will have to pay that sum yourself, etc., etc. This is enough to drive any respectable and responsible person from the enterprise of the land journey, and so he must wait for the rare and irregular chances of boat or steamer traffic. It was my good fortune to find one of H.M.'s ships going that way from Salonica, and with a captain gracious enough to drop me on the headland, or rather to throw me up on it, for we landed in a heavy sea, with considerable risk and danger, and the *τρικυμία*, as they classically call it, lasted all day, and raged around the Holy Mountain. Yet this adventurous way of landing under the great western cliffs of the promontory, with the Monasteries of St. Paul, Gregory, and Dionysius, each on their several peaks, looking down upon us from a dizzy height through the stormy mists, was doubtless far the most picturesque introduction we could have had to the long-promised land.

For this had been many years my desire, not only to see the strangest and

most perfect relic now extant of mediæval superstition, but to find, if possible, in the early MSS. which throng the libraries of that famous retreat some cousin, if not some uncle or aunt, of the great illuminated MSS. which are the glory of the early Irish Church. The other travellers who have reached this place have done so by arriving at some legitimate port on the tamer eastern side; the latest, Mr. Riley,* by landing at the gentlest and most humane spot of all, the bay of Vatopédi.

We, on the contrary, crept into a little boat-harbor under the strictest, the most primitive, and far the most beautiful of the western eagles' nests, whither English pickles, tinned lobster, and caviare have not yet penetrated. We were doing a very informal and unceremonious thing, for we were invading the outlying settlements, to demand shelter and hospitality, whereas we should have first of all proceeded to the capital, Karyes, to present pompous letters of introduction from papas, prime ministers, patriarchs, and to receive equally elaborate missives from the central committee, asking the several monasteries to entertain us.

But we took the place by storm, not by regular siege. We showed our letters, when we climbed up to Dionysiu, as they call it, and prayed them to forestall the hospitality which they would doubtless show us, if we returned with official sanction. The good monks were equal to the occasion; they waived ceremony, though ceremony lends it in these conservative establishments, and every violation of it is called a *προσβολή*, probably the greatest sin that a monk can commit. At every step of our route this obstacle stood before us, and had we attempted to force our way past it, no doubt our dumb mules would have spoken, and reproved our madness. Yet when they had before them all the missives which were to be read at Karyes next day, to be followed up by a letter addressed to themselves, they actually antedated their hospitality, and made us feel at home and happy.

Nowhere have I seen more perfect and graceful hospitality in spirit, nowhere a more genuine attempt to feed the hungry, and shelter the outcast, even though the means and materials of doing so were often very inadequate to Western notions. But let me first notice the extant comforts. We always had ample room in special strangers' apartments, which occupy the

highest and most picturesque place in every monastery. We always had clean beds to sleep in, nor were we disturbed by any unbidden bed-fellows, these creatures having (as we were told) made it a rule of etiquette never to appear or molest any one till after Pascha, the Feast of the Resurrection. The feast was peculiarly late this year, and the weather perfect summer, still the insects carefully avoided any such *προσβολή* towards us as to violate their Lenten fast. In addition to undisturbed nights—a great boon to weary travellers—we had always good black bread, and fresh every day; we had also excellent Turkish coffee, and fortunately most wholesome, for the ceremony of the place requires you to drink it whenever you enter, and whenever you leave, any domicile whatever. Seven or eight times a day did we partake of this luxury, and without damage to digestion or nerves. There was also sound red wine, and plenty of it, varying according to the makers, but mostly good, and only in one case slightly resinated. There were also excellent hazel-nuts, often served hot, roast in a pan, and very palatable.

What else was there good? There was jam of many kinds, all good, though unfortunately served neat, and to be eaten in spoonfuls, without any bread, till at last we committed the *προσβολή* of asking to have it brought back when there was bread on the table. There were also eggs in abundance, just imported to be ready for Easter, and therefore fresh, and served *au plat*. Nor had we anywhere to make the complaint so pathetic in Mr. Riley's book, that the oil or butter used in cooking was rancid. This is the advantage of going in spring, or rather one of the many advantages, that both oil and butter (the latter is of course rare) were quite unobjectionable.

When I say that butter was rare and eggs imported, I assume that the reader knows of the great feature of Athos, which consists in the absence of the greatest feature of human life—woman, and all inferior imitations of her in the animal world. Not a cow, not a goat, not a hen, not a cat of that sex! And this for centuries! Three thousand monks, kept up by importation, three thousand laborers or servants, imported likewise, but no home production of animals—that is considered odious and impious. And when, in this remote nook of extreme conservatism, this one refuge from the snares and wiles of Eve, a Russian monk seriously proposed to us the propriety of ad-

* Athos, or the Mountain of the Monks. By Athelstan Riley. Longmans, 1887. This is the newest and best book on the subject.

mitting the other sex, we felt a shock as of an earthquake, and began to understand the current feeling that the Russians were pushing their influence at Athos, in order to transform the Holy Mountain into a den of political thieves.

Nothing is more curious than to study the effects, upon a large society, of the total exclusion of the female sex. It is commonly thought that men by themselves must grow rude and savage, that it is to women we owe all the graces and refinements of social intercourse. Nothing can be further from the truth. I venture to say that in all the world there is not so perfectly polite and orderly a society as that of Athos. As regards hospitality and gracious manners, the monks and their servants put to shame the most polished Western people. Disorder, tumult, confusion, seem impossible in this land of peace. If they have differences, and squabble about rights of property, these things are referred to law courts, and determined by argument of advocates, not by disputing and high words among the claimants. While life and property are still unsafe on the mainland, and on the sister peninsulas of Cassandra and Longos, Athos has been for centuries as secure as any county in England. So far, then, all the evidence is in favor of the restriction. Many of the monks, being carried to the peninsula in early youth, have completely forgotten what a woman is like, except for the brown smoky pictures of the *Panagia* with her infant in all the churches, which the strict iconography of the orthodox Church has made as unlovely and non-human as it is possible for a picture to be. So far, so well.

But if the monks imagined they could simply expunge the other sex from their life without any but the obvious consequences, they were mistaken. What strikes the traveller is not the rudeness, the untidiness, the discomfort of a purely male society, it is rather its dulness and depression. Some of the older monks were indeed jolly enough; they drank their wine, and cracked their jokes freely. But the novices who attended at table, the men and boys who had come from the mainland to work as servants, muleteers, laborers, seemed all suffering under a permanent depression and sadness. The town of Karyes is the most sombre and gloomy place I ever saw. There are no laughing groups, no singing, no games among the boys. Every one looked serious, solemn, listless, vacant, as the case might be, but devoid of keenness and interest in life.

At first one might suspect that the monks were hard taskmasters, ruling their servants as slaves; but this is not the real solution. It is that the main source of interest and cause of quarrel in all these animals, human and other, does not occur. For the dulness was not confined to the young monks or the laity; it had invaded even the lower animals. The tomcats, which were there in crowds, passed one another in moody silence along the roofs. They seemed permanently dumb. And if the cocks had not lost their voice, and crowed frequently in the small hours of the morning, their note seemed to me a wail, not a challenge — the clear though unconscious expression of a just want in their lives. I noted down three of these cries, which in their frequent repetition sounded very dolorous, and reproduce them here carefully for the musical reader. The first two I heard at St. Gregoriou, and they were antiphonal, two birds crowing in turn thus:—



The third I heard next day at Xeropotámo, and it was still sadder and more doleful,* viz.:—



How different were the notes of the nightingales, the pigeons, the jays, whose wings emancipate them from monkish restrictions, and whose music fills with life all the enchanting glens, brakes, and forests in this earthly Paradise! For if an exquisite situation in the midst of historic splendor, a marvellous variety of outline and climate, and a vegetation rich and undisturbed beyond comparison, can make a modern Eden possible, it is here. It is as if nature had been gradually improving in her work when she framed the three peninsulas of the Chalcidice. The westernmost, the old Pallene, once the site of the historic Olynthus, is broad and flat, with no recommendation but its fertility; the second, Sithonia, makes some attempt at

* It is an old habit of mine to note down musically, so far as possible, the sounds in nature, and none is easier to note than the crowing of a cock. Some day I hope to give the world some curious results from these observations.

being picturesque, having an outline of gently serrated hills, which rise, perhaps, to one thousand feet, and are dotted with woods. Anywhere else, Sithonia might take some rank, but within sight of the mighty Olympus, and beside the giant Athos, it remains obscure and without a history. Athos runs out into the Ægean, with its outermost cone standing sixty-five hundred feet out of the sea, and as such is far the most striking height to be seen in Europe. You may see higher Alps, but from a height, and with intervening heights to lessen the effect; you may see higher Carpathians, but from the dull plain of land in Hungary. Here you can enjoy the full splendor of the peak from the sea, from the fringe of white breakers round the base, up to the pale-grey, snow-streaked dome which reaches beyond forest and torrent into heaven. Within two or three hours you can ascend from gardens of oranges and lemons, figs and olives, through woods of arbutus, myrtle, cytissus, heath, and carpets of forget-me-not, anemone, iris, orchid, to the climate of primroses and violets, and to the stunted birch and gnarled fir which skirt the regions of perpetual snow. Moreover, the gradually increasing ridge which forms the backbone of the peninsula is seamed on both sides with constant glens and ravines, in each of which tumbling water lends animation to the view, and life to the vegetation which often hides in its rich luxuriance the course of the stream, but cannot hush its sounding voice. Here the nightingale sings all the day long, and the fair shrubs grow, unmolested by those herds of wandering goats, which are the real locusts of the wild lands of southern Europe. Each side of the main ridge has its peculiarities of vegetation, that facing north-east being gentler in aspect, and showing brakes of Mediterranean heath ten or fifteen feet high, through which mule-paths are cut as through a forest. The coast facing south-west is far sterner, wilder, and more precipitous, but enjoys a temperature almost tropical; for the plants and fruits of southern Greece flourish without stint.

The site of the western monasteries is generally on a precipitous rock at the mouth of one of the ravines, and commands a view up the glen to the great summit of the mountain. To pass from any one of these monasteries to the next, you must either clamber down a precipice to the sea, and pass round in a boat commanded by a skipper-monk, or you must mount the mules provided, and ride round the folds and seams of the precipices, on

paths incredibly dangerous of aspect, and incredibly free from any real disasters. When you come to a torrent, you must descend by zigzag windings till you reach some practicable spot near the sea-level, and cross it at the foot of some sounding fall. But the next projecting shoulder stands straight out of the sea, and you must climb again a similar break-neck ascent, till you reach a path along the edge of the dizzy cliff, whence you pass with one foot in the air, over the sea a thousand feet beneath, while the other is nudged now and then by the wall of the rock within, so that the cautious mule chooses the outer ledge of the road, though a loss of balance means strictly a loss of life. It was a constant regret to us that none of the party could sketch the beautiful scenes which were perpetually before us, or even photograph them. But the efforts of photographers hitherto have been very disappointing. There are indeed pictures of most of the monasteries, taken at the instigation of the Russians, but all so wretchedly inadequate, so carefully taken from the wrong point, that we deliberately avoided accepting them, or carrying them home. Mr. Riley too, a man of taste and feeling, had essayed the thing with leisure and experience in his art, and yet the cuts taken from his photographs, which are published in his book, are also hopelessly inadequate. When, for example, approaching from the north, you suddenly come in view of Simópetra, across a yawning chasm with the sea roaring a thousand feet beneath, standing close to you in the air on its huge, lonely crag, holding on to the land by a mere viaduct, and behind it the great rocks and gorges and forests framed by the snowy dome of Athos in the far background, you feel that the world can produce no finer scene, and that the most riotous artistic imagination, such as Gustave Doré's, would be tamed in its presence by the inability of human pencil to reproduce it. The plan of this monastery and its smaller brothers (I was going to call them sisters!) is that of a strong square keep, rising straight from the sheer cliffs with but a single bridge of rock leading landwards, and when the wall has been carried to a height far more than sufficient against any attack save modern artillery, they begin to throw round it stories of balconies, stayed out from the wall by very light wooden beams, each sheltered by that above, till a deep-pitched roof crowns the whole. The topmost corner of these balconies is always the guest chamber or chambers, and from this lofty nook you not only look out upon the sea

and land, but between the chinks of the floor of boards you see into air under your feet, and reflect that if a storm swept round the cliff, your frail tenement might be crushed like a house of cards, and descend into the sea far beneath. It was impossible to me, at least, to walk round these balconies without an occasional shudder, and yet we could not hear that the frail supports had ever given way, or that any monks had ever been launched into the air. On the divans running round these aerial guest-chambers are beautiful rugs from Smyrna and from Bulgaria, the ancient gifts from pilgrims and from peasants, which in the rich and vulgar Russian establishments were thrust aside for the gaudy products of modern Constantinople and Athens, while the older and simpler monasteries were content with their soft and mellow colors. The wealth of Athos in these rugs is very great. There were constantly on the mules under us saddle-cloths which would be the glory of an æsthetic drawing-room.

But it is high time for us to take a closer view of the inside of these curious castles, some of which Vatopédi, Ivfron, Lavra, are almost towns surrounded by great fortifications, and which possess not only large properties, outlying farms, dependencies, but within them a whole population of monks and their retainers. Let us first speak of the treasures accumulated within them, relics of ancient art and industry in the way of books, pictures, and work in precious metals. The reader will doubtless appreciate that the estimate of some of these things depends largely on the taste and education of the visitor. What one thinks of the highest interest another despises as trivial, and this contrast I feel to be very strong when we compare the views of Messrs. Owen and Riley, two sentimental High Churchmen from Oxford, with the views of Mr. Sampson and myself, who both hold strongly to Protestant Christianity. But as Mr. Sampson is an American missionary who never seeks to turn the Greeks from their ancient creed, but rather to infuse some life and . . . their practice, so I too am . . . decided enough to respect ritual and ceremony, when it is the symbol of something real in the hearts of the worshippers. Yet Mr. Riley thinks it of importance, in his excellent book, to enumerate the exact number of chapels contained in, or attached to, each monastery, whereas to me the exact number, and the name of the patron saint, seems about the last detail with which I should trouble

travellers enumerate with care the alleged relics, and Mr. Riley lets it be seen plainly, not only that he is disposed to believe in their genuineness, but that, if proven, it is of the highest religious importance. To us it did not signify two straws whether the skull or shinbone of the ancient founders, or of some apostle, really did lie in the gaudy shrine constructed to hold it. But seeing the gross ignorance of the monks on all really important matters of history, on the real date and foundation of their several monasteries, we thought that to hear the ascription of the relic to some companion of our Lord, or some worthy of the first four centuries, was simply ridiculous. Any one who speaks of these things as Mr. Riley does, shows he is a bad judge of evidence, or rather he illustrates again a great principle, too often forgotten, that belief is not usually a state of the intellect, but a state of the will.

With this preamble I turn first to the books. All the convents we visited had a library containing MSS. The larger had in addition many printed books; in one, for example, which was not rich (Esphigménou), we found a fine bound set of Migne's "Fathers." The library room was generally a little closet with very little light, and there was no sign that at any of the typical monasteries anybody ever read in it. The contents indeed consisted of ecclesiastical books, prayer-books, lesson-books, rituals noted for chanting, of which they had working copies in their churches. Still they are so careless concerning the teaching of their old service books that they have completely lost the meaning of the old musical notation, which appears in dots and commas (generally red) over their older texts, and they now follow a new tradition with a new notation. When one has seen some hundreds of these Gospels, and extracts from the Gospels, ranging over several centuries, some written in gold characters on the title-page, with some conventional pictures of the Evangelists, on gold ground, one begins to wonder what could have possessed the good monks to occupy themselves with doing over and over again what had been done hundreds of times, and lay before them in multitudes of adequate copies. I suppose the nature of their religious worship suggests the true answer. As they count it religion to repeat over and over again prayers and lessons all through their nights of vigil and their days of somnolence, so they must have thought it acceptable to God, and a moral deed, to keep copying out, in a fair hand, Gospels

that nobody would read, and that nobody would disturb for centuries on dusty shelves.

In the twelve libraries we examined, we did not find more than half-a-dozen secular books, and these of late date, and copies of well-known texts. There may of course be some stray treasures still concealed in nooks and corners, though scholars, like Mr. Lambros of Athens, have spent much labor in classifying and cataloguing these books. But I saw chests here and there in out-of-the-way lumber-rooms, with a few books lying in them, and believe that in this way something really useful may still be concealed. In general the monks were friendly and ready to show their books, or at least their perfect manners made them appear so; but in one monastery (Stavronikita) they were clearly anxious that none of these treasures should be studied. They had not only tossed together all their MSS. which had been properly set in order by Mr. Lambros, but had torn off the labels with which he had numbered them, without any attempt, or I believe intention, of replacing them with new ones.

As I am not now addressing a learned audience, I need not go into details about the particular books which interested us. My main object had been to find, if possible, at Mount Athos some analogy, some parallel, to the splendid school of ornamentation which has left us the "Book of Kells," the "Lindisfarne Gospels," "St. Chad's Gospel" at Lichfield, and other such masterpieces of illumination. I had thought it possible that some early Byzantine missionary had found his way to Ireland, and given the first impulse to a school so justly famous. Hence I paid special attention to early illuminated books in the libraries at Athos. I can hardly say whether I was disappointed or not to find that as far as Athos went, the Irish school was perfectly independent, and there was no book which even remotely suggested the marvellous designs of the "Book of Kells." On the whole the illuminated books were poor, and of a distressing uniformity. There was ample use of gilding, and a good knowledge of colors. In one or two we found a dozen kinds of birds adequately portrayed in colors—the peacock, pheasant, red-legged partridge, stork, etc., being at once recognizable. But all the capitals were upon the same design, all the bands of ornament were little more than blue diaper on gold ground. There were a good many books in slanting uncials, probably seventh to ninth century; an occasional page or

fragment of earlier date, but nothing that we could see of value for fixing the difficulties of a Scripture text. Careful and beautiful handwritings on splendid vellum of the succeeding centuries were there in countless abundance. They are valuable as specimens of handwriting and as nothing else. In many of the libraries the monk in charge was quite intelligent about the date of the MSS., and was able to read the often perplexing colophon in which the century and *indiction* were recorded. But the number of dated MSS. was, alas! very small.

I now turn to the *κευμήλια*, or treasures in precious metals and gems, which have often been described and belauded by travellers. Each visitor sees something to admire which the rest pass over in silence, or else he is shown something not shown to the rest. So you must consult first Curzon, then Mr. Tozer, then Didron, then Mr. Riley, and even after that there remain many things to be noted by fresh observers. The fact is that the majority of these reliquaries, pictures, and ornaments of the screen are tawdry and vulgar, either made or renewed lately, and in bad taste. It is only here and there that a splendid old piece of work strikes you with its strange contrast. Far the most interesting of all the illustrations given by Mr. Riley is that of the nave of one of the churches, which are all (except the old church of Karyes), built on exactly the same plan, with small variations as to the lighting, or the outer narthex, or the dimensions. An architect would find these variations highly interesting; to the amateur there seems in them a dreadful sameness. But among the uniform, or nearly uniform, features is a huge candelabrum, not the central one hung from the middle of the dome, but one which encircles it, hung by brass chains from the inner edges of the dome, consisting of twelve (sometimes only ten) straight bands of open-worked brass, of excellent design, joined with hinges, which are set in double eagles (the Byzantine emblem) so that they form large decagons or duodecagons, in the upper edge of which candles are set all round. The design and work of these candelabra appeared to me old. But the monks affirmed that they were now made in Karyes. This I did not believe, and in any case my suspicions as to the antiquity of the design were confirmed by one I found in St. Paul's (Agio Pavlo), which bears on one of the double eagles an inscription that the hegoumenos had restored and beautified the church in 1850. But this eagle joined brass bands, on

which was a plain old-German inscription, stating that they were made in Dresden in the year 1660.

By far the finest embroideries in silk were at the rich and splendid Iviron, and indeed their main church has many remarkable features worthy of note. The floor is of exquisite old mosaic, with an inscription of George the founder, which the monks ascribe to the tenth century. There are lovely Rhodian plaques, both set in the outer wall, and also laid like carpets, with a border of fine design, on the walls of the transept domes. Beside them are remarkable old Byzantine capitals designed of rams' heads. But the great piece of embroidery is a *πόδια* (or apron of the Panagia). The ground is gold and green silk, on which portraits of the three imperial founders are worked — their crowns of pearls, their dresses of white silk, their beards of brown silk, and their faces painted most delicately in colours upon silk. Never in my life have I seen any embroidery so perfect and so precious. There were occasional old crosses of great excellence, but to describe them here would be tedious and useless, unless it were to stimulate the reader to go out and see them for himself; nor can I recommend this, if he be not an experienced traveller, ready to rough it, and to meet with good temper many obstacles. Travelling in Turkey, where time has no value, and where restrictions upon liberty are both arbitrary and unjustly applied, is a matter of great patience.

What shall we say of the services which go on most of the day and night in these monastic churches, and which seemed to Messrs. Riley and Owen so interesting and so in harmony with the Church of England, that they were never tired of regretting the separation of Anglican from Greek Christianity, and hoping for a union or reunion between them? Mr. Owen went so far as to celebrate the Eucharist after the Anglican ritual in one or two of these churches before a crowd of monks, who could not understand his words, far less the spirit with which our Church approaches the holy table. I fear I should use hard words indeed were I to speak my mind concerning the propriety of such a performance. But I am not here concerned with controversy. I am rather to give the reader the impressions produced upon Mr. Sampson and myself by this ancient and curious relic of mediæval religion.

Here were large companies of men, who had given up the world to live on hard fare and strict rule, spending days and nights

in the service of God, and resigning the ordinary pleasures and distractions of the world. Surely here there must be some strong impulse, some living faith which sways so many lives. And yet after long and anxious searching for some spiritual life, after hours spent in watching the prayers and austerities of the monks, we could not but come to the conclusion that here was no real religion, that it was a mountain, if not a valley, full of dry bones, upon which the Spirit of God had as yet breathed no life.

It is of course very hazardous for a stranger to assert a negative; there may be, even in this cold and barren ritual, some real breath of spiritual life, and some examples of men who serve God in spirit and in truth. But the general impression, as compared with that of any Western service — Roman Catholic, Protestant, Unitarian — is painfully repulsive. Very possibly no Western man will ever be in real sympathy with Orientals in spiritual matters, and Orientals these monks are in the strictest sense. They put a stress upon orthodoxy as such, which to most of us is incomprehensible. They regard idleness as not inconsistent with the highest and holiest life. They consider the particular kind of food which they eat of far more religious importance than to avoid excess in eating and drinking. How can we judge such people by our standards? To them it seems to be religion to sit in a stall all night, perhaps keeping their eyes open, but in a vague trance thinking of nothing, and not following one word that is said, while they ignore teaching, preaching, active charity, education of the young, as not worthy of the anchorite and the recluse. To us the *ύπνωση* which we attended seemed the most painful misconception of the service of God; to the monks this was the very acme of piety.

Whatever, therefore, the reader may think of the justice of these criticisms, undertaken confessedly from a standpoint so foreign to the Greek Church as to preclude all right on my part to praise or blame it, there is one conclusion which I will fearlessly maintain. Any nominal union between our Church and such a communion as this, if not tying the living to the dead, the corrupt and decayed to the fresh and vigorous, would certainly be the union of two forms of faith so profoundly different in spirit, that the agreements in letters in the wording of the creeds would be disastrously misleading. I could understand union with Roman Catholics, as well as with Protestant Dissenters. Any real union with the ortho-

dox Greek Church seems to me spiritually monstrous. J. P. MAHAFFY.

From Chambers' Journal.
NOT QUITE LOST.

A TRUE TALE OF THE SEA.

IN the spring of 18— I was at one of the islands on the west coast of Africa, anxious to take the first chance that offered of getting back to old England. One of the huge Cape mail-boats was due in about a week from the time my story commences—boats which combine the comforts of a first-class hotel with the nearest approach to absolute safety that persons trusting themselves to the mercy of the sea can reasonably expect. I did not, however, intend to wait for the mail-boat, if any other vessel offered a chance of getting to England before her. One morning a steamer came in bound for England. She was a cargo-boat, but carrying a few passengers; and the captain said he could make room for me. Before taking a passage in this vessel I had a good look at her, and I came to the conclusion that, though there were not many comforts on board, at any rate she looked like a good safe sea-boat. She had plenty of free-board; indeed, I found out afterwards that her cargo was a light one, consisting of wool and raw hides, so that she was higher out of water than usual, and she had good beam for her length.

I went on board about six P.M. on a Friday evening. The weather was beautiful. The deep blue sky—set off by the still deeper blue of the sea, only broken here and there by the smallest of "white horses"—and the island glowing in all the beauty of tropical sunshine, made a picture not easy to forget. The passengers consisted of eighteen first-class and ten steerage. Amongst the former were two ladies and four little children. The crew mustered about twenty men all told. After dinner, I went on deck to smoke the pipe of peace and think of wife and children, who were being brought nearer to me by every throb of the powerful engines.

All the cabins were on the upper deck, the hold being devoted to cargo, with the exception of one small cabin for the steward. The vessel was steered from the bridge; but there was another wheelhouse right aft, for use in case of emergency. She carried two masts, and was square-rigged on her foremast.

Next day, when I turned out, we were out of sight of land; the weather was still

fine, though there was a little sea, caused by the north-east trade-wind, which was blowing steadily, though not very strongly, against us. All went well till the evening. At six o'clock the cabin passengers dined, the captain, a jovial, ruddy-faced sailor, who looked as if he had no cares in the world, taking the head of the table; and the doctor, a self-possessed, wiry little man, taking the other end. As dinner went on, the flow of small-talk increased, till, towards the end, there was a regular hum of conversation, and most of us were looking tolerably happy and contented. Suddenly, the whole scene changed; first came a crash, which seemed to shake the ship from end to end; and then scrape, thud, hammer, as the engines continued to make several revolutions before they were stopped. As we were at least two hundred miles from any land or shoal-water, I knew instinctively that the screw-shaft was broken, and that, in all probability, those last two or three revolutions had done terrible mischief.

We all made the best of our way on deck. The passengers were not much alarmed as yet; but I noticed a look of great anxiety on the captain's face as he hurried away.

It soon transpired that the shaft was broken; and the broken ends hammering against each other before the engines could be stopped had broken the after-bearing where the shaft passes out through the ship, and water was pouring in there into the tunnel (fifty or sixty feet in length) leading to the engine-room, along which the shaft passes. The well was sounded—about a foot of water was found, and preparations were at once made to get the pumps to work.

I must now recount a noble deed, which under other circumstances might well have earned a Victoria cross. The tunnel which I have just mentioned ended at the engine-room with a water-tight door in a so-called water-tight bulkhead. The chief engineer, knowing at once what had happened, and finding a large body of water coming out of the tunnel, called for volunteers to go with him up the tunnel and try to stop the leak. The danger was very great; the tunnel was already half-full of water, the rush of which was so strong that it was difficult to walk against it; and at the rate it was rising, it seemed almost impossible for men to get to the end of the tunnel and back again before it was full of water, in which case they must have been drowned. One man only responded to the appeal of the chief; and these two brave fellows, regardless of

everything but their duty, dashed into the tunnel, carrying blankets and ropes to secure over the leak. They actually got to the end of the tunnel and succeeded in placing the blankets over the hole; but before they could secure them, the rising water forced them back, just filling the tunnel as they were dashed back into the engine-room. Then, with great difficulty, the water-tight door was closed; and the fires not having been put out, though the water had nearly risen up to them, they were able to work a powerful steam-pump with which the vessel was fitted, soon reducing the water in the engine-room. The water-tight bulkhead was still leaking badly in several places, and it required all the skill of the chief engineer to make it sufficiently tight to prevent the water from gaining on the pumps inside the engine-room.

Abaft the engine-room the water was rapidly rising. Some of the passengers had been set to work at a hand-pump on deck; but being a poor pump, it was worked very hard with little result. We took the work in two gangs, twenty minutes off and on, and I found myself smoking my pipe between the spells with considerable comfort.

The well was sounded again, and five feet of water found in it. Shortly after this, the captain told me privately that there was no chance of saving the ship; and he was shortly going to give the order to prepare the boats for leaving her. This order was soon given; and then occurred the only sign of panic which I saw from first to last. Some of the crew, which was composed of men of several nationalities, made a dash at one of the boats, with the intention of getting away in her by themselves. The night was dark, the moon not having yet risen, so that they were not noticed for a minute or two; but when the mates found out what was going on, they bundled them out of the boat in no time.

About this time I had occasion to go through the saloon; the steward was there; and although he knew that orders had been given to leave the ship, he was busy dusting some glasses in a rack, and had evidently been round the saloon putting everything in perfect order, so that it might go to the bottom tidy! I suppose habit was second nature to him. On going out, I passed the cabin where the four children were peacefully sleeping. I could not help peeping in; but it was sad to look at the rosy cheeks and peaceful faces of the little ones, and to think what a small chance they had of surviving a long boat-cruise.

The vessel was well-found in boats, six in all — four large ones, and two light gigs. It was decided to use only the four large boats, as they would take us all; and we set to work to get them swung out and provisioned in a hurry. It was an exciting time. If the vessel had been sinking quickly, we should not have got one boat away. Nothing would work easily; the davits stuck for a long time, and resisted all our efforts to turn them; and the falls jammed in the blocks. Moreover, the boat I was told off to had been painted the day before, and was all over wet paint, which made it most difficult to handle her, besides leaving a reminder on one's garments. However, it was done at last; and tinned meat, biscuits, and water put into each boat. As to our water-cask, it was so rotten it could not hold water at all, and we had to content ourselves with filling a few bottles.

The captain then ordered the women and children and one sick man into the boat he was going to take charge of; and in they got, the boat still swinging at the davits. One old man brought all his heavy boxes from the cabin, and placed them beside the boat he was going in; and when told he could only take some wraps, he quietly dragged them back to his cabin.

Just as the order was going to be given for all to leave the ship, and even the man at the wheel had been called away, the chief engineer came on deck and said to the captain: "Don't you leave the ship, sir; I believe we can save her." He then explained that though the engine-room bulkhead had leaked considerably, he and his men had made it nearly tight, and what little water came into the engine-room was easily pumped out again; and though the water was still rising abaft the engine-room, it was not rising so fast as it did at first; and the vessel, in his opinion, was sure to float for some hours yet, if she could not be kept afloat altogether.

The captain consented to wait till daylight, and we men went back to the pumps, though the poor women and children were still kept swinging at the davits, the captain being afraid to take them out of the boats, for fear there would not be time to get them in again. But after about two hours of it, he let them come out.

The dreary night wore on. Cocoa, and once a drink of rum, was served out to the men at the pumps. When the rum came — a wineglassful to every two men — the man I shared with was a grimy stoker, and he had first drink; for a moment I

hesitated when my turn came; but the claims of exhausted nature were not to be denied.

The moon was up now. We got some sail on the vessel, and headed her for Madeira, which was about two hundred miles distant, and the wind fair. As far as we could see, no vessels were in sight; but some rockets were tried. Only one of them, however, went up, the rest being damp and useless.

Sunday morning broke at last. A sad Sunday! We anxiously scanned the horizon; there was not a sail in sight anywhere.

The bulkhead, which was keeping us up for the time being, was nearly amidships, but not quite, it being a little aft of that position, so not quite half the vessel was at the mercy of the leak.

Shortly after daylight there was a consultation in the captain's cabin as to what should be done. It was decided to take the hatches off, and throw over all the cargo abaft the engine-room that could be got at. There was a steam-winch available, and a derrick was soon rigged up. The cargo we could get at was all wool, in bales of about ten hundredweight each; and as bale after bale went over the side, we made a long wake of them, as they did not sink at once.

The weather still kept fairly fine; had it not been for this, we could not have taken off the hatches, as the after-part of the vessel was by this time rather low in the water, and we should in all probability have been unable to save the ship.

The steward had not neglected his duty, and had prepared as good a breakfast as he could manage; and mechanically we went to it, not that anybody had any real wish to go to breakfast, but as a matter of habit. It was an uncanny thing, also, to take a meal in a cabin which one felt almost sure would be at the bottom of the sea before the next meal-time came round. Yet, in we went, the captain taking the head of the table as usual; but he could eat nothing, and even his jovial ruddy face was much altered.

Shortly after breakfast, one of the sailors who was on the lookout cried "Sail ho!" We certainly saw what appeared to be a sail; but it disappeared and again appeared in a curious manner. Everybody brightened up at this news, particularly the poor women; but after careful examination through the glass, it turned out to be only some whales spouting.

Ten feet of water being in the hold by the afternoon, the stern of the vessel was very much lower in the water. Towards

evening, as the light was beginning to fade, we saw a steamer; but it was hull down, and we could only see its masts and funnel. We had an old carronade which had probable last been fired at the battle of the Nile. This was loaded, and with great difficulty fired; but it took such a long time, that the steamer was out of sight before it went off, and no result followed. We also tried one or two more rockets; but it was of no use.

Sunday night. All the cargo in the after-hold that could be got at had been thrown overboard; so, by way of using the steam-winch, a large cask was rigged up and lowered into the hold, filled with water, hoisted up, and tipped overboard. This could be done about twice a minute, and helped considerably to keep the water down. The stench from the hold added now to our discomforts, as the raw hides and wool began to ferment, owing to the action of the water combined with the heat of the weather. But that was a small matter.

And so the second night went on. The great ship looming against the star-lit sky with her dark square sails set on the foremast, her bows towering high above the sea, her stern nearly level with it, and three red lights on her foremast — signals of distress — looked like some huge monster out of a fairy tale stricken nigh unto death, but struggling on while life lasted.

There were some curious traits of character exhibited on the part of both crew and passengers, though most of them did their duty quietly and manfully. One man, a steerage passenger, took to his berth after the accident happened. When the second mate went to rouse him up and make him take his turn at the pumps, he said "he was not going to pump; he knew the vessel was going down, and he would die comfortable in his berth." In fact he was left there, as the mate had no time to waste over him. Another man armed himself with a revolver with the intention of shooting himself if the worst came to the worst, as he said he preferred shooting to drowning. The revolver was taken from him.

At half past three on Monday morning, just before the first glimmer of daylight appeared, we sighted another steamer. No rockets were left; but fortunately there was a Roman candle, and this was supplemented by a blue light. The vessel was about three miles away, and passing us at that distance. For about two minutes after the blue light had died out, we all strained our eyes in anxious silence; but the strange was keeping a good lookout,

and at the end of that time a bright light appeared from its deck for a moment; and then up into the clear sky shot a majestic rocket, and bursting at a great height, showered down its colored balls. I have seen many rockets, but never enjoyed the sight of one so much as I did then. A deep sigh of relief passed through all the assembled watchers; and almost immediately after, we could see all three of the steamer's lights, showing she was steering straight for us. She soon got alongside as nearly as she dared to come; and her captain having arranged to tow us to Madeira, distant about one hundred and ninety miles, if we could keep our vessel afloat, we were taken in tow. To manage this we had to lower one of our boats; and the trouble we had in getting that boat safely afloat gave us some idea of the difficulty and danger there would have been, in the state of the sea, in getting everybody safely away in the boats.

We had two more nights and days of pumping and bailing, the water still gradually gaining on us. Once or twice we managed to lower it an inch or two; but we soon lost the advantage we had gained. So matters went on. The last night, before we got in, I noticed that every now and then little dark shadows flitted across the deck, which I was at a loss to account for. The mystery was explained the next morning, for one of the children happening to go into the after-wheelhouse, which was not used in a general way, found nearly all the rats in the ship assembled there. They had forsaken the hold, either because they considered the risk of drowning was too great there, or possibly with some desperate hope of being able to leave the ship before she went down. We made a raid on them, and eleven rats came to an untimely end; "the rest they ran away."

Having sighted and passed the inhospitable island of Porto Santo, we arrived off the east end of Madeira. By this time there were fourteen feet of water in the after-hold, and the stern of the vessel was still lower in the water. There is a considerable race off the east end of the island, caused, I suppose, by unequal soundings; and the way the poor ship rolled in this broken water was sickening. She would make a heavy roll, say, to port, and then she would stop, and as the weight of water followed the roll, she would continue to roll the same way as before, till you felt sure she was going to capsize; then she would slowly right, and go through the same performance the other way. However, we soon got under

the lee of the island and into smooth water.

Our steamer had come from a South American port which the Portuguese are pleased to consider unhealthy. Though there was nobody ill on board, and the vessel had left that port some three weeks or more, she was obliged to hoist the yellow quarantine flag on nearing Madeira. As we passed the signal staff, a lot of little flags went up. I was standing by the captain at the time, and heard him mutter something in which the word "fools" was noticeable. I asked what the signal meant. The question asked was: "Are you in distress?" A brief "Yes" was the reply. Again up went the little flags from the station, and this time they said, "Do not anchor if you can help it;" and that because we were flying the yellow flag. These inhospitable Portuguese, rather than run the most remote risk of disease, would have allowed us to go to the bottom without any help. Our captain answered: "Must anchor, or beach her;" and shortly after, we did anchor. But not a soul was allowed on board to help us; and a guard was set over us, to prevent any of the passengers or crew from landing.

However, we got some help at last. The people of Madeira are noted for their powers of swimming and diving. No diving-dresses were to be had; but without them, we got two of the best divers to come off, and though not allowed to come on board, they were allowed to work outside the ship. They had two boats made fast astern, and they dived in turn, taking a header with a lump of oakum in one hand, and in the other a short thin piece of wood to drive in the oakum. They had a depth of twenty feet to dive to get to the leak, still each time they managed to drive in the lump of oakum before coming up; and after a time, they so far stopped the leak that the pumps began to gain on it. This was all that was wanted; and six hours after, the water was so far reduced that the engineers were able to get at the leak from the inside.

Two or three days longer we were kept prisoners on board a vessel that could not move; and then one of the huge Castle line of steamers came in, to which I joyfully transferred myself and luggage after a hearty good-bye to the captain and others.

Thus, by God's help, and the care and patient perseverance of the captain and his officers, not a life was lost or a person injured, and the good ship herself was kept afloat. Four days later I reached Plymouth.

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JUNE.

CHILDLIKE gladness comes with June,
Comes with grass and flowers,
Spreading leaves and birds in tune,
Bright morns, long twilight hours.

Showers upon the dusty road,
Subtle scent of summer —
Chestnut shadows, deep and broad,
For every toil-worn comer.

Affluent lilacs that perfume
The gardens and adorn them;
Snowy, lingering hawthorn bloom;
Gold of the laburnum.

Hedgerow weeds and grasses ank,
Hemlock, lords and ladies;
Stellaria, starring all the bank
Pools where pink milk-maidis.

Speedwell — summer sea as blue
By summer breezes furrowed —
Forget-me-nots, whose paler hue
From summer sky is borrowed.

And meadow-sweet, of all sweet smells
The one the townsmen love;
And with their spikes of hanging bells
The ranks of the foxglove.

Then, as June is ripening fast,
The wild rose crowns its glory,
And with the woodbine, end at last
The field-flowers' yearly story.

Summer days steal half the lights;
Night scarce yields to morning;
Golden twilight faintly light
The hours, till crimson dawning.

Oh, gentle air of summer night!
Oh, stillness of sweet night!
Oh, dim, mysterious, softened light
With rest for every creature.

The longest day must come, must pass,
The mower's arm is straining;
Before it falls the rippling grass —
Once more the year is waning.

The buttercup and sorrel ad,
That mimic autumn glow,
In sweet, long swaths lie brown and dead —
All told, their bright, brief story.

The corn-crake's song no longer yields
All day its quaint, strange pleasure,
No more its notes from grassy fields
The deep night-silence measure.

Alas, our spring and summer joy
With sadness mingles ever,
Our joy comes back with keen alloy,
So many loved come never!

Sunday Magazine.

JOHN HUTTON.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

How oft I've watched her footstep glide
Across th' enamelled plain,
And deemed she was the fairest bride
And I the fondest swain!
How oft with her I've cast me down
Beneath the odorous limes,
How oft have twined her daisy crown,
In the glad careless times!

By that old wicket ne'er we meet
Where still we met of yore,
But I have found another sweet
Beside the salt seashore:
With sea-daisies her locks I wreath,
With sea-grass bind her hands,
And salt and sharp's the air we breathe
Beside the long sea-sands!

Mine old true love had eyes of blue,
And *Willow*! was her song;
Sea-green her eyes, my lady new,
And of the East her tongue.
And she that's worsted in the strife,
A southland lass is she;
But she that's won — the Neuk o' Fife,
It is her ain countrie!

No more the old sweet words we call,
These kindly words of yore, —
"Over!" "Hard in!" "Leg-bye!" "No
ball!"

Ah, now we say "Two more!"
And of the "Like" and "Odd" we shout,
Till swains and maidens scoff;
"The fact is, Cricket's been bowled out
By that confounded Golf!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

A. LANG.

SONG: TO THE WINDS.

I.

FLING, oh, fling, ye winds of May,
Fragrance on my primrose bed;
Check the feet of hasty Day
With quiet hints of gold and red.

II.

Winds of summer, come and bring
Those dear songs that once I knew;
Keep me wakeful while you sing
All the night's long wonder through.

III.

Weave, ye autumn winds, and throw
Strange gray spells across the plain;
Teach the corn to catch the glow
Mixed of sunset and the rain.

IV.

Winds of winter, sleep, oh, sleep,
Lest you wake a happy past.
Sleep: for if you cease to weep,
I may also rest at last.

JOHN A. ALEXANDER.

English Illustrated Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.
DR. JOHNSON AS A RADICAL.

I HAPPENED to mention to a politician the other day my intention to write something on the Radical side of Dr. Johnson's character. "The Radical side!" he exclaimed; "you would require a microscope to discover it." As my friend belongs to that numerous class of men who talk confidently of Johnson without having first given themselves the trouble to read Boswell, I was not much moved by his opinion. I knew very well that from Johnson's writings and sayings it would be easy for me to gather more passages that have the true Radical ring than most people would find patience to read. I must admit that the very founder of modern Radicalism, Jeremy Bentham, failed to recognize in him a forerunner, though the two men, as I have but lately discovered, belonged to the same club—that City Club which met at the Queen's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard. "Johnson," Boswell records, "told Mr. Hoole that he wished to have a City Club, and asked him to collect one; but, said he, 'Don't let them be patriots.'" *Patriot*, it will be remembered, he defined in a late edition of his dictionary, as "a factious disturber of the government." Among the non-patriots who were thus gathered together was the founder of the Utilitarian philosophy, at that time about three-and-thirty years old, and still in politics a Tory. In his boyhood he had been so fortunate as to be present at the coronation of George III., and had described him as "a most beautiful person." Nay even, at an earlier time, by standing on tiptoe he had once to his ineffable delight caught sight of the top of the wig of his gracious Majesty George IV. It is some satisfaction to me to reflect that as one of my uncles, who died but a few years ago, knew Bentham, I am separated but by two steps from that august vision. All the Radical philosopher's loyal feelings had long passed away when in his old age he came to describe the City Club. The poet who collected it he spoke of as "Tasso Hoole, one of Dr. Johnson's lickspittles." Johnson himself he called "the miserable and misery-propagating ascetic and instrument of despot-

ism," "the pompous preacher of melancholy moralities." Yet the conversation might easily have taken such a turn as would have called forth a sentence, uttered "in the loud voice and with the slow, deliberate utterance," that would have scared the City Tories, and roused strange feelings in the future Radical leader. The talk might have fallen on slavery; a toast might have been called for, and Johnson might have startled "the very grave men" of London, as he had once startled "the very grave men" of Oxford, by drinking "to the next insurrection of the negroes in the West Indies." The talk might have fallen on Ireland, and Johnson might have exclaimed: "Let the authority of the English government perish rather than be maintained by iniquity." The talk might have fallen on the miserable state of the crofters in the Hebrides, and Johnson might have lamented that "the chiefs were gradually degenerating from patriarchal rulers to rapacious landlords;" and he might have gone on to repeat his suggestion that "the general good requires that the landlords be for a time restrained in their demands, and kept quiet by pensions proportionate to their loss." Had emigration been suggested as a measure of relief, he might have remarked that "to hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics. . . . It affords a legislator little self-applause to consider that where there was formerly an insurrection there is now a wilderness." The talk might have turned on the savage cruelty of the criminal law, in the reform of which Bentham was to gain one of his noblest triumphs, and Johnson might have lifted up his voice once more, as he had lifted it up thirty years earlier, against "the legal massacre" which takes place "on the days when the prisons of this city are emptied into the grave." He might once more have pointed out "that all but murderers have at their last hour the common sensations of mankind pleading in their favor. . . . They who would rejoice at the correction of a thief are yet shocked at the thought of destroying him. His crime

shrinks to nothing compared with his misery, and severity defeats itself by exciting pity." Bentham might have heard him take the part of the unhappy inmates of the debtors' prisons, and have felt the fire kindle within him as the old man said: "Let those whose writings form the opinions and the practices of their contemporaries endeavor to transfer the reproach of imprisonment from the debtor to the creditor, till universal infamy shall pursue the wretch whose wantonness of power, or revenge of disappointment, condemns another to torture and ruin; till he shall be hunted through the world as an enemy to man, and find in riches no shelter from contempt." Bentham might have been still further roused as he heard him maintain that "no scheme of policy has in any country yet brought the rich and poor on equal terms into courts of judicature."

In truth, there is no knowing what startling sentiments "the sensible, well-behaved company" which Boswell met at the Queen's Arms, under the shadow of the great cathedral, might have heard fall from Johnson's lips, had fortune only proved favorable. It was well observed of him by one who had known him long: "In general you may tell what the man to whom you are speaking will say next. This you can never do of Johnson." How astonished, for instance, must the foolish Yorkshire baronet have looked — long Sir Thomas Robinson — when, on his observing that certain laws, which were for the benefit of Ireland, might be prejudicial to the corn-trade of England, Johnson cried out: "Sir Thomas, you talk the language of a savage; what, sir, would you prevent any people from feeding themselves, if by any honest means they can do it?" It was this unexpectedness in his talk which gave it no small part of its interest. It was due not only to the great variety of ways in which he could regard and handle almost all questions, but also to the striking dissimilarities in his own character. Tory though he was, he was a man sprung from the people — not for one moment ashamed of his origin — to whom the people were ever dear; who made their happiness, and not the happiness of any one

class, his sole standard of good government. "Where a great proportion of the people," he said, "are suffered to languish in helpless misery, that country must be ill-policed and wretchedly governed; a decent provision for the poor is the true test of civilization." "The true state of every nation," he maintained at another time, "is the state of common life. . . . As the great mass of the people approach to delicacy a nation is refined; as their conveniences are multiplied, a nation, at least a commercial nation, must be denominated wealthy." "An English king," he wrote, "has no great right to quiet when his people are in misery."

He admitted the lawfulness of rebellion. "In no government," he maintained, "can power be abused long. Mankind will not bear it. If a sovereign oppresses his people to a great degree, they will rise up and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny that will keep us safe under every form of government." "If the abuse be enormous," he said on another occasion, "Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system." When he uttered these words he was not so very far removed from "the sacred right of insurrection" of the French republicans; nor did he need Boswell's father to teach him that the good which Cromwell did was that "he gart kings ken that they had a lith in their neck." To the danger of irresponsible power he was fully alive. "There are few minds," he wrote, "to which tyranny is not delightful; power is nothing but as it is felt, and the delight of superiority is proportionate to the resistance overcome." He judged much more indulgently of peoples than of rulers. "Governors," he said, "being accustomed to hear of more crimes than they can punish, and more wrongs than they can redress, set themselves at ease by indiscriminate negligence, and presently forget the request when they lose sight of the petitioner." So patient are the common people, that "the general story of mankind will evince that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. . . . Though men are drawn by their passions

into forgetfulness of invisible rewards and punishments, yet they are easily kept obedient to those who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is dissipated by such wickedness and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed." He attacked the system under which the governors of our colonies were appointed, and compared it with that of the French. "To be a bankrupt at home, or to be so infamously vicious that he cannot be decently protected in his own country, seldom recommends any man to the government of a French colony."

For kings he often shows no great respect. He laughs at "the attendant on a court, whose business is to watch the looks of a being weak and foolish as himself, and whose vanity is to recount the names of men who might drop into nothing and leave no vacuity." "Princes," he wrote, "are commonly the last by whom merit is distinguished." Speaking of Queen Mary, the wife of William III., he said: "Her character has hitherto had this great advantage that it has only been compared with that of kings." He defends monarchs against the reproach which had been cast on them that they show little care for posterity. "Are not pretenders, mock patriots, masquerades, operas, birthnights, treaties, conventions, reviews, drawing-rooms, the births of heirs and the deaths of queens, sufficient to overwhelm any capacity but that of a king?" "The acquisitions of kings," he says, "are always magnified." He accounts Frederick the Great fortunate in the difficulties of his youth. . . . Kings, without this help from temporary infelicity, see the world in a mist, which magnifies everything near them, and bounds their view to a narrow compass, which few are able to extend by the mere force of curiosity."

When Voltaire "censured Shakespeare's kings as not completely royal—thinking, perhaps, that decency was violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard," Johnson replied that "Shakespeare knew that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings." In a note on "The Winter's Tale," on a speech of

Leontes, king of Sicilia, in which he suggests that instead of "fact" we should read "pack," he says: "Pack is a low, coarse word, well suited to the rest of this royal invective." When Theobald, in a note on another passage in the same play, says that "it is certainly too gross and blunt in Paulina to call the king downright a fool," Johnson writes: "Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deserve much notice." When some one spoke to him of George the Third's neglect of Reynolds, he said he thought it a matter of little consequence. "His Majesty's neglect could never do Sir Joshua any prejudice; but it would reflect eternal disgrace on the king not to have employed Sir Joshua Reynolds."

Some of his political definitions might have excited the envy even of Cobbett or of O'Connell: "*Pension*. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country." "*Excise*. A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." "*Favorite*. A mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please."

He scoffs at "the little tyrants of the fields" as much as at the great tyrants of nations. He describes how "the pride which under the check of public observation would have been only vented among servants and domestics becomes in a country baronet the torment of a province, and instead of terminating in the destruction of china-ware and glasses, ruins tenants, dispossesses cottagers, and harnesses villages with actions of trespass and bills of indictment." He has a hope, though but a faint hope, that he may excite men of rank "to prefer books and manuscripts to equipage and luxury, and to forsake noise and diversion for the conversation of the learned and the satisfaction of extensive knowledge." Very curious is the account which Mme. d'Arblay gives of his treatment of Fulk Greville, the "superb Greville," a man "who was," she says, "generally looked up to as the finest gentleman about town." This glorious being had wished to meet Johnson; and Dr. Burney accordingly had invited the

two men to his house. Greville, to use Mme. d'Arblay's words —

took the field with the aristocratic armor of pedigree and distinction. Aloof, therefore, he kept from all; and assuming his most supercilious air of distant superiority, planted himself immovable as a noble statue upon the hearth, as if a stranger to the whole set. . . . Johnson remained silent, composedly at first and afterwards abstractedly . . . completely absorbed in silent rumination; sustaining nevertheless a grave and composed demeanor, with an air by no means wanting in dignity any more than in urbanity. Very unexpectedly, however, ere the evening closed, he showed himself alive to what surrounded him by one of those singular starts of vision that made him seem at times — though purblind to things in common and to things inanimate — gifted with an eye of instinct for espying any action or position that he thought merited reprehension; for all at once, looking fixedly on Mr. Greville, who, without much self-denial, the night being very cold, pertinaciously kept his station before the chimney-piece, he exclaimed: "If it were not for depriving the ladies of the fire, I should like to stand upon the hearth myself!" A smile gleamed upon every face at this pointed speech. Mr. Greville tried to smile himself, though faintly and scoffingly. He tried also to hold to his post . . . for two or three minutes he disdained to move, but the awkwardness of a general pause impelled him ere long to glide back to his chair; but he rang the bell with force as he passed it, to order his carriage. It is probable that Dr. Johnson had observed the high air and mien of Mr. Greville, and had purposely brought forth that remark to disenchant him from his self-consequence.

Wars and conquests Johnson hated with a hatred worthy of John Bright. "I would wish," he writes, "Cæsar and Catiline, Xerxes and Alexander, Charles and Peter, huddled together in obscurity or detestation." Clive he described as a man who, "loaded" as he was "with wealth and honors, had acquired his fortune by such crimes, that his consciousness of them impelled him to cut his own throat." Lord Macaulay places Clive's name "in the list of those who have done and suffered much for the happiness of mankind." Mr. Bright, speaking in 1862 of our government in India, said: "I have always described it as a piratical joint-stock company, beginning with Lord Clive and ending, as I now hope it has ended, with Lord Dalhousie." How much nearer to Johnson is the Radical orator than the Whig historian! How the grand old Quaker would have applauded him when he maintained "that the martial character cannot prevail in a whole people

but by the diminution of all other virtues!"

No less would he have praised his assertion that "among the calamities of war may be justly numbered the diminution of the love of truth by the falsehoods which interest dictates and credulity encourages. A peace will equally leave the warrior and relater of wars destitute of employment; and I know not whether more is to be dreaded from streets filled with soldiers accustomed to plunder, or from garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie." Johnson describes in a fable a mother vulture telling her little one, who had been watching a battle, that "man is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species." He scoffs at "the feudal gabble" of the great Earl of Chatham, who wished to plunge the nation into war for the possession of Falkland's Island — "a bleak and gloomy solitude, an island thrown aside from human use; stormy in winter and barren in summer; an island which not the southern savages have dignified with habitation. . . . This is the country," he continues, "of which we have now possession, and of which a numerous party pretends to wish that we had murdered thousands for the titular sovereignty" — "murdered," that is to say, in a war with Spain.

Had I space, I would quote the splendid passage in his "Falkland's Island," in which he attacks "the coolness and indifference with which the greater part of mankind see war commenced," and teaches us that "the life of a modern soldier is ill-represented by heroic fiction." What a contrast to his hatred of war do we find in the pages of an early number of the great Whig review — the review of Jeffrey and Brougham, of Sydney Smith and Francis Horner.

The evils of increasing capital [writes the reviewer], like the evils of increasing population, are felt long before the case has become extreme, and a nation, it may be observed, is much more likely (at least in the present state of commercial policy) to suffer from increasing wealth than from increasing numbers of people. Are there no checks provided by the constitution of human nature and the construction of civil society for the one as well as for the other of these evils? Mr. Malthus has pointed out the manner in which the principle of population is counteracted, and we apprehend that causes nearly analogous will be found to check the progressive increase of capital. Luxurious living and other kinds of unnecessary expenditure — above all, political expenses, and chiefly the expenses of war — appear to us to furnish those necessary checks

to the indefinite augmentation of wealth, which there was reason *a priori* to suppose would be somewhere provided by the wise regulations of Nature.

This passage was written at a time when from bad harvests, war taxes, and corn-laws, the people were on the brink of starvation. Johnson would have upbraided it as even more the language of a savage than the talk of long Sir Thomas Robinson.

Should prolonged wars and extravagance have piled up the national debt, he was not troubled by Hume's fears that "inevitable ruin" must follow. "It was," he said, "an idle dream to suppose that the country could sink under the debt. Let the public creditors be ever so clamorous, the interest of millions must ever prevail over that of thousands." In other words, if the debt threatened to overwhelm the State, repudiation, partial or complete, must follow.

Writing about the approaching coronation of George III., he expresses the hope "that the number of foot-soldiers will be diminished, since it cannot but offend every Englishman to see troops of soldiers placed between him and his sovereign, as if they were the most honorable of the people, or the king required guards to secure his person from his subjects. As their station makes them think themselves important, their insolence is always such as may be expected from servile authority; and the impatience of the people under such immediate oppression always produces quarrels, tumults, and mischief." In one of his "Idlers" he introduces "the second son of a gentleman whose estate was barely sufficient to support himself and his heir in the dignity of killing game;" the young man had, therefore, gone into the army. "I passed," he writes, "some years in the most contemptible of all human stations—that of a soldier in time of peace."

Cobden, in his pamphlets on our wars with Burmah, has not spoken more strongly against the annexation of that part of the Eastern peninsula than Johnson always spoke against conquest in every part of the globe. "I do not much wish well to discoveries," he said; "for I am always afraid they will end in conquest and robbery. To find a new country and to invade it has always been the same." Of Christopher Columbus he said that "no part of the world has yet had reason to rejoice that he found at last reception [at the court of Spain] and employment. In the same year, in a year hitherto disastrous

to mankind, by the Portuguese was discovered the passage of the Indies, and by the Spaniards the coast of America." It "was with great emotion," Boswell tells us, that he exclaimed, "I love the University of Salamanca; for when the Spaniards were in doubt as to the lawfulness of their conquering America, the University of Salamanca gave it as their opinion that it was not lawful." The war between the English and the French in America he looked upon as a contest in which "no honest man can heartily wish success to either party. . . . It is only the quarrel of two robbers for the spoils of a passenger." He introduces in a tale an Indian chief bidding his countrymen "remember that the death of every European delivers the country from a tyrant and a robber," and this he published when the story of Wolfe's conquest at Quebec was but a fortnight old, and the church-bells, to use Horace Walpole's striking words, "were worn threadbare with ringing for victories." Of the colonies, such as Pennsylvania, that were established "on the fairest terms," he says that "they have no other merit than that of a scrivener who ruins in silence over a plunderer that seizes by force." Of the cessions that were said to have been made by the princes of the North American nations he writes: "There is no great malignity in suspecting that those who have robbed have also lied." How far he would have been from reproaching any one of his fellow-subjects, even "a black man," for his color he shows by his assertion that "it is ridiculous to imagine that the friendship of nations, whether civil or barbarous, can be gained and kept but by kind treatment; and surely they who intrude uncalled upon the country of a distant people ought to consider the natives as worthy of common kindness, and content themselves to rob without insulting them."

He was hopeful of better times to come. "There is reason to expect that, as the world is more enlightened, policy and morality will at last be reconciled, and that nations will learn not to do what they would not suffer." He seems almost to anticipate "the parliament of man, the federation of the world," of the poet; for in his writings we come across such expressions as "the universal league of social beings," "the great republic of human nature," "the great republic of humanity," against which "it is not easy to commit more atrocious treason than by falsifying its records, and misguiding its decrees." Against wreckers, on whatever

coast they may be found, he proposes "a general insurrection of all social beings."

For Ireland he always had a strong feeling of pity. "The Irish," he said, "are in a most unnatural state, for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority." He praises Swift in that "he delivered Ireland from plunder and oppression, and showed that wit, confederated with truth, had such force as authority was unable to resist. . . . Swift," he continues, "taught the Irish first to know their own interest, their weight, and their strength, and gave them spirit to assert that equality with their fellow-subjects to which they have ever since been making vigorous advances, and to claim those rights which they have at last established." When the Irish patriot, Dr. Lucas, had to flee from his country to escape the imprisonment with which he was threatened, "in the common hall of the prisons among the felons," Johnson wrote: "Let the man thus driven into exile for having been the friend of his country be received in every other place as a confessor of liberty, and let the tools of power be taught in time that they may rob but cannot impoverish." He points out that "no oppression is so heavy or lasting as that which is inflicted by the perversion and exorbitance of legal authority. . . . When plunder bears the name of impost, and murder is perpetrated by a judicial sentence, fortitude is intimidated, and wisdom confounded; resistance shrinks from an alliance with rebellion, and the villain remains secure in the robes of the magistrate." The sight of the wretched hovels in the Hebrides—"a heap of loose stones and turf in a cavity between rocks, where a being, born with all those powers which education expands, and all those sensations which culture refines, is condemned to shelter itself from the wind and rain"—the sight of such abodes of squalor moved Johnson to write:—

That . . . , which some may call fortitude and others wisdom, was, I believe, for a long time to be very frequently found in these dens of poverty; every man was content to live like his neighbors, and never wandering from home saw no mode of life preferable to his own, except at the house of the laird, or the laird's nearest relations, whom he considered as a superior order of beings, to whose luxuries or honors he had no pretensions. But the end of this reverence and submission seems now approaching; the Highlanders have learned that there are countries less bleak and barren than their own, where, instead of working for the laird, every man may till his own ground, and eat the produce of his own labor.

Slavery at all times roused his deepest indignation,—"the most calamitous estate in human life," he called it—"a state which has always been found so destructive to virtue that in many languages a slave and a thief are expressed by the same word." In our war with our American colonies he proposed that "the slaves should be set free and furnished with fire-arms for defence . . . settled in some simple form of government within the country, they may be more grateful and honest than their masters." This scheme shocked the caution of Edmund Burke. "Slaves," Burke said, "are often much attached to their masters. A general wild offer of liberty would not always be accepted. History furnishes a few instances of it. It is sometimes as hard to persuade slaves to be free as it is to compel free men to be slaves; and in this auspicious scheme we should have both these pleasing tasks on our hands at once." Of fugitive negroes Johnson wrote that "they asserted their natural right to liberty and independence." Jamaica he described as "a place of great wealth and dreadful wickedness, a den of tyrants and a dungeon of slaves."

No man was more eager for general education. "He that voluntarily continues ignorance is guilty," he asserts, "of all the crimes which ignorance produces. . . . The efficacy of ignorance," he continues, "has been long tried, and has not produced the consequence expected. Let knowledge, therefore, take its turn." He shows why it is that education is dreaded by a ruling race. "It is found that ignorance is most easily kept in subjection, and that by enlightening the mind with truth fraud and usurpation would be made less practicable and less secure." There were men who maintained "that those who are born to poverty and drudgery should not be deprived by an improper education of the opiate of ignorance." But he replied, even if this be granted, we have first to determine "who are those that are born to poverty. To entail irreversible poverty upon generation after generation only because the ancestor happened to be poor is in itself cruel, if not unjust."

To him might justly be applied the words which he used of *Savage*: "He has asserted the natural equality of mankind, and endeavored to suppress that pride which inclines men to imagine that right is the consequence of power." One who knew him well described him as a man who "supported his philosophical character with dignity, was extremely jealous of

his personal liberty and independence, and could not brook the smallest appearance of neglect or insult even from the highest personages."

Few men held more strongly to the faith that

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Few men more steadily maintained that, however high the dignities may be, nevertheless

The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

From him may be learnt the danger which the Radical runs when he mixes with the great. He warns his readers against "that cowardice which always encroaches fast upon such as spend their lives in the company of persons higher than themselves." "Such," he says, "is the state of the world, that the most obsequious of the slaves of pride, the most rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the most officious of the whisperers of greatness, are collected from seminaries appropriated to the study of wisdom and of virtue, where it was intended that appetite should learn to be content with little, and that hope should aspire only to honors which no human power can give or take away." "Such," writes Boswell, "was his inflexible dignity of character, that he could not stoop to court the great." "No man," he adds, "had a higher notion of the dignity of literature, or was more determined in maintaining the respect which he justly considered as due to it." This Boswell exemplifies by the following anecdote: "Goldsmith, in his diverting simplicity, complained one day, in a mixed company, of Lord Camden. 'I met him,' said he, 'at Lord Clare's house in the country, and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man.' The company having laughed heartily, Johnson stood forth in defence of his friend. 'Nay, gentlemen,' said he, 'Dr. Goldsmith is in the right. A nobleman ought to have made up to such a man as Goldsmith; and I think it is much against Lord Camden that he neglected him.'" His letter to Lord Chesterfield—to Chesterfield, the great nobleman, the statesman, "the most distinguished orator in the Upper House, and the undisputed sovereign of wit and fashion"—has surely the true Radical ring. He carried his Radicalism to the family hearth. "A father," he maintained, "had no right to control the inclinations of his daughters in marriage." Writing of those who were despotic in their dis-

posal of the hands of their daughters, he says: "It may be urged, in extenuation of this crime, which parents, not in any other respect to be numbered with robbers and assassins, frequently commit, that in their estimation riches and happiness are equivalent terms."

It may be objected that in applying the term *Radicalism* to the age of Johnson, I am as much the father of an anachronism as ever Mr. Caxton was when his son was christened Peisistratus. I am supported, however, by the reflection that Johnson himself, in contempt of all recognized systems of chronology, applied the term *Whig* to a very early period indeed in the world's history. "The first Whig," he said, "was the Devil." Whiggism, therefore, is of far greater antiquity than its name, and so is Radicalism. At all events, for want of a better word, I must use it to describe that strongly marked vein which, as the passages that I have thus brought together show, under-ran "his High Church of England and monarchical principles." It is shown, moreover, in the whole conduct of his life; in his steady and bold assertion of the high merits and claim to respect of the awkward son of the bankrupt country bookseller, even in the midst of his greatest poverty and surrounded by the highest society. It is shown in the indignation with which in his college days he threw away the pair of new shoes which some unknown friend had set at his door. It is shown in his letter to Lord Chesterfield; in the pride with which he brought out his great Dictionary: "I deliver it to the world," he said in his preface, "with the spirit of a man that has endeavored well;" in his assertion that "the chief glory of every nation arises," not from its kings, its nobles, its statesmen, its warriors, but from the class to which he himself belonged—"its authors." It is shown from the beginning to the end of his interview with the king, in his never failing for one moment even before Majesty in the respect which he owed to himself. It is shown in that "blunt dignity which there was about him on every occasion;" in that fact which was found so remarkable by one who had seen so small variety of men, that however meagre might be his surroundings in his home, "no external circumstances ever prompted him to make any apology, or to seem even sensible of their existence." It is shown in the timid care with which his society was shunned by "great lords and great ladies"—a class which does not "love to have their

mouths stopped." It is shown in the proud way in which he always acted up to his own noble words: "He that lives well cannot be despised."

GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A FOOL'S TASK.

The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of a fool.
Shakespeare.

CHAPTER I.

THE TORN LETTER.

"WE have very little sunshine in these days, and what we have is not worth much," said Nat Pepsley, when he stood on the wooden bridge which crossed Lazy Beck, as people called the sluggish stream which flowed through Garside Wood.

Lazy Beck could scarcely be said to flow. In Nat Pepsley's language, "It just shuffled along as if it meant to come back again, and did not care to go too far."

Nat communicated his opinions to the empty air, because he had no companions who had patience enough to listen while he spoke. The boys simply made fun of him, and upgrown people told him not to make a fool of himself. He was troubled with fits—that was all he had to say about his own maladies and deficiencies; but the people in the neighborhood said he was "not all there," or they expressed their opinions with more brevity and emphasis by calling him an idiot.

"Who is soft?" asked the rude boys when they saw Nat in the street. "Who hasn't all his buttons on? Who has a slate loose?"

Nat did not become enraged, but he replied,—

"My mother says everybody's soft who makes fun of people who have fits."

This was received with merriment by the young tormentors. Then perhaps one of them would propose a question in arithmetic to Nat—something requiring considerable skill at calculation; but after a few moments' thought the answer was invariably given correctly.

"Wrong!" was the common exclamation on such occasions.

This imputation seemed to pain Nat more than any of the names by which he was called, and he would walk away, to find a retreat in the woods, and talk about the insanity of people in general.

Nat Pepsley looked like a boy, but he was a man in years. His development,

mental and physical, had been retarded, all except his powers of calculation, and they were extraordinary. He could play draughts also better than anybody in Frewston. Men did not care to play with him because he invariably beat them; and he did not care to play with boys because they cheated and treated him roughly after their defeat.

Frewston was a manufacturing village in Yorkshire. Nearly all the workers were employed at the large mills of Bastow & Borcliffe. Nat Pepsley had often tried to obtain a situation there, but his fits were an insuperable difficulty, and his time was spent wandering about and making strange calculations concerning anything which came under his observation. He liked the summer, when he could lie in the woods and gaze at the myriads of leaves upon the trees and form an opinion about the number in Garside Wood alone. Then he thought about other woods, until his brain began to reel under the mighty pile of figures which he erected. In winter, if snow was on the ground, he troubled himself with the flakes, and tried to form an opinion about the quantity which were required to drape Garside Wood in white.

Winter, before the snow came, was a dreary time to Nat; and he had an objection to wet murky weeks in November and December, which saner people have also felt.

"Why isn't it sunshiny?" he asked, looking at the dull sky. "Why doesn't it snow?" he continued, turning his attention to the clammy earth. "It ought to be summer this morning and winter to-night, that is what it ought to be; and then when we have had enough of it there should be a change—winter some night and summer next morning."

But there was one task which Nat was able to perform during that distasteful season which he said was neither cooked nor raw, but was like a green apple. (His powers of metaphor were manifestly inferior to his arithmetic.) He could stand on the wooden bridge and try to estimate how long it would take the water of Lazy Beck to reach London.

"I believe that water has fits," he said, "and never gets out of them properly. Out of one into another, just like me when my mother cries and my father smokes twice as much bacca as usual."

Somebody had told Nat that smoking was good for fits, but neither his mother nor father was of that opinion. They were afraid he would set himself on fire, and they refused to allow him to follow

his inclination, which set in strongly towards tobacco. But there were people in Frewston who were prepared to ascribe all possible virtues to a pipe of tobacco, a glass of beer, or a pinch of snuff. Men who enjoyed their pipe liked to think that they were performing a beneficial act as well as taking their pleasure. There were old women, too, in Frewston, who said they could not breathe unless they smoked at least four pipes a day. In a community like that Nat was able to provide himself with the prohibited weed. It had to be earned, of course, by task work in connection with elaborate calculations.

"Tell me how many minutes I have lived and thou shalt fill thy pipe," was a form of challenge which Nat often heard. He obtained the exact age of the person, and then in a short time gave his answer. The tobacco was always forthcoming, and Nat made off to some quiet nook where he could enjoy it. There was a danger that in the minds of Frewston people great skill at calculation might be associated with general imbecility, especially if Nat asked which end of a match it was that gave the light when it was struck, and then gazed on the sulphur as if he was afraid he should forget his instructions.

When Nat thought about his father smoking twice as much tobacco as usual, he was reminded that he had in his pocket a pipe ready filled, and he decided that his best plan was to find a cosy place and enjoy himself. It was the month of December, but no snow had fallen, and the country had a cheerless look.

"It's just like having a pipe and no bacca, or bacca and no pipe," said Nat, looking round, "or like a match with two wrong ends."

People sometimes gave him matches which would only strike on the box, and when he had not the necessary box, or did not know that it was needful, he experienced many disappointments, and said both ends of such matches were wrong.

But he knew where he could make himself comfortable. There was the trunk of an old tree not far from the bridge; this trunk was hollow, but it was overgrown with ivy. Within the cavity which time had wrought Nat often sat, screened from observation by the ivy, and there he smoked his pipe in peace. He had dry stones inside on which he struck his matches; and he had an old draught-board upon which he played many games

with imaginary opponents. To his surprise he was often beaten, but he took his defeats in good part, saying, "Nat can beat Nat, but nobody else can, not even people who have no fits."

When he had ensconced himself in his retreat, and had overcome that immense difficulty which getting a light always presented to him, and was puffing away at his pipe in a manner which was quite as rational as that of any smoker in Frewston, he became conscious that somebody had taken the place which he had recently vacated on the bridge.

A young man was gazing intently at the slowly moving stream. He leaned upon the rail and seemed absorbed in thought.

"I know what he is doing," said Nat; "he is reckoning how long it would take the Lazy Beck to reach London."

Then the young man drew a paper from his pocket.

"He's going to do it like schoolboys do their sums," was Nat's next comment, in a very disdainful tone.

But Nat was wrong. No pencil made its appearance. The young man read the paper several times, and then tore it in two. The pieces were torn again and again, until a handful of small fragments remained. These were thrown down with violence into the stream below, and the young man leaned upon the rail again, and watched them slowly drift away.

"Sixty-four pieces, I should say," Nat remarked, "if he tore them fairly every time, and in an hour they will be at Fumby Corner."

The young man stood there a long time, utterly ignorant of the watchful eyes which were upon him. Then he left the bridge and walked slowly towards the highway.

Nat finished his pipe, and filled it again from a small store of tobacco which he had in the tree. Then, when he thought an hour had elapsed, he made his way to Fumby Corner, and waited patiently for the fragments of paper. Fifty bits came down the stream, and these he secured; then he went along the bank, and found various portions which had been stopped by overhanging weeds and branches.

"I think I have them all," he said, when he reached the bridge. "Now I'll have another pipe, and see what they are written about. Lazy Beck, I feel sure."

In a few minutes he was snugly ensconced once more in the hollow of the tree.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSING YOUTH.

PEOPLE whose children were "right and tight, and had not a flaw in them," to use an expression which was common at Frewston, were in the habit of wondering how it happened that fathers and mothers like Silas and Betty Pepsley doted so much on a half-witted son like Nat.

"It's very wonderful, it is indeed," said Susan Midgebout. "If Nat had been mine, I think I should have asked the Lord to take him."

Susan always wore a nightcap, and was one of the Frewston women who could not breathe unless they smoked at least four pipes of tobacco every day. If anything very interesting was astir, Susan smoked a dozen pipes, if she smoked one. She was a little woman, not very old, but supposed to have seen more and thought more than her neighbors. Her husband at one time was given to wandering, and she had lived with him in several towns — not only Yorkshire towns, but some in Lancashire. It helped to close a discussion between Susan and any of her neighbors who would not accept her word as final, when she mentioned something which happened at Leeds or Manchester, and which seemed to bear upon the question.

The verdict of the Frewston gossips was, "Those who stay at home have the easiest times, but those who go away have the most experience." This was intended to cast the vote in Susan's favor, but also to hint that people who had not been great travellers had enjoyed a compensation by remaining at a happy place like Frewston. Susan did not object to this. She was ready to sigh and look thoughtful, as if her mind was dwelling upon the manifold perils through which she had passed. Susan had a kind heart; and it is safe to surmise that if Nat Pepsley had been her son she would have been as fond of him as his own mother was. But there was a tendency to agree with what she said about the matter, and to express astonishment that Silas and Betty Pepsley did not want "the Lord to take their son."

"Nat is all for catching birds," said Ann Gowden, a loosely built woman, whose clothes always seemed too large for her. The great task of her life was to fasten her hair with a dilapidated back-comb, which was continually coming out and letting the hair down again.

"A bit of his birdlime on that comb would be an improvement," said Eunice

Kirk, a thin, sharp woman, who looked as if her clothes had been put on as a permanency, they fitted her so closely, and were so neat and orderly.

Ann Gowden was not quick at taking offence, but she pushed up her recreant hair and stuck in the broken comb without remark.

Betty Pepsley was not a gossip. In small places like Frewston people are in the habit of accepting calamities as if they were crosses which must be borne in comparative silence all the life long. If a child came into the world with any deformity, it was looked upon as a kind of judgment; and the parents of the child felt that henceforth they must move among their fellows at a disadvantage. But Nat Pepsley's deficiencies manifested themselves gradually, and it was only as the years went by that his father and mother felt their misfortune; then they quietly withdrew from the society of their neighbors, and became more and more devoted to their half-imbecile son. Susan Midgebout, who had lived in cosmopolitan places like Leeds and Manchester, where people did not appear to take troubles of that sort to heart so much, was inclined to question the propriety of Betty having so little to say to her neighbors. But this was an innovation from the outer world which Frewston women could not accept. Susan, however, puffed at her pipe, and said there were single streets in Leeds or Manchester which would hold all Frewston, without anybody being particularly crowded. The remark scarcely bore upon the subject in dispute, but it was not without its awe-inspiring influence upon those who heard it.

There was a proverb in Frewston which related to children, and had reference to their wandering proclivities. "Meal-times and bed-times bring them home," said the easy-going mothers when Tommy or Polly was out of sight. As a rule, the proverb was correct enough, and the wayward ones came back from their various rambles when the voice of nature cried for food or rest.

But, as Silas Pepsley said, "Proverbs don't make things true, they only tell you what generally happens; and if things are contrary, you cannot put them straight by talking proverbs to them."

Nat Pepsley had not returned one day to his dinner, and he had not returned to his tea, and, worst of all, he had not returned when bed-time came.

It was the week before Christmas when this happened, and the snow, which had

seemed to keep back so unreasonably long, appeared to be making up for lost time; it fell without intermission, and lay thick and white upon the earth.

Nat was not always as mindful of regular meal-times as the young people who had no infirmity of mind, but he had never before absented himself from home all night. Many were the questions which had to be answered by the boys who were known to be among Nat's chief tormentors. They declared, one and all, that they had not seen "Softy," to use their favorite nickname.

George Cawlishaw was generally called a "rip." He was the leader in most of the mischief which took place among the rising race, and he had often made Nat cry; so the thoughts of most people turned to George, and it was expected that he would be able to throw some light upon the mystery. But he declared that he had not seen Nat for two or three days. George was red-headed and had a pug nose, which did not add to his beauty. He had large, strong teeth also, and could break a nail with them, a feat which he was fond of performing. He felt honored when he knew that he was singled out as the most likely boy to have caused Nat's disappearance; being only about thirteen years old, he felt that importance was thrust upon him early in life.

"I seed him near the Packhorse," said George. "'And what have you gotten in your hand?' I asked. 'Birdlime,' he said. 'Let me look at it,' says I, and off he goes like anything, and I couldn't catch him because he went over walls, and nobody can catch him over walls when he gets a start."

"What did you want to catch him for?" somebody asked, who saw that George could not be proved guilty of the fault which was first laid to his charge, but who perceived how another offence might possibly be brought home to him.

"Yes, what did thou want to catch him for?" asked other neighbors, who knew quite well that almost every boy in the village had done the same thing times innumerable. But the public conscience seems to wake up when there is an event out of the common, and people become inconveniently exacting all at once.

George made no reply, but took to his heels and sought the security of his own home. Heads were shaken after his summary departure, and the opinion was expressed that poor Nat Pepsley was not the only one who might have died in his cradle with advantage to his friends.

After George had gone the conversation turned again upon the extraordinary fondness of Silas and Betty for their afflicted son.

"I shouldn't like Nat to disappear and never turn up again," said Ann Gowden, fastening her hair for the third time within half an hour.

"Who, said you would?" asked Eunice Kirk sharply, as if Ann's remark had intimated that other people were short of feeling. Eunice invariably took Ann up if there was an opportunity; but Ann was one of those good-natured people who have a vague idea that they are faulty in some respects, and must submit as patiently as possible to the censures and corrections of their neighbors.

Susan Midgebout came to the rescue, by telling what had happened in Manchester when she lived there. It was about a disappearance, and the impression made upon the hearers was that it is as common a thing for people to disappear from Manchester as to remain at home.

"But Frewston is very different," Eunice Kirk remarked, "and I am glad it is. What would be the good of living here if we were no better off than they are in big towns, where they have gas-lamps in every street and policemen walking up and down?"

Eunice had a way of coming down heavily upon people who differed from her, and though there was a general idea that she was wrong in many of her opinions, yet it was known by experience that nothing pleasant came out of controversy with her; so the gossips took the opportunity of adjourning to their several homes, or they walked as far as the cottage where the Pepsleys lived.

Betty Pepsley looked like a person who had suffered a great deal. She always wore black, and that was singular in a place like Frewston; but many years before she had had occasion to go into mourning for her mother, and had never worn garments of any other color since. She spoke but few words, and had a habit of placing her left hand upon her mouth when anybody addressed her. Silas, her husband, had the appearance of a man who knew that life could not turn out very well for him, but who cared very little about that; he usually had both hands in his pockets when he was not working, and he shook his head a good deal, as if he was passing silent verdicts upon the condition of society.

Silas worked at Bastow & Borcliffe's,

and had worked there all his life. He was a steady, industrious man, and was trusted by his employers, but since Nat's disappearance he had not been near the mill. He had worn himself out ranging about the country. He was in the cottage, however, when the gossips entered. Betty placed her hand on her mouth and shook her head when she was asked whether anything had been heard or not; but Silas, with both hands in his pockets, said, "The lad will not be found here, and if you people want to help you will go and look for him."

Thus rebuked, the gossips beat a speedy retreat.

CHAPTER III.

THE COMING MEN.

It was sometimes said that Frewston people worshipped the names of Bastow and Borcliffe. This, however, was the sarcastic remark of outsiders, such as the men and women of Northbridge and Harding, where there were only third rate mills. The Frewston people themselves repudiated the charge, and ascribed it to the ignorance and envy of those who would have been thankful to find employment with a firm where short time was unknown and wages were good.

The founders of the firm were dead. John Bastow and James Borcliffe had started life in humble circumstances, but by their energy and enterprise they had established a business which was second to none in the district. Their children did not follow in their footsteps; the plain living and hard work of the seniors was not relished by the next generation. What the founders had looked after themselves the sons left to trustworthy servants. But still the business flourished, and the old names were revered by the common people.

There were both Bastows and Borcliffes, however, at Frewston who were not partners in the firm. They were descended from brothers or cousins of the founders, and enjoyed a kind of reflected glory, but they were servants, and some of them did not occupy positions of great importance. If any of these Bastows or Borcliffes manifested unusual ability they were sure to be promoted; and many of the foremen and chiefs of departments rejoiced in the names by which the proprietors were distinguished, and perhaps rejoiced in kinship with the great people. There were dissatisfied men and women even in Frewston. Some of them, who had never made

any advance in social position, but who had gone on from year to year without enterprise or effort, were fond of laying the blame upon their names.

"If I happened to be called Bastow instead of Pickles I should not be messing about doing odd jobs." A remark like that might often be heard in the kitchen of the Packhorse.

"And if I happened to be called Borcliffe instead of Chowt I shouldn't be a carter," was a common reply.

That was not a fair criticism, because there were both Bastows and Borcliffes who were among the poorest people in Frewston. If Sydney Bastow had risen from the ranks, it was because of his ability and industry; and if Fred Borcliffe had come to the front, it was because he had striven to qualify himself for a post of honor.

Frewston was a place to stimulate ambition. On the hillsides all around were mansions which had been built by Bastows and Borcliffes, or by those who had married daughters of the families. Perhaps the owners were often away, in London or on the Continent, but the houses were there, like monuments which testified to the possibility of self-help. They had been built out of Frewston Mill, and the mill had been started by two poor men. It was generally understood that times had changed, and that people could not accumulate fortunes as readily as was done fifty years before, but there were sanguine exceptions to the rule — men who said the sea contained as good fish as ever were caught, and that the world became no worse when it became older.

Sydney Bastow and Fred Borcliffe were sometimes called the "coming men" by these people in Frewston, who had no objection to a : : : : : names to the prominent features of a village.

"Those two will be heard about," said the local prophets. "It is in them to make a noise, and what's in a man comes out one way or another."

If such remarks were made in the hearing of persons who had no admiration or good wishes for Sydney and Fred, there was a reply to the effect that high climbing and far falling often went together.

Sydney and Fred were distant kinsmen of the Bastows and the Borcliffes, as it was customary to distinguish the individuals who not only enjoyed the family names, but shared the fortune which made the names famous. Sydney was in the office, and was looked upon as the man

who had the financial affairs of Frewston Mill at his fingers' ends. Fred's tastes had led him to pay attention to the manufacturing part of the business, and he was credited with having made improvements in machinery which saved considerable sums in the production of woollens, and placed the firm in a good position for competing with their rivals in the markets of the world.

There was one man in Frewston who was looked upon as the wit of the place, and whose remarks were constantly quoted by his neighbors; this was Amos Pulp, an excellent singer, and, what was more surprising in the opinion of his admirers, "a chap who made his songs out of his own head—songs about anybody or anything—and sung them, too, just as if somebody else had made them." It was difficult to say how Pulp lived. Perhaps the fact that his wife and children all went to the mill might explain the mystery; but certain it was that Amos himself did not work. He was a bright and shining light at the Packhorse, and he said he was never so happy as when he was making others happy, which really meant when he was drinking at his friends' expense, and making sport for them in return for their generosity.

Amos Pulp said that people who get on in the world are either wolves or foxes; and in his opinion Fred Borcliffe was a wolf, and Sydney Bastow was a fox.

As the frequent customers at the Packhorse were not in any danger of getting on in the world, it commonly happened that this opinion was favorably received without any careful investigation. Perhaps there was a little doubt about the application of the principle. Was Fred a wolf, and was Sydney a fox? Amos could call witnesses to testify that Fred Borcliffe was impatient and overbearing towards his men. Then he asked, "Is not Sydney Bastow fair and pleasant with everybody?" Could anything more be required to prove the point? If so, Amos would sing a song about the wolf and the fox.

This song represented the wolf and fox going into partnership, and deciding that between them they would conquer the world. The wolf was to use his teeth and the fox his tongue. By force and cunning they managed to exterminate all the animals in the district where they lived; then they quarrelled, and the wolf killed the fox and ate him, but the fox's tongue stuck in the wolf's throat with fatal results. The wolf's dying words were—

I don't know which of us wins.

I killed the fox, I say;

I killed him for his sins,

And now the price I pay;

For the fox's tongue will stop my breath

And doom me to an untimely death—

And doom me to an untimely death!

Who could argue against a song? It was far easier to express admiration of the singer than to venture into the stormy sea of criticism; so the glasses were filled again, and Amos was encored.

"Amos ought to write a book, he ought indeed," said the toppers; "he would make his fortune. Everybody in Frewston would buy it."

Everything contained in this statement was received with perfect unanimity.

Sydney and Fred were about the same age; they had been schoolfellows together, and had risen in their different departments with equal rapidity. But they had never been companions, and it was rumored among the people that there was no love lost between them.

"They both mean to get to the top," said the gossips, "and they seem to think there is room for only one there."

"I think Fred Borcliffe will win," was a remark often heard; "he has his head full of machinery, and machinery's the thing in these days. They say Sydney is wonderful at books and figures, but what are books and figures? Amos Pulp could write a book, and as to figures, Nat Pepsley can do more with them than anybody in Frewston—a good deal more than Sydney Bastow can."

"But there's Miss Alice Ventnor."

This was a remark made by one who believed in Sydney's chances, and it was known to be an important consideration. All the advocates of Fred Borcliffe could say was,—

"Suppose Fred gets Miss Alice, then where is Sydney?"

Shaken heads were deemed a sufficient reply.

Miss Alice Ventnor was said to unite in herself the two famous families of Bastow and Borcliffe. She numbered among her ancestors kinsmen of both the founders of Frewston Mill. Her mother was a Borcliffe and her father's mother was a Bastow. Hubert Ventnor, her father, was dead, and she lived with her widowed mother at Ferndene, one of the houses which could be seen from Frewston. Her father had been a partner in the firm, one of the working partners, and had taken great interest in Fred and Sydney. The common opinion was that one of them

would win Alice's love, but parties were divided as to which of the rivals was likely to be successful. Mr. Ventnor was thought to have favored Sydney, but Mrs. Ventnor was said to prefer Fred.

A few days before Christmas Frewston was thrown into a state of commotion which even caused the disappearance of Nat Pepsley to be forgotten. Sydney Bastow had been robbed of fifteen hundred pounds. He was driving from Holdworth, where he had been to the bank, and was bringing the money for wages, as was his custom, when he had an accident near Garside Wood and was robbed. He was not injured much, but could scarcely give an account of what had happened. The horse had stumbled and Sydney had been pitched out of the gig and stunned; when he recovered he found that the bag containing the money was gone. He had seen nobody, and was as much puzzled with the affair as the rest of the people.

In some mysterious manner it began to be whispered about that Sydney had not been robbed, but had concocted a scheme by which he might appropriate the money without exciting suspicion.

CHAPTER IV.

RIVALS.

FERNDENE was a pleasant place, though Frewston Mill was the most prominent object in the landscape; but it was not an eyesore — artistic visitors were in the habit of saying that its appearance was as nearly picturesque as could be expected from a mill. Then there were hills all around, with wooded slopes, and there were various mansions dotted about. It was often remarked that all the houses connected with Frewston Mill were in sight of each other, and the mill could be seen from every one. People in other parts of the country were fond of calling the mansions "mill-houses;" but as the Bastows and the Borcliffes advanced in wealth and importance the name lost any stigma which may have been attached to it at first, and "mill-houses" was uttered without sneer or contempt, especially by those who were said to have more rank than money, and who sometimes turned their thoughts towards Frewston when they wondered what would become of their marriageable daughters and their younger sons.

Alice Ventnor and her mother lived at Ferndene almost all the year round. That had been their custom during Mr. Vent-

nor's life, and they did not care to change it after his death. Mrs. Ventnor's leading feature seemed to be a sense of duty, and in her this sense took an exaggerated form which was almost ludicrous. Her friends said that she not only obeyed her conscience, but urged her conscience to become more and more exacting. Like all people of the kind, she was prone to impose her own views and feelings upon others, and she wanted her conscience to be not only her own monitor and guide but theirs also. It was unfortunate for Alice that her mother fancied Fred Borcliffe ought to be encouraged. Fred was rather blunt and dogmatic, and this appeared to suit Mrs. Ventnor's temperament. Alice would far rather have encouraged Sydney Bastow, but of course that was out of the question. The maiden's knowledge of her own heart's possibilities made her seem reserved. Her father had been fond of Sydney; that might have something to do with Mrs. Ventnor's preference for Fred, because that lady had not often found herself in strict accord with her husband's views. "He was a good man according to his light," she sometimes said, "but I am afraid that on many points his light was defective."

Mr. Ventnor had been a jovial kind of man, with a weakness, perhaps, for careless expressions, and it is possible that his wife's unreasoning and unreasonable fancies had sometimes made him say more than he meant. But he was a very generous man, and had taken a great interest in both Fred and Sydney. Without his help and encouragement it is not likely that either of them would have been able to overcome the difficulties which surrounded them in early life. He had said sometimes, "I take more credit to myself for Fred than I do for Sydney. Fred had the making of almost anything in him, good, bad, or indifferent; but I think Sydney would have become a decent fellow wherever he had been. Then Fred had unfavorable surroundings; his family were not a good lot, I must say that, even though he has some of the real old Borcliffe blood in him. I got his folk to clear out of Frewston, which was a good job for Fred, and anything but a bad job for the rest of the people here. They went to Graddell, which is a bigger place; Graddell people say it is a better place, too. That is a matter which I do not care to decide. Sydney was an orphan, and though nobody ever thinks an orphan is better for being without parents, yet I know what I know."

During Mr. Ventnor's life Sydney and Fred had been frequent visitors at Ferndene, but after his death they did not go so often. It had always been easier to perceive that Mrs. Ventnor preferred Fred than that Mr. Ventnor preferred Sydney. But neither of the young men knew Alice's preference, or whether she cared about either of them.

In their different ways the young men both loved Alice, and the only person who seemed to be unconscious of it was Alice herself. There was no reserve or embarrassment about her when they came to Ferndene, or when she met them at other places. She had known them since childhood, and knew that they were remotely her kinsmen; her father had treated them almost as if they had been his own sons, and her mother had always welcomed them as if the tie which bound them had been of the closest kind.

Some people said Alice was rather too pale, others said she was rather too tall; therefore it would be safe to conjecture that no particular fault could be found with her appearance. She was tall, and she was pale, but these features in reality enhanced her beauty instead of spoiling it. In Sydney's eyes she was perfect, as he often said to himself. Perhaps Fred was never carried away sufficiently to give utterance, even in secret, to language so extravagant, but he felt that he would rather have Alice Ventnor than anybody else in the world.

The two young men appeared to take for granted that Alice would become the wife of one of them. They felt no jealousy towards any of their neighbors, or any of the eligible young fellows who lived farther away, and whom they met occasionally at one or other of the Bastow and Borchliffe houses. The struggle was between themselves, they knew, and they wondered with aching hearts what the result would be.

Alice was never mentioned between them, and no subject of a confidential character was ever discussed by them. Yet they did not quarrel, and a stranger could not have guessed that their feelings towards each other were akin to distrust and dislike.

Fred suspected that Alice preferred Sydney, but he was not sure, and he fancied that Sydney was too blind to perceive the preference. Sydney never for a moment supposed that Alice cared more for Fred than for him, but he knew on which side the mother's partiality was, and he

tormented himself with fears that this might affect the maiden's choice.

Neither of the lovers dared to speak—the time was not ripe for that; but in each heart the feeling grew stronger that if fortune would remove the rival, then the long-desired chance would come.

A branch mill was opened in America, and Fred was asked to go out there and superintend it, with the prospect of a partnership. The opportunity was a splendid one, but he would not go. Another practical man was sent out, and Sydney was asked to go and take charge of the place for a year, and he was then to return, and remain at Frewston, with a partnership. But he would not go. These refusals would have been unaccountable if the principals had not suspected the truth. The reason was not sufficient in their estimation, but they believed it was the reason, and made other arrangements.

Perhaps rivals always think each other unworthy to possess the object of their common regard. Sydney wanted Alice for himself, but behind this great prevailing feeling there was another—he believed that Fred was of all men the least suited to her. A man in love is not the best person to choose who shall marry the object of his affection if he cannot have her himself; he probably thinks the world does not contain another who would make her happy. Love may be self-depreciative, but when it reaches its lowest point of humiliation, it has egotism enough left to blind it to the good qualities of a rival. But Sydney's judgment was not warped by prejudice only; he knew that Fred was not living the kind of life which unsophisticated people, like the Ventnors, gave him credit for.

"He goes to Grabbell a good deal," Sydney said; "and though his people are there, and he may pretend that he is only performing the duties which he owes to his own family, yet I know better. His brothers have a bad name in Grabbell, and he is doing nothing to make things any better."

But whatever Sydney might say to himself on that subject, he carefully refrained from mentioning it at Ferndene. He wished that the Ventnors knew everything, but by no word or sign did he betray his opinion of Fred.

"I have heard about somebody," he mused, "who deliberately took for motto, 'Through indignity to dignity.' That would not suit me; and I do not believe it is necessary for anybody to do wrong in

order that truth may prevail." This was brave, but it did not remove uneasiness from the heart. Sydney discovered, as many besides him have discovered, that reflections and maxims which ought to bring peace and contentment have sometimes a way of leaving these who indulge in them uneasy and dissatisfied.

Fred's opinion of Sydney was summed up in the harmless but not very pleasant word "milksoy." He had not a very high opinion of human nature, especially masculine human nature. He seemed to know his own weaknesses and to reason from himself outward.

"I am not immaculate myself," he said, "and I have a suspicion that nobody else is. One man stumbles over big things, and another stumbles over little ones; but stumbling is stumbling, whatever may be the cause."

There were not two handsomer young fellows about Frewston than the two rivals. Fred Borcliffe was more strongly built than Sydney Bastow, and was darker; but Sydney had the pleasanter countenance and the more agreeable manners. They were both well educated, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Ventnor, and both had reached high and lucrative positions at Frewston Mill.

It was a terrible shock when people heard that Sydney had been robbed near Garside Wood. Frewston was almost free from crime. Burglary and highway robbery were looked upon as the misfortunes of remote places, and it never entered the minds of the inhabitants that such calamities could visit them.

Then there was the rumor started, nobody knew how or where, that it was not a real robbery but a pretended one, and that Sydney was himself the real culprit. Amos Pulp was one of the first to suggest it.

But worse followed. The robbery became associated with Nat Pepsley's disappearance. Nat, in his rambling fashion, had said something about Sydney Bastow and a robbery of fifteen hundred pounds; he had even mentioned Garside Wood. The person who gave this information had taken no notice of Nat's talk, and had forgotten it until the robbery really happened, for Nat was known to be a great romancer if he could find a listener.

Frewston was aroused, and a thorough search was made at last for the missing one.

Nat was found in the snow, not far from the bridge which crossed Lazy Beck. He must have been dead for some days. His

neck was broken; and it looked as if he had fallen from a tree, and then the snow had covered him, and kept him from sight until the thorough search was made.

CHAPTER V.

AN OPEN VERDICT.

MRS. VENTNOR'S sense of duty began to manifest itself in a very dogmatic manner when she heard the news, which seemed to rush about like something mad, and which exaggerated simple facts and supplied missing links in the chain of information. She assumed at once that Sydney had been guilty of unspeakable crimes, and that henceforth he ought to be put away from the affectionate regard of all his former friends. If the subject had not been so serious, it would have been amusing to hear the lady speak about the esteem in which she had always held Sydney; she even said to Alice, —

"I have sometimes fancied that he cared more for you than his position justified, but when I thought he was respectable and upright I never felt the least resentment against him; I did not, Alice. He is a Bastow, and your grandmother was a Bastow; I am a Borcliffe myself, and should be sorry to say that any well-conducted Bastow is not good enough for any Borcliffe in the world. I cannot tell you how much I feel this disgrace. We shall all feel it, but I think it is paining me more than any one. I am putting him away from my heart entirely, and the wrench is dreadful. Why, Alice, he might possibly have been your —"

Mrs. Ventnor was not able to finish the sentence; the vision of past possibilities was too dreadful for words.

A faint blush passed over the pale features of Alice when she listened to her mother, and then, in a calm tone, she replied, —

"I think we had better say nothing about this subject until we know the particulars. We have heard half-a-dozen contradictory rumors, which cannot all be true. Perhaps they are all false."

"But, Alice —"

Fortunately there was a visitor announced, and the conversation was interrupted.

When we have perfect faith in the honor of our friends, we grieve in our confidence if circumstances place them in doubtful positions, and what looks like evidence is against them.

Sydney had been robbed or he had not; either alternative was a misfortune, but, as

Alice knew, the greater misfortune was not to have been robbed. But the possibility of that was never seriously entertained in her mind.

Then this talk about Nat Pepsley having said something concerning the robbery a day or two before it happened — that was bewildering. He mentioned the place and the sum. Nat's violent death was another strange circumstance.

There was enough to fill Alice's heart with sadness, though her belief in Sydney's integrity did not waver.

Fred was out of the way at this time. He had been sent unexpectedly to France by the firm, to inspect some new machinery, and he returned to Frewston on Christmas eve, when the whole place was agitated as no inhabitant could remember it to have been agitated before.

It was a rare time for the Packhorse. Men who never entered a public-house under ordinary circumstances dropped in to hear the latest news; and women who generally held public-houses in abhorrence were glad to hear what had been said, and allowed their husbands to go and have a glass of something, without favoring them with the usual tirade against drink-shops and loafers.

An inquest was held over Nat Pepsley, and, by the coroner's direction, an open verdict was returned. This open verdict was a mysterious something which filled the general public with awe, and it was discussed at the Packhorse with interest which increased as the drink was consumed.

The most important witness at the coroner's inquiry was a boy called Frowden — a very quiet boy, and almost the only one in Frewston who did not join in the tricks which had been played upon Nat. He had white hair and pink eyes, and he was fond of all kinds of pets. Nat Pepsley had often caught birds for him. Frowden was teased by the boys, and that circumstance had helped to cement the friendship between him and Nat. His name was Richard, but everybody called him "Dicky," except the boys, and they called him "Dickybird."

Dicky said that on the morning of the day on which Nat disappeared he had seen him not far from the school. Nat was going to the woods, and Dicky wanted to go with him, but had to go to school instead. Nat said something about fifteen hundred pounds being a good deal of money. Dicky agreed with him. Then Nat said something about robbery being very wrong. Dicky agreed with that.

Incoherent remarks were then made about the Twisted Slope, near Garside Wood, and about Sydney Bastow; but Dicky thought Nat was rambling a bit in his mind, as he did sometimes. When the robbery took place, however, and it was at the bottom of Twisted Slope, and fifteen hundred pounds was the sum taken, and Sydney Bastow was the victim, Dicky remembered everything which Nat had said to him, and he told his mother, who speedily told her neighbors, so that in an incredibly short time it was known throughout Frewston.

Dicky was carefully questioned by the coroner, but his testimony never wavered. Nat had said that to him, every word of it, and the reason why Dicky had not mentioned it sooner was that Nat often said funny things to him. But he did not think Nat had ever said anything to him about robberies before. He did not know where the information came from. It was nearly schooltime, and he was afraid of being late, so he did not stand more than a minute or two.

"Well, you have been carrying on during my absence," said Fred Borcliffe to Mr. Anderson Bastow, one of the partners, a long-headed man, who was said to know more about the ins and outs of the business than any other member of the firm. He was usually called Mr. Anderson, as it was found necessary to use Christian names largely where so many Bastows and Borcliffes were together.

"It is a very disagreeable affair," replied Mr. Anderson. "If it had been anybody but Sydney, I should have suspected foul play. I do not mean that fair play accounts for what has happened; but if anybody but Sydney had been robbed, I should have thought it was a trick. There has been dirty work somewhere, and I am sorry for Sydney, because people will talk."

Then Fred asked for the particulars, and Mr. Anderson told him all that was known.

"What will be done?" Fred asked.

"The police have it in hand," was the reply. "The strange part of the affair is that an idiot son of Silas Pepsley knew something about the robbery beforehand."

"That is strange!" Fred exclaimed.

Then Mr. Anderson told him about Dicky Frowden's evidence, and Fred was deeply interested in it.

"It is strange that so much should be known, and no more," said Fred. Then he began to talk about the machinery

which he had seen in France, and the two became absorbed in matters of business.

This interview took place at the mill, and when Fred left he turned his footsteps towards his own home, a pleasant house on the way to Ferndene. It was the place which old John Bastow built for himself when he left the cottage in which he lived until his fortune was secured. Fred had a housekeeper, who had known him from childhood, a silent old woman, called Levick.

Fred looked with longing eyes towards Ferndene, and for a moment he was undecided whether to go there or not; but with reluctance he entered his own door, saying to himself, "I must take time to think."

Mrs. Levick might be silent with most people, and it was sometimes said that if a still tongue makes a wise head, she ought to beat Solomon himself; but she was communicative enough to her master, and it was evident that she had a great deal to tell him, for before he had been many minutes in the house she was repeating to him all she had heard about the strange events which had happened while he was in France.

Sydney Bastow did not care to have the trouble and responsibility of a house, but he lodged with an old couple whose home he had shared since his boyhood. Moses Hellewell, with whom Sydney lodged, was a clerk at the mill; he might have been superannuated long before, but he had always asked to be kept on; his heart was in his work, and he could not bear the thought of being separated from it. Sydney had been a boy under him in the office, but Moses was never jealous of his lodger's prosperity.

"One is made for this, and another is made for that," Moses said; "and Sydney is made for topping us all. Let us be thankful it is him and not some folks."

Nancy, his wife, was as proud of Sydney as her husband was; and in all Frewston there was nobody who had a better opinion of him than the two old people with whom he lived.

It was a sad blow to them when a promising career seemed blighted by an untoward accident, which had painful associations that caused people to shake their heads and say, as Amos Pulp had often said, that high climbing and far falling went together.

The police inspector who went to inquire into the case had a long interview with Sydney, and was disappointed at not obtaining more information about the robbery. Sydney said he could scarcely re-

member anything which had happened; the horse fell, and he was pitched out of the trap and stunned. Fortunately, there was plenty of snow on the ground, or the effect would have been more serious.

"That is a gloomy corner," said the inspector.

"Yes, it is gloomy," replied Sydney; "but the horse I had with me is very sure-footed. He went down as if he was shot."

"He was thrown down," replied the inspector.

"Thrown down?"

"Yes; a cord of some kind was stretched across the road a few inches from the ground. I have seen the places on the trees where it was fastened, and there are marks on the horse where he struck it."

There was a long silence after this statement, and the inspector soon took his departure. Outside the village he was joined by a rough-looking man, who had been making himself agreeable at the Packhorse.

"Any news, Norton?" the inspector asked.

"Plenty of talk," replied Norton, "but not much in it. This Sydney Bastow seems well liked. A mouthing fool, called Pulp, does not care for him, but Pulp is a jackass. I fancy Mr. Fred Borcliffe has no love for Mr. Sydney Bastow; some love affair, I hear."

The rough-looking man was a detective.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DRAUGHT-BOARD.

IT was fortunate that Christmas holidays lasted a week at Frewston, for if the people had been expected to work while the excitement was at its height there would certainly have been accidents among the machinery. Everybody who could possibly get out of doors went to see the funeral of Nat Pepsley; and many expostulations were addressed to George Cawlishaw and his companions about the cruelty of tormenting those whom God had afflicted. A subscription was also started to pay the expenses of the funeral and provide a monument which might be erected over Nat's grave.

Susan Midgebought smoked a great deal of tobacco in those days, and acknowledged that Frewston reminded her of Leeds and Manchester; it was becoming lively, and there was something to talk about. Ann Gowden's hair seemed bewitched, and it came loose more frequently than ever. Eunice Kirk, however, ap-

peared to think that as most things were unsettled it was her duty to hold fast by her favorite system of rigid neatness, so she went about tidier than her oldest friend had ever seen her before, and she gave utterance to sharper criticisms and more crushing rejoinders as wild talk became wilder and vague rumors became vaguer. Silas and Betty Pepsley received many visits and much condolence. Perhaps the women who expressed most sorrow for Nat's untimely end were those who had previously said it would be a good thing if his parents were relieved of the burden of his support. Betty put her left hand over her mouth and looked bewildered; but Silas thrust both his hands into his pockets and, shaking his head, remarked,—

"If th' meat's bad it's bad, and more sauce doesn't mend it. Put your talk in one scale and a graveyard in the other. Then where are you?"

The gossips arrived at the conclusion that some people receive consolation very badly.

Business continued good at the Packhorse, and Amos Pulp received more gratuitous drinks than ever. He said it reminded him of Christmas in the good old times. He had made a song about Nat Pepsley, and sang it to a very melancholy tune, and the customers were never tired of hearing it. The song was based on the idea that Nat had been murdered, and was very valuable on that account, because there was no evidence in favor of the opinion, and the song supplied the missing link.

But the hero of the time was Dicky Frowden. If Dicky had been allowed to attend the Packhorse he might have had drink enough to swim in, as Amos Pulp said, who was inclined to sneer at the popularity of a boy, especially a boy without poetic gifts. In Dicky's absence Siah Frowden, the boy's father, became an important person for the first time in his life.

George Cawlishaw felt himself at a disadvantage. Why did not Nat tell him about the robbery, instead of a bird-keeping, mouse-catching simpleton like Dicky Frowden? George could break a nail with his teeth, and on that account had often tasted the sweets of popular attention; it was only natural, therefore, that he should become morose when he found himself passed by in the turmoil and interest of the all-pervading theme. It was whispered among the boys that Nat's ghost haunted Garside Wood, that henceforth it would

be impossible for them to play in their old favorite spot, where they had gathered bluebells, nuts, and acorns. George sneered at this, and declared that he would visit the place oftener than ever. His companions looked sceptical, so in a boastful manner he started for the wood, and promised to bring the ghost back with him.

The rough man, called Norton, who had the interview with Inspector Thorn, of the county constabulary, was also fond of prowling about Garside Wood.

"That bag must have weighed the best part of a hundredweight," he said, "considering how much silver there was with the gold. You cannot put a hundredweight in your eye, and hide it with a pair of spectacles. Thorn thinks this young swell who was robbed is all straight and square. If so, where did the bag go to? No carriage or cart left Frewston that night, or entered it either, except the young swell's gig. If he is straight and square, either the money was divided among a lot, who walked off with it, or it was hidden somewhere. I cannot hear about a party being seen on the roads; there were odd ones here and there, as usual, but no parties, and they generally stick pretty closely together. It is a bit queer the young swell had no groom with him. Gave up taking the groom a month or two since."

Norton went to the bottom of Twisted Slope, as he had often done before, and he examined the trees on both sides.

"That horse was thrown," he said. "A fellow would hardly do that for a blind. Of course, the snow made it easy falling, but a fellow would hardly do it for a blind; he might have killed the horse or broken his own neck. No, the proper way is to get your friends to stop you, and tie your hands behind you, and tear your clothes, as if you had struggled your hardest. That's the proper game, but this looks different. Somebody in Frewston must have done it, or that idiot could not have known anything about it. His father seems all right, and his mother too."

Norton strolled back into the wood. Before he reached the bridge which crossed Lazy Beck he saw a boy standing near the place where Nat Pepsley's body had been found. Norton stood perfectly still, and watched the boy, who was gazing intently at the top of an ivy-covered trunk.

The boy was George Cawlishaw, and he was carrying out the threat which he had made in a spirit of bravado to his compan-

ions. If they had seen him they would have fancied that he expected to find Nat's ghost at the top of the tree. But George saw some robins, and they appeared to be dead; and he was scheming to get them, that he might show them to the boys, and boast that he had fetched them down from the very tree off which Nat had fallen.

George found the best place for climbing, and in a few minutes he had reached the robins, which he threw down upon the snow below. Then he threw several other articles, and carefully descended. When he regained the solid earth he found a rough-looking man examining the things.

"Them's mine," said George.

"If I had a pipe and tobacco I should not keep them at the top of a tree," replied the man.

"That was Nat Pepsley's pipe," George replied, "I've seen him with it many a time; and that was his bacca, and that was his birdlime, and he must have limed the twigs which caught these robins; and they're all mine because I've found them."

"I see," replied Norton; "that part of the mystery is explained. Nat was up there liming twigs and going to have a quiet smoke. A fit came on, and down he comes. Was there anything else up there?"

George shook his head, and held out his hands for the treasures.

But Norton was examining the foot of the trunk, where the ivy clustered very thickly on one side. He removed the snow, and found that behind the ivy there was a hole. It was too narrow for him to pass, but he looked inside, and noticed that light entered it through a smaller opening above.

"Quite a treasure-house," he said, reaching forward, and seizing a small box, which on examination was found to contain a set of draught-men.

"Let me go inside," George exclaimed.

"All right, my boy," replied Norton.

George went through the hole, but found nothing except a draught-board, which he handed to Norton.

Underneath the board a great number of small fragments of writing-paper had been stuck with birdlime; and Norton saw at a glance that a letter had been torn to pieces, and then put together again, and fastened on the draught-board. It did not take him long to read the letter, and when it was finished he said to George, —

"We must share this stuff. I will have the draught-board, and you can have all the other things, but don't say a word about it to anybody. You hear what I say

—not a word, or it will be worse for you. Now give me your name and address."

This was rather startling, but George gave his name and address; he also promised in the most earnest manner that he would not breathe a syllable to any living mortal about what he had done and seen.

"Keep your mouth absolutely shut," said Norton, "and it will be a good job for you; but if you blab I don't know what may happen."

George promised again, and through Norton's advice he hid his share of Nat's treasures in the wood, that he might not have to account for the possession of them; then he hurried back to the village.

He fully intended to keep his promise, and tried very hard to do so; but the effort was really too great, and before long it was known throughout Frewston that a secret hiding-place had been found in the wood, and that among other things which it contained was a draught-board, at the back of which were a great number of bits of paper, which had been stuck on with birdlime, and that the bits of paper made a letter.

George had not been able to read anything of the letter except the first two words, and they were "Dear Roy." But what George was unable to reveal the imagination of the people supplied, and wild rumors were soon in circulation.

George gained the desire of his heart, and became a hero at length, but, like other famous people, he found that celebrity has its bitters as well as its sweets. Many questions were asked by the inquisitive neighbors, and he gradually formed a complete story, which appeared to account for everything and to satisfy his hearers. The only thing which puzzled him was the name Roy, so he pretended that he had given solemn promises not to tell who was really meant by that name.

Even as far away as Ferndene the rumors travelled. The robbery was to be accounted for. Satisfaction filled the hearts of Mrs. Ventnor and Alice. Mrs. Ventnor was convinced that when the truth was known her daughter would perceive the absurdity of defending Sydney Bastow any longer, and would give some encouragement to Fred Borcliffe; Alice needed something to fill her with a sense of duty, and this discovery was likely to have the desired effect. But Alice was thinking everything would be explained, and Sydney's name cleared forever of the doubtful circumstances which in some people's opinion had stained it.

Fred Borcliffe was away, but Mrs. Lev-

started at once for Holdworth, the nearest railway station.

Sydney Bastow was very moody and miserable; but when Moses Hellewell told him what people were saying, he put on his hat and coat and went straight to George Cawlishaw's home, that he might learn what had really occurred.

As Susan Midgebout said, "Frewston was waking up; it was becoming as lively as Leeds or Manchester."

CHAPTER VII.

THE PIECED LETTER.

THE letter which Nat Pepsley had collected with such care from the slowly moving waters of Lazy Beck afforded him the kind of task which he liked to perform, and which he was as well able to accomplish as anybody in Frewston. It must have occupied him during many tedious hours, but he had succeeded in putting together, bit by bit, the many fragments which he had found. There were several portions missing, but they did not prevent the letter's being read. Nat's box of birdlime had served him in the place of glue, and by its aid he had managed to fasten the paper under his draught-board, and had studied the restored message to the best of his ability. He could both read and write, but had not been fond of doing either. As he said to his parents, he did not know what to write, and reading made his head ache. Still he had deciphered the letter, and had learnt from it that Sydney Bastow was to be robbed of fifteen hundred pounds; but instead of making the fact known publicly, he had asked questions and given hints to Dicky Frowden, as if he could not quite understand the secret which he had discovered. It was to be at the bottom of Twisted Slope; Nat whispered that to Dicky, and then looked to see what effect the communication would have. Dicky cared more about a squirrel which Nat had seen in the wood. Then Nat appeared to think there was something wrong about the story he had told, and he repeated it to nobody else.

The letter was written on a blank memorandum form, and was as follows:—

"DEAR ROY, — I have to go to France at once, and shall be away a week. Sydney Bastow will be at the bottom of Twisted Slope next Tuesday, at about four o'clock. Fifteen hundred pounds, I believe. The cord will throw the horse,

Do not injure Sydney if you can avoid it. I want it to look as if there had been no robbery. Get the bag without his seeing you if possible. You must bind him if necessary. Remember, the north side of the bridge, in Garside Wood, the end nearest the road. Do not open the bag or touch the money. See that Jack and Hugh do not make fools of themselves. You must not remain at Frewston. Mrs. Levick will give you this, but she knows you will not stay. Be careful to destroy this letter. I shall be at Grabdell on Christmas day.
FRED."

It did not take Norton long to master the contents of the note, and to perceive what light it threw upon the case which he was investigating. The reference to the north side of the bridge in Garside Wood made him anxious to be rid of George Cawlishaw, for he fancied that the bag had been dropped in the water there, and he wanted to investigate. But he was sorry afterwards that he had not kept George with him, because secrecy was necessary.

On the north side of the bridge, and at the end nearest the road, Norton found the water of Lazy Beck rather deep — so deep that he could not reach the bottom with his stick, though he lay on the bridge and stretched his arm to the utmost.

"Safe bind, safe find," he muttered; "nobody is likely to make any accidental discoveries there. I must go and see a magistrate. The case is as clear as daylight against those Grabdell Borcliffes. I know Mr. Fred has three brothers there, Roy, Jack, and Hugh; and a bright lot they are."

Norton had spent a considerable time in the wood; but he secured the draught-board, and called first to see Inspector Thorn. Then he discovered that George Cawlishaw had already broken his promise, and that all kinds of wild rumors were in circulation among the people.

When Inspector Thorn saw the letter on the draught-board he looked serious and expressed his great sorrow.

"That is bringing the matter home with a vengeance," he said. "Why, Mr. Fred Borcliffe is one of the rising men in Frewston. He ranks next to the principals themselves, and is expected to be a partner one of these days."

Norton cared nothing about that. The man-hunting instinct was strong within him, and when a job was put in his hands he liked to make a good finish of it.

"You had better take this draught-board to Mr. Anderson Bastow—he is a magistrate," said Norton, "and get warrants out for the apprehension of the four brothers, and I will take a man or two with me, and see whether or not the bag is in that stream."

"A man or two!" Nearly all the adult males in Frewston, besides many persons who were neither adults nor males, accompanied Norton to make his search. The task was neither long nor difficult. By means of poles and hooks it was soon discovered that a heavy substance was in the stream at the place indicated. Without delay it was brought to the surface, and seen to be a black leather bag, and it was very heavy. Sydney Bastow was present, and he recognized it at once as the bag which contained the lost money.

Three cheers were given for the bag, three for Sydney, three for Norton, three for George Cawlishaw, three for Nat Pepsley; and then somebody said, "Three more for Mr. Sydney Bastow, the finest man in Frewston, and an ornament to the human race." The speaker was Amos Pulp. Many of the spectators had heard Amos express sentiments of a very different character, but they did not like to refuse the applause, so they gave three cheers, and then tumbled Amos into the stream.

"I shall soon begin to think that Frewston beats either Leeds or Manchester for life and excitement," said Susan Midgebout the next day, when she and some of her friends were talking over recent events.

"I always knew that Frewston had something in it," replied Ann Gowden, who had ceased to fasten up her hair, inasmuch as the comb was lost, and she had no intention of getting another.

But commotions seemed to make Eunice Kirk tidier than she had ever been in her life. As the people said, she had not a pin out of place, and her tongue was sharper than ever.

"You talk as if it was a credit to anybody," she said. "Now we shall be the talk of the whole world, and Frewston will be called a den of thieves. Remember that Mr. Fred was a Borcliffe, and his brothers were Borcliffes; and they will all be transported for life."

But Eunice Kirk was wrong. Fred and his brothers were never brought to justice. Mrs. Levick, when she heard about a letter which began "Dear Roy," sus-

pected that something was wrong, especially when she knew that the letter was associated with the name of Nat Pepsley, who in some mysterious way had learnt something about the robbery. How far she was in her master's secrets nobody could tell. But she made the best of her way to Graddell, and informed the brothers about the reports which were being circulated in Frewston.

The result was, in the highly graphic language of Norton when he referred to the case afterwards, "The birds flew away before it was possible to put any salt upon their tails."

Fred and his brothers disappeared, and were never seen in Yorkshire again. Mrs. Levick also left Frewston, and the opinion of the women was that if she did not know more than she cared to say she was unspeakably ignorant. "She was as mum as a mouse, and she had not a word to throw to a dog." That was the summary which Frewston gossips uttered in reference to Mrs. Levick.

After a while the opinion gained ground that Fred had never intended that the money which was taken from Sydney should be really appropriated by either himself or his brothers.

"I can see it all," said Mr. Anderson Bastow to his fellow-partners. "Fred wanted to put Sydney under a cloud. He succeeded too—not with me, but with some people. I remember quite well the remark was made to me at the time, 'If it were not Sydney it would look bad.' I forget who said it, but somebody did. Mind you this: I don't think Alice Ventnor knew which of the two she liked best, Fred or Sydney—I don't indeed. If Fred's plan had succeeded he would have married Alice, as sure as we are here. That is her mother's opinion, too. And now we know how it is to be. Such is life!"

Mr. Anderson Bastow was wrong, and Mrs. Ventnor was wrong. Alice would not have married Fred—at least, that is what she said afterwards, and if she did not know, who did? She said she never doubted Sydney, and though she might never have married him, yet she would not have married anybody else. She never doubted him. How could she doubt him? Nevertheless her heart was very sore when the rumors and suspicions were rife.

It was amusing to see how Mrs. Ventnor's sense of duty came to her assistance when Fred was disgraced and Sydney was cleared.

"Really, I think, Alice, that Sydney ought to be encouraged," she said to her daughter one day; "he has labored under very unjust suspicions. Your father was very fond of him, you know."

This was when all the winter snow had passed away, and the early flowers were writing the promise of spring in gay tints upon the earth.

Alice did not speak, she only blushed. She knew, what her mother would soon know, that Sydney had been encouraged.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

THE subject of this study would be a most embarrassing one if it were intended for a Spanish review. In speaking of women in my own country I should wish to be able to attribute to them all good qualities without reservation and to present them as mirrors of all perfection, being myself a woman and a Spaniard. Moreover, public sympathy is rather with him who extols than with him who gives an unprejudiced opinion upon the state of society. And in Spain to put in writing matters which are admitted by everybody in conversation often amounts to an act of courage. Thus it is that writers find themselves obliged to gild the pill. In my own case, though I understand the delicate nature of the subject, if I were writing for my compatriots of my own sex I should use no gilt. On the contrary I should speak with the frankness which has become an essential part of my character. In addressing readers of another country, who expect full and open information and who have practically no means of correcting any errors into which they might be led by false statements, the obligation of speaking the truth becomes even stronger. It must not be thought, however, from these hints that it is my intention to pass any harsh censure on Spanish women or to elaborate a satire after the manner of Juvenal or Boileau. This would be uncalled for, and even if called for would be unjust, for, granted her position in society, the faults of the Spanish woman must, to a great degree, be imputed to the man. It is he, if I may so express it, who models and gives form to the female character. Perhaps in French society of two hundred years ago, when the sway of a royal mistress was universal and an assembly of *précieuses* set the fashion, there was some truth in the proverb that "men make laws

and women make manners." In the Spain of to-day, where at least nine out of ten actions performed by a woman are done in obedience to ideas which have been suggested to her by man, it would be neither just nor reasonable to hold her entirely responsible.

To understand the characteristics of the Spanish woman of to-day it is necessary to keep in view the change or rather transformation that Spain has been undergoing ever since the beginning of the nineteenth century, that is to say, since the repulse of the invasion of Napoleon I. The French Revolution, though its direct influence upon us had been scarcely perceptible, obtained an indirect influence helped by the violent upheaval of our heroic struggle. Our War of Independence, which seemed a terrible protest against the new government adopted by the neighboring nation, was in reality the means by which the revolutionary spirit and modern ideas crossed the barrier of the Pyrenees and came in amongst us. From the time that the Cortes of Cadiz assembled in 1812, a new and constitutional Spain clearly showed itself — the Spain which was destined to conquer the old one repeatedly in bloody civil strife. To live and to gain strength, young Spain was obliged to carry on unceasing war against old Spain, arbitrary, superstitious, and reduced to absolutism by the kings of the house of Bourbon. This contest was carried on not only in the field of battle but also in that of social institutions, and was necessarily reflected in the social and moral status of women, and through them in the family life.

The Spanish woman of the eighteenth century forms a marked contrast to her French sister at the dawn of the Revolution. Whereas the French woman of the last century is perhaps the most witty, sceptical, and free, of those who have a place in history, the Spaniard is the most *dévoté*, docile, and ignorant — notice that I have said *dévoté*, not pious, for piety, in my opinion, existed in a better and more solid form amongst the famous women of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, chief amongst whom shines the great queen Isabel the Catholic. At the time of the Renaissance, Spanish women, whose learning equalled their piety, far from contenting themselves with no education, or with only a superficial one, held professorships of rhetoric and Latin, like Isabel Galindo, or widened the domain of philosophic speculation, like Oliva Sabuco. In the eighteenth century these

traditions were so utterly lost that it was considered dangerous to teach girls the alphabet, on the ground that, if they were able to read and write, they might correspond with their sweethearts. I have heard it told of a great-grandmother of mine, of noble family (*grandeas*, in fact), that she was obliged to learn to write alone, copying the letters from a printed book, with a pointed stick for pen, and mulberry juice for ink. A salutary ignorance, absolute submission to paternal and conjugal authority, religious practices, and complete self-effacement, formed the *régime* under which the Spanish woman of the last century lived. These abuses were lashed by the satiric scourge of our famous Moratin, in "El sí de las Niñas," "El viejo y la Niña," and "La Mojigata." The result of the teaching of these comedies amounted to a complete transformation of the female character. The Spanish woman of the time anterior to the Cortes of Cadiz has become the classic type; as classic as the *garbanzo* and the *bolero*. The woman of this pure and simple national type never went out except to mass, and that very early, for, as the proverb has it, "Good women don't walk." Her dress consisted of the tight petticoat of fine cloth or serge, white kerchief, fastened with a gold pin, and velvet bodice and lace mantilla; her only luxury when dressed in her best (for she never walked) was the openwork silk stocking and the satin slipper. She employed her time in manual labor, ironing, knitting, embroidering on a frame, or making preserve or sweetmeats. Patchwork was fashionable in spite of its danger to the eyes. As lately as my girlhood my mother used to show me, as a work deserving of admiration, cushions worked by my great-grandmother in patchwork, so fine that the work almost formed a new texture. Even if she knew how to read, this woman was acquainted with no other book than the breviary, the "Christian Year," and the Catechism, which she used to teach to her children by force of blows — for to chastise children was at that time a kind of rite, which it would have been incorrect to curtail, for the proverb says, "Qui diligit filium assiduatur illi flagello." She led the prayer of the rosary, surrounded by her servants and family; at night she gave her blessing to her sons, who kissed her hand, even though they already wore beards, and were married; she consulted with some friar or other on the affairs of her household, and had home-made remedies for all known infirmities. So thoroughgoing a

female figure was bound to disappear at the advent of society as at present constituted.

I do not wish to maintain that all was good under the old system. The scandalous memories of the court of Carlos IV. would cry aloud to refute me — duchesses picnicking in the country with bull-fighters, and supping with actresses in their houses, queens exalting their favorites, and loading them with riches and honors; ladies, in addition to other vices, more excusable because natural, given up to the vice of gambling, stuffing their beaded reticules with gold pieces, and losing in a night a fifth part of their fortune. All I wish to state is, that the classic type of the woman of old Spain prevailed before the year 1812, and formed the characteristic of society anterior to the constitutional regime; and I may add that these *dévoté* and strait-laced women and the gay ladies whom Goya painted in the frescoes of the hermitage of San Antonio were two distinct and inseparable forms of one and the same epoch, two types of old Spain, neither of which finds its place in the eighteenth century in France, where virtues and vices alike bear an unmistakable mark of the intellectual movement.

The social change brought, as a necessary consequence, the evolution of the feminine type, and it is surprising that the new style of Spaniard who strove for and wrought this radical change has not yet resigned himself to the fact that, amidst the change of all her surroundings, of institutions, laws, manners, and sentiments, the type of woman would vary also. It is indisputable that men in general have not resigned themselves to any change or evolution in women. For the Spaniard, I do not hesitate to say, however liberal and advanced his ideas may be, the ideal of woman is not in the future but in the past. The model wife is still the same as she was a hundred years ago. We must pause and examine into this fact, which will give us the key to many contradictions and enigmas, at first sight inexplicable, which are found in contemporary Spain.

When the War of Independence broke out, Spain possessed one of the elements which go furthest to foster the spirit of patriotism. This was the identity of views on public affairs in the two sexes.

From this unanimity (possessed also by France during the revolutionary period) patriotism is born in the home circle, a patriotism that can be handed down to future generations. There is nothing that

nations, where such unanimity exists, may not hope for.

At that time the man and the woman were more on a level as regards their civil duties. He did not yet exercise the political rights now bestowed on him by the parliamentary system, though entirely denied to her, and society was not divided into two heterogeneous portions as it is now. Woman and man felt and thought alike; both were Catholics, Royalists, Spanish to the backbone, and enemies to everything foreign. It is for this reason that the part played by women in the defence against the French was no less active than that played by men. Docile and passive in ordinary circumstances the woman of old Spain, when she saw her country in danger, could show that beneath her modest bodice beat the indomitable heart of the heroines of Celtiberia. The hands accustomed to finger the beads of the rosary or balance the lace fan found strength to dash down the grenadiers of the Old Guard or to apply the fuse to the touch-hole of the cannon.

Perhaps some one, taking up a position the disproof of which is impossible, may maintain that with the recurrence of a French invasion the same thing would happen again. I do not believe it. Such female heroism may occur as an isolated phenomenon; as a general rule it cannot. It is more likely to occur amongst the lower orders or the aristocracy than amongst the middle class. The last sparks of public spirit in the Spanish woman were her protests and the kind of "Fronde" which she organized at the time when the revolution of September, 1868, took an anti-Catholic complexion and Amadeo I. came to the throne. To the same class of phenomena belongs the part which women, chiefly peasants, took in the Carlist rising in the northern provinces. It is worthy of remark that whenever the Spanish woman shows interest in public affairs her adherence is always given to old Spain; new Spain, socially speaking, has not yet formed its female party. Since the conclusion of the last civil war women have paid no attention to public affairs. Though certain ladies are adopting the habit of frequenting the galleries of "Congress," it is with a view to amusement, to see and be seen. Only a few days ago a friend of mine, whose opinions are the very opposite to reactionary, was complaining to me that the Spanish woman lacks an ideal, and listening to his complaint, I reflected that it is impossible for her to have one; her old ideal has not

been respected, a new one has not been offered.

Spaniards find themselves face to face with a painful contradiction. Though their inclination to social innovations is such that in no country, except perhaps Japan, have reforms been so sudden and so radical, they feel at the same time so intensely the charm of tradition that they are always returning to it like the faithless husband to the constant wife. That in which tradition exercises the strongest sway over the Spaniard, for it lies deep, we may say, in the foundation of his Semitic nature, is everything which relates to his womankind. From the Spaniard's point of view, I repeat, all may, nay must, change; woman alone must remain immutable and fixed like the pole-star. Ask the most liberal man in Spain what qualities must be united in his ideal of woman, and he will draw you a picture very little different from that drawn by Fray Luis de Leon in "La Perfecta Casada," or Juan Luis Vives in "La Institucion de la Mujer Cristiana," or even ascending still further the stream of time, he may go back to the Bible, and find his ideal expressed in the strong woman. At the same time as he draws so severe an outline and demands from the other sex a combination of the qualities of the stoic and the angel, he would place her within a crystal barrier which should separate her from the world through the help of ignorance. An acquaintance of mine who passes his life wallowing in the political mire does not scruple to censure as a grave fault, and to ridicule as the greatest absurdity, any expression of opinion on public affairs by a woman. As for other kinds of knowledge, many are of the same opinion as the father of a certain friend of mine who, when asked by his daughter if Russia was a northern country, replied angrily: "Good women have no need to know such things."

I repeat, that the social distance between the two sexes is to-day greater than it was in old Spain. Men have gained rights and privileges in which women have no share. Each new conquest made by the stronger sex in the field of political liberty deepens the moral abyss that separates it from the weaker, and makes the *role* of the latter more passive and ill-defined. Educational freedom, religious freedom, right of public meeting, the suffrage and the whole parliamentary system only serve to transfer to one-half of society, the masculine, the strength which the other half is gradually losing. Nowadays

no woman in Spain, from the occupant of the throne downwards, enjoys the slightest political influence, and the female intelligence is but a pale reflection of the ideas suggested by men. To prove the truth of this assertion it will suffice to analyze one aspect of the female heart in Spain, its feelings on the religious question.

I have already stated that in my native land, so far from desiring that his woman-kind should think and feel like himself, the man's aim is that they should live a moral and intellectual life not only inferior to but entirely different from his own. That the Spanish woman is a believer by instinct I do not deny; but the development of this instinct is greatly assisted by the law, promulgated by the man, that, whilst he may make his choice and be either deist, atheist, sceptic, or materialist, his daughters, sisters, wife, and mother must be nothing else than Catholics pure and simple. I remember that some time ago in my native town, Coruña, a meeting of freethinkers was got up. The promoter and president was a professor of very republican opinions, and he gave notice in the newspapers that ladies might be present. When after the meeting he was asked why he had not brought his own wife, he answered, horror-struck, "My wife? My wife is no freethinker, thank God!"

I should be the last to complain of the persistence of the religious spirit among women. Would that men had it too! Heaven knows they need it. I only wish to show the inconsistency, the unfairness, and the somewhat humiliating nature of the restriction imposed by men upon women in forbidding them to break through the barrier of belief. The man considers himself a superior being, authorized to throw off every yoke and question all authority and to arrange his life on an elastic moral system of his own making; but, influenced by the despotic and jealous temper natural to the African races, as he can no longer place a negro with a dagger in his girdle to watch over his wife, he gives her an august guardian, God. Thus God is for the Spanish woman the protector of the purity of the marriage tie, with the added advantage that, if the husband seeks distraction and pleasure abroad, the guardian becomes a consoler and a counsellor of right, who takes the wounded soul into his loving hands and heals it with sweet balm, turning it from the path that leads to destruction.

This is why no Spaniard, with exceptions so few that they serve to confirm the

rule, would consent to see the women of his family abandon the religion in which they were brought up. Men there are who have not confessed for thirty years and yet would be shocked to hear that their wives had failed to carry out the commandment of the Church last Easter. No unbeliever can fail to evince a certain amount of feeling when he recalls the days of his childhood, remembering the ideas which his mother taught him. Not to have received from one's mother religious instruction is considered almost as great a humiliation as not to know who was one's father, and to tell a man that his mother was without religious principle is to insult him scarcely less than by accusing her of unchastity.

From this dualism in the male judgment spring extremely curious contrasts between the public and private life of Spanish statesmen. Whilst abroad they pose as innovators, and even as destructives, in the family circle they worship tradition and take part in the religious duties of the household. Estanislao Figueras, formerly president of the republic, daily recited the prayers of the rosary with his wife. At the table of Emilio Castelar, another president, who was also democratic tribune, meat was never served on fast-days during the lifetime of his sister Concha. Castelar's gift of beautiful expression helped him to explain this reverential attitude in an extremely poetical manner: "My sister," said the celebrated orator, "represents for me the home of our parents now broken up, the pleasant memories of childhood, and the period of youth, during which love and belief are so strong. The Catholic practice, which I follow for my sister's sake, gives warmth to my heart."

Whilst the women are hearing mass their husbands await them, leaning against the pillars of the porch. Only women assist at religious exercises such as *triduos*, *novenas*, and celebrations. All this is so well known and common that nobody pays any attention to it. To such a degree have the men abandoned to the women the field of religion, that preachers have been obliged to invent a trick to enable them to obtain a male congregation. This is done by announcing lectures or conferences, which cannot be attended by women because they treat of very profound subjects of science, morals, or philosophy. The male vanity is thus tickled in its most sensitive point—intellectual exclusiveness—the church is crowded; and although the lectures do not generally

possess any point of superiority to the average newspaper article, their success is assured by the delicate flattery of being "for men only."

I hasten to add that though they abandon the religious field to women, the men do not permit them to give themselves up to it entirely. There must be no freethinking, but neither must there be religious or mystic raptures. Behind the ecstatic devotee the father, brother, or husband sees the black shadow of the "spiritual director," a rival in authority, all the more terrible from the prestige of a pure and saintly life to that of an education almost always superior to that of the laity, at any rate in morals and theology. Thus it comes to pass that of all the religious practices of the women the one that the man looks upon with most jealousy is frequent confession. Sometimes it is the subject of domestic wars. There exist in Spain some towns, in Biscay and Andalusia especially, where the influence of the Jesuits is so great that whole families are guided by the advice given in the confessional. It is impossible to exaggerate the impatience and annoyance with which the men regard their influence, or the malevolent and even calumnious insinuations with which they dispute the empire of the female heart against the Jesuits.

Nevertheless, husbands, and all others who hold authority over women, know that the confessor is rather an ally than an enemy. It scarcely ever happens that the confessor advises a woman to protest, struggle, and emancipate herself, instead of submitting, yielding, and obeying. Only on rare occasions, when the faith may be in danger, the confessor will remind the penitent that she will neither lose nor save her soul in company with her husband, and that marriage is not a putting away of personal responsibilities. In spite of all this caution and moderation on the part of confessors, I assert that men view frequent confession and religious fervor with disfavor. What they would like to see in women is a lukewarm faith, a just medium of piety.

But I must not go on speaking of Spanish women without dividing them according to the classes in society, for the aristocratic class, the middle class, the populace of the towns and of the country, each produce different types, though the likeness which exists between them reveals the common stock.

In mentioning the aristocracy, the royal family presents itself first. It consists of

an assemblage of women and a child in arms. These women are not all Spanish. The queen is an Austrian, and the infanta Paz lives in Bavaria; but the queen-dowager, better known as Isabel II., has unmistakable national characteristics. Unconventional and acute, kindly and full of fun; the quintessence of *gracia*; good-natured to all; making up for the grave defects of her education by the keenness of her wits,—the queen Isabel (let history appreciate her political conduct, I am talking at present of her character) is a pure Spanish type; she is what Taine would call a "representative type" of not a few Spaniards. Nor does her daughter, the infanta Isabel, Countess of Girgenti, belie the country of her birth. Familiar and gay, a marvel of liveliness and activity, no slave of etiquette, endowed with a frank and decided character, the infanta Isabel practises virtue in a thoroughly Spanish manner, without angularity, supersensitiveness, or affectation, and without the smallest trace of prudery. What distinguishes her from the group of Spanish women with whom she would naturally be classed is a manly independence, an affection for sport and bodily exercise, which seems rather to belong to the Saxon race. No one can deny individuality to the infanta Isabel, and this quality makes her very *sympathique*, and assimilates her to the women of the Renaissance. The infanta Paz possesses refined tastes, such as a love of painting and making verses, but has given no proof of a really artistic temperament. The infanta Eulalia, elegant and high-strung, has no distinguishing mark amongst the multitudes of ladies who are the ornaments of ball-rooms and delight the eye with their beauty.

Next after the royal family come the ladies of the aristocracy, both that of birth and that which springs from recent military and political triumphs. These have the worst reputation of any class of women in Spain. I will prove it to be unfounded, but I am bound to admit that it exists.

The people of Madrid, who continually see the same hundred or so of ladies always the same, luxuriously and daintily dressed, whirled rapidly along in their well-cushioned carriages; the middle class which from the pit of the *Theatro Real* beholds these same ladies leaning back in their boxes resplendent with jewellery, and with bare arms and shoulders; which eagerly devours in the newspapers the "fashionable news" and "echoes of society," and takes count of the laces of each

trousseau and the amount of velvet employed in a train; which hears certain names re-echoed with all the pride of beauty, riches, and estate,—feeling day by day the goad of envy and the smart of *amour propre*, gives itself up to repeat and believe that the ladies of the *beau monde* are all more or less Cleopatras or Julias, equally ready to drink pearls melted in vinegar, and to sacrifice their reputations now with Cæsar, now with the gladiators of the bull-ring. I have noticed, and the observation appears to me a new one, that the spectators by whom the higher classes are always surrounded, the mob that is always on the lookout for and ready to comment on their actions, confines its attention to one sex (the female) in those classes; it personifies in the woman the vices and the virtues of the class, and whether it be that, from the double moral standard that prevails for the two sexes, it imagines that everything is permissible in men, or whether the luxury that provokes envy is not so evident in men as in women, the fact remains that the shafts of calumny, and the accusations directed against the higher classes, invariably choose as their target the conduct of women. That the aristocrat should be an idler, a spendthrift, loose, frivolous, and purposeless; that he should live in ignorance and at his ease; that like the celebrated *viveur* of the satire his only thoughts should be of bulls and horses, and that he should be useless to his country and to the cause of civilization, surprises nobody. That which is leading us straight to “decadence” and the “later empire,” is that a suspicion should be abroad that the Marquesa Tres Estrellas has a *liaison*, or that she should have lowered two centimetres the neck of her ball-dress.

He who does not live in the magic circle of society, or does not possess the rare virtue of contentment with that state of life, regards as serious crimes a multitude of actions, morally colorless, which great ladies perform, whether because their position demands it, or to fill up the emptiness of their existence, or to conform to the regulations of fashion. The people, and to a greater degree the needy middle class, amongst which public opinion is formed, cannot believe that the woman who spends yearly hundreds of pounds in dress and jewellery, who attends races in her landau or coach, and lunches there on pigeon pie and champagne, who employs in trains materials that might have been used in making her bodice less

scanty, who perfumes the padding of a tea-gown and wears silk stockings in the daytime, who dines well and luxuriously, and after sipping her coffee lights a Turkish cigarette, is not utterly lost. All this seems to the Spaniard a sign of depravity and wickedness, and from every detail of the kind that comes to his notice he infers a life of debauchery and disorder, and supposes that such is the life of all the ladies of the *grand monde*.

It cannot be denied that some live very superficial lives, their only thoughts being of dress, amusement, and trifles. But in addition to the fact that this is rather the result of want of brains than of wickedness, we must, before passing condemnation, look and see if the man, from whom the woman receives the moral impulse, gives her any better example. I do not hesitate to affirm that such is not the fact, and that the stronger sex is equally guilty of frivolity with the weaker. In the man the fault is less excusable. The woman in being frivolous, in passing her life between the hairdresser and the dressmaker, is only confining herself to the region to which she has been relegated, and playing the part imposed upon her, that of ornament. It is a common saying in Spain that only two professions are open to women, that of tobacconist, or that of queen. To these have been added lately those of telegraph or telephone clerk. To men, on the other hand, every path lies open. If our nobility desired to have weight and influence on the destinies of their country, and become the “leading class” in the noblest sense of the word, all would applaud and none hinder them.

Nor is the luxury and inanity to which ladies of high rank are supposed to be given up so general as is believed. Many live in modest retirement, many devote themselves to their homes and superintend in person the education of their children; not a few occupy their time in charity and devotion, and some manifest a praiseworthy interest in literary, artistic, or scientific questions, or even in matters pertaining to agricultural or industrial progress. I cite these latter as an exception, but it would be unjust to omit to praise the discretion and talent of the Marquesa de Casa Lohring, and the fruitful activity and initiative of the Duquesa Angela de Medinaceli. Many men of the same social position would do well to emulate the latter lady. It has always been ladies of position, not men, who have taken interest in the national poetry, represented by Zorrilla. Ladies of rank were the first

to take up the distinguished Menendez Pelayo and to accentuate his success. The intellectual character of all the ladies of the ducal house of Rivas is well known; and the beautiful daughter of the Marques de Sotomayor has fully proved her enthusiasm for intellectual qualities by choosing Canovas del Castillo in preference to a host of blue-blooded suitors. I do not wish to cite examples of special merit, for it would appear to be a slight upon those that I omitted to name. I hope my friend the Condesa de Superunda will pardon me for only mentioning her here to testify to the clearness of her understanding and the earnestness of her life. Having a thousand times defended the good names of ladies of high position against accusers who, it is my firm belief, had never seen a single one except in the distance, and seeing that it was impossible to convince these austere self-made moralists, I fell back on statistics, and begged them to name to me one by one these ladies of proven bad reputation, whom I say again they did not know personally, and I offered, in exchange, to name to them those of unquestioned correctness of life, chosen amongst my own relations or acquaintances. "You see, of course," said I, "that if ladies of position are really as corrupt and hopeless as you make them out to be, it is easy for you to prove it by piling up names. And as the principal fault which you impute to these ladies is the one that gives most opportunity for calumny, and is such that when suspicions of it are aroused, it is as if it were already committed, I shall not even be able to reply to the arguments you adduce. Let me have their names then." With that my opponent gave me about half-a-dozen — the eternal invariable half-dozen that gives unending food to scandal and material for backbiting; the half-dozen whose story has reached the provinces, and has probably also found its way over the sea into foreign lands. On the other hand, I kept citing whole families, hundreds of ladies, and once I went so far as to pick up the Red Book, which contains a list of the nobility, and request the moralist to mark with a cross those he considered guilty. I remember that he was never able to complete the dozen.

But how can so deeply rooted a prejudice be got rid of? Who can upset arguments like that of a certain lady living in the country, who, having read in some newspaper that great ladies decorated their dancing-shoes with diamond buckles, declared loudly that the woman who puts

brilliant on her feet must be worthless, and that she was at a loss to know why the husbands of these ladies did not send them to the penitentiary.

To this sort of conspiracy against the fair name of noble ladies the novel and the drama have contributed. Perhaps the public is amused and tickled in its vanity by the representation of vice in high places; or perhaps the prejudice of which I have spoken has made its way even amongst the literary class; the fact remains that the duchesses, marchionesses, and countesses represented in dramas and novels are almost invariably shocking examples of perversity and worthlessness. Not long ago one of our first novelists, Pereda, published a novel on manners in high life, called "*La Montalvez*," in which the maidens and matrons of the aristocracy commit all sorts of enormities. It is my belief that Pereda, who is a great hater of life in the capital, allowed himself to be influenced by what I call "the provincial legend;" if the novelist had only associated with the people of whom he wrote, his picture would be more true, and he would not quote the exception as rule. The ladies fare no better in the novels of another author of much merit, the Jesuit, Father Coloma, but in his case the cloth explains certain unduly austere expressions of opinion about balls, parties, dress, and amusements which belong exclusively to the upper classes.

The education which is given to the daughters of the nobility is in my opinion defective in two respects. It is weak and it is wholly foreign. Weak because it has no foundation in serious and deep studies and never gets beyond superficiality; foreign because schools, governesses, masters, and nurses, everything in fact to be "the right thing," must come from France, Germany, or England. These women are losing every day more and more the national character and individuality. I never enter a boudoir or bedroom without being impelled by my novelist's and observer's instinct to glance at the book which, cased in rich old velvet, lies on the little table or by the fireplace. Nine times out of ten it is a French novel of the high-flavored type, Ohnet, Feuillet, or Cherbuliez, scarcely ever a religious or historical book, never a Spanish novel, for to these palates, accustomed to the French bonbon, served up in a satin box, Spanish novels are "vulgar." Ladies who, like the Condesa-Duquesa de Benavente, follow with kindly interest our modern novel-writing, or, like the Duquesa de Mandas, have

read and understood books on geology and pre-historic forms, may be instanced as honorable exceptions.

There can be no doubt of it; a woman whose position gives her leisure and who is relieved from the necessity of dedicating much time to domestic affairs by the perfect organization of her household; who no longer lives a cloistered life as in the eighteenth century; whose "house falls in upon her," as we say here, because her husband deserts her, to pursue his amusements and business,—requires a great moral superiority to enable her to escape the purposeless life of visits, the park, the opera, and the ball-room, to have other thoughts than the changes of fashion, and to be strong and self-contained. It is often the vanity of her husband which incites her to extravagance and ostentation, even if his indifference and desertion do not drive her to seek forgetfulness in excitement. All these are extenuating circumstances inadmissible by those who would have the woman faultless and impassive, but not to be ignored by the student of human nature.

In appearance the ladies of the nobility are handsome and stately; but the national type of beauty is becoming scarcer. The woman of middle height, slight and rounded form, undulating and languid or swift and stately movements; black, expressive eyes fringed with long lashes, somewhat colorless lips, dark complexion and hair of jet, is giving place, little by little, to the fleshy blonde, known here as the Rubens type. There are many blondes in Madrid. The truth is that a great part of them are blondes only by the help of dyes.

Another type which abounds in the aristocracy, and seems to me very ancient in that class, is the fair woman, pale, anæmic, with long face, and projecting and scornful under lip, such as were painted by great portrait-painters like Pantoja and Velasquez. This type, though not beautiful, is full of distinction. It is thought that the bringing of the water from Lozoya and the climatic change which ensued have changed the appearance of the ladies of Madrid, making them fresher and rounder. To me it is evident that the loss of the national type is to a great degree the result of the change in dress and the adoption of fashions created by other nations widely different from ours, which, though they may suit their inventors, render us ridiculous. The Spanish woman had hit upon the costume most becoming to her in the fashions of

the time of Carlos IV. The short satin skirt, the low slipper, and above all, the mysterious, voluptuous, and poetical black or white mantilla, are unequalled in setting off a type of woman who is pleasing rather than really handsome. The present fashion, rough stuffs, dull colors, tailor-made garments of English production, long waterproofs and cloaks; the double-soled, broad-heeled boot; and above all, the French capote hat, are so many dangers for Spanish beauty. A long-necked, straight-backed woman like the English-woman looks quite well in a man's tunic and tie. A woman of very pure and fresh complexion would lose nothing by employing half tones, grey, otter, or *beige*. A tall woman might look stately in a cloak that covered her from head to foot, but the Spaniard—short, dark, with rounded form and curving lines—needs garments of another kind and fashion, suited to her natural shape. The classic type seems better preserved amongst the *chulas* of the lower quarters of Madrid than amongst the higher classes, and this is due to the fact that the *chula* dresses in a way that follows the fashions of the past; her shoes are made and her hair is arranged in the Spanish manner, and she wraps around her the Manila shawl embroidered with bright colors. When the ladies of the aristocracy bring out the mantilla during Holy Week, the classic type shines forth immediately in all its genuine brilliancy like a diamond in its setting.

On visiting Spain every tourist of artistic instincts laments the disappearance of the mantilla. Formerly a hope remained for him outside Holy Week, namely, the bull-fights. But even from this last stronghold the mantilla has been cast out by fashion. Nowadays the proper thing is to go to the bull-fight in hats, the more exaggerated the better; and, if the simple truth must be told, the right thing is not to go to the bull-fight at all, but to prefer the race-course, with its ins and outs of betting, its rivalry of ostentation in the rows of carriages, and its exhibition of loud summer costume. The taste for bull-fighting, which is the true Spanish taste, with which the whole nation is deeply imbued, is now to be found almost exclusively amongst the men, the *chulas*, and the common people. The middle class, which always follows in the steps of the upper, has deserted the bull-ring; and the Spanish woman, whose nerves are getting so highly strung that she cannot stand a sad play, cannot now endure the emotions of the bull-fight, which the phi-

lanthropic propaganda has represented to her as similar to those experienced in the Coliseum of old.

In Spain, middle class has a very wide signification. Its boundaries are so ill-defined that it embraces on the one hand the wife of the rich banker, who is middle class only because she is not of the aristocracy; and, on the other, the wife of the telegraph clerk or sub-lieutenant, who belongs to it only because she cannot be classed among the common people. To make the classification somewhat more precise, we must base it on external circumstances, and say that the woman who does not dress like the lower orders, who pays a man or maidservant to wait upon her, and owns a little drawing-room in which to receive visitors, belongs to the middle class. The smallest position under government held by a member of the family, the very shadow of a claim, is seized on by the Spanish woman as a means of reckoning herself among the "gentry," and escaping from the ranks of the "people" properly so called.

Every Spanish woman is anxious to prove that she is "come of decent people," and considers that a government clerk on a very small salary, whose very means of existence are precarious, fulfils this condition better than any artisan whose skill lies in his hands, as, for instance, a silversmith, watchmaker, or cabinet-maker. Even though in the house of the artisan life is easy whilst in that of the government clerk or soldier sordid poverty and hardships are the order of the day, the Spanish woman prefers the latter because, married to a captain or civil-service clerk, she considers her position as a "lady" assured. In this respect also the woman only adopts the masculine opinion. A civil-service clerk with a salary of £60 a year can "cut a figure" in the *beau monde*, can go to a ball and dance with duchesses. A cabinet-maker or grocer who gains by his work £200 or £400 a year will never be looked upon as a "gentleman."

The antipathy which she feels to mechanical or mercantile employments sets the Spanish woman of the middle class against the idea of gaining her own living by her industry. Nor did this idea spring up spontaneously within her, she only judges by the standard that has been inculcated from her youth up. The daughter of the people when still a child learns already to gain her piece of bread, by running errands, domestic service, sewing, manufacturing, making cigars, selling fish or vegetables, or tending cattle. But im-

agine a shabby-genteel family favored by nature with five or six sons and condemned to live on a miserable salary or income. What will the daughters do? Go behind a counter? Exercise some profession, business, or occupation? No. They would thus cease *ipso facto* to be "ladies." The distinguishing mark of a "lady" is to do nothing at all. And so, the daughters must remain mouldering under the paternal roof, forming a sort of convent of nuns without vocation; watching their youth slide by in sadness, knowing that it will be followed by an old age still more sad, reduced to live on bad and scanty food, so as to attain the two objects on which they found their sole hopes of a better future. Firstly, that their brothers may get a start in life, so as to be able "some day" to assist them. Secondly, that they may not be without the amount of dress necessary to enable them to present themselves "respectably" in public, and await the advent of the long-hoped-for husband who is to come to their relief. If he does not put in an appearance, no life can be more wretched than that of this young lady, condemned to poverty and idleness, or, at the best, to shamefaced labor, concealed as a crime, because the class in society to which she belongs would expel her from its ranks if it knew that she demeaned herself by any other work than that of managing her household. Few, indeed, are the avocations which are open to women in Spain, but fewer still are the women of the middle class who can make up their minds to exercise them. A few years ago, a lady, Martina Castells, graduated in medicine. The illustrated papers published her portrait as that of a remarkable and singular female. At the present time there exists between the woman of the middle class and the woman of the people the profound difference that, whereas the latter considers it her duty to gain her living, the *bourgeoise* is under the impression that she ought to be maintained entirely by the work of the men. This is why women in the middle class are more dependent, more conventional, and less spontaneous. The woman of the people may be a somewhat coarse figure, but she is certainly much more of a figure than the *bourgeoise*. This latter—she must not be offended, it is her teacher's fault, not her own—passes her life expecting, one might almost say lying in wait for, a husband. From her earliest years she has continually had it dinned into her that the only career open to her is matrimony, and she acts on the advice. I will not say

that love, so natural and amiable in youth, has nothing to do with it; what I do say is, that this love savors of utilitarianism, as it is the only form of the struggle for existence in which women may compete. The modest middle-class family stints its meals to enable the daughters to present themselves on the promenade, at the theatre, or evening party, suitably got-up and well equipped in all the weapons suitable for husband-hunting. Marriage, and the advantages that ensue from it, being the one aspiration of the *bourgeoise*, her parents do their best to educate her conformably to masculine ideas and prejudices, and to keep her in that just mean with a tendency to impassiveness which, as I have already said, is desired by Spaniards in their better halves. Although there still exist men who commend absolute ignorance in women, the majority are beginning to prefer, at least in practical life, a wife who, without being ambitious of solid and serious instruction, has a shadow, veneer, or varnish of schooling which makes her "presentable." He who does not wish for learning in his wife, wishes for "education," especially in all that is showy and ornamental. Progress is no vain word, seeing that nowadays a middle-class husband would blush that his wife should not know how to write or read. History, elocution, astronomy, mathematics are studies still looked upon with some suspicion by men; philosophy and the dead languages would be excessive. On the other hand an agreement has been arrived at, and modern languages, geography, music, and drawing are looked upon with favor, provided they are taken up in a purely amateur spirit and do not become serious pursuits. Painting on china, decorating cups and saucers, daubing "moonlight effects," are regarded favorably. Frequenting museums, studying nature, sketching from the living model, are looked upon with disfavor. To be able to read the *Figaro* in French and Walter Scott in English, good. To read Horace in Latin, dreadful!

This system of education in which half-shades prevail, and in which solidity and depth are regarded as improper, has the inevitable result of limiting, checking, and narrowing women, dwarfing their natural growth, and keeping them in continual childhood. Its character is purely superficial, it is at the most a whitewash of education, and even where it can infuse some traces and scraps of knowledge, it can never give a proper stimulus to intellectual activity.

Whilst female education is so weak in intellectually it is not much better practically. The knowledge of the facts of hygiene and physiology, so necessary for the preservation of health, and the bringing up of children; the rudiments of the culinary art; the practice of scrupulous cleanliness and rigorous order; the comprehension of that poetry which is communicated to the home by the delicate taste of a woman,—none of these form part of the dowry brought by the *bourgeoise* to her husband. Sometimes she is ignorant of even the most simple details of actual life, and does not know how to arrange linen in the press or how to keep the lamp clean. More than this; even in making her own person attractive, the woman of the middle classes does not give proof of that energy and intelligence which are, paradoxical as it may seem, the result of culture rather than of vanity. Listlessness, carelessness, lymphatic limppiness, lack of cold water, badly-cared-for hair, teeth, and hands, bad taste in the choice of dress and ornaments, the want of the intellectual element in life betrayed by the meaningless or coarse expression of eyes and features, all this contributes to make the middle-class Spaniard attractive only during a short period of girlhood, during which, bright, trim, and engaging, she awaits the husband who is to "end her troubles."

In expressing myself thus, I must again repeat, I am indicating general tendencies, not invariable facts. It would be easy to dispute my assertion by quoting instances. And I must again remind the reader of a fact that must never be lost sight of, that the woman is as the man deliberately makes her, and that, considering her disadvantages, the Spanish woman's energy and initiative show the admirable material which enters into her composition. Many of the good things that are not taught her she guesses and attains by virtue of mother wit. And on subjects which are within her reach, and on which she is allowed to have an opinion, she almost always surpasses the stronger sex in sagacity and good sense.

Some attribute to the climate, others to the intellectual inequality that prevails between the two sexes, the fact that the home life in Spain is wanting in intimacy. The husband sallies forth to his business or amusement; he passes his evenings in the café, the casino, or even in the street, rarely or never accompanied by his wife. One of the things that struck me most on my first visit to France, was to see so

many couples in the streets of Paris. In Spain this is not the custom, and to give the arm to one's companion is considered bad taste. Amongst us the stay-at-home man is looked down upon; he would be considered as spiritless; the life which women are obliged to lead being so circumscribed, and the sphere of their activity so restricted, a man cannot without danger impose the same limitations upon himself.

Abandoned by their husbands the wives are driven to the same courses, and the Spanish woman so devoted to home during the last century is becoming a great gad-about. This is one of the points in which the change has been most radical. In small places she has no excuse for passing her time in the streets; in large cities a pretext is easily found, shops, visits, church-going, this or that sight to be seen. It cannot be doubted that this taste for gadding about reveals some deficiency in the family life. I do not believe, like Luis Vives, that women endanger their fair fame by going out often, I only say that going out so as to "get away from home" shows a want of domestic life and a sort of horror of solitude which is an unmistakable sign of an empty head.

With regard to the reputations of Spanish women of the middle class it may be said that there is more virtue than vice in them, that in general they are faithful to their husbands; and even if they have once made a false step it is exceptional to see one abandon herself to a worthless and licentious life. In spite of this it is my opinion that if statistics could be got together on a subject naturally so delicate and difficult, the backslidings of the middle class would be found to be more frequent than those of the highest. The reason is simple. The wife of the government clerk, solicitor, or doctor is less observed and enjoys greater liberty than the lady of high lineage, well known, surrounded by servants, and accustomed never to go out except in her carriage. Nobody talks about the *bourgeoise*, or if they do talk it is only in a restricted circle; on the lady of high position all eyes are fixed. The former is more exposed to danger, because she is easier of access, less noticed, and her intrigues make no scandal. I allude, of course, to the inhabitant of populous centres who occupies no lofty position, for a woman of political notoriety will be observed as much in her smallest actions as a princess of the blood. Nor do the women of the middle class enjoy this immunity in small places. Every

"lady" who wears silk is a matter of remark in a little village; for this reason, the standard of morality amongst the middle class in the provinces is fairly high.

Even in the capital, in spite of the passionate nature of the Spanish nation, I do not notice any relaxation of morals. This question of morality between the two sexes requires most careful treatment. We must not allow ourselves to be frightened by ridiculous bugbears, or be led to take up the cry that the world is going to the bad because of matters as old as the world itself, and which are perhaps less prevalent, less shameless, and less coarse than at other periods of history. Woman in Spain is not depraved, though she is very much dwarfed, very wanting in ideal.

The Spanish *bourgeoise* is generally somewhat of a snob. Her tendency is to vulgarity, and on that side she sins. As a result of the mediocrity to which she is systematically condemned by her social position, she is wanting in *aplomb*, spontaneity, and distinction. The just mean in religion; the just mean, bordering upon indifference, in patriotism; total extinction in politics, and the consecration of her mental activities to trifles and details, have produced a woman of dwarfed stature, good at the bottom, of pleasing and amiable exterior, naturally acute and witty, but lacking in earnestness, often less disinterested and always more poor-spirited than the man. Her character sometimes possesses delightful by-ways, but she is lacking in what painters call "boldness." Without being either stupid or bad, she is, I repeat, *outrée* and vulgar. As the springs of feeling are not dried up within her, she is capable of transformation when her affections are at stake, and rises to grandeur at the bedside of her sick child or dying parent. Instinct is for women of this kind a better guide than understanding.

Another cause of vulgarity in the middle class is its eagerness to imitate the nobility, what we call here "the wish without the power." From this eagerness results the curiosity and interest with which they read the "fashionable news," a species of literature formerly only cultivated by *La Epoca*, the organ of the Conservative party, but now run after by all the papers. Ladies there are who learn by heart the list of the jewels of the Marquesa de la Laguna, and are thoroughly conversant with the favorite colors of the Duquesa de Alba, whom they familiarly call Fernan Nuñez.

Last year, at the Barcelona Exhibition,

I had an opportunity of noticing the feverish interest taken by women of the middle class in the most insignificant actions of ladies of high rank. When the queen went out for a walk, when she entered the theatre, thousands of ladies awaited her in eager expectation (the men were conspicuous by their absence), and this not from any sympathy with Royalist ideas, but simply from female curiosity. They waited standing for hours and hours to seize and comment on the details of her dress and the manner in which her hair and that of her ladies-in-waiting was arranged. "Fernan Nuñez is wearing a cloak like the one you ordered in Paris." "Look at La Condesa de Sastago, her capote is wider than the queen's." "What a beautiful sunshade, with an ivory handle!" Such was the gist of the remarks all the time till the carriage came in view; and all this with the anxiety of people studying a model which they intend to imitate to the utmost of their power.

Any one who saw in the park two young ladies, one the daughter of a police magistrate and the other heiress to a title and £4,000 a year would take them at first for two sisters. The same hat, the same cut of dress, the same dark parasol, and above all the same frank and lofty bearing, the same reserved and side-long bow. Look closer, however, at these two figures which seem so similar, and you will see that they resemble each other as the modern cast resembles the coin of ancient stamp. Their dresses are similar in shape, but in one the cut of the fashionable dress-maker is apparent, in the other the laborious arrangement made by the light of the paraffin lamp at home. The walk and movements of the one are only a poor imitation; in the girl of the middle class a certain amount of timidity is noticeable combined with a certain amount of stiffness and affectation, which she can never shake off because the freedom and ease bestowed by a brilliant position are unattainable by those who do not possess it and who cannot replace it by a careful education and a wide and agreeable culture. This stiffness, which is in reality only produced by the fear of appearing ridiculous and the lack of the candor necessary for remaining contentedly in one's true position, is what betrays the middle-class woman in certain circles of society.

The desire to imitate the aristocracy shows a want of independence and energy in the woman of the middle class. It may be answered that it is better to imitate countesses and duchesses than *cocottes*

and actresses, as is done in France. I answer that all imitation is undesirable, and if neither bad women nor actresses are copied here (and Heaven forbid that I should confound the one with the other), it is because amongst us they do not arouse the same amount of curiosity as in Paris. This is proved by reading the daily press. No reporter informs the public of how the Duke of X.'s or the banker Z.'s mistress dresses; nor breaks through the privacy which enwraps the life of Madame Mendoza Tenorio or Madame Tubau when off the stage. On the other hand, we are regularly regaled with accounts of the dresses, jewels, sayings, thoughts, dinners, and journeyings of the ladies of the nobility.

In Spain actresses — at least during the last twenty years — live in modest retirement, with no outbreaks of Bohemian ostentation or eccentricity. It often happens that when they marry they renounce the profession and dedicate themselves entirely to the labors and duties of home. This, though far from blameworthy, proves that they were wanting in the bright spark of enthusiastic genius which makes the true artist. Possibly this half-heartedness has something to do with the decline of the theatre and the increasing lack of good actresses, which is making the creation of female character for the stage almost impossible in these days — a loss deplored by all our play-writers.

In a study on Spanish women I cannot omit a department of life in which the aristocracy, the middle class, and the people are intermixed and live in common. I mean the nunneries. Although there exist convents which are preferred for high-born novices, like Las Huelgas and Las Salesas, and some in which admission is only granted to those who can show four quarterings, the fact remains that in many convents of Concepcionistas, Benedictines, and Capuchines, the rich and noble lady who has been induced to take the veil by a religious impulse, or a disappointed affection, prays in the convent chapel side by side with the humble domestic servant who has had to depend on charity to enable her to amass the dowry necessary for a "bride of Christ." The remark I wish to make with regard to nuns in Spain is that they also, strange as it may seem, are . . . a transformation, the inevitable . . . the course of events. The old-fashioned type of nun, who passed her life in contemplation, psalm-singing, making sweetmeats, almond paste, scapularies, and pin-cushions,

is gradually giving place to the modern sister, less conventional and more practical, dedicated by preference to teaching or works of charity, desirous to learn and anxious to model herself on the French sisters, who, together with the convents of the *Sacré Cœur*, and other institutions of the same nature, have brought about this radical change in the cloister life of Spain. Nowadays the romantic, old-fashioned convents, with their double jealousies bristling with spikes, and their melancholy gardens, enclosed in high walls, within which the life was purely contemplative and ascetic, are becoming rarer and more deserted. The religious institutions which gain in popularity are, as I have pointed out, the half-secular ones, which interest themselves in succoring the poor and educating girls. Amongst charitable institutions I must cite, as a recent Spanish foundation, the Little Sisters of the Poor (Las Hermanitas de los Pobres). In teaching, the guiding spirit comes from France. Our own nuns, who are, of course, much the same as their lay compatriots, are beginning to understand that in order to teach, it is necessary first to learn; and perhaps in a year or two, the standard of female culture in the convents will rise—a necessary condition to their maintenance and prosperity.

In Spain the common people more than any other class preserve the national character and the fundamental ideas and feelings consecrated by tradition. I suppose this is the case in every country, and that the purest national types, moral and physical, are to be found amongst the commonalty and specially amongst the women. Still a great difference exists between the women in town, village, and country; and we may even say that in Spain there exist at least ten or twelve widely different popular female types.

Where can be found a greater contrast than that which is afforded by the women of the large Spanish towns, the *ouvrière* of Cataluña on the one hand and the *chula* of Madrid on the other? The Catalans have acquired already the special characteristics of a hard-working and very advanced race; and it may be affirmed that the native of Paris, neat and businesslike as she is, is not more so than the woman of Barcelona, either as regards cleanliness, or diligence, or the conviction, if I may so express it, that work is a duty and a privilege. She differs from the Parisienne in being less wily and engaging with customers, if she is behind the counter, or in

gaining a tip for any service she may render. But good order, the charming simplicity and neatness of her dress, a business-like and practical turn of mind, aspiration to comforts gained by the sweat of her brow, and a fund of healthy independence born of her devotion to work, make the *ouvrière* or manufacturing hand of Cataluña a woman of a late and civilized age in the full signification of the word. On the other hand, the woman of the town quarter of Madrid—a much more interesting subject for the artist—is a survival of the past, a relic of old Spain; hers is the face which adorns fans and tambourines; she is the model that is used by students of manners, such as Mesonero Romanos or Perez Galdos. Descendant of the *majas* and *manolas* of old, the *chula* cultivates as an art an unabashed freedom of speech, a hasty and reckless temper, an intensity of feeling, and all the fervor of unbridled passions. The *chula's* hands are as free and ready as her tongue, and she is capable of picking a quarrel with the sun itself; she is also capable of giving the clothes she has on to relieve misery. Noble and beautiful traits alternate in her with others equally coarse, shameless and barbarous. When the former are in the ascendant it is impossible not to love her. The conversation of the *chula* is full of wit, her actions are always determined by and spring directly from the heart or imagination; she never calculates and her unreflecting brightness is as attractive as the spontaneity, mischievousness, and amusing sallies of a little child.

The *chula* is generous and disinterested, and does not fear to undergo cruel privations and incessant sacrifices to secure the comfort or satisfy the caprices of the object of her affections. As the bursts of feeling in the *chula* are not governed by reflection, it often happens that she wastes treasures of affection and passion on the most undeserving of mankind. With the labor of her hands, sometimes even with the wages of her shame, the *chula* often feeds and clothes some bull-fighter out of work or some loathsome and degraded ruffian. Madrid abounds in couples, of whom the man lives only to satisfy his low and vicious tastes, passing his mornings in bed and his evenings at the *café*, continually drunk, and with the cigarette always between his lips, whilst the woman works like a slave so that her despicable companion may not lack money to enable him to continue his life of debauchery and idleness. It seems scarcely

necessary to add that the *chula's* affection leads her to such strange extremes that, though irritable and proud with others, from her lover she puts up with blows and all sorts of bad treatment; it would almost appear as if even humiliation and suffering bound her to him who inflicted it. After a beating from her "sweetheart," the *chula* appears as affectionate as a turtle-dove, and as docile as a lamb.

Needless to say, the *chula* is not exactly what may be called a model of strictness and austerity. Indeed, the ranks of prostitution draw many of their recruits from this class, from which, together with the lower orders of Andalusia, are chosen the Spanish bayaderes, who are known as singers of *flamenco* songs and dancers of *flamenco* dances. Nevertheless, to return to the general conception on which this essay is founded, I maintain that the *chula* (woman) is better than the *chulo* (man), in spite of all her faults. Warm-heartedness and acuteness, enthusiasm and disinterestedness, sometimes save her from infection in the polluted atmosphere in which she lives, and make her a brave and honest woman, whilst preserving all the impulsiveness and *gracia* of her class. Even after being dragged through the mire the, *chula* who deserves the name, does not entirely lose a certain element of attractiveness and romance, which is not to be found amongst such persons in Paris, where vice is purely a business transaction. If heart and feeling are required, they may be found in the *chula* of Madrid. If this woman were only capable of education! But if she were capable of education (the difficulty crops up again) she would no longer be a *chula*, and her lively sparkle would be gone.

The Andalusian resembles the woman of the lower orders of Madrid, but she is more timid and religious, and in some towns, like Seville and Cadiz, she is very orderly and attentive to her household affairs. The old stock prevails in the southern provinces; the cigar manufactories are the only industrial centres in Andalusia, and it is a well-known fact that the *cigarreras* form a separate and distinct class, differing from the *ouvrière*, who acquires imperceptibly a French type, or at least loses the picturesque air which is preserved in all its brilliancy by the *cigarrera*. Graceful descriptions of the cigar-makers of Seville have been written, representing them with bunches of roses in their hair, and their turned-up sleeves showing their olive-skinned arms, with their animated and free chatter, and

their noisy and brisk activity. Nowadays when the notorious *pronunciamientos* are becoming things of the past, riots amongst the *cigarreras* are frequent, and the office of manager of the manufactories of Seville or Madrid can only be held by a man of great coolness and energy. "These women," the head of the manufactory at Madrid remarked to me the other day, "are at the bottom deserving of sympathy; they have the best of hearts, and by good treatment you can do what you like with them; but their sense of justice is so fully developed and strong, that I pity that manager whom they should have reason to consider as unjust. They are capable of tearing him to pieces in a moment of excitement."

All the *ouvrière* class in Spain, as well as the cigar-makers, have been somewhat bitten with the republican ideas so well fitted to flatter in theory that thirst of justice which is distinctive of the lower orders. But, by a seeming inconsistency which may easily be explained, the republican *ouvrière* in Spain continues to be superstitiously religious, attends special services, and lavishes attentions on the saints and virgins of her choice; she preserves her respect for kings, for whom she conceives a loyal sentiment bordering on fanaticism if ever she receives from them some mark of kindness, or insignificant sign of good-will and care. The Spanish woman of the lower orders preserves forever the recollection of kindness done to her, and, in short, of any trait of generosity and good feeling, even though no profit result to herself. The most insignificant actions, if they bear the impress of a kindly nature, move her to an incredible degree. Last year in one of the streets of Zaragoza, I noticed a blind man, who was groping amongst the stones of the road in search of a copper piece which he had dropped. I pitied the poor man, and taking a silver piece of the value of a franc from my hand-bag, I gave it to him. At the same moment I was surprised to hear a chorus of blessings showered on me by a group of poor women. I could not help laughing; a franc is such a small matter to provoke so much enthusiasm. I reflected afterwards, and saw that the approval expressed by these women resulted from the fact that my conduct, though in no degree surprising, fell in with their inmost sentiments; each one of them would gladly have given the beggar a franc, or even more had she been able.

One of the most strongly marked types of women in Spain is the native of the

Basque provinces. She differs in every respect from the Spanish woman as imagined by foreigners, passionate, languid, and Eastern; on the contrary, the woman of Biscay, Guipuzcoa, and Alava is a figure with severe, one might almost say, harsh and rugged outlines, the most moral and Christian woman in all Europe. I appeal to social statistics, and I think they will not belie me. The Basque race is a race apart in Spain itself; it is believed on good grounds that the Basques are descended, if not from aborigines in the rigorous sense of the word, at least from the first tribe that migrated, years ago, to the Iberian peninsula. It is beyond question that the ethnical and moral characteristics of the Euskarian race mark it off from the other races of Spain, and it has no affinity with the inhabitants of the rest of the Cantabrian littoral in spite of the similarity of country and climate. Whereas the Asturian or Galician woman presents a rounded contour and a soft type of features, the Basque is hard and angular in outline, and unyielding obstinacy is written on her brow. Cleanly, industrious, and grave, her purity seems temperamental, for, as I have often heard it stated, many Euskarian peasant women are completely impervious to the tender passion. They marry because they regard it as a duty to have a household, and they aspire to maternity, which they do not admit outside the marriage bond. Their fidelity and purity, the merit of which I will leave moralists to discuss, are absolute. It is true that the general standard of morality in the Basque country is much higher than in the rest of Spain, and I need not repeat that to hope for very pure women where men are extremely immoral is signally inconsistent. Fifteen years ago the sister provinces still retained a lofty patriarchal stamp, a spice of Homeric virtue which did not prevent them, lying as they do so near to France, from being the most advanced and industrious part of our country, with the exception of Cataluña. The upholders of the *fueros* or legislative independence of the region assert that, since the termination of the Civil War, and the suppression of these venerable privileges, the Basque country is, little by little, losing the purity of its manners, the simplicity and innocence of its character, and all its home-grown virtues. There is one more sacrifice that new Spain has been obliged to offer up on the altar of constitutional liberty. The Basque provinces and Navarre have always been the hotbed of the Carlist rebellion; and those

who are well acquainted with that country state that it would not surprise them if the insurrection broke out again and further bloodshed ensued, so tenacious are the Basques of the unyielding religious spirit and of federal monarchy.

The Basque woman, so insensible and unbending in the field of passion, shows herself ardent in that of politics when she believes her traditional beliefs endangered. During the Civil War the Basque women gave proof of a heroism equalled only by that of the Spartans. The mother of three sons, when the two elder had died on the battle-field, came forward and offered the youngest also, "for the Liberals to kill." A whole volume might be filled with traits of sublime fanaticism manifested during the Carlist war.

In other parts of Spain women do not manifest the same enthusiasm in politics or coolness in love as in the Basque provinces. On the contrary, it may be affirmed that the passionate romance now exiled from the educated classes has taken refuge in certain Spanish provinces; and every day the newspapers contain an account of some double suicide, resembling in the circumstances that of Prince Rudolf of Austria, with the difference that its hero and heroine are a poor soldier and a sempstress or a washerwoman. Only among the people is found the man who binds himself to his sweetheart with the many folds of the Spanish sash, and, carefully wrapping her skirts about her lower limbs, with a kind of posthumous jealousy, that modesty may not be offended in the death-struggle, first sends a bullet to her heart and then blows out his own brains.

In sketching rapidly a map of Spain arranged according to the various types of women, I should wish to mark them out in three or four principal divisions. A certain analogy exists between the Basques and the Catalans, in spite of the impassive nature and the respect for tradition of the former. Between the Andalusian and Madrid divisions the resemblance is very close. If it were my purpose to seek in a forgotten past the reason for this similarity in character, I should say that it reveals the preponderance of the Semitic or African element. The woman of the central plateau, the Castilian, is a mixture of the Celtic with the original Iberian race. In spite of marked differences, some similarity exists between her and the Galician or Basque. The purely Celtic division, namely, the Asturias and Galicia, which so closely resembles the Basque provinces in its physical characteristics

and its climate, produces, thanks to the difference of race, a female who forms a complete contrast to her Basque sister. The Galician or Asturian woman is tender-hearted, politics do not trouble her, and she cares nothing for the constitution, or whether Don Carlos or Alfonso XII. be king. Devoted to her children, she would not think of sacrificing them in the struggle for a social Utopia, and as regards susceptibility to the tender passion, it is sufficient to state that it rarely happens that a Galician peasant woman goes to the altar without having already a family. We must not omit to state that, carrying out the ideas of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the peasant women of this Celtic division, though free in manners before marriage, are afterwards generally faithful to their husbands.

Throughout the length and breadth of Spain the women help the men in agricultural labor, for the equality of the sexes, though denied by the written code and in social spheres in which life is idle, is established by the poverty of the peasant, the journeyman, and the farmer. In my own country, Galicia, women in delicate health, or with children at the breast, may be seen digging the ground, sowing the maize and wheat, and cutting the grass for the cattle. This severe labor raises no protest amongst the profound theorists who, on the least attempt to widen the sphere of women's activity in other directions, exclaim, full of pious horror, "Women ought to confine themselves to the bosom of their families, for their sole purpose in life is to fulfil the duties of wife and mother." The poor home of the needy peasant woman, where food and firing are wanting, and where the rain and storm beat in, is almost always empty. The mistress has been emancipated by a liberator, eternal, merciless, and deaf—Necessity.

EMILIA PARDO BAZAN.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

FOR that amusing parody, the "Rejected Addresses," we are indebted to a disastrous conflagration which, in 1809, destroyed the Drury Lane Theatre, and consummated its luckless manager's ruin. A new company was formed, mainly owing to the exertions of Mr. Whitbread, and by the end of the year 1812 the present fine theatre, built from the designs of Wyatt,

was ready for opening. The enterprise was directed by a sort of committee of taste, which included some foolish and frivolous persons, whose government was later to prove as disastrous as had been that of the careless and wasteful Sheridan. Byron, at a later period, when he was one of the party, has given a humorous account of their fantastic proceedings.

It might have been expected that in so trivial a matter as the choice of a prologue the ordinary course would have been followed; but, to the surprise of ordinary sensible persons, on August 14 there appeared this pedantic advertisement in most of the daily papers: "The Committee are desirous of promoting free and fair competition for an address to be spoken upon the opening of the theatre, which will take place on October 10 next. They have therefore thought fit to announce to the public that they will be glad to receive any such compositions, addressed to their secretary at the Treasury Office in Drury Lane, on or before September 10, sealed up; with a distinguishing word, number, or motto on the cover, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper containing the name of the author, which will not be opened unless containing the name of a successful candidate."

It will be seen that no premium was offered, but Lord Byron, it was said, received the modest sum of £20. A deluge of over one hundred prologues were sent in, nearly all of bad quality; among them was one by Whitbread, the actual head of the committee! In nearly all there was allusion to the well-worn "Phoenix," which was served with every kind of dressing; and Sheridan amused a dinner-table by describing his friend Whitbread's treatment of the bird, who "made more of it than any of them; he entered into particulars, described its having wings, beak, tail, etc.—in short, it was a *poullerer's* description." This was witty enough. In their despair, the committee in very cavalier fashion put aside their contract with the candidates, and proposed to Lord Byron, even before they had come to a decision on the competition, that he should supply them with an article. He made an attempt, sketched out some lines, but was so dissatisfied with the result that he burnt them. Pressed more eagerly, he at last undertook the matter seriously. Lord Holland had an uneasy time of it, being harassed by the noble poet's perpetual alterations and emendations, continued up to the last moment. As in the

instance of one couplet, shaped and reshaped again, —

Dear are the days that made our annals bright,
When Garrick died and Brinsley ceased to write —

which was changed to

Such are the names that here your plaudits sought,
When Garrick acted and when Brinsley wrote.

It stood finally, —

Dear are the days that made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.

There was a sarcastic allusion to the horses and other animals introduced on the stage at Covent Garden, but which Mr. Whitbread cut out at the last moment. In short, it was wonderful how the sorely harassed Elliston, who had to recite it, contrived to retain anything but fragments in his memory. When it became known that the "job" was given to Lord Byron there was a perfect storm; the candidates filled the air with their cries, the committee was accused of partiality, and Lord Byron of having competed with the knowledge of the committee. He was very indignant at these attacks, and in a letter said to have been written by him, was this sneering suggestion: "These disappointed writers have it, however, still in their power to adopt the generous example of Dr. Milbourne, recently sanctioned by Dr. Busby's imitation, and to publish their own compositions. Such an appeal to the public may possibly reconcile the most fastidious to the address which was spoken, and till it has been made all censure on the committee, for their condemnation of the works submitted to them, must be founded on conjecture only."

On September 29 he wrote this significant passage to Lord Holland: "Murray tells me there are myriads of ironical addresses ready, some in imitation of what is called my style. If they are as good as the Probationary Odes, or Hawkins's 'Pipe of Tobacco,' it will not be bad for the initiated." At that moment two lively young fellows had been with a rude, gouty publisher, and had offered him just such a little work as he described. He returned it to them after a humorous interview, during which they nearly got round him. After many rebuffs and difficulties they persuaded a more obscure bibliopole, named Miller, to undertake it. It appeared in the second week in October, and was brought out in rather inferior style, mak-

ing a mean, and even "scrubby," little volume.

These young men were the sons of a solicitor, and their names were Horace and James Smith. They were little over twenty years of age, but the parody, which was their joint work, was a masterpiece in its line. It was Ward, a relation of Sheridan's, then secretary to the new theatre, who suggested to the brothers the idea of this lively squib. He had no doubt seen and laughed over the accumulated absurdities that were submitted to him. It was completed, written, and printed within a few weeks. The authors took it to Mr. Murray, who declined it in summary fashion, though it was offered for £20 only. Not long after he was glad to buy the copyright for £131. They made other attempts, equally vain, and at last were glad to find one willing to undertake it on the terms of running the whole risk and sharing the profits. Almost as soon as it appeared it was successful, and passed through several editions. Miller offered them £1,000 for another work, and for their share in the "Addresses." Byron's admiration for the little volume was unbounded, and his warmth showed how genuine and unaffected was the poet, for the point of the satire was really directed against his own unfortunate "Address." Byron was always eager to appreciate in the heartiest way the efforts of others. "The author," he added, "must be a man of very lively wit, and less scurrilous than wits often are."

A selection from these candidates' productions was later published under the title of "The Genuine Rejected Addresses presented to the Committee of Management for Drury Lane Theatre, preceded by that written by Lord Byron and adopted by the Committee." It is amusing enough for its absurdities. Mr. Raymond furnished some droll specimens which he was privileged to see, and which we believe were unpublished: —

Once more we meet you — meet you once again,

Patrons and good old friends, in Drury Lane;
Once more, in spite of all the Fates can do,
Welcome a British audience — you — you — you!

But oh! my thoughts are driven to recall
That fearful night, when you remember all,
When furious flames assail'd these hallow'd beams,

And set their fury in ten thousand streams;
When you, good citizens, with aspect dire,
Shouted through London, "Drury is on fire!"

And pallid consternation held the town,
From the mechanic upwards to the Crown.

And again another specimen : —

A new theatre in quite a modern style,
Beautifully finish'd — a stupendous pile,
In a short time uprears its lofty crest,
Just like a burnt-out Phoenix from its nest;
Where loyalty once more shall raise its voice,
All that can make a British heart rejoice.
Here the proud Corsican shall quickly know
The fortune which shall humble England's foe;
Here shall he find the battles all recast —
Blenheim to Salamanca — July last.
To Whitbread thanks, and noble Holland too,
For bringing all this beauteous scene to view;
Rising a temple where but yesterday
All was a mass of smoking stones and clay,
Showing so much of industry and skill,
And what the English can do if they will.

Byron compared the new satire with
old-established models in this sort of
persiflage, such as Hawkins Browne's "Pipe
of Tobacco" and the "Rolliad;" but the
former alone can be put beside the "Re-
jected Addresses." Browne's trifle is con-
ceived in the same spirit, and, considering
its shortness, must be pronounced excel-
lent, and quite as good. Pope himself
might have written these lines : —

Blest leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
To Templars modesty, to parsons sense.
Poison that cures, a vapor that affords
Content more solid than the smile of lords;
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good.
Inspired by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail;
By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.

Almost better is the imitation of Thom-
son, with its lofty nebulous epithets : —

O thou, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco, fountain pure of lumpy truth,
That stirs the very soul: whence pouring
 through
Swarms all the mind. . . .
Behold an engine wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue form'd
And glazed magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill,
Itself one Tortoise all, whose shrines imbibe
Earth's parent ray.

What is the secret of this kind of
humor it might be difficult to define. The
skill of the successful artist seems to be
founded on his power to enter into the
mind and the conception of his subject.
The commoner mimic merely copies and
exaggerates all that is before him, tricks
of expression and manner, tones of voice;
he mimics, in short. Lord Jeffrey, in his
critique of this piece, has admirably ex-
pounded this distinction; and, indeed,

nothing could illustrate it better than the
imitation of Crabbe, which has been ad-
mired as the most effective and successful
of the collection. Its merit will be best
shown by putting the two pieces side by
side, when it will be seen that the copy
in form scarcely resembles the original,
though when read with the aid of the dis-
tinction just laid down the resemblance
becomes apparent. This is true art. Thus
in "The Borough:" —

But toiling sav'd, and, saving, never ceased
Till he had box'd up twelve score pounds at
 least.

He knew not money's power, but judged it
 best

Safe in his trunk to let his treasure rest:
Yet to a friend complained, "Sad charge to
 keep

So many pounds, and then I cannot sleep."
"Then put it out," replied the friend.

"What, give
My money up? why then I could not live."
"Nay, but for interest place it in his hands
Who'll give you mortgage on his house or
 lands."

. . . "Indeed,"
Said he with gladd'ning eye, "will money
 breed?

Five pounds for every hundred will he give?
And then the hundred? I begin to live."
So he began, and other means he found
As he went on, to multiply a pound.
Though blind so long to interest, all allow
That no man better understands it now!
Him in our body corporate we chose,
And, once among us, he above us rose;
Stepping from post to post, he reached the
 chair,

And there he now reposes — that's the Mayor.

Few would suppose that this homely
incident was parodied in the delightfully
humorous description of the loss of Pat
Jennings's hat, with its happy and ingen-
ious recovery : —

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat.
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but
 four?

Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again, at half past eight.
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers, "Take my handker-
 chief."

"Thank you," cries Pat, "but one won't
 make a line."

"Take mine," cried Wilson, and cried Stokes,
 "Take mine."

Upsoars the prize! The youth, with joy un-
 feigned,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd.

The similarity is that of mental emotion and embarrassment; not of the circumstances. In the one case a simple rustic nature is relieved by the suggestion of a resource which never occurred to him, namely, the laying out his money at interest; in the other the hat is recovered by an equally ingenious and suggested device. The satire lies in the fact that the latter, though having a grotesque air, is as worthy of serious treatment as Crabbe's solemn episode.

The cleverest and most versatile member of the firm was James. This will be seen by comparing their respective shares in the work. James wrote the Wordsworth, Cobbett, Coleridge, Southey, and Crabbe; with some small pieces. On the other hand, Horace's imitation of "Marmion" shows a larger and more masterly touching of the chords, and may be considered the cleverest, because the most difficult, of the performances. There is some inferior work, however, in the little volume, added, no doubt, to fill out its lean measure. The introduction of Dr. Johnson is quite out of harmony with the rest, and adds a pedantic tone; so are some of the trifling parodies of George Barnwell, etc. Colman and Theodore Hook were jesters like themselves, without any marked style. The selection of the editor of the *Morning Post* was also ill-judged.

The absurdities of the Lake school, displayed in Wordsworth's "Alice Fell" and other effusions on the infantile innocence of children, reached the *reductio ad absurdum* of simplicity in Coleridge's lines, "To a Young Ass: its mother being tethered near it."

Poor little foal of an oppressed race!
I love the languid patience of thy face,
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread
And clap thy ragged coat and pat thy head.
But what thy dulled spirits hath dismayed
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
I had thee broken — spite of the fool's scorn,
And fain would take thee with me in the dell
Of peace and mild equality to dwell.

This was a challenge to the witty brethren: —

My pensive public, wherefore look you sad?
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey
To carry to the mart her crockery ware;
And when the donkey looked me in the face
His face was sad! And you are sad, my public.

In the parody of Wordsworth there was the same artistic treatment, as it was founded on the general spirit of his work,

though scarcely any individual lines were travestied.

ALICE FELL.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell:
I'm fatherless and motherless,
And I to Durham, sir, belong."
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak.

Up to the tavern door we post:
Of Alice and her grief I told,
And I gave money to the host
To buy a new cloak for her old.

How happily is this strain ridiculed in "The Baby's Début, spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter!" —

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New Year's day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me last week a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

Southey's tremendous epic, "The Curse of Kehama," with its irregular lines and stanzas, and outlandish names, had appeared, as was the fashion, in a spreading quarto, a "huge armful." It thus opened:

Midnight, and yet no eye
Through all the Imperial city closed in sleep.
Behold her streets ablaze
With light that seems to kindle the red sky,
Her myriads swarming through the crowded
ways!
Master and slave, old age and infancy,
All, all, abroad to gaze;
Housetop and balcony
Clustered with women, who throw back their
veil

With unimpeded and insatiate sight.

Arvalan! Arvalan!

Arvalan! Arvalan!

Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout
Call Arvalan! The overpowering sound,
From house to house repeated, rings about,
From tower to tower rolls round.

Now compare —

I am a blessed Glendoveer:
'Tis mine to speak and yours to hear.
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower Hill to Piccadilly snored!
Midnight, yet not a nose

From Indra drew the essence of repose!
 See with what crimson fury,
 By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends the
 walls of Drury!

Tops of houses, blue with lead,
 Bend beneath the landlords' tread.
 Master and 'prentice, serving-man and lord,
 Nailor and tailor,
 Grazier and brazier,
 Through streets and alleys pour'd,
 All, all, abroad to gaze,
 And wonder at the blaze.
 Drury Lane! Drury Lane!
 Drury Lane! Drury Lane!

They shout and they bellow again and again.
 All, all in vain!
 Water turns steam;
 Each blazing beam
 Hisses defiance to the eddying spout.

The imitation of Tom Moore's tripping
 lines, clinking and jingling like the orna-
 ments and chains of a lady's chatelaine,
 is admirable, as are the rapturous praises
 of the fair sex, which the poet introduced
 generally à propos des bottes.

O why should our dull retrospective ad-
 dresses
 Fall damp as wet blankets on Drury Lane
 fire?

Away with blue devils, away with distresses,
 And give the gay spirit to sparkling desire!

Let artists decide on the beauties of Drury,
 The richest to me is when woman is there;
 The question of houses I leave to the jury,
 The fairest to me is the house of the fair.

The parody of Scott, Horace's work, is
 perhaps best of all, from the elaborate
 fashion in which the favorite moods and
 mannerisms of the poet are reproduced.
 The heroic key is maintained in spite of
 familiar and even vulgar names and inci-
 dents. It is the bard himself describing
 the fire, instead of Marmion's last battle.
 Every one knows the lines:—

Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
 Redeem my pennon—charge again!
 Cry—"Marmion to the rescue!" Vain! . . .

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire!
 Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone — to die.

And again:—

The war that for a space did fail
 Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
 And Stanley! was the cry.
 With dying hand, above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!"
 "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley,
 on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

In Higginbottom's grotesque *finale* the
 spirit of all this is reproduced, and with
 such genuine enthusiasm that, for the
 moment, we almost lose the sense of bur-
 lesque. Yet there is no copying of par-
 ticular lines or phrases, save at the close:

Did none attempt, before he fell,
 To succor one they loved so well?
 Yes, Higginbottom did aspire,
 (His fireman's soul was all on fire),
 His brother chief to save.
 But ah! his reckless generous ire
 Served but to share his grave.

Still o'er his head, while fate he braved,
 His whizzing water-pipe he waved.
 "Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
 You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
 Why are you in such doleful dumps?
 A fireman, and afraid of bumps?
 What are they 'feard on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

Our favorite passage is the marshalling
 of the engines, which is perfect; and we
 never pass the insurance office in Pall Mall
 without recalling the solemn line, "The
 Eagle, where the new."

The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
 Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,
 Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,
 The Eagle, where the new.

And another, absolutely delicious for its
 solemnity, is, —

And Richardson's Hotel.

So, too, the grave enumeration of the
 reasons which made the firemen hold their
 hand:—

And blazing rafters downward go,
 And never halloo "Heads below!"
 Nor notice give at all.
 The firemen, terrified, are slow
 To bid the pumping torrent flow,
 For fear the roof should fall.

But there is yet another view of this en-
 tertaining production, which furnishes an
 additional, though accidental, entertain-
 ment.

In every community, in the wake of the
 recognized geniuses, there are sure to be
 found certain fussy beings, feverish;
 eager for attention, even at the price of
 being ridiculous. These persons are to-
 lerated for the sake of the occasional heart-
 laugh their fantastic performances excite.
 In view of these secondary performers
 new kind of interest attaches to this amus-
 ing satire, and we should all be naturall-
 ly curious to know something more of the
 eccentric persons who "figure in this ga-
 lery," obscure as they are. Of these, Mr.
 W. T. Fitzgerald, Dr. Busby, and one

two more, offer an entertainment as being eccentric types of life and manners. Mr. Fitzgerald began by taking part in amateur theatricals, to which he also contributed prologues and "occasional" verses. Being on one occasion, by some happy chance, a guest at the Literary Fund dinner, he recited some *à propos* lines prepared for the occasion. From that hour, and for the long period of thirty-two anniversaries, he never failed to appear, coming always provided with a "copy of verses." These were invariably written in a key of unintended bathos, and were full of a high loyalty and tearful devotion to his sovereign and to all the royal family. He was particularly severe on "Bonaparty," or "the Corsican upstart," to whom he gave no quarter. As when he asked, —

Did he not tear,
From neutral Baden, Condé's princely heir?

In spite of this insensibility to ridicule, and this *penchant* for inflicting patriotic verses on the public, Mr. Fitzgerald was much esteemed as a good hearted, well meaning, and amusing fellow. He was affectionate in his family, and much liked at the oddly named "Keep the Line" Club. Even his theatricals in Seymour Street, where he played Horatio in the "Fair Penitent," were bearable, though there was "a sententiousness" that caused a smile. But the poems, collected and published in a volume, were more of a trial. Here were to be read the oft-repeated "Addresses to the Literary Fund" (so he literally set it out) at the Freemasons' Tavern, when, after "the usual loyal toast," "Fitz" was called upon, who, with some display of coyness or modesty, would stand up and recite the "little thing of his own" — it might be such lines as these :

But, should a native take the invader's part,
Eternal curses blast the traitor's heart!
Expose to bare to-everlasting shame,
And deathless infamy record his name!
Wherever tide can waft or wind can blow,
Our gallant navy triumphs o'er the foe;
His ports block'd up, his fleet in ruin hurl'd,
Prove Britain mistress of the watery world.

Or it might be a convivial burst, as in the year 1799 : —

The slave who once imbibes the English air,
Freed from his fetters, owns the goddess there,

Where Heaven these words in voice of thnnder spoke :

"The tree of freedom is the British oak."

Excuse the warmth with which the Muse expresses'd

The subject nearest, dearest, to my breast.

We also relish hugely the following chorus on the king's providential escape from assassination : —

Let ev'ry loyal Briton raise
His grateful voice in songs of praise,
While Treason in his gloomy cell,
Ere yet he seeks his native hell,
Shall hear with anguish Britons sing:
Great God! preserve our patriot king.

It would be difficult not to laugh heartily at these effusions ; their perfect sincerity contributes to the enjoyment. On what true and admirable principles the inimitable parody was contrived will be seen by comparing the lines just quoted with those of the satirists, where neither the phrases nor the form are reproduced, but simply the absurd spirit and feeling. Yet we should imagine some of his most appreciative friends must have recognized them, and, had he written on the same topics, his diction would have had some such shape. There is little exaggeration in these verses of the brethren : —

Who burnt (confound his soul!) the houses
twain

Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane?

Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!)

With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry goods and tobacco?

Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites
rise?

Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue
flies!

Bless every man possess'd of aught to give ;
Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole
live!

In this last line there is real fun, as the person named excited much attention from his eccentric course and violent proceedings, and also from his changed and added names.

His friends were also pleased to record of him that the Earl of Dudley was one of the few who found genuine enjoyment in his productions, and relished "Fitz's" patriotic spirit. After many years of intimacy it was found, on the earl's demise, that he was not "named in his testament," for which he was comforted by the liberality of the new lord, who presented him with £5,000 and a house. Mr. John Taylor, the editor of the *Sun*, speaks of him with affectionate warmth. "I venerate his memory," he says, "for a more honorable man I never knew." The more to be regretted is the hard fate which forced him on the notice of those wicked

wits, Lord Byron and James Smith, otherwise he might have in tranquillity and obscurity floated "down the gutter of time." It was his name, unluckily, that the former chose to open his angry satire on "English Bards" with —

Let hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall.

"Fitz" must have been good-humored enough, for one of the offenders describes how they met long after at the "Fund" dinner. "The lampooner," he says, "out of delicacy kept aloof from the poet. The latter, however, made up to him.

"Fitzgerald, with great good-humor: 'Mr. —, I mean to recite after dinner.'

"Mr. —: 'Do you?'

"Fitzgerald: 'Yes, you'll have more of 'God bless the Regent and the Duke of York.'"

The penitent joker declared at the time that "the whole appeared too sarcastic and personal," but the next moment could not resist quoting two genuine lines of Fitz's: —

The troubled shade of Garrick, hovering near,
Dropt on the burning pile a pitying tear.

"What a pity it did not blot out the fire forever!"

The name of Dr. Busby will present no distinct idea to the readers of this generation; indeed, the elevation of this obscurity to the dignity of formal ridicule was one of the blemishes of the little volume — a blemish for which Horace Smith was responsible. Horace was indeed the weak partner of the firm. The doctor was a diligent composer, mainly employed in supplying dramatic music for melodramas, such as "Monk" Lewis's "Rugantino, or the Bravo of Venice." He had also sung at Vauxhall. He had a precocious son, who could play the organ at eleven years old. These were claims neither to praise nor ridicule. To the astonishment of his friends and pupils, this music-master, composer, and song-writer issued in this very year of the "Addresses" a translation of Lucretius in very ponderous verse, abounding in sexipedal words. This unexpected appearance, and the contrast with his regular calling, no doubt seemed grotesque and acted as a challenge. Oddly enough, as in the instance of the bard of the Literary Fund, it was Lord Byron who was first attracted by his absurdities. The doctor had been a candidate for the prologueship, and his composition was published, beginning —

When energizing objects men pursue
What are the prodigies they cannot do?
A magic edifice you here survey
Shot from the ruins of the other day.

This in its way is as good as anything of Mr. Fitzgerald's. Indeed, this whole prologue business was enriched with absurdity, from whatever side it was looked at. The piquant flavor of the "Rejected Addresses" suggested something of the same kind to the noble bard, and he threw off a sort of parody of the doctor's verses, amusing of its kind, but lacking the fine, polished ridicule of the brethren.

It was entitled "Paranthetical Address by Dr. Plagiary. Half stolen, with Acknowledgments to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master P., at the opening of the new Theatre. Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation; thus: '———',

'When energizing objects men pursue'
Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows
who.

'A modest monologue you here survey,'
Hisssed from the theatre 'the other day,'
As if Sir Trelfar wrote 'the slumb'rous' verse
And gave his son 'the rubbish' to rehearse.
'Yet at the thing you'd never be amazed,'
Knew you the rumpus which the author raised,
'For even here your smiles would be repest,'
Knew you these lines — the badness of the
best.

Flame! Fire! and flame!! words borrowed
from Lucretius,

'Dread metaphors which open wounds, like
issues!

'And sleeping pangs awake — and —! but,
away!'

Confound me if I know what next to say.
So Hope, reviving, re-expands her wings," etc.

This seems needlessly rough, though the provocation was almost irresistible. The doctor had seriously suggested that it should be spoken by himself and his precocious son — one in the boxes, the other on the stage! Lord Byron was eager to have his piece copied into all the papers, and seemed to take a malicious enjoyment in its success. The poor badgered doctor had, it seems, published "An Apologetical Letter and Postscript;" on which the poet showed compunction for what he had done, and declared that he would have recalled his lines had he known of it.

It is curious, too, that in the "Addresses" the "Architectural Atoms, translated by Dr. B." is set down as being recited "by the translator's son." This suggestion from two such authorities no doubt prompted the execution of his next foolish step. A few nights after the open-

ing of the theatre the astonished audience saw the doctor's son climb from the box to the stage and begin to read his father's lines, "When energizing objects men pursue," actors and audience listening. The stage manager promptly appeared, attended by a constable, and led off the youth.

In Harrow Church we may read this inscription, so flattering to the Honorable William Spencer:—

Once a distinguished poet, a profound scholar,
A brilliant wit, and a most accomplished gentleman,
Now, alas! removed from the sight of men,
Is interred where he passed the happiest days
of his life—

with more in the usual strain of lapidary encomium.

The four epithets in the first two lines are to be tolerated as sepulchral panegyric. The fourth might pass; "accomplished" might best describe him. He was an amiable, popular, well-read man, one of those Englishmen who had almost a craze for Italian skies and antiquities, and for German legendary lore. His translation of Bürger's "Leonore" made a sensation. His verses were found in "Poet's Corner." Elia, in a waggish mood, thus rallied him. "I was conversing," he says in his pleasant essay on "The Ambiguities arising from Proper Names," "a few years since with a gay friend upon the subject of poetry, and particularly that species of it which is known by the name of the epithalamium. I ventured to assert that the most perfect specimen of it in our language was the 'Epithalamium of Spenser upon his own Marriage.' My gay gentleman, who has a smattering of taste, and would not willingly be thought ignorant of anything remotely connected with the *belles lettres*, expressed a degree of surprise, mixed with mortification, that he should never have heard of this poem; Spenser being an author with whose writings he thought himself peculiarly conversant. I offered to show him the poem in the fine folio copy of the poet's works which I have at home. But presently, after assuming a grave look, he compassionately murmured to himself, "Poor Spenser!" There was something in the tone with which he spoke those words that struck me not a little. It was more like the accent with which a man bemoans some recent calamity that has happened to a friend than that tone of sober grief with which we lament the sorrows of a person, however excellent, and however

grievous his afflictions may have been, who has been dead more than two centuries. I had the curiosity to inquire into the reasons of so uncommon an ejaculation. My young gentleman, with a more solemn tone of pathos than before, repeated, 'Poor Spenser!' and added, 'He has lost his wife!'

"Upon further explanation it appeared that the word 'Spenser,' which to you and me, reader, in a conversation upon poetry too, would naturally have called up the idea of an old poet in a ruff—one Edmund Spenser—that flourished in the days of Queen Elizabeth, did in the mind of my young friend excite a very different and quite modern idea, namely, that of the Honorable William Spencer, one of the living ornaments, if I am not misinformed, of this present poetical era, A. D. 1821." PERCY FITZGERALD.

From The National Review.

AN ITALIAN NUN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the year 1609, Ferdinand, grand duke of Tuscany, lay dying. Under him Florence had maintained its commerce and Tuscany held its own, in spite of emperor and pope. Indeed, long before he had exchanged a cardinal's hat for the Tuscan throne, this prince had given proofs of the resolution, fire, and wile which served to maintain his state in those disjointed times. The early occasion that called these qualities into play is so typical of the time as to be worth recording here. The story is recorded by Napier. He says:—

In the year 1590, Pope Sixtus forbade that small arms should be worn on pain of death. Yet one day from Prince Farnese's pocket tumbled a small pistol at the very feet of the pontiff; and the prince was ordered to be hanged at the same hour next evening. Ferdinand, hearing of this, determined to save his kinsman; and to this end found means to retard all the clocks of Rome one full hour, except the pontiff's. At the moment appointed for the execution he repaired to the Vatican, and begged the life of his friend. Sixtus, seeing that the time was passed and the execution, as he thought, over, most graciously signed an order of release, and Ferdinand repaired to St. Angelo and carried off the prince in triumph. Incensed at this trick, the Pope determined to arrest the cardinal, whom he summoned

to the Vatican. Ferdinand, cognizant of the pope's intention, armed himself with a cuirass and short weapons, made his adherents guard every entrance to the palace, and then boldly entered the audience chamber. Sixtus, informed of all, and cautiously dissembling, received him as usual. Ferdinand bowed profoundly, and purposely letting fall his robe showed a glittering cuirass. On seeing this the pontiff exclaimed: "My lord cardinal, my lord cardinal, what is this?" "This, O most holy father," replied Ferdinand, raising the purple garment, "is the habit of a cardinal, and this," parting the drapery and striking his mailed breast, "is the habit of an Italian prince."

Such was the man who had ruled Tuscany successfully, and now, in the autumn of 1609, lay dying in the palace of the Medici.

In this extremity his distressed consort, the grand duchess Christina, resolved to send to the celebrated professor of mathematics at Padua, requesting him to recast her husband's horoscope. The mathematician thus applied to was none other than Galileo, whom we know as the discoverer of Jupiter's satellites and Saturn's ring, and whose fame, even then, was ringing throughout every capital in Europe. In reply to her petition, Galileo—who probably regarded the astrological quackery as a very harmless superstition, much as we do the prophecies of Mr. Zadkiel and old Mother Shipton, and who furthermore had his own private reasons for wishing to stand well with the court of Tuscany—forwarded a happy reply, granting many years of health to the grand duke. However, as it happened, events unfortunately turned the other way, Ferdinand dying twenty-two days later.

This untoward incident does not seem to have in any wise impaired Galileo's reputation at Florence, for hardly a year later Ferdinand's successor, Cosmo II., invited him to settle in his dominions, accompanying the request with an offer of one of the grand-ducal villas as a residence, a pension equal to £209 of our English money, and the title of mathematician and philosopher to his Highness. In addition, he was promised exemption from all work save that of prosecuting his researches. At the time this proposal was made, Galileo was holding the chair of mathematics at the Paduan University, where he had been residing for the last eighteen years, busily occupied in teaching private pupils (amongst them Cosmo himself), experimenting in physics, and

delivering public lectures to crowded audiences—very much as Professor Tyndall might do here to-day. The grand duke's offer was accepted; though the change involved a large reduction of income. This drawback Galileo had deliberately weighed, concluding, he says, that he "desired much leisure rather than gold." Galileo was now forty-six; some four years younger than our own Francis Bacon, who was then holding the post of solicitor-general in England.

For us, the interesting incident of his flitting lies in the fact that he brought with him to Florence two daughters, little girls of four and nine years of age. It is the latter of these that forms the subject of the present article.

Instead of accompanying Galileo to his new home, as might have been expected, the children were placed in charge of their grandmother, an old patrician lady of seventy. It is probable that some few accomplishments and what education they ever acquired were obtained with her, since it would scarcely be at Padua under their mother, who was a Venetian of the lower classes.

Two years later, in the summer of 1612, Galileo decided to place the two girls in a convent. In order to carry out this intention he obtained a special dispensation from the pope setting aside the rule which debarred either sex from taking the vows under sixteen years of age, and the children entered the Convent of St. Matthew as novitiates in 1613. The following year they took the veil. They were then seven and twelve years of age respectively. Pollissima, the eldest, took the name of Sister Maria Celeste, and Virginia that of Sister Arcangela.

So young and dependent, it is impossible not to sympathize with these little maidens, thrust, as it were, into this irrevocable fate. What were they like? and with what kind of feelings did they face their new strange-life? It would be most interesting to know. One cannot help wondering, too, whether these little ladies were beautiful or plain, or if they cried when the cruel scissors cut off their long hair and the severance with the outside world was complete. We are, however, given no personal details; Abbess Ludovica, unfortunately, kept no diary; so we can only guess that probably they did cry—so little, and in such strange surroundings.

The Convent of St. Matthew was a Franciscan house, and seems to have been a fairly comfortable and happy home

to its inmates. A centre of active industrial life rather than a mere devotional retreat, it apparently practised no severe asceticism, save, indeed, such as was enforced by the poverty of its revenues. Its members were, it is true, cut off from the world; but, on the other hand, they appear to have been allowed to see their relatives in the convent parlor almost when they pleased. Strictly speaking, the regulations of the house confined such visits to fast-days; but if we may judge from Galileo's frequent calls, the rule seems to have been honored rather in the breach than in the observance. Then, from Sister Celeste's letters, it is evident, too, that the nuns corresponded freely with the outer world, and actively discussed its affairs. It is noticeable also that such of the inmates as could afford to pay for it could each have a separate room of their own—a curious privilege that apparently arose out of the necessities of the convent exchequer. It seems to have been the only privilege permitted amongst the sisters who in all other respects shared alike, and took an equal part in the industries which supplemented the revenues of the convent. In reality, one may say life in St. Matthew's, as pictured to us in the letters of one of its inmates, does not seem to have been more severe than that of many a resident English governess or domestic servant of to-day.

For the first twelve years of their sojourn there we hear nothing of the two new nuns. Galileo, we know, called to see them at intervals, bringing presents for his daughters, and, occasionally, one for the mother abbess in office at the time; but it is only from the year 1623, when the correspondence between Sister Celeste and her father begins, that our knowledge of their new life commences.

The letters which make up this correspondence extend over some nine years, and are the "chatter" of the elder nun with her father. They are written with ease and simplicity, but to say that is not all; they contain, too, here and there, passages of humor, elfish, playful, and bright, that break in upon the quiet undertone of the narrative like the voice of a child unexpectedly heard in a lonely place. So quaint are they, so vivid, and, withal, so confidential, so full of that old-world convent life, that some glances at them will well repay any who are curious to see life as it appeared to the eyes of the Italian nun.

The first of the letters, written in 1623, when Sister Celeste was twenty-one years
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of age, was occasioned by the death of one of Galileo's sisters, Virginia (the namesake of the younger nun). It runs: "Very illustrious and most beloved lord and father, We are very much grieved to hear of the death of your beloved sister, our dear aunt. And not her loss alone we mourn, but also for the affliction it must be to you, who, as one may say, possess but her alone in the world, nor could scarcely lose aught more dear, so that we may imagine how severe this unexpected shock must have been to you. We fully sympathize with your grief. . . . For the love of God we entreat your lordship be comforted. You are our only treasure in the world, how can we but grieve infinitely when we hear of your being sick and in trouble? I will say no more, except that with our whole hearts we entreat the Lord to bless and be with you always. Your very affectionate daughter." There is, perhaps, hardly anything in this little letter of condolence to single it out from a hundred such interchanged daily in England, but it is worth reproducing if only for sake of the quaint and stately formality of its address, so antique and patriarchal, like an echo of that old ceremonial rule, "so Sarah also called him lord"—curiously in contrast with our rather slatternly modern familiarity.

In the summer of this same year all Italy and Europe was agog over the election of a new pontiff. The tiara ultimately fell to Cardinal Maffio Barberini, who took the title of Urban VIII. The Convent of St. Matthew had its own private and particular share in the curiosity and speculation aroused by the event. Sister Celeste writes, saying: "I cannot describe the pleasure with which I have perused the letters you have received from the illustrious cardinal who is now our high priest, knowing as I do how greatly he esteems and loves you. I have read the letters several times, and now send them back as requested, having shown them to no one except Sister Arcangela. May the Lord give you health to fulfil your desire of visiting his Holiness, so that you may enjoy a still greater measure of his favor. . . . I imagine that by this time you have written a most beautiful letter to his Holiness, to congratulate him upon having obtained the tiara. As I feel rather curious about it I should like extremely, if you do not object, to see a copy of the letter. I thank you infinitely for what you send, and also for the melons, which we were very glad to get. As I have written in great haste I must beg you

to excuse bad handwriting. All join me in heartiest greetings." This very inquisitive young lady, be it remembered, is only twenty-one years of age.

At this period, Sister Celeste was acting as amanuensis for her father, copying out in her delicate hand such letters as it was necessary to retain duplicates of. This does not look as if the discipline of St. Matthew's was of a rigid or severe type. Indeed, it is apparent from such incidents as this, as well as other little details, like the mending of shirts and collars for her father and scapegrace brother Vincenzo, that the rule of the convent was mild and liberal in the extreme, and permitted the nuns, after finishing the routine of the day, great freedom in the use of their leisure time.

In October, Sister Celeste was busy with needlework which the convent was undertaking for her father. "I send you," she says, "the rest of the shirts which we have been working at, also the apron, which I have mended as well as I could. I likewise return the letters you sent me to read; they are so beautiful that my desire to see more is greatly increased. I cannot begin working at the dinner napkins till you send the pieces to add on. Please remember that the said pieces must be long [the usual feminine dread of a man's obtuseness in such matters] owing to the napkins being a trifle short. I have just placed Sister Arcangela under the doctor's care, to see if, with God's help, she may be relieved of her troublesome complaint, which gives me great anxiety. I hear from Salvatore (the convent steward and servant) that you are coming to see us before long. We wish to have you very much indeed; but please remember that when you come you must keep your promise of spending the evening with us. You will be able to sup in the parlor, since the excommunication is for the table-cloth (Oh, Sister Celeste!) and not for the meats thereon."

It would be interesting to have a diary of that evening's visit, with notes of the talk of the three as they strolled about the convent lands, the evening hurrying on far too fast the while. For, after all, is it not the personal incidents and commonplace of life that gather interest as the centuries roll on, whilst its more pretentious events often drop into mere literary lumber? How much more interesting Dr. Johnson's incidental admission, "I have a strong inclination, sir, to do nothing to-day," is to us now than many of his more formal utterances. And, in reality,

is it not the personal element alone that in the long run is perennial? The wise may prate as they will about the importance of maintaining the continuity of history and of handing on the torch of science. The world cares for none of these things; they interest only some few political economists and laborious men. What does the crowd, or poor little Tom Jones and his nestful, for instance, care about the fact that Cheops was — at any rate by courteous tradition — a mighty man of valor of such an era and land? But little Tom Jones and the rest of us would become mightily interested in this misty monster of many traditions could we learn in some magical way all he thought, hated, and loved, in his inmost heart of hearts.

So, too, were the opportunity offered us, would we gladly barter a bushel of "Dialogi di Galileo Galilei" for the confidences of that evening's conversation in the convent garden at Arcetri.

The napkins alluded to were not, for some reason or other, finished until December; there was some further bother about the fringe, and later on we hear that they were hastily completed in order to be ready for Galileo's visit to Rome. An Italian gentleman of those days took his own table linen with him when visiting his wealthy acquaintances.

Some of the letters of this date give interesting glimpses of the domestic arrangements of St. Matthew's. Writing on the eve of one of Galileo's visits to Rome, Sister Celeste says: "As I have no sleeping-room of my own, Sister Diamante kindly allows me to share hers, depriving herself of the company of her own sister for my sake; but the room is bitterly cold, and with my head in the condition in which it is at present, I do not know how I shall remain unless you can help me by lending me those white bed-curtains which you will not want now. Will you kindly do me this great service? Moreover, I beg you to be so kind as to send me that book of yours which has just been published, 'Il Saggiatore,' so that I may read it, for I have a great desire to see it. These few cakes I send are some I made a few days ago, intended for you when you came to bid us adieu. As your departure is delayed I shall send them lest they get dry. P.S. — Can you send us any collars that want getting up?"

The complaint of the cold in the convent was often repeated in subsequent letters. Sister Celeste complains that she is a prey to toothache and neuralgia. The rules of the order only permitted to Fran-

ciscan nuns a dress which, however sufficient for one with a strong constitution, was inadequate for one of her delicate health.

Almost the only reference to the religious life of the community that occurs in Sister Celeste's letters is made at this period. Galileo had offered to use his influence at Rome on behalf of the convent; and the abbess replied by asking him to request that a regular of some order should be given them instead of the visiting parish priests. These latter, Sister Celeste complains, were unfit for the duty — "being more apt at chasing hares than guiding souls," in her caustic comment. Moreover, being irregularly paid, owing to the poverty of the convent, they made it an excuse for coming frequently to dine and getting friendly with some of the sisters, "making a common talk of us nuns." Whew! It is evident the Catholic Church of those days stood in need of a Church Discipline Bill. The desired change was effected, and we hear no more of the only complaint she makes of the internal regulations of the community.

This absence of reference to religious topics in the letters is very remarkable. Instead of Sister Celeste's mind being subjective and contemplative in tone, it seems to have been an eminently busy objective one, wrapped up in the practical concerns of life.

Yet under these homely externals there is discernible a vein of something like gold, rising to the surface here and there in shining lines and showing the wealth of her nature. For instance, take the following Christmas greeting sent to her father in December, 1625. Beginning in her simple business-like way, she says: "Of the preserved citrons you ordered I have only been able to do a small quantity. I feared the fruit was too shrivelled for preserving, and so it has proved. I am sending two baked pears for the days of vigil. But as the greatest treat of all I send you a rose, which ought to please you extremely, seeing what a rarity it is at this season. And with the rose you must accept its thorns, which represent the hope we may entertain that through the same sacred passion we, having passed through the darkness of this short winter of life, may attain to the brightness and felicity of an eternal spring in heaven. Here I must stop. Sister Arcangela joins me in affectionate salutations; we shall be glad to know how you are at present. I return the table-cloth in which the lamb was wrapped; you have a pillow-case of ours

in which we sent your shirts, also a basket and coverlet."

The lamb here mentioned would be, no doubt, one of Galileo's presents to the sisterhood. The little lay sermon on the rose would surely please Mr. Ruskin, whose own beloved Carpaccio conveys not his pictured lessons in more winning terms. The closing lines of the letter are one of the many references to the work Galileo got done at the convent. He must evidently have been one of its best customers, for he got most or all of his needlework and washing done there, as well as continual supplies of candied fruit and citron, of which he was particularly fond.

Without such assistance and custom the convent would have fared badly. Eking out its bare income from such sources, it also added a trifle more by letting out private rooms to those of the nuns whose friends could afford to procure them one. Sister Celeste eventually obtained one of these cells. Her letters on the subject contain some interesting autobiographical touches. She says: "I do not wish for a large or handsome room, but merely for a little cabinet just the size of the small cell in question. There is one now, which the nun to whom it belongs wishes to sell, being in need of money. Thanks to Sister Louisa [her great friend], who spoke kindly of me, she [Madonna] will give me the refusal of it in preference to many others who wish to become purchasers. But as the value of the cell is thirty-five crowns [*£7 15s. 6d.*], and I have but ten, which Sister Louisa has lent me, and five which I expect from my own income, I cannot take possession of it, and fear it may be lost to me altogether unless your lordship is able to supply the sum wanting, namely twenty crowns. I explain my wants to your lordship with filial security and without ceremony, that I may not offend that kindness which I have so often experienced. I will only say further that in the monastic condition *I could have no greater necessity for anything than to possess some place where I could be quite private and retired.* Loving me as I know you do, and wishing above all things my happiness and comfort, you will feel that to have a cell of my own would greatly conduce thereto; and also that to desire only a little peace and solitude is a proper and honest desire."

Yet, in spite of all these additional sources of income, the convent was always on the verge of poverty, lacking sometimes even the grain required for sowing the convent crops. Such borrow-

ings, such petitions to pious grandees, such devices for tiding over present troubles as the mother abbess was often driven to, are, it is to be hoped, unknown in the present century — even to the trustees of St. Thomas's Hospital.

Naturally, with such an exchequer, St. Matthew's could provide no luxuries for its old and sick; and after Sister Celeste was made infirmarian the defect seems generally to have been supplied from Galileo's cellar and pantry. Her letters, succeeding this promotion, are full of petitions for wine and other delicacies for the sick nuns, testifying to her father's patient liberality. And a score of other instances testify to his boundless good-nature. Thus about this time he was mending the convent clock for the second time, none but he, his daughter writes, being able to make it go satisfactorily. Then in the spring of 1628 the letters show that Sister Celeste was asking her father to undertake a commission for "two poor little nuns," who had begged her to persuade him to do them the favor. It was to procure them some cloth at the fair at Pisa, where the stuff, it seems, could be obtained cheaper than elsewhere. The patterns and money accompanied the request, which was duly acceded to.

Who were these "two poor little nuns" who momentarily pop up in this Jack-in-the-box way out of the past, labelled with this piteous, forlorn title? Sister Celeste makes no other mention of them, and it is useless to speculate. In order to appreciate this incident of the commission, and the light in which it places Galileo, it should be remembered that the request was made to a Tuscan gentleman, who was then one of the most noted men in Italy, and the friend of Prince Cesi and the pope. It is impossible to help thinking that Galileo made a wry face over the business, and wondering whether he made the purchase himself or delegated it to Dame Piera, his housekeeper.

The energy and activity of Sister Celeste at this period of her life were very great. As already noticed, she was made infirmarian in 1628 in addition to her duties in the stillroom and pharmacy, and had often four or five sick nuns to look after. Speaking playfully of her surfeit of work, she says: "I am writing at seven o'clock [one P.M. of our time] for I cannot get a quarter of an hour's idleness, except when I am asleep. If your lordship could tell me the secret which enables you to do with so little sleep I should be much obliged, for seven hours seems a great

deal too much, and yet I cannot tell how to manage with less on account of my head." In 1630 she received another addition to her onerous duties. The allusion to it is almost incidental: "Here we are all in health except Sister Violante, who lingers on from day to day. Poverty hangs heavily upon us, but by God's help not to our bodily detriment. I must tell you that now, in addition to my other occupations by Madonna's order, I have to instruct four of the other children in choir singing, besides to arrange the choral service every day. From my having no knowledge of Latin I find this no small labor."

As she had inherited the strong musical talent of her father's family, it is probable that of all her duties this one in the chapel was the pleasantest and most congenial to the girl.

Looking at these promotions, and at the fact that she was regularly consulted upon matters of policy by the elders of the community, it is impossible not to suspect that Galileo's daughter possessed one of the best heads in the convent. One of her letters of this date discloses a rather comical instance of the mother abbess's confidence in her abilities. A new archbishop was appointed to Florence, and the abbess, feeling unable to indite the necessary congratulatory letter, requested Sister Celeste to write. But Sister Celeste's "Polite Letter-Writer," as she tells her father, does not contain anything appropriate to the occasion, and she coaxes him to make her a draft of one. Later on came a letter of thanks in return for it. "Though you say you have not done it nicely, still it is a great deal better than I could have done it, and I am infinitely obliged to you for writing it." The epistle, if we may judge from Sister Celeste's allusion to it on November 2nd, must have been *very* nicely done, for she says: "But I must not be the bearer of bad news alone, but will tell you that the letter I wrote for Madonna to my lord archbishop was extremely agreeable to him. He sent us a most courteous reply, offering to help us in any way he can, and promising his protection."

The rest of the letter is too interesting to omit. "There has been also a good result to the two petitions I sent last week to the Serenissima [grand duchess] and Madama. On All Saints' Day we had three hundred loaves from Madama, and an order for a bushel of wheat. So Madonna's grief at not having wherewith to sow is lightened now. But I pray your lordship pardon me if my chattering be-

comes wearisome. You incite me to it by telling me you are pleased to have my letters. I look upon you as my patron saint (to speak according to our custom here), to whom I tell all my joys and griefs. And it is in this way that finding you are always ready to listen, I ask for what I find most necessary. Now the cold weather is coming, and I shall be quite benumbed if you do not send me a counterpane, for the one I am at present using is not mine at all, and the person to whom it belongs wants it returned. The one you gave me I have let Sister Arcangela have. She prefers sleeping alone, and I am quite willing that she should do so. (1) In consequence of this I have only the serge coverlet remaining; and if I wait until I have money enough to buy a counterpane, I shall not have put by enough even by next winter; so I entreat my Devoto, for he is my only treasure. But it is a great grief to me to be able to give him nothing in return. At least I will endeavor to importunate our gracious God and the most holy Madonna, that he may be received into Paradise. This will be the best recompense I can give for all the kindness so constantly received by me. I send with the bearer two pots of electuary as a preservative against the plague. The one without the label consists of dried figs, walnut, rue, and salt, mixed together with a little Greek wine; they say its efficacy is wonderful. It is true what is in the pot is baked too much; we did not take into account the tendency the figs have to get into lumps. The other pot is to be taken in the same way; the taste is rather more tart."

This letter about the electuary—we wonder did Galileo swallow the jorum?—is almost the only allusion Sister Celeste makes to the plague that was ravishing Florence at this time. It is curious there is hardly a word hinting at the existence, outside the convent walls, of a city struck down with famine and pestilence. She mentions, indeed—but this is all—that the Madonna dell' Impruneta was being carried in procession through the streets; the whole terror-stricken city put its confidence in the Madonna, and Sister Celeste is sure the plague must now be stayed. It remained long enough, however, to outlast her short life. We know that as the pest spread the convents were compelled to open their doors and purses to convalescents; but since the letter makes no mention of any such invasion, it is probable that St. Matthew's escaped the conscription owing to its extreme poverty.

In 1630, Galileo procured a residence close to the convent at Arcetri, that he might have frequent and easier communication with his daughters. Living so near, there was a pause in the correspondence until 1633. In that year Galileo made his celebrated journey to Rome, to answer, before the Inquisition, the charge of propagating heretical teaching. During his absence Sister Celeste seems to have been left chancellor and administrator of her father's establishment, and the correspondence was resumed as of old. It is a fact suggestive of the esteem she had won, that since she could not personally look after the house, the convent confessor consented to do so for her, handing in his reports regularly to the nun.

That the convent should allow one of its members to busy herself in this way with such purely external matters is rather puzzling. The explanation is probably this. Galileo had been a great friend and benefactor of the convent; loans of money (possibly never repaid), frequent gifts and charities, as well as influence often exerted on its behalf in high quarters,—these had made the convent glad to render him a service, and so no objection was taken to his daughter's interrupting her duties in this way.

Sister Celeste's letters at this period are full of her new charge. "The boy tells me," she writes to her father, "that he will want shoes and stockings soon. I am going to knit him some stockings of coarse thread. Piera [the housekeeper] tells me that you have often said you would buy a bale of flax. I had intended to let them begin weaving a piece of coarse cloth for the kitchen, but shall await your lordship's orders. The garden vines can be pruned now, as the moon is in the right quarter. Guiseppe understands all about it, they tell me, but Signor Rondinelli will not fail to look after him. I hear that the lettuce is very fine, so I ordered Guiseppe to carry it round for sale before it gets spoiled or destroyed. Seventy large oranges have been sold; they have got four lire [about 2s. 8d.] for them, a very good price, as I understand it is a fruit that does not keep well. Oranges are fourteen crazie [4s. 8d.] the hundred, and two hundred were sold [these probably of a smaller and finer kind]. I still continue to give Brigida the guillio every Saturday; I consider this a very good alms, for she is a good daughter and in great want."

The letter completes a portrait that is worth looking at. Here, in a convent, in

that decadent, emasculate Italy of the seventeenth century, was a woman who was quietly and obscurely reaching to something near the heroic type of ideal womanhood which had filled the old Hebrew imagination. And, lest the parallel seem an exaggerated one, we give the alternative picture verbatim:—

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. . . . She seeketh flax and wool, and worketh willingly with her hands. She maketh fine linen and selleth it; and delivereth girdles to the merchant. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good, and her candle goeth not out by night. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy."

No doubt, nowadays, such an ideal appears a cramped and narrow one: too "Hebraic," as Matthew Arnold would have insisted, for our modern nineteenth-century views. And in Sister Celeste's case it was hardly self-sufficing, and we find the large outlines of the older picture tempered and filled in with a thousand touches of agile mental activity; so that she writes half apologetically, "I pray your patience if I have been tedious, but you must remember that I have to put into this paper everything that I should chatter to you in a week."

Whilst things were proceeding in this methodic humdrum way at home, Galileo's position at Rome had become one of acute danger. But he had carefully concealed the fact from his daughter, and in happy ignorance she chats of every passing event—of the pattern of the new collars for her father, of the chaplet of agate she wishes to hand over to her new sister-in-law, or of the vial containing scorpions preserved in oil which Galileo had sent her. Learning later of the peril in which her father stood, she wrote at once in great distress: "I cry to Almighty God without ceasing, recommending him to your care. I beg of you to turn your thoughts to God, and place your whole faith in him who never forsakes those who put their trust in him. My dearest lord and father, I have written instantly on learning this news of you, that you might know how I sympathize with you."

In a few weeks news came of Galileo's conditional liberation; and she declares: "The joy your last dear letter brought me, and the having it read over and over to the nuns, who made quite a jubilee on hearing its contents, put me into such an excited state that at last I got a severe attack of headache. I do not say this to

reproach you, but to show how I am not more strongly affected by what happens than a daughter ought to be. . . . As I was obliged to give the letter to Signor Geri that Vincenzo might see it, I made a copy, which Signor Rondinelli, after reading himself, would carry into Florence to read to some of his friends whom he knew would be extremely glad to learn particulars." Then follows a budget of domestic details concerning servants' wages and what not, that gather interest when read in the light of the catastrophe under whose shadow the nun already stood.

For late in the year 1633 Sister Celeste was dying. Worn out by continual ill-health, by night nursing and day labor, as well as harassed by anxiety and uneasiness on her father's account, she herself felt that death was approaching. At first there were only reticent allusions to it in the letters, but later, as Galileo's return home was still delayed, came an eager hungry cry that her father may return before she die. "I do not think I shall live to see that hour. Yet may God grant it, if it shall be for the best." The little petition was not denied.

Writing some time afterwards to his friend Elia Diodati in relation to the events of this period, Galileo says: "I stayed at Siena in the house of the archbishop; after which my prison was changed to confinement in my own house, that little villa a mile from Florence, with strict injunctions not to entertain friends, nor to allow the assembly of company. Here I lived on very quietly, frequently paying visits to the neighboring convent, where I had two daughters who were nuns, and whom I loved dearly; but the eldest in particular, who was a woman of exquisite mind, singular goodness, and tenderly attached to me. She had suffered much in health during my absence, but paid not much attention to herself. At length dysentery came on, and she died after ten days' illness, leaving me in deep affliction." So the drama closes.

The convent must have felt her loss keenly, though naturally there is no record left of the fact. The only acknowledgment of bereavement came from the Villa Martinelli, where Galileo brooded over his loss, fancying he heard his daughter's voice resounding through the house. "My restless brain," he wrote to a friend, "goes grinding on in a way that causes great waste of time. I hear her constantly calling me."

Washington Irving, speaking some-

where of Goldsmith's death, and relating how the beautiful Miss Horneck begged for a lock of the dead poet's hair, remarks how that incident would have mitigated the bitterness of Goldsmith's last hours could he have foreseen it. And we may similarly aver how priceless to the lonely nun would have been the assurance of Galileo's love contained in the lines we have just quoted could she have read them.

ALFRED J. SANDERS.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
BUSH LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

SOME few years ago now, I found myself at Auckland, in the northern island of New Zealand, and uncertain what way to go. Illness — the result (primarily) of an accident at the Hot Lakes — overtook me, and for many months I was kept indoors, having the pleasant company of a young Irishman of my own age. He had lately left the navy, and was now, like myself, drifting about the world in quest of home and hearth. He had tried various parts of Australia — I, Canada and Natal — and now we agreed to chum together and try New Zealand.

So, in the middle of July, when I was able to get about again, we went up to the Crown Lands Office, purchased a piece of bush land about fifty miles away to the north, and sent a man down, with the map in his pocket, to find the place and put us up a hut. On his return, after the job was done, we asked eagerly after our future home. Was it pretty? Should we have agreeable neighbors? Did pheasants and pigeons abound? Were there roads? Above all, what was the quality of the land?

"Much of a muchness," said the man, with a grin, adding: "I think it may do for you." He was quite right. The land *was* "much of a muchness," most of it under water; and it nearly *did* for us, as he had prophesied it would. However, we knew nothing of his hidden meaning, and we went to work with a will, laying in what provisions, and pots and pans, seemed absolutely necessary. In making our purchases, we were forced to take note of the fact that we ourselves, like beasts of burthen, should have to be the carriers of all we bought, from the landing-place to the place of our destination, nine miles off. Therefore weight and size were two things we protested against as far as might be.

We laid in a stock of salt pork, flour, coffee, tea, mustard, rice, sugar, butter, tobacco, and matches, and after dark one midwinter night committed our goods and ourselves to the care of a drunken little Nova Scotian skipper called Kenneth Mackenzie. An hour later we set sail in his cutter for Pakiari. The hands, with the exception of the cabin-boy, caroused all night. Luckily the weather was fine and clear, and the breeze light and fair, so the mad rum-drinking of our little captain and his crew was productive of no disaster worse than headache. And even from this tolerable sort of evil our skipper was free. Quite early in the morning I saw him on deck, fresh as a lark, sipping his coffee, and smoking his short clay cutty. It was ridiculous to hear him, after conning his craft over from stem to stern and whistling for wind, say softly to himself: "Hoots away, lassie! pit your best foot for'ard! Hoots, lassie, hoots!" After breakfast we were off Pakiri, about three miles from shore. The breeze, which since dawn had been gradually failing us, now died completely away, so that we could not come to the land. The men therefore took their dingy and rowed us ashore, landing us just inside the bar, which luckily happened to be in a placid and tranquil humor. Pakiri, which to our imagination had appeared a flourishing town where we might dispose of the produce of our farm, consisted of a saw-mill, a shanty for lumber-men, and a ferry-house. That was all. All day we walked as fast as our packs would allow, along the sandy beach, enjoying the cool sea-breeze and magnificent views of the Little Barrier, the Hen and Chickens, the Poor Knights, and many another needle-shaped rock and craggy islet. When day was nearly over we came to a wooded knoll about one hundred and fifty feet high, rising all alone in a hummock from amidst the broad expanse of shifting sand dunes. Seeing a convenient pool of water at the base of this little knoll, we decided to camp by it, and, unpacking our bundles, collected sticks, lighted a fire, had tea, and lay down to rest — the stars overhead, and below the reflection of our camp-fire in the little pool. There was solemnity in the silence and stillness around, and the remoteness from mankind was not without a certain charm. Though now the depth of winter, we felt no inconvenience from cold. During the night, or early next morning, a sad change came over the spirit of the weather, and that unaccommodating St. Swithun spent the whole of

his *fête* day in emptying the vials of his wrath on our faithless heads in perfect bucketfuls, to the sad detriment of temper, food, and clothes. The paper bags that contained our provisions became soaked, and, bursting asunder, coffee, tea, butter, sugar, rice, and mustard rolled themselves into a mass at the bottom of the sack. Butter had been the ringleader in this piece of nonsense, acting as a sort of kernel or loadstone. Round the butter was a coating of tea-leaves and coffee-grounds; colored saffron with mustard, and stuck over with sugar that had once been lump. Salt pork was the only thing that had declined to join in such folly, but even it had a speckled, measly look, from its contact with all the other damp horrors of the bag. The confusion of substance was irremediable, and though on many a fine day afterwards we bestirred ourselves in trying to separate the ingredients of these composite balls, picking off corns of rice with the point of a penknife, or swabbing up mustard with a sponge, our efforts were not blessed with any great amount of success, and many a fit of indigestion did we have, brought on by the strange compounds that formed daily diet. Happily, most of our flour and some portion of our other things we had left behind us at the ferry-house of Pakiri. But to return from our sacks to ourselves. This day's journey, though short in distance, was long in time, being in great part through an atrocious quagmire. We tramped slowly and warily along, for the treacherous earth was so shaky and unstable, and we so heavily freighted, that we never knew how far, at each step, we should sink in the mire, and our course was a series of stumbles and extrications. When we were got through this swamp, which is made by the running down of one lake into another — and here I would observe that it is a common and curious feature of the lakes in this part of the island that they have no regular and direct watercourses by which to intercommunicate, but are in the habit, rather, of demitting their superfluous waters to lower grounds by means of marshy slopes and plains — when we were got through this swamp (I say) we went up the face of a hill whose sides were covered with the charred stems of burnt ti-tree, and came, still in the dreariness and discomfort of cold midwinter rain, to the sloppy place where our man, for some reason best known to himself, had chosen to erect our hut. It was a small affair, hurriedly put up, and constructed of native grass, lined

and thatched with leaves of the palm-tree (*Areca sapida*). Its furniture (besides the necessary bed) consisted of two chairs and a rough table. I may say at once that, on finally leaving this pleasant spot, we wrote a civil letter and offered our two chairs and our rough table as a present to the government of the day. The government of the day, with singular lack of courtesy, vouchsafed no answer to our civil letter, and thus deprived itself and its museum of three very remarkable specimens of colonial workmanship. When the weather cleared up we went out to stroll about our farm and see its capabilities. It had none. Most of the land we had bought, and which had looked so enticing, in its gaudy coat of paint, on the office map, lay submerged in the shallows of a reedy lagoon, with just one end jutting out on to dry land, like the nose of a crocodile basking in the mud. On this "nose," or "ness," or "nez," we lived and thrived and had our innings, playing the played-out game of landlordism. The idea, no doubt, was pretty and poetical, but the practice (and the situation) preposterous in the extreme. I hope the New Zealand government will not try to turn an honest penny, in these dull times, by prosecuting me for libel if I venture to hint that land at the bottom of a lake, however profitable its sale may be to the colonial exchequer, is scarcely suitable for the purposes of farming. I don't suppose this part of the country will ever raise itself to affluence by the efforts of farmers, because of the sterility of the soil. Yet, bad — detestably bad — as the land undoubtedly is —

Quamvis lapis omnia nudus
Limosoque palus obducatur pascua junco —

although everywhere are the cinders and scorix from the extinct volcanoes, or swamps of New Zealand flax and thickets of tree veronica, yet, all this notwithstanding, I know no colony in which it would be pleasanter to settle for life. The climate is salubrious and truly insular, though a little too damp at times to be perfection. The seasons glide imperceptibly one into the other, and the annual range of the thermometer is little more than thirty degrees. It does not often fall below 40° or rise above 70° Fahr. The forest is equally green, summer and winter; all the trees indigenous to the island, with the exception of the fuchsia, being evergreen. I am quite sure this island might have a great and glorious future of prosperity before it. One thing alone is wanting. In colonies and repub-

lies the mob is rampant and almighty. Why not take things into its own hands? Why not play its government the same trick that Nero tried to serve his mother? Why not sink the whole lot in the profoundest depths of Cook's Straits? Then, and not till then, may these "isles of the blest," these "Fortunate Isles" (in all but government), look for peace, plenty, and prosperity. After splashing and plunging about our farm, and satisfying ourselves that we need be in no violent hurry with our spring crops, we took the first fine opportunity to go to fetch those things of which we had lightened our loads at the knoll where we slept some days back. We found them all right, untouched by man or pig. Getting them well in hand, and equally divided into convenient packs of about twenty-five pounds apiece, we started homewards again, and again storm and tempest, with great thunder and lightning, fell on our devoted heads. I suppose saints are pretty much the same all the world over, but here, where we are all so busy, St. Swithun might really be content with an octave instead of exacting his full forty days. We found ourselves heavily weighted in crossing the dismal swamp that lay between us and our home. Floundering on through it, we clung tenaciously to the stems of the tall burnt ti-tree scrub which were standing dead in the swamp. But they, at those moments when we most required their support, when our feet were sunk deepest in the slough, made a particular point of giving way under our weight, and with a vile crack, a smart snap, precipitating us into the bog below. Woe to these hateful trees! It was of them (and none other) the prophet spake, saying: "When they took hold of thee by the hand, thou didst break, and rend all their shoulder; and when they leaned upon thee, thou brokest, and madest all their loins to be at a stand." Struggling miserably along, black, bloody, and soaked, we regained our den at nightfall. It was extremely galling, thus again and so soon to have all our provisions destroyed by wet. In their *cache* at the knoll they had done well enough and kept dry, but now there was nothing for us but to fall to: the old work of disintegration. I tried what heat would do, melting our butter over the fire, and skimming it with spoons of the various things that rose to the surface.

The first fine Sunday we devoted to visiting our next-door neighbors, who lived only three miles off; four brothers — their

name was Crapp — living together in a very passable watertight shanty of their own construction. Their father, an old soldier, had run through everything, and ended his days at Rouen, where these lads were educated. Finding themselves cast adrift in the world, they had drifted out to New Zealand quite at haphazard, and were now, like ourselves, engaged in contest with old mother earth. "Beatus ille!" said the elder, throwing up his eyes, but wagging his head. "Were we only blest with 'bobus'!" cried a younger, whose name was Bob. "But we really have plenty of honey, you know," said the youngest, who took cheerful views. So they prattled on, truly French and vivacious. We saw a good deal of them during our stay in their neighborhood, and liked what we saw. We got the elder one, Albert, to come over to our place one day, as a sort of land-valuer, and see what he thought our farm was really worth; and also to see what he could make out of our hut, with an eye to our future comfort and better way of living. He was too polite to say much in disparagement, till we pressed for his candid opinion, and then he was forced to confess it was altogether a disheartening sort of place, and the ground scarcely worth cultivating.

When he found we did not take things too seriously he was glad and joked, suggesting to us a crop of eels as best suited to our land. Forthwith we christened our estate "the Snare," by which name, I understand, it is known to this day.

After that, on fine days, which, however, were few and far between, the Crapps came frequently over to see us, and we made a point of returning their visits with quick civility, often passing the night at their shanty, singing French chansons and vaudevilles.

One fine morning, as we sat on logs outside our hut, mending clothes and baking a "damper" on the glowing embers of a wood fire, the brothers swooped down on us with loud whoops and holloas from the dense bush above. They were accompanied by dogs, and armed with knives and bill-hooks, intent on a pig-sticking expedition. After satisfying, as far as in us lay, their huge appetites, we loaded revolvers and joined the cavalcade. First we went through the forest for three miles to Te Arai point. The glories of this sublime forest will ever be fresh in my memory; steep hillsides clothed with gigantic trees, and in the trees themselves perfect gardens of epiphytes and air-plants. From a vast height overhead the

roots or branches of creepers hung like ropes to the ground, and even on these very ropes many strange ferns and flowering parasites had found sustenance for themselves. All the trees, from the noble kauri downwards, were evergreens; but they were far from being characterized by that sombre hue which throws gloom over the foliage of a thicket of evergreens in England. Amongst the more noticeable trees were many glossy laurels of different sorts: the lofty, moss-like rimu, the puriri, with flowers like snap-dragon, and the lance-wood tree with its tall, bare stem, twenty or thirty feet high, crowned by a scanty tuft of lanceolate barbed leaves about eighteen inches long; and to a not unsightly little shrub with a long name I was led by that despised organ—the nose! Its scent was stronger than stephanotis, and made the spot where it grew sweet as a greenhouse of hyacinths. Unfortunately for the world at large, the genus to which it belongs confines itself strictly to the northern island of New Zealand, and the particular species we met with to only a very small portion of that somewhat limited area. It seems quite ridiculous to go into ecstasies over a little plant with such a break-jaw name as *Alsosmia linearifolia*. But what could one do? The sweet flowers out there have no common names of endearment—no tender diminutives—as they have here with us *the daisy*. And indeed, if they had, we should probably be not much the wiser. I daresay a botanically inclined Chinaman, coming to England and finding a simple daisy by the wayside, would label it in his memory as *Bellis perennis*. What meaning could the word “daisy” possibly have for him? What picture of childlike faith and trust would it call up in the hard heart of the “heathen Chinese”? Or, again, what English botanist collecting in China would be much impressed when, on finding some fair lily of the field, he heard its name was hi-ping or chow-chow? So we must just take our little honeysuckle as we find it named in the book, and pass on.

At Te Arai we sat on rocks by the heavy surf and picked up multitudes of shells; amongst others, mutton-shells and ear-shells, of which the wild boars are said to be fond, coming down at low tide and tearing them off with their tusks. Striking through the sandhills, we entered those swamps of which I have spoken, and which lie between the sandhills and the high wooded lands, further back. Here the wild pigs have their lairs, wal-

lowing in the marsh, and sleeping in the matted and almost impervious jungle of tui grass. We moved but slowly on through this difficult bit of ground, having continually to throw ourselves on the grass to flatten it down, and so make a way *over* it where we could not force a passage *through* it. Much of it was as high as, or higher than, ourselves. In places we cleared a track with our bill-hooks, floundering on in Indian file, till we reached the far end of the swamp. On the border of the forest beyond we lighted our pipes, and being thirsty, felled a palm-tree and regaled ourselves on the deliciously juicy substance, well known to settlers, which grows inside, and which is, in fact, the unexpanded crown of stem and unfolded leaf. Coming, presently, to the rootings and fresh tracks of pigs, we laid our dogs on the scent, and, after a time, heard them give tongue. Off we went after them, as hard as we could tear. Obstacles, insurmountable before, were easily surmounted now. We did not now complain of the gashes we received from the barbed, spear-like grass, which gave a cut as clean as any sharp knife. To get first to the front was now our only care; and so simultaneously did we all arrive on the scene of action that we fell pell-mell upon the savage boar as he stood at bay before the dogs, “brailed up” against a great tree, which he had artfully chosen as a rear-guard. Allingham, with a notable briskness which won him much applause, seized a propitious moment, and, stepping in, cut the boar’s throat with his bowie-knife. It was a dangerous job, well and quickly performed, and with little regard for the furious beast’s tusks, which are formidable, and occasionally fatal, weapons. With much difficulty we choked our dogs off the dying beast, and, having dressed him in a butcherly fashion, hung him up by a cross-pole betwixt the two trees where he fell. Covered with the blood of the pig, and with blood issuing from the scratches we had received, we looked a horrid crew as we stood to take breath and sheath our reeking knives after the excitement was over. But there was no time, happily, for sentiment. The dogs were again giving tongue loudly ahead, and off we went on the trail, and, half an hour later, had the satisfaction of despatching a second boar. By the time we had got him trimmed and hung up, it was pitch dark; and it was with much fatigue and difficulty that we groped our way out of the forest and at length arrived at the Crapps’ cottage,

thoroughly spent and ravenously hungry, but all in high good-humor, and satisfied with our day's exploit. By the light of blazing kauri gum we devoured the liver of one of our pigs, and then smoked till we fell asleep. This day may serve as a sample of many others passed in like manner, with variations of eel-fishing and pigeon-shooting. Our farm was the last thing that engaged our attention, and, of good sooth, there was nothing engaging about it. We did, indeed, set a few potatoes, and sow carrots and turnips, but they (very wisely) refused to come up. Our time was spent in fighting against the cold and almost incessant rains, and in endeavoring to exist on the rotten, rat-eaten remnant of our soaked provisions, which, ever since we came down, had been left without protection to the fury of the elements. There was no room for both them and us in the hut. Perhaps it had been better to have given them the *pas* and remained outside ourselves. At the end of six weeks we were reduced to tea which, from mould, was greener than green tea. Our sugar was done, having melted itself away. All our other things were in a like bad way, with the exception of the salt pork, which, having behaved well from the first, remained cheerful to the last, and came up smiling to the scratch, in spite of much ill-usage, frizzling and frying in its pan to our daily solace and contentment. Nevertheless, we began to think our *role* of landed proprietors was pretty nearly played out. The man's words that our land was "much of a muchness, and would probably do for us" rang ever in our ears. At the end of three days of steady pelting rain, in our seventh week, Allingham, on a sudden impulse, took himself off, swearing that no consideration on earth should induce him again to enter our dilapidated hut. He had reason on his side; also he had friends at Kaipara and Akara, twenty miles off—Irish people, who had often asked him to pay them a visit—and he thought this a good opportunity. I lingered behind for a few dull days, and then, packing up what was left me, started afoot for Mooney's, the little public-house at Mangawai, eight miles off, and our nearest village.

Allingham had appointed this as our place of rendezvous on the termination of his visits. It was without the faintest shadow of regret that I left "the Snare"—"a thing that" (like the village stocks in one of Lord Lytton's novels) "in its best day had small pretensions to beauty,

and was not elevated into the picturesque even by neglect and decay." When I got to the Mangawai River I had to wait an hour or so before the state of the tide would admit of my crossing. I employed the time satisfactorily amongst the tree oysters; but it was unpleasant work, afterwards, wading barefooted amongst the muddy mangroves, on whose tangled and protruding roots whole colonies of these bivalves had found homes for themselves. Oysters are grateful to the palate, no doubt; but far from grateful is an external application of their spiky shells to the naked feet. It was just sunset when, on getting to Mooney's, I found Allingham at the door to greet me, having just arrived from his visit to Kaipara, where he had found his friends, the Blakes, very comfortably domiciled in a noble forest. To sit on a soft chair; to eat off a table with four sound legs; to have food clean, wholesome, and prepared by other hands than mine; above all, to sleep in a proper, decent bed—these things, from long disuse, seemed odd, but very enjoyable. Our first day at Mooney's was one of heavy gale and pelting rain. We sat delightfully snug and comfortable in our cozy parlor, over the blazing fire of logs on the hearth. All warm and dry, we looked with contempt on the rain, which had so lately been our continual dread and abhorrence. We had brought a few books with us, so that we did not find time hang heavily on our hands. Our library was as odd a little jumble as ever found its way to a bush inn: the "Letters of Junius," Horace, "Essays of Elia," Greek Testament, Sophocles, "The Diversions of Purley," Thomas à Kempis, "The Garden of the Soul," "Spiritual Quixote," and a rather risky French novel we had borrowed of the Crapps. We had made our selection with strict regard not so much to worth as to weight, preferring the worst duodecimo to the best octavo. After waiting eleven days for the cutter, which lay at anchor in the stream before our windows unable to cross the bar, we heard at last there was a chance of her sailing, and immediately went on board; but, when we had drifted cautiously down to the bar, we found it still too rough to cross, so anchored again and amused ourselves as best we could. Next day we had better luck, and after a spanking run of fourteen hours came to our berth in Auckland harbor, and were not sorry to find ourselves back in our comfortable cottage after two months' "roughing it in the bush."

J. LAWSON.

From The Spectator.

LA LISARDIÈRE.

IN the first days of April, the lanes of Anjou were full of primroses and violets, the fields were thickly scattered with cowslips, while over the banks, in wood and hedgerow, the blue stars of the wild periwinkle ran and crept everywhere. All the young leaf-buds were swelling under soft and constant showers; the grass by the little rivers was very green; sometimes there were hours of gentle sunshine, while the white clouds lingered on the horizon, leaving lakes of clear, pale-blue sky. The air was chilly, yet mild; it was just what one imagines that early spring ought to be. Morning and evening, the great blazing wood fires were very pleasant; towards the middle of the day, they had a way of smouldering and going out. Then was the time for walks in the sweet fresh air, about the flower-strewn country, through the wet, sandy mud and stones of that labyrinth of lanes. And these are not mere objectless country walks; you cannot go far without coming on some curious traces of the old history of the province, some relic of its old great families, of its old distinction. Anjou is full of legends and stories, and no wonder; for all the romance of its former greatness lingers on in ruins, buried sometimes in what are now the most out-of-the-way corners of the country. No highroad for instance would ever bring a traveller to La Lisardière, the ruined *château* and cradle of a family that still exists, among the oldest and most distinguished of Anjou.

Wandering away at the back of the Château de B——, which once itself belonged to the same family, and was probably quite as old as La Lisardière, but was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, so that life still goes on there with all its charm and cheerfulness; wandering up through the lanes, with their high banks and straggling hedges full of flowers, and vineyards beyond them sloping to the south, we pass by a little stone farm here and there, with low archways, and a green pond, and no gates, and a fierce dog that rushes out barking till some distant voice calls him back. Sometimes we skirt a field, where a woman in a short blue petticoat is ploughing with two oxen and a donkey, her dog also in attendance. She shouts at her beasts, and uses a long stick freely, as the plough lurches slowly along in its shallow furrow. From this peasant-farming region—instructive for those interested in the subject—we climb up gradually to the higher ground of fir woods

and commons, and turn round to look back over the curious, quiet view, all soft brown and purple, for it is too early for green leaves, and there are few evergreens below the fir woods. The woods have not more than the first reddening of spring on their broad brown surface; here and there is the sparkle of water, the little river in the valley; and there is the village spire, a few roofs near it, the peaked towers of the *château* we have left, another more distant house, almost hidden by trees; all these grey roofs shine in the soft, cloudy light. The road between the woods is rough and very lonely, its margin tufted with flowering gorse and dead bracken and green feathering broom. The woods here are low and young, and constantly cut down; numbers of trees lie neatly in heaps together, waiting to be sold and carried away. Beyond the woods is a lonely place with a wide view over what might be a Surrey common, only it is so much wilder; here four roads meet, and here malefactors used to be hung in chains by the *seigneurs* of the old *château*, the object of our pilgrimage. The road goes on across the upland, presently leaving the wild ground and running on between the hedges of high, bare fields, one of them cut and laid almost like an English hedge; over this, away to the right, one can see a group of old farm-buildings, known as *le Moulin-à-vent*. The windmill tower is still there, but the arms are gone; it is used now as a granary. A smart new gate, all made of little bars, in the middle of the transmogrified hedge, has quite an odd effect in this wild country; here one sees the first marks of a certain new farmer who has lately come, and has brought with him all sorts of new ideas from the Bouronnais.

The lane breaks into a steep field, something like an old quarry, with its hollows and heights, just as we are beginning to find the walk a long one. There it is; there is La Lisardière; and all this unevenness of ground is only the remains of its old circle of fortification. In the valley, looking vague and grey against the grey and green of slopes and fields behind it, with trees, larger and older than one has lately seen, scattered about near it, stands this melancholy ruin of one of the greatest old *châteaux* of Anjou. Its most remarkable feature is the tall, thin, grey tower, which they call the *tour du guetteur*, rising up in the middle of the buildings, with an almost human air of peering forever over the hilltops round. There is a great square house, its steep grey roof half in

ruins, its white walls stained by time, its windows, with their carving and arches, half built up with mortar and stones. At the corner nearest us, as we look down from our field, is a great round tower which seems to have been cut in half, a great part of the château having been pulled down. Beyond, near the *tour du guetteur*, is another round tower, seeming to support its tall, slight neighbor; part of the house next this is roofless, and falling fast to decay. Beyond, again, is another great block of buildings; here, we think, may have been the banquetting-hall; it has a stately row of windows, and great arched doors from the yard. Outside is a well, and near it a flight of steps leading down underground to immense dungeons or cellars. In front of these grand old buildings is a great wild yard, without gate or entrance of any kind, with rows of cowsheds and pigsties under the windows, where some of the greatest people in Anjou used to look out, perhaps not more than a hundred years ago. Every trace of them, their servants, their defences, is gone now; but the château is well guarded, nevertheless.—a fierce black dog and a still fiercer gander make it a rather serious matter to walk down the green slope of the hill, cross the yard, and approach the old ruinous steps which lead up to the once stately door, in search of that advanced farmer from the Bourbonnais, who lives here and farms most of the land all round on the *métayer* system. The estate was sold some years ago by its old family to some modern man, who makes what he can out of it.

We braved dog and gander successfully, and in the yard were fortunate enough to meet the farmer himself, a good-looking, fair haired, blue-eyed man, dressed like any other peasant, in blouse and fur cap. One need hardly say that he does nearly all his work himself. He was glad to see us, though a little condescending,—the manners of the Bourbonnais are more modern than those of Anjou. He was very good-natured, however, and took us all round the curious old buildings, in which he seemed to feel a really intelligent interest. In several of the great rooms there are still the immense chimney-pieces of that country, elaborately carved in stone, or painted in fresco; now, of course, all cracked and faded and ruinous. In one of the lower rooms, there is a deep well, no doubt very necessary in those old times when La Lisardière was fortified. Several yards down this well there is an iron door, probably the entrance to some

secret room, or underground passage. The whole place, outside and in, is a scene of old feudal romance, and its history, if it could be written, would be a strange one. I believe that one French writer of some distinction, knowing it and the neighborhood well, has already made it the scene of a historical novel. The farmer presently brought us into the immense room near the entrance, where he and his wife live. The furniture consisted of a table and a few chairs, a large press, and a bed covered with a *duvet* about two feet thick. A few sticks were burning on the hearth. The farmer's wife, a pale, worn-looking woman, was busily engaged with a small maidservant in washing pots. She looked kind and smiling, but did not join much in the conversation; her husband was quite the superior being. He sat down by the fire and talked like an Englishman, telling us all his plans and prospects, and how by his superior farming he meant to make four times as much as the general run of farmers in that country. He spoke most loyally of his landlord; he would follow him to the moon, he said; and he was convinced that the *métayer* system was the fairest and most profitable for himself that could have been invented. It had not taken him long to discover that one of his visitors was English; he had seen an Englishman once at Moulins, where he came from. His wife also brightened up here; she had once had a letter from England. It is probably not often that the tenants of La Lisardière have their solitude invaded by curious visitors. In these days it is not every one who knows the way into that lonely valley, where a watchman on the tall grey tower might watch forever, now, without seeing anything more dangerous than a peasant, or a casual party of people taking a country walk, arousing quite unnecessary rage in the minds of geese and sheep-dogs. It was all one of those strange, romantic contrasts which one meets with so often in a country like France,—the grand old ruined château, with its peasant inhabitants, who yet, in the spirit of old hospitality, light up their sticks and bring out their cider for any stranger who pays them a visit; statelyness and squalor, the despair of old Anjou, the hopefulness and enterprise of modern Bourbonnais; crumbling towers and new cowsheds, hay and corn stored in old banquetting-halls; the feudal system and the *métayer* system, sheltered by the same walls, living in the same rooms. Even the young descendants of the first received and entertained, in what might

have been the halls of their own ancestors, by the representatives of the second.

All was quiet as we walked away from La Lisardière and climbed the green hillside again, in the soft sunlight of that April afternoon. The great black dog was tired of barking, and watched us lazily; the irrepressible gander had been shut up in some corner of the old buildings. Often looking back as we crossed the brow of the hill, we gradually lost sight of the strange old place in the valley, its scattered farmyard, its ruinous walls and broken roofs, grand in their ruin. At last we could see nothing but the grey, slight top of the tour du guetteur, the landmark of La Lisardière, which watched us away, till we began to descend the other side of the high ground, and looking back, could see nothing; valley and château, with all its wild old precincts, had vanished like a dream.

From The Cape Times.
SOUTH-AFRICAN CANNIBALS.

EARLY in this century, about 1820, the Basuto chieftain Moshesh, being worried and harried by a host of enemies, entrenched himself on a high rocky fortress now, as then, known as Thaba Bosigo, from whence, much to the dismay of his assailants, he would hurl down high piles of stones, packed up by night, on their woolly heads.

The Basutos were a brave people, but reduced by their enemies to very hard straits, so that they were driven by absolute starvation to resort to the horrible work of cannibalism. This fiendish practice was certainly not to be debited to the account of the native races of South Africa as a rule. In the early days it was not found amongst the Hottentots, nor even among the lowest of South African races, the Bushmen; and it is just as certain that it has not been amongst the Zulus, but as an exception, as with the Basutos, it occurred in Natal about the same period, 1820-23.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in a paper he contributed some years ago to the Royal Colonial Institute, says: "I have heard many a stirring story of escapes from the cannibals from the lips of those who were captured, and who had themselves listened to discussions as to whether they would eat tough or tender when they were killed. I have myself conversed with several men who escaped

after having been captured by Amazimu or Man-Eaters, and after having been told off to furnish the next feast for their captors; and with one—a chief still living in this colony—who was compelled by the cannibals to carry the pot in which he was told he would himself be cooked. The scene of his escape is not five miles from the spot (Maritzburg) on which this paper is written, and at present forms part of the episcopal property held by Dr. Colenso."

There is no reason to believe that the Basutos brought the custom with them, though there is ample evidence that they practised it during the time of their wars with Umziliganzi, and with the Korannas, and it may reasonably be supposed that it has been carried on in a hidden, shamefaced way, in spite of the opposition of their chiefs, down to a very modern date. Cassilis tells the stories of cannibalism which he heard from the natives on his first arrival in Basutoland, and giving 1820 as a date, says that Moshesh put an end to these horrors. He says there "are thirty or forty villages, the entire population of which is composed of those who were formerly cannibals, and who make no secret of their past life."

I have seen, when quite a boy, the Natal Kafirs listen with eager and breathless interest to the wild, weird, and horrible tales that the elder Kafirs used to tell of their experiences in the gloomy fastnesses of the Maluti—the high and tumbled "Double Mountains" of Basutoland. I well remember a fine old Kafir, who, as seems to be usual with really good authorities, was rather taciturn regarding the imparting of information concerning these and other early remarkable events, being at length persuaded to relate some of his adventures in the Malutis in the days gone by. Of course the Zulus, and the rest of the "human" tribes, had the liveliest horror and the most awful dread of the Amazimu—a name that mothers instantly silenced naughty children with.

However, the old Kafir (he was one of Matiwane's tribe, hailing from the Drakensberg, where the late Matiwane's son, called Zikali, was governing the tribe, the Amangwane—Zikali had been placed there to guard the mountain passes against the mischievous, and sometimes deadly, inroads of the Bushmen), well, the old Kafir took a drink of native beer, cleared his throat, and threw, with a graceful jerk of his arm, his robe off his shoulder, to give freedom to the impressive and expressive gesticulations employed—much

as the Roman orator of days gone by would ease his shoulder of the toga before he extended his hand and addressed the "Romans, friends, and countrymen," and all the rest. These remarkable people, the Zulus, in telling a story are most minute in matters of detail. I may say I speak the Zulu like a native.

Old Marweni then, the story-teller in question, said that he and two companions had been deputed by Matiwane to take a girl to a chieftain beyond Basutoland, to whom she was to be given in marriage. "Well, people of my father," said he, "I told the 'mothers' to make some bread of boiled and then hard-baked maize, and the next morning we each stuck one of our sticks through a loaf of this bread, and taking our knobkerries and our assegais, and rolling our blankets up and slinging them over our shoulders, took the poor weeping maiden from her mother and started. Through two rivers we had to swim and get through as best we could with the girl, who couldn't swim. But we cut down a large bundle of dry reeds, and, binding them together so as to make a sharp point of their ends, placed the bride elect on it, and piloted it, point forwards, over the river. The lions about this time were very numerous, and it was a common matter for those who were too old to catch game to eat people every day until they got quite used to it, and preferred human to game flesh. Oh, I shall never forget that first night! We had to sleep in a bleak, miserable spot, and had chopped down a few bushes with Makuza's (one of my companions) axe, and made a screen for the girl, and then made a fire to windward of the screen; and having set an ant-heap alight on either side, we all lay down to sleep.

"It was pitch dark. . . . I fell asleep. . . . I awoke with fearful feeling. The water was flowing all around us, a dark bank of thick clouds which, as the sun set, we had seen to north-westward had rolled down upon us and burst over our heads. The lightning was blazing and blinding—broad and quivering ribbon-like streams of it danced bluely on every side, and the bellowing thunder crashed as if it were going to kill the earth. We were too frightened to speak, or even to get up out of the water, when, suddenly, the dog that was with us howled and yelped and tore as hard as he could right over us, and the next instant, with a terrible roar, almost like the thunder itself, a huge lion sprang upon us and bit Makuza.

"Friends, I shall never, never forget the

dull, scrunching quash that the brute's teeth made of poor Makuza's bones. We struck wildly at him with the sticks of the dead fire, and saw in the blaze of the lightning that he was a male lion of the large black-maned species. But, my people, it was all over in a moment, and the great beast leapt off with our friend in his huge jaws, while another vivid flash of lightning blinded us again, and another cracking clap of thunder seemed to deafen, stun, and deprive us of all action.

"At last the miserable day dawned, and we had to go on, as the girl wouldn't be left alone, and we were afraid to take her with us to look for what was left of poor Makuza's body, because the lion might take her also, and then our chief would kill us. However, it was no use looking for our lost companion, especially as after the lion had done with him the hyenas, jackals, and wild dogs, etc., would fall upon all that was left. After we got some distance from the spot, and the sun was up and hot, we looked back and could see the vultures circling overhead about the place where we had slept, and ever and anon drooping their long legs and claws, and swooping down to the ground, and we knew only too well what that meant. Alas! it was a miserable time that—those two awful days in Basutoland; and I, the only one that was to return!"

As the old Kafir was reciting this story, with all the ever-glowing eloquence, and strong, graphic powers of oratory, possessed by these people, I say, to an eminent and singular degree, it was most interesting to watch the faces of his mute and immovable auditors as in the Kafir hut the flickering firelight danced upon their swarthy and enrapt features. Not a sound could be heard, except every now and then a deep, chest-intoned "Ough!" which spoke eloquently of the concentrated attention paid to the tale of the narrator.

"Yes, people of my father," resumed old Marweni, "the *next* day! The second day in Basutoland was even more terrible, if possible. We had not gone far when the girl, pointing to something running down the steep side of a great mountain we were walking past, said 'What's that?' We looked up, and I immediately recognized, from the wild look, the headlong speed, and the long, upright, uncut hair, the fearful Izimu, or human-body eater. I quickly told the girl it was all right, and not to be afraid, and told my companion Sondoda, to stand by and we'd kill him, as he was only one. But alas! Sondoda was young, and the shocking stories he

had heard about the Amazimu had now, when he was actually looking at one of the demons of his nursery tales, utterly paralyzed him, so that he was almost powerless, while the strange being ran shouting down the hill.

"However, I engaged him myself. But it was all to no purpose. I must cut the story short. It sickens me. With a wild yell, seven or eight more cannibals burst over a little rise to our left, and were on us like lightning, just as I struck my opponent down with my battle-axe. I now received a stunning blow on the head, and instinctively ran. The cannibals left me and busied themselves binding the girl and Sondoda, who had, however, so far regained himself, as to strike a few blows and to wound one fiend with his assegai. Just as I got to an ant-bear hole in the long grass, I looked back and, seeing the Amazimus still securing what they doubtless thought their birds in the hand, I popped down into the hole and drew down after me, on to my head, the earth, grass, and twigs that the ant-bear had cast out. The cannibals came after me, and looked for me awhile, but not seeing me seemed to think that they had enough for their larder, and returned to their victims.

"After some time, as I heard them

busily engaged, I ventured to pop my head carefully out of the hole. I could see nothing at first, but gently dividing the grass with my hands, saw the brutes making a fire, while a ghastly-looking old hag appeared on the scene with a large, roughly made earthenware pot. I now found I was badly wounded by one of their broad-cutting assegais, and had my head nearly split open. Why say anything more? I saw them stab the girl and Sondoda, and seem still to hear the dull thud of the assegai on their bodies, and their thrillingly mournful shrieks, but what could I do?—half stunned and badly wounded, and one to eight. I saw them cut my dear friends up, roast the shin bones first—eat the meat off them, and crack the bones for the marrow. I sat entranced, quite forgetting I was showing my head . . . They boiled the rest. . . . I can't tell any more. . . . The night now falling, I crept out of the hole, and ran steadily towards Natal for my life. The good spirit of my dead father, I suppose, kept the lions off me. I never saw the dog after the lion had killed Makuza. I got home the next night—half in a dream—sick at heart, miserable and melancholy. I told my sad tale to the chief and *indunas* assembled. The dog was at home."

A SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR NERO. — It was recently announced that M. Holleaux, a French archaeologist, had discovered in the wall of a church dating from the Middle Ages a stone on which was inscribed a speech delivered by the Emperor Nero at the Isthmian games. A copy of the inscription—which has been deciphered by M. Paul Foucart, director of the French Institute at Athens—was read at the last meeting of the Paris Academy of Inscriptions. It runs as follows: "Command of the Emperor Cæsar Augustus. While I express to noble Greece my thanks for the reverence and love she has shown me, I invite the inhabitants of this province to assemble in the largest possible numbers at Corinth on the fourth day before the Kalends of December [Nov. 28]." When the people were gathered together the emperor addressed them thus: "Citizens of Greece, you are not conscious of the favor which I have in store for you, although every one might have expected it of my generosity. This favor is so great that you might not have presumed to ask for it. All ye Greeks who live in Achæa

and in the land which has hitherto been called Peloponnesus, receive your liberty, and be ye free from the payment of tribute. Receive this favor, of which, even in the happiest days, you were not all sharers; for ye were then the slaves of strangers or were subjected the ones to the others. Would that I could have assured this favor to Greece in the days of her fortune, so that a greater number might have shared in the benefit; and I look with ill-will upon the time which diminished her greatness. The grace which I now secure to you is no mark of my compassion, but of my love. I also thank your gods, whose protection I have experienced both by sea and by land; and I thank them also that they have given me the opportunity of conferring upon you so great a benefit. Other rulers have conferred freedom upon towns only. Nero alone gave it to a whole province." This speech is followed by a decree by which the town of Acræphia resolves to erect an altar to Nero, and to inscribe him among its gods under the name of "Jupiter the Freer." The stone was found on the site of the ancient Acræphia in Bœotia.

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THE CYCLOPEAN EYE.

[Mr. Mawer, writing in *Knowledge*, points out that the thinly covered opening in a child's skull "marks the position occupied in former generations by an eye, and reminds us of the Cyclops"]

QUOTH old Homer, the Cyclops were horrid,
Yet they managed to be of some use;
For with only one eye in the forehead,
They could thunderbolts fashion for Zeus.
Mr. Mawer now, an ardent Darwinian,
Has declared we can find if we try—
It is really a startling opinion—
The "ancestral invertebrate eye."

Take your babies, and investigation
Will soon show what all nurses know well:
On their heads there's a place where pulsation
Can be felt, and it's called *fontanelle*.
There's a soft cartilaginous membrane,
And beneath it, in ages gone by,
Was, instead of what now is with them brain,
The ancestral invertebrate eye.

If we study the lizard Varanus,
As he lives at his ease in the Zoo,
He is formed on a plan that would gain us
A third eye *plus* the regular two.
Like the eyes of invertebrates fashion'd,
O'er the vertebrate pair towering high,
Could it weep, or look bold and impassion'd,
The ancestral invertebrate eye?

But two eyes were enough, and the function
Of the third, from disuse, died away;
And Dame Nature, sans any compunction,
Leaves us only its traces to-day.
Yet the bard must be pardon'd for thinking,
When a damozel hovers anigh,
What a power it would add to our winking,
That ancestral invertebrate eye!
St. James's Gazette. H. SAVILE CLARKE.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

BY FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

"THERE! Take the world!" Jove from
his skye throne
To mortals cried; "For you and for your
heirs
A heritage forever—all your own:
But see that each with each like brothers
shares!"

Then straight to work all that had fingers
went,
All busy, all alert, both young and old;
The farmer was on fruitful harvests bent,
A-hunting sped the squire through wood
and wold.

The merchant fills his stores from near and
far,
The abbot culls the choicest, oldest wine,

The king on bridge and highway sets his bar,
And says, "The tenth of everything is
mine!"

Long after all and each had ta'en his share,
The poet comes—he had been far away;
He looks, and looks in vain, for everywhere
Nought could he see, but owned a master's
sway.

"Woe's me! Shall I, of all thy sons the
best,
Shall I, then, be forgotten, I alone?"
Thus his complaint he to great Jove addressed,
And flung him down before the Thunderer's
throne.

"Not mine the blame," the god replied, "I
trow,
If in the Land of Dreams thy life was led!
When earth was being parcelled, where wert
thou?"
"I was with thee, with thee," the poet said.

"Mine eye upon thy face in rapture gazed,
Thy heaven's full harmonies enchain'd
mine ear;
Forgive the soul that, by thy radiance dazed,
Let go its hold upon the earthly sphere."

"What now?" said Jove; "on earth I've
nought to give,
Field, forest, market, they no more are
mine;
But in my heaven if thou with me wouldst
live,
Come when thou wilt, a welcome shall be
thine!"

THEODORE MARTIN.

Blackwood's Magazine.

BURIED TREASURES.

'Tis true my later years are blest
With all that riches can bestow,
But there is wealth, wealth cannot buy,
Hid in the mines of "long ago."

There jealous guard does Memory keep;
Yet sometimes, when I dream alone,
She comes and takes my hand in hers,
And shows me what was once my own.

I revel 'mong such precious things;
I count my treasures o'er and o'er;
I learn the worth of some, whose worth,
Ah me! I never knew before.

And then all slowly fades away,
And I return to things *you* know,
With empty hands and tear-filled eyes,
Back from the mines of "long ago."

MARIE HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

Chambers' Journal.

From The Edinburgh Review.

SIDNEY, EARL OF GODOLPHIN.*

THAT portion of the reign of Anne, during which Lord Godolphin held the office of lord high treasurer of England, was one of the most remarkable periods in English history. It was distinguished by victory abroad and prosperity at home; it was illustrious from the genius of its writers and the capacity of its statesmen. Yet, by a singular mischance, its story has been never adequately related. Lord Macaulay's death interrupted his narrative on the threshold of this era. Mr. Lecky's admirable history disposes in a few sentences of the great military achievements, which his temperament and taste alike indispose him to tell. And though Lord Stanhope, Mr. Wyon, and Mr. Burton have all addressed themselves to the task, they have none of them succeeded in producing an account of Anne's reign which can be regarded as a classic. It thus happens that, while every debating society finds one of its favorite subjects for discussion in the rival glories of the reigns of Anne and Elizabeth, the speakers who prefer the reign of Anne can found their opinions on no history which has made a permanent impression on the world.

It is remarkable that the want which is experienced in considering the era has hitherto been felt in determining the character of the minister who presided throughout the greater portion of it over the destinies of the country. No statesman who has risen to equal eminence in England during the last three centuries has left so indistinct an impression as Godolphin on political history. Most people of the present day derive their chief knowledge of the history of England from the late Mr. Green's attractive pages, yet they might almost read through the short history without realizing that such a man as Godolphin ever lived. Though he had held high and responsible office under Charles II., James II., and William III., his name is never mentioned by Mr. Green till 1698, when we are told that he became one of

the leading members of a Tory administration. In the next twenty pages we learn incidentally that he was made lord treasurer in 1702; that he was dismissed from office in 1710; that he was a friend of Marlborough, who on one occasion advised him to burn some "querulous letters," and who on another occasion was induced by him to withdraw his resignation. Except that we may also infer that he secretly encouraged the lords to resist a new religious test, we are told literally nothing of the man who stood at the helm of State when Blenheim was fought and Gibraltar was taken. Of what he did, of what he said, of what he thought, of what he was, we can gain no idea from a history which is as popular as it is in most respects excellent.*

Nor can Mr. Green be held responsible for this deficiency. Many statesmen leave autobiographies, journals, or at least papers behind them.

Of Sidney Godolphin there are no such remains. Nor has the work which he was too indolent or too careless to perform for himself been performed by others. His fame inspired no contemporaneous writer to preserve, if he could do no more, those records of his career which must have been common during his life and for a short time after his death. . . . Thus the traces which [he] has left are few, faint, and uncertain. Unlike most of his great contemporaries, he has transmitted no literary work by which we can judge of the character and fibre of his mind. Such speeches as he made are scarcely preserved. When he dropped into the grave a mighty silence fell upon his name and his past, and an obscurity which is almost impenetrable still defies the most painstaking inquiry into some of the most important matters of his life.

This obscurity Mr. Hugh Elliot has now done his best to dispel. By examining the manuscripts in the British Museum and Public Record Office, by collecting scattered references to Godolphin in published works, he has pieced together the best account which has yet been published "of a man who was undoubtedly great," and who exercised a great

* *The Life of Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, K. G., Lord High Treasurer of England, 1702 to 1710.* By the Hon. Hugh Elliot, M.P. London: 1888.

* In like manner the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" bestows but a single column on the great minister, and the notice of him is not only brief, but inaccurate, even in the date of his birth.

influence on history. At the same time he has endeavored to clear Godolphin's memory from some of the reproaches which have clung to it, and to claim for him a larger share of legislative and financial capacity than has usually been accorded to him. With much that he has written we find ourselves ready to concur. In the few cases in which we are disposed to dissent from his conclusions we gladly recognize the care and the moderation with which he has stated his own view. The vivacity of many of Mr. Elliot's descriptions, and his clear and crisp style, increase—we ought to add—the interest of his work.

Before we leave Mr. Elliot, however, we ought to notice one merit in his book which deserves to be acknowledged, and one defect which he can easily supply. The merit is the rare one, which many biographers will envy and which some will do well to imitate, of compressing the life of a great statesman into one volume of four hundred and twenty pages. The defect is the want of any index, and is the more serious because the book is also without any analytical table of contents. Both deficiencies might easily be supplied in a later edition.

Sidney Godolphin, sprung from a good and wealthy Cornish family, was born at Godolphin Hall, near Helston, in 1645. His father, Francis, who "fought for the king, but compounded with the Parliament," was at an early age elected "for St. Ives, and continued to sit in the House of Commons for various constituencies." His mother Dorothy was a "daughter of Sir Charles Berkeley of Yarlington, and sister of the future Lord Berkeley of Stratton." A large family of sixteen children blessed the marriage of Francis Godolphin and Dorothy Berkeley. Sidney, the third son, though eventually, through the death of his elder brothers, the successor to the family estates, owed his christian name to his uncle, another Sidney Godolphin, a man of some repute in his day—with whom the future lord treasurer, Mr. Elliot tells us, is occasionally confounded.

Of Godolphin's youth little is known. Mr. Elliot rejects, apparently on good

grounds, the story that he was educated at Oxford, and inclines to the belief that at a very early age he joined Charles II. on the Continent. It is, at any rate, as a page at court, after the Restoration, that we are first able to make his acquaintance; and it is through the patronage which a court affords that he rises to be groom of the bedchamber with, in those days, the not inconsiderable income of 1,000*l.* a year.

Yet, though "bred a page at Whitehall," as Macaulay rhetorically put it, Godolphin was singularly free from the faults and vices of the gay throng that fluttered round the bright but dissolute king of England. Burnet tells us that "he was the most silent and modest man that was perhaps ever bred in a court;" and the king himself paid him the striking compliment that he was "never in the way, nor out of the way." His steady conduct was probably promoted by the influence of the lady to whom he was married in 1675. Mistress Margaret Blague, the daughter of a staunch Royalist, was educated in Paris. At the Restoration she returned to England, and in 1661 became one of the ladies of the court. Her elder sister, Henrietta, is described in De Grammont's pages as foolish, frivolous, and plain. The younger sister is not mentioned by the gay Frenchman. "De Grammont required food for scandal, and . . . scandal about Miss Margaret Blague there was none." But her merits have been preserved by a very different writer. Evelyn wrote her life; and she lives in his pages as "the most excellent and inestimable friend that ever lived. Never was a more virtuous, discreet, and admirable creature. . . . She was for wit, beauty, good nature, fidelity, discretion, and all accomplishments the most incomparable. She was the best wife, the best mistress, the best friend that ever husband had." With such qualities Margaret Blague would have adorned any society. She shone with added lustre in the vicious atmosphere of Charles II.'s court.

Such was the lady for whom Godolphin waited, according to Mr. Elliot, for at least five, but, if Evelyn be right, for nine, years, and who was only spared to him for

another three. She presented him a few days before her death in 1678 with a boy, whose marriage twenty years afterwards was to have a decisive influence on his father's fortunes. But Godolphin's grief at the time left him no heart for the future. "Struck with unspeakable affliction, [he] fell down as dead. So afflicted was [he] that the entire care of her funeral was committed to me" (Evelyn).

Though her body, by her own directions, was carried to Cornwall and buried among the Godolphins, her husband was too overwhelmed with grief to attend the funeral.

Nor in the course of years was it destined, as it often is, that the grave should reunite those who have been separated for half a lifetime. Poverty had separated Sidney from his wife in youth; rank, fame, honor, and great reputation divided them after death; for while the body of Margaret Blague reposes under the church at St. Breage, that of Godolphin has found a more splendid resting-place amidst the sacred dust of the greatest men of the nation.

The story of Godolphin's short married life has little or no connection with his political career. Yet it does much to illustrate his character. Private virtues predispose us to place a favorable construction on public actions; and we feel instinctively that a man who could wait for his wife so patiently, who could love her so loyally, and mourn her so truly, must have been made of gentler and purer fibre than the wits and dandies who are associated with the second Charles. At the time of his wife's death Godolphin still held the office of groom of the bedchamber, but he had already addressed himself to other duties than those which gentlemen of the bedchamber are usually expected to perform. In 1668 he had been elected one of the members for Helston. Early in 1678—the year in which Mrs. Godolphin died—he was sent on a special mission to the Spanish Netherlands,* and in 1679 he was made a commissioner of the treasury.

* Evelyn says in the life of Mrs. Godolphin that Godolphin had previously been sent abroad by his Majesty and had fallen sick, a circumstance which had occasioned "great trouble" to Margaret Blague; and Mr. Holmes, in a note on the passage, says that in 1668

The time at which Godolphin thus assumed a subordinate seat at the Treasury Board was the most critical in the reign of Charles II. The Treaty of Nimeguen had discredited the king's foreign policy; the revelations of Titus Oates had created a violent animosity against Rome; and while the king was justly suspected of sympathy with the Roman Catholics, his brother and heir was notoriously a member of the Roman Catholic Church. The country, seething apparently with revolution, was loudly demanding securities against Popery; the House of Commons, reflecting the views of the people, was passing the bill which proposed the exclusion of James II. from the throne; and the passage of this measure was only resisted by the firmness of the king and the support which he received from the House of Lords. It has been known for long that Godolphin supported the Exclusion Bill in the House of Commons. His cautious temperament made it almost certain that he would adopt such a policy. "Anxious for quiet," to use Macaulay's language, "and believing that quiet could be restored only by concession, he wished the bill to pass." Mr. Elliot thinks that Godolphin behaved with some treachery to James on this occasion.

He stooped to flatter James at Brussels with the semblance of friendship, while he opposed him in England; and he took advantage of that melancholy faculty of self-deception which, perhaps more than anything else, led that unfortunate prince a few years later to his ruin.

We are not quite sure that we agree with Mr. Elliot. Godolphin was certainly not guilty of deceiving James in his opposition to the Exclusion Bill, for his vote and conduct were publicly known. It is true that he was simultaneously engaged with Sunderland, Barillon, and the Duchess of Portsmouth in a negotiation which Burnet calls "a scheme," and which is believed to have contemplated the exclusion of James from the throne. But Burnet tells us that the whole scheme was so great a secret that he could never pene-

Mr. Godolphin had accompanied his relation (? his eldest brother), Sir W. Godolphin, on a mission to Spain. Mr. Elliot appears to have missed this incident.

trate into it. We do not observe that Mr. Elliot has unveiled the arcana into which Burnet was unable to pry; and we decline to condemn a great minister because he was connected with a plot whose particulars are still unknown.

The animosity which was felt against the Roman Catholics gradually subsided. The conspiracy of Titus Oates was succeeded by the Rye House Plot. Charles II., taking advantage of a revulsion of public feeling, clung to his own policy. The Exclusion Bill was abandoned; the men who had been most active in promoting it were prosecuted or driven from the kingdom; and the Tory reaction commenced, in which Russell and Sydney fell victims to the king's displeasure, and Shaftesbury fled into exile.

But the new reaction did not interfere with Godolphin's fortunes. His vote against the Exclusion Bill did not deprive him of the favor of the king. "Cautious, silent, and laborious, he observed a strict neutrality during the ensuing struggle, and he received his reward. Rochester, the son of Clarendon, had been placed at the head of the Treasury at the very time at which Godolphin had been appointed to a seat at the Board. Accused in 1684 of malversation, he was removed from his post and appointed to a richer, but less responsible, office—the presidency of the Council. In his room Godolphin was made first commissioner of the Treasury, and was directed to convey to Rochester the king's decision. "His promotion in the government was attended with a corresponding elevation in society. He was made a peer, with the title of Lord Godolphin of Rialton." Fifty years afterwards the coronet would probably have extinguished his chances of promotion. In 1684 it increased his influence. Silent and sagacious, moreover, he was by temperament better fitted for the deliberations of the House of Lords than for the struggles of the House of Commons; and, while his voice had been rarely heard in the one House, he soon exerted a commanding influence in the other.

Five months after Godolphin's promotion on the death of Charles II. raised the Duke of York to the throne. The accession of James II. seemed "absolutely fatal" to Godolphin's success.

His offences against James were numerous and unpardonable, and of a sort which any man would resent, and which a harsh man might, with the full approbation of the world, revenge. He had been the friend of James, and had wilfully violated his friendship; he

had attempted to deprive him of his right to the throne. . . . The very light of the new reign dawned upon an act which James can have regarded in no other aspect than as a transgression. Of all his adherents Rochester had been the most faithful. . . . Yet Godolphin, a very few months before James's accession, had been instrumental in driving this faithful follower from a coveted office, and obliging him, amidst the ridicule of society, to submit to the insult of a mock promotion. . . . Sure and condign punishment seemed the certain fate of Godolphin and Sunderland. To the surprise of all, they speedily assumed important posts in the new king's government. . . . Sunderland was made Secretary of State, Godolphin Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

The short and stormy reign of James II. was not suited to the character and genius of Godolphin.

Yet throughout it, his influence was continually rising, and Rochester, Sunderland, and he soon formed what Macaulay has called "the interior cabinet" of the new king.

Such a position was not favorable to Godolphin's character. It was difficult for any one who enjoyed the confidence of James II. to escape the taint of his policy; and Godolphin's name was soon connected with transactions which were in the highest degree discreditable. James II., imitating his brother's policy, did not scruple to receive a large sum of money from Louis XIV.; and Rochester, in applying for it, is reported to have told the French ambassador that his master could not employ his revenues better, as it was important that "the king of England should be dependent, not on his own people, but on the friendship of France alone." When the money was paid, James II. shed, or pretended to shed, tears of gratitude; and Godolphin, in conjunction with his colleagues, is said to have assured the minister of France that "he had given new life to their royal master." If the story, which is usually told in this way, be true, so disgraceful a proceeding admits of no apology. Mr. Elliot frankly says that "kings have been deposed and ministers beheaded for a smaller offence." But we think that Mr. Elliot might have recollected that the story rests on Barillon's authority, and that it is inconsistent with what we know of Godolphin's character. Though, then, it has been related and repeated by historians till its reiteration has secured its general acceptance, it still stands on Barillon's testimony; and we are hardly justified in condemning a great English minister on such evidence.

This crime, however, was not the only

unworthy transaction with which Godolphin was connected in the reign of James II. The new king had hardly been six weeks on his throne before he made a public display of his adherence to his religion. As chamberlain to the queen it was perhaps necessary that Godolphin should accompany her Majesty to mass, and the excuse of Naaman may fairly be pleaded for him. But he did much more.

So skilfully did he practise his hypocrisy that each party was confident either of keeping or of winning him. . . . Godolphin was always on the verge of becoming a professed Roman Catholic. . . . Masses were daily said at the king's chapel for his conversion, and vaunts were loudly expressed that he would at length be gathered into the fold. "Lord Godolphin is in doubts," triumphantly exclaimed Ellis, one of the four Popish bishops, to the Protestant Sir Thomas Dyke. "If he is in doubt with you, he is not in doubt with me," was the reply. Thus, with infinite tact and prudence, Godolphin secured the support, or, we should perhaps say, avoided the animosity, of both the great religious parties of the State.

Such tact and prudence at least had the effect of advancing Godolphin's fortunes. He "rose in the king's estimation. James, to his surprise, found him a bold and energetic man, and spoke of him in high terms of approval. . . . In 1686[he] again became a commissioner of the treasury."

His material prosperity increased with his political fortunes, and he left the house in Scotland Yard, to which a dozen years before he had brought his wife, for a more commodious residence—Cranbourne Lodge—in Windsor Park. "Godolphin besought Evelyn to visit Cranbourne," and Mr. Elliot tells us that the trees which now form its chief attraction were probably planted under Evelyn's directions. Perhaps his residence in the country may have afforded him an excuse for taking a less active part in the transactions which cast discredit on the closing months of the reign of James II. Godolphin's conduct at the close of the reign was, indeed, highly creditable to him.

He was one of the last to abandon a desperate cause. . . . He did his best to fortify the unfortunate king with good advice. . . . He was one of the three commissioners whom James appointed to meet William of Orange at Hungerford, and a story is related that, when James finally determined upon flight, Godolphin lent him a hundred guineas, which had been refused to him by his own Treasury.

Much as we dislike the character and conduct of James II., cordially as we approve

the great Revolution which happily drove him from his throne, we infinitely prefer the spectacle of Godolphin standing by his master in his fall to that of the same minister abetting the king in his power.

Nothing is more surprising in Godolphin's career than the ease with which he extricated himself from difficulties apparently fatal to his fortunes. No one could have foreseen in 1684 that the man who had voted against the Exclusion Bill would have become one of the "interior Cabinet" of the last of the Stuart kings; and no one could have foreseen in 1688 that the statesman who had stood to the end by the fallen Stuart would have obtained office at the very outset under his successor. From a purely worldly point of view—if a metaphor which Godolphin himself would probably have used be permitted—he had backed the wrong horse, both in 1681 and in 1688. He had thrown in his lot with William when he should have supported James, and he had stood by James when he should have gone over to William.

Nine men out of ten would have quarrelled with their fate and surrendered themselves to despair. Not so Godolphin. Nobody knew better than he how to repair a loss or to convert disaster into victory. He was versed in the intrigues of Court, the knowledge of public business, and the management of men. The tools which had enabled him to construct his fortunes were still in his possession . . . and the course of his official life was hardly interrupted by a change of sovereigns. On February 14, 1689, Godolphin was appointed by William a Commissioner of the Treasury.

Such a story at any rate affords a decisive proof how high his reputation stood as a prudent and able minister. Experience had, in fact, shown that Godolphin had no strong predilections for either dynasty; but experience had also shown that, whether he served Papist or Protestant, the affairs of his office were prudently and regularly administered.

Godolphin, however, did not long retain the subordinate situation at the Treasury to which he was thus appointed. He retired early in 1690; and Mr. Elliot has no new explanation to offer of the causes which led to his retirement. Probably, however, Macaulay has guessed correctly the reason which influenced him. The general election of 1690 had radically altered the composition of the House of Commons. The Whigs had been beaten at the polls, and by Carmarthen's influence—for the Danby of Charles II. had now become Carmarthen—Monmouth and

Delamere, "two of the most violent Whigs in England,"* left the Treasury Board. Godolphin probably expected that his own proved capacity would secure him the first place on the commission in succession to Monmouth; but Carmarthen selected for the appointment Sir John Lowther, the Tory member for Westminster. It was natural that Godolphin should resent such an arrangement. The new first lord had neither his capacity nor his experience, and he was his inferior in rank. Godolphin resigned, and his resignation was attended with the consequences which he probably foresaw. Before the year was over, the king discovered that he could not afford to dispense with the most capable administrator in the kingdom, and Godolphin returned to the Treasury as the head of the Board.

Godolphin remained at the Treasury for almost exactly six years, and these years covered one of the most memorable periods in the financial history of this country. During that period the national debt, in the true sense of the term, had its origin; exchequer bills were first issued; the Bank of England was constituted; and the coinage was reformed. The merit of these great measures has universally been given to Charles Montague, who, as chancellor of the exchequer, held a place on the Board in subordination to Godolphin. Mr. Elliot, however, thinks that some portion of it should belong to Godolphin.

Godolphin [he argues] was the head of the department in which Charles Montague was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer carried with it in the reign of William III. the full obligation of departmental administration. . . . It seems, therefore, most improbable that Bills vitally affecting his department should not to a great extent have been the result of his [Godolphin's] experience and ability.

We are not convinced by this reasoning. Apart from the fact, which Mr. Elliot himself admits, that Montague was the minister who brought forward and expounded these measures in Parliament, Mr. Elliot's contention strikes at the root of historical knowledge. Our acquaintance with past events necessarily depends on the evidence of men living at the time at which they took place; and when contemporary writers give the credit to one man, it is a hopeless task for subsequent critics to confer it on another. But we also doubt whether there is anything in Godolphin's career which makes it prob-

able that he would have devised the measures which have placed Charles Montague among the great financiers of England. His capacity was essentially that of an administrator, not of an originator, of finance. No great measure can be distinctly said to have had its origin in his intellect. We readily admit that in prudent management of the exchequer he was superior to all his contemporaries; but we know of no evidence to show that in fertility of resource he was Montague's equal.

During the period with which we are now concerned Godolphin occupied a peculiar position. He frequently desired, or expressed a desire, to resign. He was dissuaded from doing so both by the solicitations of James and the entreaties of William. James's wish that his friend should retain office under his successor is not wonderful. He knew that Godolphin had no strong political predilections, and that he was quite as ready to serve under one king as another. Through his friends in England he received an assurance of his old servant's affection; and he learned that Marlborough, who was already exercising a strong influence on Godolphin, was meditating or plotting a counter revolution. Knowing all this, it is not surprising that James should have desired Godolphin's continuance at the Treasury. It is probable that William was not ignorant of what Mr. Elliot calls "Godolphin's complicity with the Jacobites." And it is a striking proof both of his courage and of his sagacity that he should, notwithstanding, have desired to retain Godolphin in office. He probably considered—and if so he judged rightly—that, admirable as was his minister in the management of affairs, his silent, cautious temperament was not likely to encourage revolution or counter revolution. It is hardly true to say—as Macaulay said—that the great object of Godolphin's life was to keep "his head, his estate, and a place at the Board of Treasury." But there can be very little doubt that, if James had returned to Whitehall, Godolphin would have been ready to resume office under his old master; and that while William remained on the throne he was equally certain to conduct the affairs of the Treasury with punctuality and ability. William, therefore, had no desire to part with the ablest administrator in the kingdom because he was prepared to serve under his rival; and Godolphin, notwithstanding his expressed anxiety to resign, had made the business of the Treasury too much a part

* Macaulay, vol. iii., p. 539.

and parcel of his life to be impatient to quit it.

Godolphin's position throughout these transactions seems at first sight so inexplicable, and has in fact been so imperfectly explained, that we venture to hazard the following solution of it. It appears to us that throughout his career he viewed his retention of office in very much the same light in which the same question is always regarded now by the permanent civil servants of the crown. Party government, it must be recollected, was not known in the seventeenth century. Till, indeed, the very closing years of the reign of William III. no considerable statesman had even suggested that the opinions of the king's servants should correspond with those of the majority of the House of Commons. Though ministers fell and rose, their fall and rise were determined by the sovereign and not by Parliament; and, so far as opinion had any weight, it was exerted on behalf of dynasties, and not to raise or depress administrations. A "modest, silent, sagacious, and upright" public servant—the epithets are applied by Smollett to Godolphin—without any strong political convictions of his own, capable of seeing that a good deal could be said both for the views of strict hereditary right for which the Tories were contending, and for the wider and more comprehensive principles for which the Whigs were striving, might easily have convinced himself that it was his duty to regard the king as the head of the State rather than as the representative of the dynasty, and to carry on the work of his office with equal loyalty under either monarch. This explanation accounts for almost the whole of Godolphin's proceedings; while it is easy to see that his cautious conduct, in identifying himself rather with the State than with the king, would have induced the Whigs to regard him as a traitor and the Tories to watch him with suspicion.*

However ready, indeed, William may have been to avail himself of Godolphin's services, the Whigs from the very first regarded his presence at the Treasury with dislike. They thought with some reason that the prizes of office should have been conferred on those who had risked life and property in contending for the Revolution, and that one of the highest posts

under the crown should not have been given to a man who had been the adviser, and whom they still regarded as the agent, of the deposed king. Clarges openly compared Godolphin to Judas Iscariot, and from 1691 to 1696 the Whigs carried on an agitation for his removal which ultimately led to his retirement.

It is perhaps impossible at the present time to determine whether there were any grounds for the Whig suspicion that Godolphin was implicated in any of the conspiracies for the restoration of James II. In 1691 an agent of James, one Bulkeley, called on him in his office, engaged him in conversation, and, after some interviews, elicited from him a declaration of attachment to James. Macaulay, in relating the incident, has given a sinister construction to it. Godolphin, he says, "began to think, as he would have himself expressed it, that he had betted too deep on the Revolution, and that it was time to hedge." But it is surely possible to attach a more lenient interpretation to Godolphin's language. It was both natural and excusable that he should speak in terms of kindness and even devotion of a king in whose service he had acted and whose confidence he had enjoyed. And his professions of attachment might easily have been exaggerated by James's agent into declarations of loyalty. It is possible to dismiss almost equally summarily the evidence which in 1696 implicated Godolphin in Fenwick's conspiracy. There is no doubt that Sir John Fenwick was engaged with other Jacobites in a plot against the life of William; and that after his arrest he "attempted to purchase his own life by making disclosures to William and the House of Commons. He declared that Shrewsbury, Godolphin, Marlborough, and Russell were reconciled to James; that they had sought and received pardon from him; that they were, in fact, traitors." But there is also no doubt that Godolphin publicly repudiated the truth of the charge. He said in Parliament:—

I certainly did continue to the last in the service of King James and of his queen. I was esteemed by them both. But I cannot think that a crime. It is possible that they and those who are about them may imagine that I am still attached to their interest. That I cannot help. But it is utterly false that I have had any such dealings with the court of St. Germain's as are described in the papers which your lordships have heard read.

At the worst, therefore, we have only the word of Fenwick against the word of Godolphin. No doubt his friendship with

* The position of Godolphin under William III. bears some resemblance to that of M. de Falloux under Louis Napoleon in 1849. Those who have read the memoirs of that honest French Royalist will at least understand how a man can preserve his connection with the king whom he believes to be king *de jure*, and at the same time render loyal service to the king *de facto*.

both kings placed him in a position in which his words and actions were always liable to misconstruction. But the assertion that while he was eating William's salt he was actively engaged in a conspiracy for James's return, rests on evidence on which we should be reluctant to convict a man whose services were less distinguished and whose temperament was less cautious than Godolphin's.

The Whigs, however, who had never from the first tolerated Godolphin's presence at the Treasury, were determined that he should not escape the consequences of Fenwick's confession. They were ready, indeed, to ignore the charges against Russell, and to condone the alleged offences of Marlborough and Shrewsbury. But Godolphin's conduct they would neither ignore nor condone. Aware of their animosity against him, he was persuaded to resign, and William accepted his resignation. Mr. Elliot thinks that this circumstance shows that William did not believe in Godolphin's guilt. "A minister who vacates office owing to a charge of treason would hardly be allowed to resign. Dismissal would more clearly signify the king's anger."

We do not attach the same importance to the fact as Mr. Elliot does. It is quite conceivable that William, if he suspected Godolphin's loyalty, might have thought it wiser to facilitate than to compel his retirement. And, if we are disposed to accept Mr. Elliot's conclusion, we do so not because the king suffered him to resign in 1696, but because he persuaded him to return to his old position in 1700.

There is the same difficulty, however, in understanding Godolphin's position in 1700 which besets us at every point of his career. All that we know is that, on this occasion, Godolphin accepted office with reluctance, and that he again retired after a few months' tenure of it. Whether he : : : : : cause, as some men imagined, : : : : : the policy of the king, or, as others have insinuated, because he wished to be free to accept a still higher position under Anne, it is impossible to determine. "When he retired from the government his services to William were at an end. On March 8, 1702, the king died, and a new reign commenced in which Godolphin was destined to run a great and glorious career. . . . On May 6, 1702, Queen Anne appointed him lord high treasurer."

Then commenced the remarkable ministry whose existence is associated with some of the greatest events in English history, and whose character was destined,

in the eight years during which it lasted, to be almost completely changed. There is no doubt that Godolphin owed his position not merely to the great personal favor with which Anne had always regarded him, but to the strong representations of Marlborough. On public grounds Marlborough was anxious that the Treasury should be ruled by a statesman on whose ability in raising money, and on whose punctuality in remitting it to the seat of war, he knew that he could depend. But, though these considerations certainly made Godolphin the fittest man in England for the post, Marlborough was also influenced by private friendship. During the preceding reign Godolphin and he had been allied in opinion, and — their enemies said — in treachery. But in the last few years a still closer alliance had bound them to each other. The child whom Margaret Blague had given to Godolphin in 1678 had grown up to manhood, and in 1698 had married Marlborough's eldest daughter, Henrietta. Anne, who was then only princess, settled 5,000*l.* on the bride in testimony of her affection for Lady Marlborough. And Mr. Elliot rightly says : —

This alliance proved highly beneficial both to Godolphin and Marlborough, for it bound two men together who could never have fulfilled their highest destiny by following separate paths. Each to a great extent supplied what the other wanted. It is doubtful whether Marlborough would have been so successful abroad had he not been able to rely upon the wise and prudent friend whom he left at the head of the Government in England. . . . It is certain that Godolphin would never have taken so prominent a position in politics had it not been for the active talents of Marlborough, and for the romantic friendship which existed between the duchess and the queen. The stars of these two men rose, culminated, and set together; they illuminated the same heaven, and suffered the same eclipses.

The appointment which Godolphin received on Marlborough's recommendation was "almost the highest office which it was in the power of the crown to bestow." In William III.'s opinion it was too great for any subject; and throughout his reign the Treasury had always been placed in commission, as it has always been placed in commission since the accession of the House of Hanover. Though the days of prime ministers, in the modern sense of the term, had hardly come, the lord treasurer was essentially the chief minister of the crown; but his colleagues were not necessarily chosen by himself, or in harmony with his political opinions.

The colleagues whom Anne, in the first instance, gave to Godolphin were all well-known Tories; and the wave of Tory reaction which passed over England at the commencement of her reign apparently justified her choice. But the queen had omitted to observe that an event, which she might pardonably have thought affected herself more than her people, was pregnant with consequences fatal to the Tory party. The death of her father, James II., and the folly of Louis XIV. in recognizing her brother as king of England, removed in a moment all the popular objections to war which William III. had striven to combat. The Tory party, by a strange freak of fortune, found themselves in the moment of their triumph forced to undertake a Whig war; dissensions arose among the ministers themselves; Godolphin and Marlborough both desired to infuse a Whig element into the administration; and in the course of the first few years of its existence strong Tories like Buckingham, Nottingham, and Wright were replaced by moderate Tories like Harley and St. John, or Whigs like Newcastle and Cowper.

These alterations materially affected the composition of the government. It no longer consisted of the exclusively Tory elements of which it had been originally composed. But the Whigs were not satisfied with the share which they had already secured in the administration. The general election of 1705 gave them a majority in the House of Commons.

They were fully and correctly impressed with a sense of their own power and importance. The existence of the Government, the continuance of the war, all and everything, they thought, depended upon their good-will. . . . Their service demanded solid recognition, and they were determined that if the queen would not recompense them spontaneously she should be compelled to do so by force.

They demanded the admission of Sunderland into the Cabinet. Sunderland was the son of the great statesman who had held high office in the seventeenth century. He was a strong or even violent Whig in opinion; but he had also, like Francis Godolphin, married a daughter of Marlborough. He was, therefore, allied by marriage with the two men who exerted most influence on affairs. They determined to recommend the queen to sanction his admission to the Cabinet. Anne, however, disliked his opinions, and dreaded his temper. She was already passing

Marlborough to the influence of Mrs. Masham, and she gave "a firm and unequivocal refusal" to her ministers' proposal. It was in vain that Godolphin met her refusal with argument and remonstrance. She declined to give way, till at last the minister "announced his intention to resign." This intimation at once terminated the crisis, and proved the importance which the queen rightly attached to her treasurer's services.

In language which is rarely employed by a sovereign to a subject [she] implored him to alter his cruel intention, that she might not be lost and utterly undone. Marlborough's dismay was equal to the queen's, and probably more genuine. He considered that the resignation of Godolphin, if it came to pass, would amount to a national and continental catastrophe.

The queen was, of course, unable any longer to resist the proposed appointment; and in December, 1706, Sunderland was made secretary of state in the place of Sir Charles Hedges.

The appointment added considerable strength to the Whig party in the administration; but the Tory party in it were still represented by Harley and St. John. The ability of these two men—the sagacity of the first, and the genius of the second—would have made them under any circumstances powerful elements in the administration. But the influence which Mrs. Masham had now obtained over Anne gave Harley exceptional power at court. Opposed to the Whig policy, which Godolphin had adopted, he used his position to plot against the chief minister; and Godolphin rapidly discovered that his own power would be destroyed if Harley remained in office. For some time, indeed, Marlborough hesitated to support Godolphin's demand for Harley's removal. He did not wish to give the Whigs an exclusive ascendancy in the Cabinet, and even suggested that Godolphin might escape from an embarrassing situation by retiring from office. Godolphin replied that he could not desert the queen "except on a joint measure with Marlborough;" and Marlborough, acquiescing in Godolphin's decision, added his remonstrance to his colleague's, and recommended Harley's removal. Anne, however, notwithstanding the lesson which had been taught her in the previous year, again refused her ministers' request; and Godolphin and Marlborough thereupon resigned.

Godolphin's resignation was accepted by

the queen without concern. Her life with him had long been uneasy. He was the main obstacle to Harley's rise and to a Tory Cabinet. Marlborough's loss she deplored more deeply. . . . She begged [him] to remain.

Marlborough, however, stood by his colleague; and Anne, of course, had again to give way.

Nothing was left to her but to eat the bitter fruit of humiliation, and make atonement to those whose advice she had slighted, and whose instrument she had now become. Harley was compelled to leave the Government; Godolphin and Marlborough were reinstated in their places.

And the Whig policy of the war was, for some little time, conducted by the two ministers with the exclusive assistance of Whig colleagues.

We have related very shortly these matters, on which Mr. Elliot rightly lays much stress, because they form a remarkable episode in the constitutional history of England. Godolphin had commenced his government with Tory colleagues given him by the queen; he had continued it with a hybrid administration of his own devising; and he was concluding it with a Whig Cabinet. Such a complete transformation of an administration never afterwards occurred in English history; it was only possible under Godolphin because his government witnessed a period of transition from the old system to the new. The struggle between Godolphin and the queen, both on the appointment of Sunderland and on the dismissal of Harley, proved that the appointment and removal of ministers, which still nominally lay with the crown, had passed to the crown's chief adviser, who was almost immediately afterwards to be known as the prime minister; while the circumstance, that the struggle became necessary from the victory of the Whigs at the general election of 1705, showed that the composition of the House of Commons was thenceforward to determine the composition of the ministry, and that power was consequently passing from the crown to the House. Personal government, indeed, was not to terminate for many long years; but personal government was in future only possible from "the management" of Parliament by the crown and its advisers.

It was, of course, remarkable that the man who had presided in 1702 over a Tory ministry should in 1708 have filled all the offices in the administration with Whigs. But the change in the composi-

tion of the government, which would have seemed impossible to most ministers, was easy for Godolphin. The man who had stood by the side of James II. and yet held office under William III. could by no possibility have found it difficult to coalesce with either Whigs or Tories. Having swallowed the camel of revolution, he could not strain at the gnat of party. Whatever merits, moreover, his administration may have had, it was impossible to identify it with any political opinion. And it is remarkable that the very measures which Godolphin himself supported at one time he opposed at another.

The first legislative proposal of importance with which Godolphin's administration was connected was the Occasional Conformity Bill. The Dissenters had been accustomed to qualify for office by what was called "occasional conformity." In words which were used in Parliament more than a century afterwards, when the Test Acts were finally repealed: "It was the custom of persons to be waiting in taverns and houses near the church, not going in until service was over. The ceremony used to be called 'qualifying for office;' and an appointed person called out, 'Those who want to be qualified will please to step this way.' Persons thus took the communion for the purpose of receiving office, and with no other intent whatever." Such a circumstance might have induced wise and liberal statesmen to repeal the Test Act. It induced the Tory Parliament of 1702 to attempt to strengthen it by imposing penalties on those who, having taken the test, subsequently attended Nonconformist places of worship. For three successive sessions the House of Commons passed the Bill and sent it to the Lords. On the first two of these occasions Godolphin formed one of the minority of the Lords who supported the measure, although he disliked its provisions and thought them unreasonable. On the third occasion he joined the majority and secured the rejection of the Bill. The gradual reconstruction of the ministry explains this conduct, since Godolphin, when he had once determined to rely no longer exclusively on Tory support, felt himself free to oppose purely Tory measures. But the history of the Occasional Conformity Bill also implies that Godolphin had personally formed no strong opinions on the subject. Had he done so, he would hardly have sacrificed his convictions to his colleagues' opinions. Probably, however, on this as on almost every other subject, Godolphin had no decided prefer-

ence. Intent on carrying on the duties of his office, his vote was determined by expediency, and not by principle. This view is fortified by his conduct at the same time in respect to the Act of Security. This measure, passed by the Scottish Parliament, —

proposed that on the death of Queen Anne without issue the estates should be debarred from choosing the admitted successor to the crown of England unless there were to be such a form of government settled as should fully secure the religion, freedom, and trade of the Scottish nation. In 1703 the queen placed her veto on the Bill, but in 1704 Godolphin advised her to pass it into law.

Thus, in the very year in which Godolphin in the House of Lords opposed the Conformity Bill, which he had previously supported, he advised the queen to pass the Security Act, to which presumably on his advice she had twelve months before refused her assent.

Mr. Elliot thinks that Godolphin's course on this occasion was a remarkable proof of his sagacity. He foresaw, so he argues, that the act, by otherwise making the separation of Scotland from England certain, would form an unanswerable reason for effecting a union between the two countries. And Mr. Elliot can no doubt plead that this effect was produced by its passage. But a much simpler reason can, we think, be given for Godolphin's conduct. The Scottish treasury was at the time drained of its resources; and the Scottish Parliament only voted a supply conditionally on the acceptance of the Act of Security, which was "tacked" to the Supply Bill. Godolphin, therefore, had to choose between the acceptance of the measure and the loss of a supply. The former alternative, no doubt, involved a distant danger, against which, however, if Anne's life were preserved, it might be possible to provide. The latter necessitated a present difficulty, since it deprived the government of the means of carrying on the Scottish administration, and of maintaining the Scottish regiments. The queen's advisers in Scotland were unanimous in thinking that this risk was so great that it ought not to be encountered; and Godolphin — though their advice, as Burhet says, was "very heavy" upon him — agreed with them. He deliberately risked the remote danger, which the passage of the bill involved, for the sake of averting a present evil, and of obtaining adequate means for conducting the administration and for carrying on the war.

It should, indeed, be never forgotten

that the efficient conduct of the war was both the chief object of Godolphin's administration and the controlling influence in his policy. Whatever course he may have pursued in dealing with domestic affairs, there could be no question of the consistent and efficient support which he gave to Marlborough. That great general had from the first made his friend's presence at the exchequer an indispensable condition to his own command in the field; and from 1702 to 1709 Marlborough and Godolphin mutually depended one on the other. It is a remarkable fact, which Mr. Elliot would have done well to notice, that the great exertions which the country made during Godolphin's administration did not materially add to its indebtedness. The war was paid for out of increased taxation, and not out of borrowed money; and campaigns in which Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet were fought, only raised the capital of the national debt from rather less than 13,000,000*l.* in 1702 to rather more than 21,000,000*l.* in 1710, or by about 1,000,000*l.* a year.

In 1710 Godolphin fell, and a Tory ministry succeeded to power. With his departure from the Treasury the period of economy passed away, and the three succeeding years, in which no great victories were won, added about 14,000,000*l.* to the capital of the debt, or nearly twice the sum which Godolphin had found it necessary to borrow for the purpose of supporting the war during a period nearly three times as long.

How greatly his frugal management was appreciated at the time may be inferred from one or two passages in Parliamentary history which Mr. Elliot has not noticed. In 1702, for instance, the Commons addressed the crown on the past "mismanagement of the public revenue." But they inserted in the middle of their complaint the following paragraph: —

But here we cannot in justice omit to acknowledge the present good management of the Treasury, whereby, for the honor of your Government and the advantage of the whole nation, no unnecessary tallies with interest are permitted to be struck, nor more money at any time borrowed than the necessities of the nation do require; and care is taken to support the credit of the navy, victualling, and other public offices; and that stores and provisions are in good measure provided, with as great advantage to the public as if the same were purchased with ready money; which frugality and good management will be found to be one of the most effectual means to make your Majesty's Government easy at home,

and to carry on a vigorous war against the common enemy abroad.

And late in the following year, in replying to the speech from the throne, the Commons used similar language :—

We do most gratefully acknowledge your Majesty's singular care in the good management and application of the public money, whereby your Majesty's exchequer hath greater credit in this so expensive a war than was ever known in the most flourishing times of peace.

Even if due allowance be made for the circumstance that these addresses were drawn by Tory Houses, at a time when Godolphin was pursuing a Tory policy, they afford a remarkable testimony to the efficiency of his administration and to the economy of his management.

But Godolphin was not satisfied with supporting the campaign in Flanders. He desired to feed the war in Spain; to support insurrection in the Cevennes; to invade France on the west, and to attack Calais and Boulogne. Mr. Elliot thinks that Godolphin was right in these various proposals, which were resisted by the authority of Marlborough.

He had determined that the theatre of hostilities should be the Rhine, and that the armies which should penetrate into France should advance from the Rhine. He took little—too little—interest in those various projects which so constantly occupied the thoughts of Godolphin.

Mr. Elliot, at any rate, shows courage in delivering such an opinion. But he has not convinced us of the soundness of these views. We should, under any circumstances, have as much hesitation in preferring Godolphin's opinion to Marlborough's on a question of strategy as we should feel in relying on Marlborough against Godolphin on a question of finance. But apart from this consideration, we imagine that most sound judges will consider that Marlborough was right in arguing that the whole attack should be concentrated, and not dissipated in remote expeditions. The greatest general is not the man who arrays the largest force against his enemy, but the leader who succeeds in concentrating the largest force at a particular spot and at a given time.

These rival views of strategy may possibly indicate a slight and increasing tendency to difference between the men who had long acted cordially together, and who found themselves of the utmost use to each other. But other circumstances were gradually leading them into different

courses. Marlborough, at the head of the army, naturally thought that almost everything should be sacrificed for the war; Godolphin, at the head of the Treasury, thought that even the objects of the war could be bought too dearly, and that the interests of the British taxpayer, struggling under heavy taxation, deserved at least as much consideration as the interests of Continental powers. As early as 1707 he "submitted to Marlborough the propriety of deserting the Grand Alliance, and of entering into a separate peace with France."

The idea was abandoned; but two years later—

Europe became inspired with the hope that the war might at length end. Both sides engaged in it were thoroughly exhausted; but the exhaustion of France was greater than that of the allies. . . . Negotiations were immediately set on foot, and it was soon discovered that France itself was ready to make large concessions to the demands of the allies. The hopes of England and Europe were excited. . . . Marlborough himself, who had gained in the war not only reputation but wealth, anticipated with delight the moment when he should exchange the hardships of the camp for the pleasures of his somewhat tumultuous home. But these bright expectations were not destined to be realized, and those who sighed for peace were doomed again to witness the horrors of war.

There are few things in history more unfortunate than the failure of the negotiations for peace which were thus happily opened in 1709. It is usually admitted that the concessions which France was ready to make were large and even humiliating to her, and that the additional conditions on which the allies insisted were unnecessary and unwise. Mr. Lecky has not hesitated to call them "a scandalous abuse of the rights of conquest;" and there is no doubt that their proposal nerved the French to a fresh struggle, and forced this country to accept in 1713 terms infinitely less satisfactory than those which she could have secured in 1709. We are not, however, so much concerned here with these negotiations as with determining who is responsible for their failure. Coxé, in writing the life of the Duke of Marlborough, throws the blame on Godolphin; Mr. Elliot, in writing the life of Godolphin, argues very plausibly that Godolphin, both by temperament and by interest, had far more inducement to conclude peace than his colleague; and it is probably impossible at the present time to fasten the responsibility for the failure

on any particular individual. But, though there is no evidence which can enable us to determine with precision the views which particular members of the ministry held at this crisis, there ought to be no hesitation in affirming that the administration as a whole must be deemed accountable for the policy which was pursued. Godolphin was not merely the head of the ministry; he was its most powerful and most important member; and we cannot exculpate him from the blame of, at any rate, permitting terms to be demanded from France which drove the French into the vigorous resistance that resulted from despair.

The punishment of this conduct, at any rate, came quickly. So far as this country was concerned, she was destined to acquire few fresh laurels from the renewal of hostilities. So far as the minister was concerned, the prolongation of the struggle, and the cost which its continuance involved, created a discontent and dissatisfaction which destroyed his credit and produced a Tory reaction. The impeachment of Sacheverell, which almost immediately followed, increased the feeling. Hallam has declared that the famous trial has a high constitutional significance, because the prosecution "is not only the most authentic exposition, but the most authoritative ratification, of the principles upon which the Revolution is to be defended." He has admitted, however, that, so far as the ministry was concerned, "it was very unadvised, and has been deservedly condemned." At the time, indeed, Godolphin's enemies declared that the prosecution took place not because Sacheverell had preached the doctrine of non-resistance, but because he had compared the minister "to the voluptuary, mountebank, and knave whom Ben Jonson had introduced to the world under the name of Volpone." The queen had never forgiven the minister for the expulsion of Harley from the Cabinet. The star of Mrs. Masham had risen to its zenith; the star of the Duchess of Marlborough was setting in the horizon; and backstair influence was, therefore, ready to suggest to Anne that the time was ripe for ridding herself of a minister whom she probably regarded as too powerful to be endured. In April, 1710, without consulting Godolphin, she took away the chamberlain's staff from Lord Kent and gave it to Lord Shrewsbury. Soon afterwards she removed Sunderland from her Council chamber, and appointed Lord Dartmouth to his office. In August, without a word of warning, she

sent a note by the hands either of a servant or a private gentleman to tell Godolphin that it was impossible for her to continue him any longer in her service; "and I desire that instead of bringing the staff to me, you will break it, which I believe will be easier for both."

So fell the great minister who had presided over the fortunes of England during one of the most momentous and glorious periods of her history. The friend and servant of four successive monarchs, he was at last free to meditate, in the retirement which he had frequently coveted, on the honors which he had won and on the gratitude of kings. Honors, indeed, had fallen thickly to his share. The man who had begun life as a page at court had risen to the head of the Treasury before he was forty, and had since been almost continuously identified with the duties and responsibilities of that high office. Raised to the peerage by Charles II., he had been advanced to an earldom by Anne, and in the interval had been decorated with the Garter—the first knight since the accession of the Stuarts who had received this honor beneath the rank of an earl. His mode of living had changed with his rising fortunes. In his youth he had apparently occupied chambers in the Temple; his short married life with Margaret Blague had been passed in apartments near Whitehall; his middle age had been spent in the dignified but active seclusion of Cranbourne. In the beginning of the eighteenth century he moved into Godolphin House in London, situated on the site which is now occupied by Stafford House. It should, perhaps, be mentioned to his credit that his wealth had not increased as rapidly as his fortunes, and that he carried with him into his retirement an income of only 1,000*l.* a year. The queen, indeed, in removing him from office promised him a pension of four times that amount. "But the promise was forgotten, and Godolphin had too much dignity to remind her that she had ever made it."

It so happened, however, that Godolphin's eldest brother died without issue in the same month in which Godolphin fell, and that the minister in consequence succeeded to the family estates. It happened, too, that he was not destined long to survive his fall. When he left office he was already suffering from a painful disease. On September 15, 1712, he died.

We have endeavored with Mr. Elliot's assistance to trace the career of a man who rose from small beginnings to great

fortunes, who stood at the helm of State during a momentous struggle, and whose conduct is still involved in mystery which cannot be entirely cleared away. No one, indeed, doubts the justice of the character which was passed on him by Smollett, that he was "an able, cool, dispassionate minister, who had rendered himself necessary to four successive sovereigns, and managed the finances with equal skill and integrity." But then, indeed, many high authorities contend that his integrity as a politician was not equal to his integrity as a financier; and that the minister whose honesty at the Treasury was above suspicion was guilty of gross and continual treachery outside his office.

If the accusations which thus rest on Godolphin are well founded, his character was one of the most contradictory which have ever been known; for in this case he must have been honest at his office and dishonest in the Council chamber — a faithful servant in one place, a traitor at the other. So contradictory a nature is not usual in real life, and the anomaly ought to make us hesitate before we condemn. And the tribute of Evelyn, of Burnet, and of Pope, as well as the conduct of William III., ought to induce us to pass a more charitable verdict. For with Burnet, Godolphin is one of the worthiest and wisest men that have been employed in our time. Pope has borne testimony to his

high desert,
His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head.

With Evelyn, Godolphin is "excellent" almost as invariably as with Homer Achilles is swift-footed; while, if Godolphin were a traitor, it is hardly possible that William III. should not have known the fact; and yet with this knowledge he begged him to remain in office.

But, if the accusations against Godolphin fall, it may reasonably be asked how the inconsistencies of his career can be explained. If it be true that Godolphin was the warm supporter of either of the rival dynasties, it is difficult to account for his conduct to the other. If, in Macaulay's language, he had indeed betted deep on the Revolution, it is impossible to resist the historian's conclusion that he thought it time to hedge. We differ from Macaulay not in his conclusion, but in his premiss. We do not believe that Godolphin had ever betted deep on the Revolution or on any other cause. His reserved and cautious temperament kept him from committing himself to either king. He

stood, in his relations to his sovereign, in very much the position in which the permanent secretary of the Treasury stands to-day to the prime minister. That high official in our own time finds no difficulty in rendering loyal service to Lord Salisbury because he has rendered service equally loyal to Mr. Gladstone. He does not even find it inconsistent with his duty to remain on terms of friendship with the leader of the opposition because he enjoys the confidence of the leader of the government. And similarly Godolphin saw no inconsistency in serving William because he had served James, or even in remaining the friend of James while he held office under William.

The explanation which we have thus hazarded is no doubt at variance with modern notions. But then we shall never thoroughly appreciate the conduct of previous generations if we persist in regarding it from the standpoint from which we survey modern politics. Such a minister as we believe Godolphin to have been would have been both an anachronism and an impossibility under any system of party government. Party government, however, did not exist in the seventeenth century; it was only being slowly elaborated in the reign of Anne. We are aware, too, that the explanation which we have hazarded may seem to detract from Godolphin's reputation as a statesman. But, then, if by a statesman is meant a man who elaborates and conducts a comprehensive scheme of policy, we should be the last to claim any such designation for Godolphin. We place him as a constitutional statesman far below his great contemporary Somers; as a fiscal statesman far below his other great contemporary, Charles Montague. But as a minister, or as an administrator, we believe him to have been superior to both these men, and to all the other men who attained prominence in his time. To put the matter in another light, we do not believe that he would ever have designed Charles Montague's financial measures; but we have no doubt that he made the money which Charles Montague raised go much further than Charles Montague would have done. From the circumstances of the war, England required a great administrator, and the want was amply supplied by Godolphin's presence at the Treasury.

Whether, however, we have succeeded or not in supplying the key to Godolphin's character, we may at least trust that we shall have induced our readers to turn for

themselves to Mr. Elliot's pages; while we hope that the success which he may have achieved may induce him to persevere in his literary labors, and to devote such further leisure as his political avocations may afford him to the illustration of some other character, or some other period, in the history of this great country.

From The Nineteenth Century.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON THE HAWAIIANS
AND FATHER DAMIEN.

THE Hawaiian Islands lie in the Pacific Ocean, about halfway between America and Australia, and they were discovered a hundred and twenty years ago by Captain Cook. For fifty years they were visited by no white people except merchantmen and whalers, who often exercised on the people a pernicious influence which it makes one's blood boil to hear of. The natives were a fine muscular race, with brown skins and handsome countenances. They were wonderfully hospitable, and they welcomed the foreigners almost as if they had been gods, giving them freely the best of their food, their shelter, and their daughters. They numbered about four hundred thousand. Their visitors brought them vices — drink and wicked diseases — and now the number of natives has shrunk to forty thousand. Of these it is feared that two thousand are infected with leprosy. Their constitutions are often enfeebled, and their lands are largely held by their guests; but the same hospitable smiles adorn their friendly faces, and the same simple, dignified manners grace their behavior. They bear no malice.

Happily there is a bright side, as well as a dark side, to the incoming of the whites to the Hawaiian Islands.

In the year 1809 a brown boy was found crying on the doorsteps of a college in America. His name was Obookiah, and he came from the Hawaiian Islands. His father and mother had been killed in his presence, and as he was escaping, with his baby brother on his back, the little one was slain with a spear and he himself was taken prisoner. Circumstances brought him to America, and at last to the doorsteps of Yale College. In this extremity he was taken in and kindly used by Mr. Dwight, a resident graduate. Obookiah loved his people, and soon he asked that he might "learn to read this

Bible, and go back home and tell them to pray to God up in heaven." Two other lads, Tennenoe and Hopu, had come to America with him. They were all taken and educated by Mr. Dwight, and the result was that in ten years a band of twelve men and women started from Boston for the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, with Tennenoe and Hopu as guides. Obookiah had died a peaceful Christian death, about a year after his arrival at Yale.

When the party left Boston it was said to them, "Probably none of you will live to witness the downfall of idolatry." But when they reached the islands the downfall had already come.

Kamehameha the First — a king as great in his way, perhaps, as our King Alfred — had effected an immense revolution. He had, after long wars, united all the islands in one sovereignty, and he had abolished the degrading system of caste, or *tabu*. "By this system" (I quote from Dr. Bartlett's historical sketch of the Hawaiian mission) "it was death for a man to let his shadow fall upon a chief, to enter his enclosure, or to stand if his name were mentioned in a song. In these and other ways 'men's heads lay at the feet of the king and the chiefs.' No woman might eat with her husband, or eat fowl, pork, cocoanut, or bananas — things offered to the idols; death was the penalty. If any man made a noise when prayers were being said he died. When the people had finished building a temple some of them were offered in sacrifice. I myself saw a great quadrangular temple, on the coast of Hawaii, which contained quantities and quantities of skulls. A cord is preserved with which one high-priest had strangled twenty-three human victims. Infanticide was a common practice. Maniacs were stoned to death. Old people were often buried alive, or left to perish. There was no written language."

The missionaries reached Hawaii on the 31st of March, 1820, after a long, wearisome journey; and one can imagine how delightful the aspect of these delicious tropical islands must have been to them. The whole scene is so exactly described in the following lines of Tennyson that it seemed to me, when I was there last January, as if they must have been written to describe it: —

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,

"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.

All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender
stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did
seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward
smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows
broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land; far off, three mountain-
tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd.

The mountains and the river are there,
and the delicious streams are forever fall-
ing by scores down the green precipices
of Hawaii into the blue sea. How lovely
that sea is can scarcely be told. One puts
one's hand in, and all round it is the soft-
est and most brilliant blue; below are
growths of pure white coral, and among
them swim fishes as brilliant as parquets.
Some are yellow like canaries, some are
gorgeous orange or bright red. I tried to
paint a blue fish, but no pigment could
represent its intensity. The loveliest of
all was like nothing but a rainbow as it
sporting below me. Groves of cocoanut-
trees rise from the water's edge. The
gardens are rich with roses, lilies, myrtles,
gardenia, heliotrope, and passion-flowers.

Near by is a great tropical forest, which
I always feared as I entered; for there is
an element of the terrible in this tremen-
dous vegetation, and in the perfect silence
of it all. The trees are wreathed with
humid creepers; the ferns are fourteen
feet high; even the stag's-horn moss
grows taller than a man. Every foot of
space is occupied with rank vegetation.

When the Bostonians reached the coast
they sent Hopu on shore to reconnoitre.
He soon returned, and as he came within
hail he shouted: "Kamehameha is dead.
His son Liholiho reigns. The tabus are
abolished. The images are burned. The
temples are destroyed. There has been
war. Now there is peace!"

This was news indeed. The great king
had one day risen up from the table where
he was feasting and had stalked over to
his wives' table, and sat down with them
to eat and to drink. The high-priest had
followed his example. The people were
aghast with apprehension; but no judg-
ment from heaven followed, and soon the
tabu was broken everywhere, and a new
freedom spread through the islands.

Kamehameha's work was done; he fell
ill, and took to his bed. As he lay dying
he asked an American trader to tell him
about the Americans' God. "But," said
the native informant, in his broken En-
glish, "he no tell him anything."

The missionaries had arrived at the
right moment, and they were cordially
welcomed. The new king, with his five
wives, came to call — straight out of the
sea, and all undressed. The missionaries
hinted that it would be better if they wore
clothes, and the next time the king called
he wore a pair of silk stockings and a hat.
He threw himself down on the bed, the
first he had ever beheld, and rolled him-
self over and over on it with extreme
delight.

The princess Kapulihohiho said to the
missionary's wife, "Give us your eldest
son, and we will adopt him." There were
five dowager queens, one of whom was
dressed with great state in a robe made of
seventy thicknesses of bark. The white
ladies found favor in the eyes of the brown
ladies, who described their visitors in the
following terms: "They are white and
have hats with a spout. Their faces are
round and far in. Their necks are long.
They look well." The royal feasts were
on a large scale; sometimes as many as
two hundred dogs were cooked on these
occasions, and it was a favorite joke to
put a pig's head on a roasted dog, to de-
ceive a too fastidious white visitor.

A majestic chieftainess, six feet high,
named Kapiolani, was one of the first con-
verts to Christianity, and a faithful ally
of the teachers of the new faith. It was
she who in 1824 broke the spell which
hung over the great volcano, the supposed
home of the terrible goddess Pele. She
marched with her retinue across the plains
of lava till she reached the lake of fire.
Then she flung into it the sacred ohelo
berries, and defied Pele to hurt her. There
was a horror-stricken silence, but no
calamity followed, and Kapiolani calmly
turned to her people and told them of
Jehovah and of her new-found faith in
Christ.

It is said that a third of the population
became Christians in consequence of this
brave deed.

I have heard an interesting account of
the first Sunday school held in Hawaii.
The native monitor was found arranging
the class into divisions of Christian and
non-Christian. He asked every one the
question: "Do you love your enemies?"
If they said "Yes" they were arranged
with the Christians, if they said "No"

with the heathen. I have known less sensible divisions made in England; but the missionaries took a broader view, and checked their pupil—much to his surprise.

Only one thing was taught on this occasion to the scholars. They were asked, "Who made you?" and they were taught to answer, "The great God, who made heaven and earth."

It was a simple beginning, but great results soon began to appear. The most intense religious interest was felt all over the islands. Thousands of converts were baptized, a wonderful devotion became apparent, and in a comparatively small number of years the whole population became Christian, and has remained so ever since.

The first band of missionaries were Congregationalists, and to their zeal and godly living is due mainly the praise of changing the religion of the Sandwich Islands from heathenism to Christianity.

The Roman Catholic worship was established there in 1839, and the English Church raised its cathedral later still.

The coming to Honolulu is very pleasant. The country is strange and beautiful, the hotel is comfortable, and the inhabitants—white and brown—give visitors a hearty welcome.

I received unvarying kindness from every one in the Sandwich Islands, and it is pleasant to find what a high moral and religious tone is established there. The leading people are chiefly the children and grandchildren of the first missionaries, and they have held to the traditions of their fathers.

The leading banker, Mr. C. A. Bishop, married a royal princess, who was a woman of great power and goodness, and their charities have been at once wise and munificent.

There has been some annoyance felt in Honolulu at the sensational and exaggerated accounts which have been written about Hawaiian leprosy, and it is only right to say that visitors need have no fear of contracting this disease, as the government removes all sources of danger far more efficiently than is done in Europe, Asia, or Africa. In India the opportunities of contracting leprosy are ten times greater.

Visitors are rightly discouraged, and even prevented, from going to the leper settlement, but owing to the kindness of Dr. Emerson, the president of the Board of Health, I at last obtained permission to visit it for a fortnight, and to take

with me the remedy in which I was interested.

After my return from Molokai I proceeded as soon as possible to the volcano on the island of Hawaii, and after a voyage of thirty-six hours found myself at Punaluu, where I spent a very happy Sunday at the inn with Mr. and Mrs. Lee.

The time for the little native service was half past ten; bells began their summons, but I delayed, thinking that, as I could not understand the language, it would be best to go only for the last part of the service. So I set out about eleven. When I got to church I was the only person there—so leisurely and late are the Hawaiians. By-and-by came in some tall, giggling schoolgirls, then three women with a baby, then three men and the minister. At last we were nineteen and the service proceeded.

The women look just pleasant, good-natured creations, handsome, large, fat, with a ready smile; they have beautiful curving mouths, but cheap, unfinished eyes. They lolled freely, and did not feign more attention to the service than they felt. (This was, as it were, only a small country outstation. In Honolulu I found a large attendance of natives at church, and a keen interest and devout behavior). The manners of both men and women are simple and dignified.

They take no thought for to-morrow and very little for to-day. "Why should we bother? What does it matter?" Mr. Sproull told me that a Hawaiian did not much mind even having something deducted from his pay when he shirked his work; for the man felt no poorer when threatened with the deduction, and when pay-day came he got a good bit of money anyhow, and felt rich. What a native does dislike is to be laughed at.

Their ways are very unlike ours. For instance, a white man wishes to buy a horse, but the native entirely refuses to sell it till a day comes when he wants some money, perhaps for his child's birthday feast. Then he accepts the price offered, and it is agreed that he is to bring the horse in a week and be paid. But in two days he comes back and says he cannot sell it after all, because his mother-in-law cried and did not want it to go. At a later stage he again agrees to sell, but the white man does not get the horse, for when the seller reaches home another buyer comes in and offers half the price that had been promised, and the money is paid down and the horse is gone away with its new owner.

Nearly all the natives make speeches, but with little matter in them, and full of negatives. "What do I say of Queen Victoria? That she is a tall woman, with red hair and tusks? No. Do I say that she has only one leg? No." And so on indefinitely.

On Monday morning I rode up to Kilauea. All down the mountain lie coils of hardened lava, sometimes grown over with vegetation, and sometimes with enormous cracks and rents. Two years ago there was a most terrific earthquake here, and the lava flowed down to the sea in a river. My host, Mr. Lee, told me that his house rocked most awfully, and that everything was upset. The ground seemed hollow, and a hissing and whizzing kept going on underneath. There were twenty-five shocks in two hours, and they went on all through the night at intervals.

Three lady visitors, who had the day before been elated with their unusually brilliant experiences at the volcano, were now in abject terror, and sat screaming on the balcony steps in their nightgowns for two whole hours. They even refused coffee. No lives were lost, however. The sea made a harmless bed for the dreadful lava.

It is a long, slow ride up the mountain, but when one reaches the highest elevation the view is sufficiently surprising. The traveller finds himself on a curious green plain, from which many tufts of white smoke are rising. It looks as if weeds were being burned—but no, it is the steam coming out of cracks in the ground, and when he goes up to the place he finds it both hot and wet, and crowds of lucky ferns grow there as thickly as possible. In the middle of this plain is the crater of Kilauea, which consists of a barren waste of lava, surrounded by precipices, about nine miles in circumference, and having in its centre a black, burning mountain, from which continually ascends a volume of white smoke. By night this smoke is illuminated, and about a dozen fiery furnaces are seen.

There is a zigzag path down the precipice, which is clothed with tropical vegetation. The ferns and mosses are wonderful, and everywhere grow the scarlet and yellow ohelo berries, which are in season each month of the year, and which taste something like whortleberries.

At the bottom of the precipice the vegetation ceases suddenly, and the most absolutely abandoned place is reached. What looked a flat plain from the top is now discovered to be a wilderness of mon-

strous blackish lava, all solid, but in every conceivable form of mud wave and mud flow; often it is twisted into coils exactly like rope, and there are great regions where it seems as if some intelligence had been at work to shape it into tens of thousands of huge crocodiles and serpents and unnamable beasts. These horrors must be seen to be believed in. They often look positively wicked. In some parts the sulphur has its way, and the lava erections are bright lemon color. One place is like a ruined tower, with a red-hot oven halfway up it, and a perpetual squilching and hissing and fizzing going on. Generally the lava is blackish grey in color; sometimes it is iridescent, sometimes it has a sheen, like black satin, and glitters brightly in the sun.

A great deal of it is as hard as stone, but sometimes it is brittle, and is spread out in thin folds like drapery. Under a man's weight it breaks with a scunch, and down he goes—perhaps for five inches only, perhaps for five feet. It is best to follow closely in the guide's footsteps. There are three miles of lava to be walked over before one reaches the black peaks of the smoking mountain. The ground is often rent with wide, deep cracks, and in some places I found that it was red hot only eight inches below the sole of my foot. Sometimes the crust has heaved and broken; under it is a hollow, and then more lava underneath. The ground is often almost burning hot. Somehow it is not as horrible as one would expect—the sun is so brilliant, the air is so good, and the guide is so cool.

By-and-by a very big, dreadful crack has to be jumped across—a horrid place to look down into; and almost immediately afterwards the lake of fire is visible and close at hand; and sensible people who are not silly and frightened climb down and stand at its edge, shading their faces and eyes from the burning heat.

It is round, like a cup, and is about three hundred feet in diameter (as large as a small circus). Its rim is about ten feet high, and it is full of boiling lava. The lava is as liquid as thick soup, and of a bluish grey color, with occasional greenish tints. It keeps simmering and heaving, and then it breaks in all directions into most lovely vermilion cracks, changing into violet and then into dead grey.

Nearly all round the edge it shows scarlet, and tosses up waves which are not unlike the waves of the sea, only they are red hot, and the spray is the color of coral or of blood. Above them there is often a

beautiful lilac or violet effect. This violet atmosphere of the fire is one of the loveliest of the phenomena.

Sometimes the edge of the volcano gets undermined with its fiery caves, and topples over with a crash, and all the time a roaring sound goes on like the roaring of the sea.

And now, as one watches, one suddenly sees a scarlet fountain beginning to play in the middle of the lake. At first it is about two feet high, with golden spray, then it gets wilder and larger and more tumultuous, tossing itself up into the air with a beautiful kind of sportiveness — great twistings of fiery liquid are springing high into the air, like serpents and griffins. It really is exquisite, and almost indescribable. I visited the volcano six times, and generally saw some of these fire fountains, and the roaring, tossing waves at the edge of the volcano never ceased.

Sometimes a thin blue flame broke through the cracks or roared up through a chimney at the side. All round the lake is a deposit of "Pele's hair," a dun-colored, glassy thread that sticks into one's hand — with numberless little points. In some places it lies so thick that it is like a blanket of disagreeable tawny fur.

It is necessary to look out for a sudden change of wind at Kilauea. I had almost to run one day to escape being stifled with fumes of sulphur. I picked up a lovely scarlet honeybird which had rashly flown that way and met a sulphurous death.

My last view of the volcano was at night, when its color was nearly that of a primrose. Enormous waves and fountains of fire were playing and tossing up wreaths of spray, which sometimes fell almost at my feet and lay like red-hot snakes till they cooled into pitchiness.

While I was there the sky at evening was generally very green, and peculiarly lovely in contrast with the orange of the fire. The calm, nearly level outline of the distant mountain (Mona Loa), and the young, tender moon made a delightful relief from the fiery terrors in front of me.

I left Kilauea feeling that I had seen one of the most wonderful sights that the world contains, and I had learnt the lesson that even a lake of fire can be beautiful.

I was even more strongly impressed a few days later when I visited the great extinct crater of Haleakala, on the island of Mani. It is the largest crater in the world, nine miles in diameter, and it contains in its hollow fourteen great tumuli or extinct volcanoes, some of them seven

hundred feet high. As I watched the scene at sunrise it seemed to me that I was not only in another planet, but in another dispensation.

Except the crater there was nothing to be seen around or below me but miles and miles of white clouds, slowly turning pink before the coming sun. Above them arose the two far-distant mountain-tops, Mona Loa and Mona Kea, and occasionally there was a rent in the great tracts of cloud and a bit of blue sea appeared. The vast crater yawned in the immediate foreground, a deathly, abandoned place, but not without the beauty which almost always marks nature's works if we have but eyes to see them aright. The strange lights and shadows were unlike anything which I have ever beheld before or since. The colors of the tumuli were dim but splendid, going through the range of dull purple, dull pink, dull brown, dull yellow, dull green. The floor of the crater was grey and black, composed of the dust of lava accumulated through centuries, and probably never trodden by the foot of man.

But the reader will be wearied with descriptions of scenery. I cannot, however, end this account of Hawaii without adding some last words about the priest of Molokai. Friends have said to me since the news of Father Damien's end has come to us, "You must be glad to think that he has passed away to his reward." I feel that all that God does is best, and that therefore this is best. But I do not feel glad except from that highest point of view. Looked at with human eyes, it would have seemed to most of us that so useful and happy a life might have been prolonged with great blessing to himself and to the suffering ones among whom he worked.

I think that in the last few weeks he had himself begun to feel the desires for paradise quickened, as the weariness of the flesh grew heavier. Almost the last words he wrote to me were: "My love and good wishes to good friend Edward. I try to make slowly my way of the cross, and hope soon to be on top of my Golgotha. Yours forever, J. DAMIEN DE VEUSTER." Of course I feel glad and thankful that I was permitted to go to him. For it *was* a great cheer to him to find how much we in England cared for him and loved him, and he and I had always great pleasure in each other's company. His talk was simple and friendly and animated; but at any moment he could retire into his hidden life if the occasion arose. He impressed me very

much when I stopped to bathe during my first walk with him by the quiet way in which he sat down and read and prayed till I was ready to walk on, and then by the delighted way in which he pointed out to me all the objects of interest.

Some of my happiest times at Molokai were spent in the little balcony of his house, shaded by a honeysuckle in blossom, sketching him and listening to what he said. Sometimes I sang hymns to him—among others, "Brief life is here our portion," "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" and "Safe home in port." The lepers sometimes came up to watch my progress, and it was pleasant to see how happy and at home they were. Their poor faces were often swelled and drawn and distorted, with bloodshot goggle-eyes; but I felt less horror than I expected at their strange aspect. There was generally a number of them playing in the garden below us.

One day I asked him if he would like to send a message to Cardinal Manning. He replied that it was not for such as he to send a message to so great a dignitary, but after a moment's hesitation he said, "I send my humble respects and thanks."

He was very anxious that I should attend his church services, though as they were in Hawaiian I could not understand what was said. He pressed me to sing in his choir, and was delighted when I sang "Adeste fideles" with the boys, and some of the tunes that the ariston played. He had his own private communion in the church on Sunday morning, followed by a general service, at which there were about eighty lepers present.

He seldom talked of himself except in answer to questions, and he had always about him the simplicity of a great man—"clothed with humility." He was not a sentimental kind of man, and I was therefore the more pleased that he gave me a little card of flowers from Jerusalem, and wrote on it, "To Edward Clifford, from his leper friend, J. Damien." He also wrote in my Bible the words, "I was sick, and ye visited me." He liked looking at the pictures which were in it, especially the two praying hands of Albert Dürer and a picture of Broadlands. I told him all the names of the friends who had given me presents for him, and he asked questions, and was evidently touched and happily surprised that English Protestants should love him.

I gave him on Christmas day a copy of Faber's hymns which had been sent him by Lady Grosvenor's three children. He

read over the childishly written words on the title-page, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," and said very sweetly that he should read and value the book. He was notably fond of children, and solicitous about three little girls who had been removed to Honolulu.

Christmas day was, of course, a feast, and in the evening the lepers had an entertainment and acted little scenes in their biggest hall. The ariston played its best between whiles. To English people it would probably have seemed a dreary entertainment, but the excitement was great. Belshazzar's feast was a truly wonderful representation, and not much more like Belshazzar's feast than like most other scenes. The stage was very dark, and all the lepers seemed to take their turns in walking on and off it. Belshazzar had his face down on the table, buried in his arms, nearly all the time, and it really seemed as if he might be asleep. Nobody did anything particular, and it was difficult to say who was intended for Daniel. I think the queen-mother was a little boy.

I obtained while I was in the islands a report Father Damien had written of the state of things at Molokai, and I think it will be interesting to give a portion of it in his own words:—

By special providence of our Divine Lord, who during His public life showed a particular sympathy for the lepers, my way was traced towards Kalawao in May, 1873. I was then thirty-three years of age, enjoying a robust good health.

About eighty of the lepers were in the hospital; the others, with a very few Kokuas (helpers), had taken their abode further up towards the valley. They had cut down the old pandanus or punhala groves to build their houses, though a great many had nothing but branches of castor-oil trees with which to construct their small shelters. These frail frames were covered with ki leaves or with sugarcane leaves, the best ones with pili grass. I myself was sheltered during several weeks under the single pandanus-tree which is preserved up to the present in the churchyard. Under such primitive roofs were living pell-mell, without distinction of age or sex, old or new cases, all more or less strangers one to another, those unfortunate outcasts of society. They passed their time with playing cards, hula (native dances), drinking fermented ki-root beer, home-made alcohol, and with the sequels of all this. Their clothes were far from being clean and decent, on account of the scarcity of water, which had to be brought at that time from a great distance. (The state of the sufferers was almost unbearable to a new-comer.) Many a time in fulfilling my priestly duty at their domiciles I have been compelled to run

outside to breathe fresh air. To counteract the bad smell I made myself accustomed to the use of tobacco, whereupon the smell of the pipe preserved me somewhat from carrying in my clothes the noxious odor of the lepers. At that time the progress of the disease was fearful, and the rate of mortality very high. The miserable condition of the settlement gave it the name of a living graveyard, which name, I am happy to state, is to-day no longer applicable to our place.

When Father Damien first arrived at Molokai the lepers could only obtain water by carrying it from the gulch on their poor shoulders; they had also to take their clothes to some distance when they required washing, and it was no wonder that they lived in a very dirty state.

But in the summer of 1873 some water-pipes were sent them, and all the able lepers went to work to lay them and to build a small reservoir. Since then the settlement has been supplied with good water for drinking, bathing, and washing, and lately the water arrangements have been perfected, under government auspices, by Mr. Alexander Sproull.

The water supply of Molokai was a pleasant subject with Father Damien. He had been much exercised about it, and was greatly excited one day at hearing that at the end of a valley called Waihanau, rather more than a mile from Kalanpaga, there was a natural reservoir.

He set out with two white men and some of his boys, and travelled up the valley till he came, with the greatest delight, to a nearly circular basin of most delicious ice-cold water. Its diameter was seventy-two feet by fifty-five, and not far from the bank they found, on sounding it, that it was eighteen feet deep. There it lay at the foot of a high cliff, and he was told by the natives that there had never been a drought in which this basin had failed. So, clear sweet water was henceforth available for all who needed it.

The housing during those first years was terribly bad. The lepers had nothing but small, damp huts, and nearly all of them were prostrate on their beds, covered with ugly sores, and looking perfectly miserable. In 1874 a *cona* (south wind) blew down most of their wretched, rotten abodes, and the poor sufferers lay shivering in the wind and rain, with clothes and blankets wet through. In a few days the grass beneath their sleeping-mats began to emit a "very unpleasant vapor." "I at once," said Father Damien, "called the attention of our sympathizing agent to the fact, and very soon there

arrived several schooner-loads of scantling to build solid frames with, and all lepers in distress received, on application, the necessary material for the erection of decent houses." Friends sent them rough boards and shingles and flooring. Some of the lepers had a little money, and hired carpenters. "For those without means, the priest, with his leper boys, did the work of erecting a good many small houses."

In those days the poorer lepers had scarcely enough to cover their nakedness. They often suffered greatly from cold and destitution. They were feverish, and they coughed badly, terrible swellings began, and often the poor creatures were so hopeless that they quietly gave themselves up to the ravages of the disease without an effort to stem its progress. They presented a downcast appearance, and soon became total wrecks. When they were not disabled they passed their time in drinking and playing cards. Only a few cultivated the fields.

They had almost no medicines, and it was a common sight to see them going about in lamentable want of a few rags or a little lint for their sores. Sometimes women and children prostrated by the disease were cast out to die with no shelter but a stone wall.

Father Damien was not hopeless about the discovery of a cure for leprosy. "But, to my knowledge, it has not yet been found," he said. "Perchance, in the near future, through the untiring perseverance of physicians, a cure may be found." He felt very strongly that it was not right forcibly to separate husbands and wives. He said that to do so gave the sufferers pains and agonies that were worse than the disease itself. And when they ceased to care it was worse still, for then they plunged into a vicious course of life. When newcomers arrived at Molokai there were plenty of old residents ready to preach to them the terrible axiom, "*Aole kanawai ma keia wahi*"—"In this place there is no law." With the greatest indignation Father Damien heard this doctrine proclaimed in public and private, and with the whole force of his being he set himself to combat it.

Along the base of the cliffs there grows very abundantly a plant which the natives call "*ki*" (*Dracana terminalis*), and from the root of which, when cooked and fermented, they make a highly intoxicating liquid. When Father Damien arrived he found that the practice of distilling this horrible drink was carried on largely.

The natives who fell under its influence forgot all decency and ran about nude, acting as if they were stark mad.

The brave man, having discovered that certain members of the police were in league with the evil-doers, set to work and went round the settlement with "threats and persuasions," till he had induced the culprits to deliver up the instruments which were used for distilling. Some of the most guilty persons were convicted but they were pardoned on giving a promise that they would never offend again.

As there were so many dying people [says Father Damien] my priestly duty towards them often gave me the opportunity to visit them at their domiciles, and although my exhortations were especially addressed to the prostrated, often they would fall upon the ears of public sinners, who, little by little, became conscious of the consequences of their wicked lives, and began to reform, and thus, with the hope in a merciful Saviour, gave up their bad habits.

Kindness to all, charity to the needy, a sympathizing hand to the sufferers and the dying, in conjunction with a solid religious instruction to my listeners, have been my constant means to introduce moral habits among the lepers. I am happy to say that, assisted by the local administration, my labors here, which seemed to be almost in vain at the beginning, have, thanks to a kind Providence, been greatly crowned with success.

Father Damien is now called to join that mystical body of Christ which is the "blessed company of all faithful people," and I think it will surprise him little when among them he meets men and women of other Christian bodies than that to which he belonged, who have given their lives, as he has done, to the leprous, the foul, and the evil. All were filled with the same divine life; all were inspired with the love and the faith of God; all are counted worthy to walk in robes of white. Differences of creed separate us pitifully here, but some day we shall perhaps find that the Church's dictum, "quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus," is true in a deeper and broader sense than that in which she has generally used it, and that a great family is ours of too long unrecognized brothers and sisters.

Of Damien's last hours we as yet know nothing, but we are sure that he met his end with a holy calm and with perfect resignation to the will of God.

All that is mortal of him lies in the little graveyard by the blue sea, where one by one his beloved flock has been laid. The long sad wail of the lepers has been heard

day after day for their friend, and many hearts are sore.

The strong, active figure and the cheery voice are no longer to be found at Molokai. God's will be done.

EDWARD CLIFFORD.

From Blackwood's Magazine

DICKY DAWKINS: OR, THE BOOKMAKER
OF THE OUTER RING.

BY JACK THE SHEPHERD.

A TRUE STORY.

"I LIKES a cart colt a bit sour-headed, a' loves a bull-calf with a good brazen head, and a' likes a man with a bit of the Devil in him, and, darn ye, squire, we likes you a sight better 'cause we knows you ha' had a good bit of the old gentleman about you in times gone by; so here's your very good health, and long life to you."

It was my last rent-dinner at the dear old place, and the speaker was my oldest tenant; and though little Johnny Stranks — who held forth at the meeting-house every Sunday, and had a reputation for being "powerful in prayer," though he robbed me all the week — cast up his eyes and said, "Gently, Tummas, *gently*; you be a-going a bit too far, Tummas," — honest Thomas Tiller had struck a true chord, his speech *told*, and my health went down "with loud and reiterated applause," as the reporters would say.

Happy days! Happy times now passing away, perhaps, but not so quickly as Messrs. Labouchere, Bradlaugh & Co. profess to believe. Here was honest Thomas Tiller, who, with his family before him, had rented of me and my forebears, father and son, for over one hundred and fifty years, with only the slender thread of a yearly agreement — "six months' notice to quit or of quitting" — between us, and yet he would tell his landlord the truth to his face, whether warmed at my table with a bottle of his favorite "black strap,"* or with cool morning head, as he started his laborers to their daily work.

Do any of our land-reformers really believe, I wonder, that by land-courts, or the nationalization of the land, or by whatever nostrum they seek to upset the old order of things, they will make this land of ours better worth living in, or do they wilfully seek to darken counsel, and mislead the fickle multitude? It looks so well on paper, it is so pretty to talk about that time

* Old port.

ere England's woes began, When every rood of soil maintained its man.

But when was that wonderful time? Goldsmith was both an Irishman and a poet, — truly from such a combination we do not look for facts. And if it *were* possible to root up all the old kindly relations that have existed for generations between the classes that live by the land, will it be a change for the better? Will it not rather change us all into mere money-grubbing machines, all equally sordid, equally selfish, equally ignoble?

But this speech of my honest tenant's set me thinking the next morning, as trivial words *do* set a man thinking, who is used to be much alone, and instead of talking to others, to "commune with his own heart and be still."

"Have I a bit of the Devil in me, and is there any good in him; has he ever done me any good?" So the thoughts chased each other through my brain, as I took my early walk under the old elms, among the clear songs of the birds, the sweet scent of the lilac-bushes and of the new-mown grass — in fact, surrounded by such divine joys of nature as only early morning in spring or summer bestow, and nowhere bestow in such beauty or in such wealth as in the midland counties of England. Well, the Devil! perhaps hardly a suitable subject of thought on such a lovely morning as this, but the vulgar Devil, the Old Nick of the common people, the prince of the powers of darkness, I renounce him and all his works with my whole heart, — would that he and all his crew were as easily discarded in all actions of life, as they can be renounced in thought or story! But there is another Devil — an imaginary spirit, full of daring, full of dogged perseverance — the Prometheus of Æschylus, the Satan of "Paradise Lost," with a bit of whose qualities I do not mind being credited. Milton is fairly to be charged with having given us a totally wrong idea of the prince of evil. The Satan of "Paradise Lost" is a bold, fierce, untamed spirit, with whose woes and misfortunes we cannot help sympathizing, as unlike the sly, sneaking, sneering Devil of Holy Writ as it is possible to conceive. And as, by some curious contradiction in our nature, lies and false notions take deeper root than simple truths — a fact well known and useful to unscrupulous politicians — a false conception of the Devil is widely spread abroad, and anything bold, daring, out of the common line, is often *most erroneously* called after the Devil's name. So we get Devil's dukes, Devil's

peaks, Devil's gorges, and, as applied to man, the pluck of the Devil, Devil's daring, a bit of the Devil, and so on.

Well, has a bit of this kind of Devil, to which I plead guilty, ever done me any good? Ah! that is a question, and is perhaps best answered by another, What is doing any good?

It seems generally to mean nowadays making money. Well, a bit of the Devil once *did* obtain for me a small sum of money, of which I still am proud. But it has done me more good than this. It has given me remembrances of many a stirring scene, which I would not willingly lose; recollections which bring *no* feelings of remorse, *no* painful sense of irreparable wrong done to others. On the contrary, when "Winter bellows from the north," and fear of divers pains and rheumatic aches keeps the invalid close to his library chair, these old scenes, still so vivid, bring back the days long gone by, and many a hearty laugh have I enjoyed when thinking of Dicky Dawkins and his crew, and how I bearded him in his den, and by mere force of will, by mere devilment as you will, extracted from him, as he sat enjoying the fruit of the spoils won from the foolish ones, the mighty sum of ten pounds ten.

And thus it happened.

I had so long been living a highly decorous life among squires, squarsons, and parsons, that the "bit of the Devil" in me broke out, and I longed again to have a sight of human life, not as I saw it among my worthy neighbors, but among classes not perhaps so respectable, but yet infinitely more amusing. I longed, too, to see if I could get on with the *οἱ πολλοὶ* of England as well as I used to with my old mates of the diggings and the bush; or whether a few years of living in clover, and "faring sumptuously every day," had emasculated me somewhat, and unfitted me to face my poorer brother, humbly but boldly, as man to man.

So, carrying no longer the dear old swag, but a knapsack (much too new, I carefully mudded it in the first dirty ditch), I started on the tramp from a town where I was not much known, in my oldest breeks and shabbiest coat.

Though I shaved not at all, and did not wash *too* much, though I tried broadest Berkshire by turns with colonial slang, it must be confessed that the experiment did not answer over well. Tramps with whom I wished to fraternize called me "sir" and begged of me. At wayside inns of the humblest order I was ushered into a stuffy

best parlor, with horrible china ornaments, often with fearful pictures of Boniface and his wife, — the former in his best clothes and a pipe in his mouth; the latter smirking inanely, with a long greasy curl on each side of her ruddy — far too ruddy — cheeks, arrayed in a black satin robe, — whereas I longed for the bar-room and settles, where drank the honest or dishonest customers with whom I wished to be “Hail-fellow well met!” Food that, “on the swag,” I would have jumped at, seemed nauseous. I was always a good boy at my beer; but I like some small modicum of malt and hops in its composition, and their absence was conspicuous in the wayside ales offered to me, and thirsty as I often was, I could hardly swallow the filthy heady mixtures, though they boasted of four big X’s in a row.

And so, with little adventure, little profit, and not much pleasure, I wandered along. There was something unreal about it. It was not like swaggering with an empty pocket. The scenery, however, was England in her fairest garb of early summer. There were no flies to drive one wild by day; no ‘possums to screech one out of one’s sleep by night; but it was only a walking tour, without adventure, until I reached the old cathedral town of the Wiltshire downs. The only tramp I met who was in the least interesting was a hedger and ditcher who was wheeling his wife and infant in a wheelbarrow. I trust the children’s song did not come true: —

The wheelbarrow broke, and the wife had a fall,
Down came wheelbarrow, wife, and all!

I liked this man; it was so kind in a tramp to wheel his wife; so unlike the tramping lord of creation, who stalks along unburdened, the woman following with children and bundle. But this man was not a real tramp, for he really was on the lookout for work, which your true English tramp never is.

But when Salisbury was reached, my unshaven face, my soiled clothes, and dirty hands made me look somewhat like a good honest rough again, and there I heard that the races were going on, or rather were to begin on the next day. So, eager for adventure, I started early the next morning for the course.

I had known the excellent landlord of my hotel “at home,” as we used to say at Eton, and he had a portmanteau of mine, full of clothes, duly forwarded to him for

my use whenever I should like to make myself a “worthy man” again.

“’Scuse me, sir,” he had said the night before the races, “you looks a trifle travel-stained, but you’ll have lots of time to get shaved and cleaned up before our drag starts for the race-course. Four horse, sir; quite tip-top gents-a-going, and I’ll be proud to drive you, squire, along of ‘em.”

But my mind inclined not to tip-top gents, and I was away long before the “noble sportsmen,” or even

The Goths of the gutter and Huns of the turf, had broken their first slumber. And it was still early dawn when I reached the race-course.

Ah! how little you know, how little you see, of the backstairs, the underground of the race-course, my noble patrons of the turf (“petty larceny lads” though many of you *may* be, as honest John Jorrock calls you), — you who arrive in your drags and your carriages just as the bell rings for the first race, and promptly take your places in the grand stand! But if you want to study your brother of the turf; the hangers-on of your royal sport; your brother in villany — not the black man and brother of the missionary deputation’s lecture, nor the brother in slavery of the Radical carpet-bagger’s thrilling address, but *your own* brother of this our own little island, — come with Jack the Shepherd to the course at early dawn, and see the outcasts, the wanderers, the Bohemians, rising from their caravans, their tents, or from the bare ground, to assist at your noble sport.

Years fell from my shoulders as I trod the sweet, crispy turf in the early morning. I sang, I ran, I lived my life again; once again I felt myself a boy watching ill-lated Umpire from Ten Broeck’s stable, or admiring Gardevisure and Lord Lyon bounding away over the Berkshire downs. In my youth I had once ridden, by the kind permission of the trainer, the wonderful Caractacus, who rolled over the Epsom hills, so they said, like a cricket-ball, and won the Derby with long odds against him; and, much evil as I have seen from the turf, my spirit still kindles when I see a race or a race-horse. But the sight on the course at this early hour was not inspiring. Men, all shaky from last night’s debauch, red-nosed and cursing; women, draggle-tailed, dirty, and wanton-looking; a few early policemen; a smell like fried fish — a stronger and more unpleasant smell of my brethren if I got

too close to them; dirty scraps of paper flying about; general blackguardism rampant, though not yet obtrusive,—and I was glad to get away and see a few nobler animals at their morning exercise.

And so the day wore on; and first by twos and threes, then by companies, arrive the patrons of this noble sport. The bell rings. I wend my way to the enclosure. "Five shillings entrance." "Not for Jack," say I to myself; but I catch sight of an old trainer whom I knew well in years gone by. I buy a card, and hail him through the narrow openings of the paling fence. He looks astonished.

"What! you, squire? what the—well what are you up to? You always were a rum un; come inside—only five bob; but, bless me!" and he looked at my clothes, "what ever," and he relapsed into good old Berkshire—"what ever beast thou arter?"

"Too dirty," said I, "for the grand stand or enclosure; but, look here—for auld lang syne, mark the winners on my card; p'raps I'm hard up, anyhow I want to bet, so just—I've not deserted my wife and children, I've not mortgaged my lands, but I'm just on the spree."

"Always *was* as mad as a hatter from a boy," he audibly muttered; but he took the card, marked it very carefully, slowly, and deliberately, and returned it. "There you are, squire; I've done more for you than I would for any blessed man on this course, but —" and then came

Some parting injunction bestowed with great unction,

which afterwards

I strove to recall, but forgot like a dunce,

and off I went studying the card.

A man—his name I *can* recall, for it was on his hat, "Dicky Dawkins, Book-maker"—was shouting the odds. "Six to one *bar* one for the first race!" he cried. His dress was strange; his hat was tall and white, *bar* his name and titles inscribed on it in large black letters; his coat was in stripes of red and white, eke so his nether garments.

"Who d'you bar?" I shouted.

"The Fotheringay Colt, captain, and three to one against *'im*."

I looked at my card. Fotheringay Colt marked. "I'm on for five shillings." I dubbed down the dust, got my ticket, and ah! bless my honest old friend the trainer! the colt won in a canter. And so on all through the day—almost always winning,

thanks to my good old friend, until the last race, and then my modest adventures had resulted in a gain of ten guineas. My card was consulted again; Maid of Perth marked for the last—a selling race. "What against Maid of Perth, Mr. Dawkins?"

"Evens, my noble general;" how quickly I got promotion!

"Done," said I; money and ticket quickly followed.

She won; but only by a short head, and I rushed towards the stand of the man in motley. But what a crowd was there!

A specious, civil kind of rascal made for me, touching his hat.

"A heavy settling, sir. It may be," confidentially, "the last comers *may* have to whistle for their money, for the book-makers are hit devilish hard; but if you'll give me your ticket; I know Mr. Dawkins, sir, right well, sir; believe I have the honor, sir, to know you, sir, also from Loamshire, sir; mum's the word, sir, no offence, I hope. A small commission, sir, and you shall have your money, sir, before you can say Jack Robinson."

Oh, what a fool I was! I have a temptation to swear even now when I think of it; I gave him my ticket and half-a-crown, and before I could say Jack Robinson he was gone—never, oh never, to return.

He was gone!—*abijt, excessit, evasit, erupit*. Gone also was my ticket, lost my half-crown.

I waited till all the crowd round Dicky were paid, and then, feeling like a most awful fool, approached the great man.

"You will quite remember," said I, "our last bet; evens you laid against Maid of Perth. A friend of yours took my ticket, ten guineas, but he has not come back."

A volley of oaths was my answer; no longer was I a noble general or a gallant captain. I was,—but "words are wanting to say what; what a man shouldn't be, I was that." Our voices rose; a crowd collected, and as I had no wish to get into a disreputable row, I said: "Well, at least give me the name of the hotel where you put up at in Salisbury." A hotel card was flung to me with an oath, and I walked away and bided my time. As I tramped into Salisbury, Dicky and his friends passed me in an open wagonette, and placed their fingers in that objectionable way to their noses whereby the noble Briton signifies that he holds you in contempt.

"Tout vient à qui sait attendre," said I to myself; and at length I reached my

hotel, got shaved, washed, opened my portmanteau, arrayed myself in my best clothes, got out my card-case, and proceeded, strong in temper, strong in sense of injury done to me, to seek the redoubtable Dicky Dawkins. Arrived at his hotel, I sent up my card.

"Cannot see you, sir," said the grinning waiter; "Mr. Dawkins is dining—never does business after seven P.M., sir."

I brushed past him. I found Mr. Dawkins's room by the smell of dinner; there he was with some dozen of the gang dining so well, and I was *so* hungry.

"Ten guineas, sir, if you please, that I won of you on Maid of Perth, and before you swallow another morsel," I said.

He looked at me—some of the gang rose up with oaths and threatening aspect.

"Oh, sir, I don't like to be disturbed at my meals, but sit down, sir, take a bite and a drink with us, and we shall wash out the debt; you were the gentleman who gave up his ticket, so you said—old dodge that—but I'll give you a good dinner, and your whack of liquor; but if I pay you one farthing I'll be——"

"Mr. Dawkins," I interrupted, "I'll eat with you, drink with you, or fight with you; but first," and I came up close to him, "I'll have ten pounds ten shillings out of you. Now, look here! I saw that rascal who took my ticket—ah! by heavens, there he is *now*, trying to slink off! Sit down, sir, sit down, or it will be the worse for you. Well, I saw *him* on the course talking to you; but here is better proof, he is eating at *your* table—one of *your* respectable friends. Now, unless you fork out the ten guineas, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go and swear a conspiracy to defraud against you and your gang; and that rascal knows me if you don't, and knows that I am a man of my word, and also a magistrate for two counties. So which is it to be? Ten guineas down on the nail, or a warrant applied for. Possibly you yourself or some of your friends know the inside of a cell already."

Well, sometimes brag is a good dog, but only if it is not brag, solely, purely, and simply, but has something stronger behind.

Telegraphic winks, nods, and signs passed between Dicky and his confederates, and he caved in.

"Pay the gentleman the money," he cried to a man with a leather bag on his shoulders; and forthwith I took, counted carefully, and pocketed my lawful dues.

"And now, Mr. Dawkins," I said, "as

you have made me too late for my own dinner, I will accept your kind offer of hospitality," and I took a chair and seated myself; and though the company was rather silent at first, as the hock and champagne went round they gradually thawed.

"Are you really a beak?" whispered my right-hand neighbor.

"Really," I replied.

"I got two years last time," he said sadly. "If ever I get in trouble and come before you, draw it mild, you know. There's more than one chap here would have knifed you as soon as look at you; and how the Devil you made Dicky cave in beats me hollow! so bless your stars, and don't forget me."

"My dear friend," I said, "a government that does not duly appreciate the wonderful genius of the great unpaid, strictly limits our powers. Only in quarter sessions, as one of many, can I bestow on you the wholesome dose of two years' imprisonment. But in petty sessions we can still inflict six months, with hard labor; and in spite of this excellent dinner, for which I *am* really obliged, I can only advise you, Don't try on any of your little games in my neighborhood."

I much enjoyed my dinner, which was most excellent; the wines were unexceptionable; but when bowls of punch were brought in with the walnuts, I beat a somewhat hasty retreat, fearing that as Dutch courage arose in the gang, they would set on me and strip me of my precious ten guineas, which I had won simply by having "a bit of the Devil" in me.

I am glad to say that I never have had the painful task of requiring any of my friends' hospitality by inflicting incarceration on them, *even* for a limited period; in fact, I have never set eyes on them since, but possibly they still haunt the race-course.

And so my story ends, but surely with many a moral.

First—Avoid betting.

Secondly—But if you *will* bet, you know, avoid the bookmaker of the outer ring.

Thirdly—But if you *will* be a fool in spite of all my warning, well, then, if you get a winning ticket, don't be such an extra particular fool as to part with it, except for £ s. d.

And, lastly—"A bit of the Devil in you" is not always such a bad thing, after all!

From Macmillan's Magazine.

HOLLAND AND HER LITERATURE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IT is at great epochs in national history, when a people has just emerged victorious from some struggle for life in which its spirit has been stirred to its inmost depths, that we are accustomed to look for those exceptional outbursts of intense, many-sided activity which have occurred at rare intervals in the annals of the world, and of which the Periclean age at Athens affords at once the greatest and most familiar example. All the noblest capabilities and qualities which have hitherto lain dormant in the race have been called into action during the storm and stress of conflict, amidst dangers braved and sufferings endured in defence of some great cause; and the quickening impulse which has been sent thrilling through the veins, and which has made the pulses to throb with the flush of effort and the eagerness of hope, penetrates into every department of thought and action, until the world stands amazed at the spectacle of multitudinous energy which seems to animate all ranks and urge them on to great achievements.

Such an epoch was that in which, after their successful revolt against the tyranny of Philip II. and the Inquisition, the United Netherlands reached the zenith of their prosperity and renown. If ever there were a struggle in which the very fibre of a people was strained to the breaking-point, it was that in which this confederation of seven insignificant provinces, without cohesion, without any settled form of government or supreme central authority, without army or navy, weak in everything save in their own stern and unflinching resolve and in the inexhaustible resources of one man's ready brain and dogged pertinacity of purpose, resisted and finally shattered the overwhelming strength of Spain. The story of the prolonged agony of the unequal contest has often been told, and has in our own times been made familiar to English readers by the vivid and picturesque narrative of Motley. It is not necessary to do more than mention such incidents as the execution of *Jan van der Horne*, the horrors of the *Massacre of Antwerp*, the terrible deeds attending the capture of Naarden and Haarlem, and above all the ever-memorable defence and relief of Leyden, to bring before mind and memory the presentment of a contest which for intense dramatic interest yields to none which have been recorded by the

pen of the historian. The thrifty traders, the industrious, phlegmatic peasantry, the sturdy fishermen, of whom the bulk of the population of the northern Netherlands was composed, were baptized with a veritable baptism of blood and of fire; and they passed through the furnace of affliction to come forth with faculties braced and elevated, a new-born nation knit together by the memory of common sufferings and common triumphs.

The murderous deed of Balthazar Gérard could not undo the great work which his victim had already accomplished. William the Silent lived long enough not only to lay firmly the foundations of the Dutch republic, but to leave behind him successors trained in his school, who were qualified to carry on the task of raising on those foundations a stately edifice. It is not my intention to dwell here upon the military successes of his famous son, Maurice, the first general of his age, or upon the statecraft by which John of Barneveldt secured in the cabinet the results which had been won upon the field. A quarter of a century had yet to pass after the assassination of William before Spain, by agreeing to a twelve years' truce, was compelled to acknowledge the practical independence of the United Netherlands. But during these years, though war was being waged against all the resources of a mighty power, the crisis of suffering and of danger had passed away. The scientific skill of their young general kept the military operations for the most part outside the borders of the provinces. The dash and enterprise of the bold mariners of Holland and Zealand drove the enemy's fleets from the sea, and carried the terror of the Dutch name to the most distant and outlying portions of Philip's unwieldy empire. Meanwhile in the Netherlands themselves the spirit of the people rose, trade grew and prospered, and all the arts and accomplishments of civilization and of culture took root, blossomed, and flourished. The half century which followed the conclusion of the truce with Spain has been rightly named the golden age of Holland.* In this period not only did she attain the summit of her political greatness, and even for a time hold acknowledged supremacy, as the first of maritime, colonial, and commercial powers, but she was likewise the most learned State of Europe, and famous for the scholars, philosophers, theologians, and

* The name of the dominating province of Holland is generally used as signifying the Confederation of the United Provinces.

men of scientific renown, who filled her academies or took refuge within her hospitable boundaries. Within these same fifty years lived and worked all those great painters whose names are familiar to every lover of art, and who by their technical dexterity and rare delicacy of finish have given to the Dutch school of painting, in certain special departments and in its own peculiar style, a character of unrivalled excellence. It was a period at once of general enlightenment and refined taste. The love of music was widespread, and, alike as composers and executants, the musicians of the Netherlands were acknowledged to be the first of their time; indeed it was from its home in the Low Countries that the art of modern music spread into Italy and Germany, and thence through the whole of Europe. The stage was popular and well supported. The Netherlands had always been distinguished for their love for scenic representations, and the new theatre of Amsterdam became renowned for the splendor and completeness of its arrangements and the ability of its actors. Such indeed was their fame, that travelling companies of Dutch players, who visited the chief cities of Germany, Austria, and Denmark, found everywhere a ready welcome and reaped a rich reward; while at Stockholm for a time a permanent Dutch theatre was established. Books of every kind, issued by a press absolutely free and unshackled, met with numerous and appreciative readers. Many of these were editions of the classics, or learned treatises in the Latin tongue on scientific or controversial subjects; many, but by no means all. The native language, shaking off the trammels of mediævalism, had in the hands of a succession of great writers been cultivated and developed until it had attained a flexibility, copiousness, and finish far in advance of the sister dialects of Germany; and a literature arose, notable even in that era so rich in great literatures.

That the poetical treasures which it contains have in later times been overlooked and ignored, is due simply to the fact that the fall of the Dutch republic from its temporary and untenable position of influence involved the decadence and neglect of the Dutch language. Holland and her tongue were alike destined to become provincial. But while the famous achievements of her admirals and statesmen are written large upon the pages of the history of Europe, the works of her poets have remained unknown, save to the very few, in the obscurity of an oblivion,

which even the critical minuteness and comprehensive survey of a Hallam or a Schlegel have failed to penetrate or to illumine.

"It has been the misfortune of the Dutch," wrote Hallam, "a great people, a people fertile of various ability and erudition, a people of scholars, theologians, and philosophers, of mathematicians, of historians, of painters, and, we may add, of poets, that these last have been the mere violets of the shade, and have peculiarly suffered by the narrow limits within which their language has been spoken or known." Yet he in no way attempts to supply the omission which he acknowledges. A few meagre details, drawn from second-hand sources, are all the account that he vouchsafes of what he has himself styled the golden age of Dutch literature; while Schlegel in his history of literature does not even deign to treat the subject directly, but contents himself, while commenting upon the writings of Opitz, with the remark: "He [Opitz] more immediately attached himself to the genius of the Dutch, who at that time possessed a Hugo Grotius, and were not only the most learned and enlightened of all Protestant States, but had also made considerable progress in poetical pursuits, and were in possession of native tragedies, modelled after the antique, long prior to the celebrated tragic poets of France in the reign of Louis XIV." The two great critics agree in their estimate of the learning and enlightenment of the Holland of the seventeenth century; they agree in their statement that this highly cultured community possessed a native literature of unknown excellence; and both abstain from a personal study of poetical works which, through circumstance, if not through lack of merit, had failed to attain a European reputation.

Oppressed as they were by the enormous magnitude of the task they had undertaken, Hallam and Schlegel were possibly justified in thus shrinking from adding to labors already great enough to try the powers of the most indefatigable student; but surely this very fact renders it the more imperative upon others, not thus burdened, to see that there should be no gap, no *terra incognita* in our knowledge of one of the most important and interesting epochs in the history of letters.

With the political history of the United Provinces in the heyday of their prosperity the world is familiar. The names of the great stadtholders of the house of

Orange, Maurice, Frederick Henry, and William III.; of the great pensionaries, Barneveldt and De Witt; of the great admirals, Van Tromp and De Ruyter,—have each their niche of fame not merely in the annals of their fatherland, but in the annals of their time. Dutch art and Dutch artists require no one to blazon their renown, for the language which they employ appeals to every eye and needs no interpreter. But the poetry of Vondel and his contemporaries has for two centuries and a half remained for well-nigh all, save natives of Holland, a sealed book.

Yet not for one, but for many reasons, this should not be. The claims of the Dutch poets to a place in the history of the literature of the seventeenth century should be assessed, not by the position which Holland and her literature now hold in the estimation of Europe, but by the position which they occupied at the time when the United Netherlands were the first of maritime powers, and the Dutch were the bankers and carriers of the world. The long lifetime of Vondel covered the entire period known as the golden age of Dutch literature, and he may be regarded as, in a peculiar sense, the impersonation of his country's highest poetic inspiration. He was the contemporary of Shakespeare and Milton, of Lope de Vega and Calderon, of Corneille and Racine; and that which Shakespeare and Milton are to the literature of England, that which Lope de Vega and Calderon are to the literature of Spain, that which Corneille and Racine are to the literature of France, such is Vondel to the literature of Holland. He stands forth, as one of the representative men of letters of his time; and no study or survey of the literature of that time can be pronounced satisfactory or complete which denies without examination the value of his work, and ignores his pretensions to poetic fame. He has a claim, whether we regard him from the wider point of view as a European poet, or from the narrower as merely a Dutch writer. Yet Vondel is but the central figure amidst a crowd of writers; and among these are some highly distinguished as literary men, who at the same time played a considerable part in the social and political history of their time.

The brilliant and genial Hooft, whose castle of Muident was for a quarter of a century the home of the Muses, the resort of all that was most cultured, learned, and refined among the higher intelligence of Holland, was himself a dramatist of distinction; a writer of some charming love-

songs and lyrics; a historian of the first rank; a master of prose, whose letters are models of a studied, though at times somewhat affected, epistolary style, and afford a perfect mine of information to the student. The most popular and most widely read of all Dutch poets, whose writings* are as simple and unsophisticated in their diction as they are rich in quaint fancy, wise and pure in their precepts, admirable in their sound sense, and manly and large-hearted in their view of human life, was one of the prominent Netherland statesmen of his time, for twenty years grand pensionary of Holland, and twice sent as ambassador extraordinary from the States-General to England. Essentially the poet of the people, amongst whom to this day he is familiarly called *Father Cats*, his works are to be found beside the Bible in well-nigh every Dutch homestead. Constantine Huyghens was a man of a different type. Courtier, nobleman, diplomatist, secretary, and counsellor to three successive Princes of Orange, proficient in almost all languages ancient and modern, acquainted with every branch of knowledge, an admirable musician and composer, the writing of verses was to him a pastime of the leisure hours of a lifetime crowded with other interests and activities. His numerous short poems, at once lively and didactic, fastidious in style and pithy in expression, are highly interesting; but they are interesting chiefly in this, that they reveal to us the reflections and sentiments of a man versed in affairs and a favorite of courts, yet with a mind endowed by nature with the finest faculties and tastes, which the study and application of years had enhanced and matured. In Brederoo, a man ignorant of any language save his mother tongue, but full of native humor and originality, we have the only counterpart in Dutch literature to the Jan Steens and Brouwers of contemporary art. He is the poet of low life, and his comedies are written for the most part in the rude dialect of the fish-market and the street. Nevertheless they present us with veritable pictures of the life and manners of old Amsterdam; and his songs, full of energy and natural feeling, show that had not the dissipations and disappointments of a wayward youth brought his career to an untimely close he might have attained to high poetic distinction. The poems, published at Amsterdam under the titles of "*The Merry*"

* There is an excellent edition of them in four vols., by Van Vloten, Leyden, 1857.

Song-Book," "The Great Fountain of Love," and "Meditative Song-Book," are alike remarkable for the varied and harmonious cadence of the verse, and for genuine power of expression and imagery. They reveal beneath the rough, and at times coarse and licentious exterior, glimpses of a nature of fine susceptibilities and of almost womanly sensitiveness.

It is not possible here to enter into any detail respecting the works of these great Dutch writers, or even to mention the names of many others of minor fame. But no sketch, however slight, which attempts to portray the leading figures of this remarkable period, must forget to assign amongst them a prominent position to the beautiful Maria Tesselschade Visscher. If but a fraction of what is said in her praise by the crowd of distinguished admirers who burnt incense at her shrine be true, she must be considered one of the most admirable and accomplished types of womanhood that the imagination of the poet or the pen of the romancer has ever devised,—a very vision of sweetness and light. She had indeed exceptional opportunities. Daughter of the celebrated Roemer Visscher, a poet, distinguished both for wit and learning, whose house was for many years the rendezvous of literary society, she daily met as a child under her father's hospitable roof all that were best worth knowing among the many gifted men who made Amsterdam their home in those brilliant days. Nor was this her only privilege. Her sister Anna, ten years older than herself, under whose fostering care after their mother's death her years of childhood passed, was a woman of unusual erudition, a poetess of no mean merit, honored by her contemporaries, according to the fashion of the age, with the title of the Dutch Sappho. The young maiden repaid her for her motherly tenderness and solicitude by the quickness with which she imbibed her instructions, and the eagerness with which she set herself to tread in her footsteps. The pupil indeed was destined soon to surpass the teacher, and the fame of the wise Anna to pale before that of the beautiful Tesselschade.

All the first literary men of her time were, not figuratively only but often literally, among her admirers. Hooft and Huyghens, Barlaeus and Brederoo, wooed in vain for her affections; Vondel and Cats with less ardor perhaps, but equal admiration, offered rich tributes of homage to her personal charms as well as to her almost incredible proficiency in every

branch of art and culture. Her attainments were indeed wonderful. The greater part of her poetical works, including her much-praised translation of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," have perished, but amongst the scanty remains is found her "Ode to the Nightingale," a lyric bearing some curious points of resemblance to and not unworthy to be compared with Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark." She could play with skill upon the harp, and the beauty of her voice and the art with which she used it have been celebrated by all her contemporaries. She was moreover dexterous in tapestry and embroidery work, and in painting, carving, and etching upon glass. And with all this there seems to have been no trace of pedantry or affectation in her healthy and well-balanced nature. She never appears to have been carried away by the flood of flattery which surrounded her. She gave her heart and hand to none of the poets and courtiers who made love to her in polished stanzas, but to a plain sea-captain, with whom she passed a happy but too short married life in the seclusion of a provincial town, giving up for a time her literary and artistic pursuits for the sedulous discharge of her motherly and domestic duties. In widowhood she again fixed her abode in Amsterdam and, welcomed by the circle of her old friends, her bright and joyous presence once more became the soul of the society which continued to frequent the castle of Muident. Again the throng of suitors began to flock around her, but she remained faithful to the memory of the husband she had loved. She did not hold herself aloof from her literary friends, and delighted to exercise her talents both as a solace to herself and for the gratification of others. Her heart however was in none of these things. Devotedly attached to her two daughters, her first and constant care was directed to their training and education; and when in their early youth they were removed from her by death, she found life no longer worth living, but, still in the prime of her powers, speedily followed them to the grave. The memory of a character so pure and flawless, in which the highest qualities of nature and art were so happily blended, should not lie buried in a forgotten tomb or enshrined in an unread literature. For no one can study the Dutch literature of the golden age without being struck by the wide and subtle influence which the captivating personality of Tesselschade Visscher exercised over her contemporaries, or without himself feeling a thrill almost of affection

for one who thus lights up the often dry and tedious records of a bygone time with radiant glimpses of "a perfect woman, nobly planned."

Dry and tedious a comprehensive study of the literature of any period must always be.

If we want [to quote the words of Mr. Stopford Brooke] to get a clear idea of any period, we must know all the poets small and great, who wrote in it and read them altogether. It would be really useful and delightful to take a single time and read every line of fairly good poetry in it and then compare the results of our study with the history of the time. Such a piece of work would not only increase our pleasure in all the higher poetry of the time we study, and the greater enjoyment of the poetry of any other time; it would also supply us with an historical element which the writers of history at the present day have so strangely neglected, the history of the emotions and passions which political changes worked and which themselves influenced political change; the history of the rise and fall of those ideas, which especially touch the imaginative and emotional life of a people, and in doing so, modify the whole development.

To that marvel of history, the Holland of the first half of the seventeenth century, are these sentences especially applicable. The historian of European politics tells us of her achievements as one of the leading States of the day and of her weight in the councils of nations. The historian of commerce dwells upon her mercantile enterprise, her wealth, her East and West India Companies, her colonies, her banking system, the thrift and industry of her people. The historian of learning points to her with pride, as the chosen home of such world-renowned scholars, jurists, and philosophers, as Lipsius and Scaliger, Barlæus and Heinsius, Gronovius, Salmasius and the Vossii, of Grotius, Spinoza, and Descartes. The historian of science records the discoveries and . . . of Christian Huyghens, the . . . son of a distinguished father, to whose mechanical genius the astronomer and optician are so deeply indebted, and who was no less remarkable for the breadth of his theoretical generalizations than for his skill in the invention and manipulation of instruments. He tells of the permanent additions made to the science of mathematics by the studies of Simon Stevin; of the exhaustive and minute researches of Swammerdam into the habits and metamorphoses of insects, which form the basis of subsequent knowledge; of the life-long labors of Leeuwenhoek with the microscope, which resulted in the discov-

ery of the *infusoria*, and in the amassing of vast stores of information concerning the circulation of the blood and the structure of the eye and brain; of Ruysch, Boerhaave, and Tulp, anatomists and physicians of European reputation; of the discovery of the principle of the clock-pendulum by Christian Huyghens, of the telescope by Zachary Jens, of the microscope by Cornelius Drebbel; of the printing triumphs of the Elzevirs; of the maps of Blaeuw. And lastly the historian of art recounts the extraordinary fertility of this era in great Dutch painters, and enlarges with critical discrimination upon the magical *chiaroscuro* of Rembrandt, the lifelike vigor of the portraits of Van der Helst and Franz Hals, the delicate finish of Gerard Dow and Terburg, the landscapes of Ruysdael and Hobbema, the cattle of Paul Potter and Cuyp, and the varied and particular excellences associated with the names of Jan Steen, Wouvermans, Brouwers, Pieter de Hoogh, Ostade, Van der Velde and many others. Of the outward and visible aspect of the Holland of the golden age, of the appearance, dress, external habits and customs of all classes of the population, the walls of the Rijks-Museum at Amsterdam and of the Mauritshuis at the Hague offer us a full and faithful portraiture. But we still need to know something more if we wish to penetrate behind this outer presentment of names and deeds and forms and achievements, and discern the hidden springs of action, the motive forces of this exuberant national life. The works of the writers of a great past age are to some extent a faithful mirror in which its spirit is reflected, and to him who readeth therein with his eyes open its image is revealed. The pictured narrative of the historian, nay, even the pictured canvas of the painter, supply us at the best with but a counterfeit representation of the vanished past; to the student of its contemporary literature alone is a glimpse of the living reality afforded. The memories of the great men of former days are but too often the object either of indiscriminate partiality or of indiscriminate prejudice. The same man is represented as saint or sinner, hero or tyrant, according to the prepossessions and bias of the writer. Not that necessarily facts are glaringly, or even consciously misrepresented; but the imagination plays so large a part in the arrangement and coloring that the general effect is transformed, and instead of being presented with a faithful and lifelike portraiture of persons and events, we

have a narrative which, to use the expression of Bolingbroke, is nothing but "an authorized romance," and is generally attractive and popular in exact proportion to its faultiness. History at its best is but incomplete and unsatisfying. It tells us something, it makes us wish for more. The figures which move across its page are, after all, but puppets guided and informed by the hand of the showman. We do not recognize in them men of like passions with ourselves; we perceive the outward form and gesture, but we know little of the inner searchings of the heart, of their strivings, ideals, sympathies and sorrows. No one indeed can adequately reveal these things to us; they must be sought by ourselves. And much, at least, that will interpret to us the spirit of an age, if that age were fortunate in the production of great writers, can be found in the intelligent study of its literature.

Such an age pre-eminently was that which we have been considering. The annals of Holland in the seventeenth century are strewn thick with the records of famous men and famous deeds. Never with smaller means did any people achieve greater results or win distinction in so many ways as did the people of the northern Netherlands in the "glorious days of Frederick Henry," and the story of what they did, and still more of how they did it, is extremely instructive, as well as impressive and romantic. Yet it can never be told in its completeness merely by the study of protocols and despatches, or by comparisons of statistics or by researches among musty State documents. These are but the dry bones of history; and he who would lay sinews and flesh upon them, must study likewise, and deeply, the contemporary literature which has come down to us in rich abundance, as a part of the living tissue of the times themselves.

GEORGE EDMUNDSON.

From *The Leisure Hour*.
SAMUEL ROGERS.

In the literary history of England, the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" occupies a remarkable position.* He was born in 1763 and died in 1855, so that his life was contemporary with the most striking events of modern times. While still in his teens he heard of the revolution that

made America independent; he was a young man of thirty when Louis XVI. was beheaded; he was comparatively in the prime of life when the battle of Waterloo sent the first Napoleon into exile; and when he died Louis Napoleon was on the throne of France. In his younger days he was the friend of Fox, of Sheridan, and of Adam Smith; later on he was intimate with Moore and Byron, with Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott; and in old age Lord Tennyson, Charles Dickens, and Sir Henry Taylor were welcomed at his table. It is strange to think of Rogers listening in his youth to the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and when the weight of years was on him visiting the famous Crystal Palace in Hyde Park.

There is perhaps no period of our history more pregnant of events than that through which Rogers lived; but although like every intelligent man he paid some attention to politics, the main interest of his life was literature. Above all things he loved poetry, and wished to be regarded as a poet. This was the real business of his life; he did not grudge years to the revision and elaboration of a poem, and the popular success he achieved is as remarkable as his perseverance. The secret of Rogers's poetical reputation, which lasted for many years, is not easy to understand. The utmost that can be said in favor of "The Pleasures of Memory," to which he owed his fame, is that it has somewhat of Goldsmith's sweetness though without his strength, and that the sentiment of the poem claims the reader's sympathy. But if we seek in poetry for high imagination, for rare fancy, for an exquisitely felicitous use of language, we shall not find them in the smooth lines of Rogers. What we do find is good taste, right feeling, and, in his best poem, "Italy," a power of pictorial representation that makes that volume a pleasant companion in Italian travel. But these gifts will not suffice to sustain a poet in the fight for fame; and if Rogers's poems still engage attention, it is for the sake of their delightful illustrations, upon which his wealth enabled him to expend £15,000.

Circumstances had much to do with Rogers's early fame as a poet and with his after success in life. From early manhood to extreme old age the road was made smooth for him. In 1792, when he published "The Pleasures of Memory," Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott had given no sign of the genius that was destined to give a new life to English poetry;

* Rogers and his Contemporaries. By P. W. Clayden. Two vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Byron was a child in frocks and Shelley an infant in arms. Blake, Cowper, and Crabbe were indeed at that date the only living poets who deserved the name, and the erratic genius of Blake was scarcely recognized. Rogers's condition in life, too, was in the highest degree prosperous. His father was a rich banker, and at the age of thirty Samuel became the senior partner of the house, with an income of £5,000 a year. He had a brother in the firm to whom he was able to confide the management of the business; and so smoothly did the wheels of life run that he was at leisure to devote his time to the cultivation of verses and to the society of friends.

At the age of forty Rogers took the house in St. James's Place, overlooking the Green Park, which for fifty years was the resort of all that was brightest in intellect and most brilliant in position in London society. No poet, probably, with the exception of Sir Walter Scott, ever welcomed such celebrities under his roof, and Scott's reign in society as the "Monarch of Parnassus" and as the "Great Unknown," while greatly more brilliant, was far shorter than that of Rogers.

The house itself, apart from its host, was a great attraction, and showed in every portion of it the poet's fine taste. Some men who collect beautiful objects make their homes like museums or old curiosity shops, but every account of Rogers's house agrees with that given by the poet's biographer, who observes that "the general impression was one of complete harmony, and that impression was confirmed by the effect of every detail."

"What a delightful house it is!" Macaulay wrote to his sister; "it looks out on the Green Park just at the most pleasant point. The furniture has been selected with a delicacy of taste quite unique. Its value does not depend on fashion, but must be the same while the fine arts are held in any esteem. In the drawing-room, for example, the chimney-pieces are carved by Flaxman into the most beautiful Grecian forms. The bookcase is painted by Stothard in his very best manner, with groups from Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Boccaccio. The pictures are not numerous, but every one is excellent. In the dining-room there are also some beautiful paintings. But the three most remarkable objects in that room are, I think, a cast of Pope, taken after death by Roubiliac; a noble model in terracotta by Michael Angelo, from which he afterwards made one of his finest statues, that of Lorenzo de Medici; and, lastly, a mahogany table on which stands an antique vase.

Whatever estimate a reader may form

of Rogers as a poet—and his verse, though never elevated, is far from being without merit—there can be little doubt that in our time the attraction of his name is due chiefly to the friends and associates he gathered round him. We have no such record of the talk at his table as we find of Johnson and his associates in the inimitable pages of Boswell, and Rogers himself was a small man compared with "the great Cham of letters," but the most distinguished men of the century were his frequent guests.

When Coleridge talked of poetry generally, and Wordsworth of his own verse, to him the most attractive of themes, and Scott, the least self-conscious of poets, related his capital stories, and the Duke of Wellington showed his wide experience of affairs, and Sydney Smith set the table in a roar with his wit, wisdom and mirth must have joined in yielding delightful talk. It was something even to see such men as breakfasted or dined with Rogers, but to meet them in the ease of social intercourse was a pleasure long to be remembered.

Rogers gave some of the best dinners in London, but he is better remembered by his ten o'clock breakfasts, an invitation to which was highly coveted. He thought that the art of conversation should be cultivated, and considered that greater knowledge was to be gained from intercourse with able men than from books. It may be so in some cases, but the memory of what is said is apt to grow fainter and fainter, while the recollection of what we read may be strengthened by a second and a third perusal. Much, however, depends upon the individual. Books to some of us afford one of the greatest delights in life, and we prefer the companionship in the study of Shakespeare and Milton, of Wordsworth and Scott, to the best society that London has to offer. On the other hand there are many men full of intelligence and information who owe little to books and much to the living voice. Rogers, we are told, always aimed at improvement, and took care to lead his friends to what was worth talking about. "I never," writes his nephew, "left his company without feeling my zeal for knowledge strengthened, my wish to read quickened, and a fresh determination to take pains and do my best in everything that I was about."

Of Rogers's tact in entertaining guests his biographer writes as follows:—

The company at his table was carefully chosen, and men and women who met there

rarely found themselves antipathetically mixed. The table was not too large for the conversation to be general; the company was not numerous enough to break up into groups. When the host spoke, his guests listened. His good things were not for his next neighbor only, but for all. So with his chief guests; they had the whole company for audience. Sharp's acute observations, Mackintosh's wonderful talk, Wordsworth's monologue, Sydney Smith's irrepressible fun, were not confined to their next neighbors, but were for the whole group. People went away, therefore, not merely remarking what agreeable people sat by them at dinner, but what a pleasant party it was. Rogers once wrote as an epigram:—

When at Sir William's board you sit
 "Not his wit;
 "We find,
 Stuffed in body, starved in mind.

And he carefully avoided providing for his guests in this sense but half a meal. The intellectual entertainment was as much cared for as the other part of the food.

Rogers's sharp wit did not even spare his friends, and it is possible that his propensity to exercise it made him many enemies. Carlyle, who knew him in his old age, writes of his "large blue eyes, cruel, scornful," and of his "sardonic shelf-chin," and his very unattractive appearance no doubt added acidity to his comments. But, save in cases of ignorance and presumption, Rogers was probably not severe at heart; and if in his earlier years he satirized his friends, so that it is said people sometimes contrived to be the last to leave his house in order that the host might pass no comment upon them, he became gentler and more charitable in his old age.

Anecdotes that may have been handed about for years — and almost every one who knew Rogers has some story to tell of him — will have lost their freshness for readers familiar with the gossip of literature.

At the risk, however, of repeating what is no longer new, the following page shall be quoted from Mr. Clayden's entertaining volumes:—

Turner's biographer tells us that Turner and Rogers got on very well together, though Rogers did not spare him. He was one day admiring a beautiful table in Turner's room. It was wonderful, he said; "but," he added, "how much more wonderful it would be to see any of his friends sitting round it!" He was one of Turner's earliest admirers. "Ah," he would say, looking through his telescoped hand, "there's a beautiful thing! And the figures, too, one of them with his hand on the horse's tail — not that I can make them out, though." Landseer heard that he had expressed his admiration for the picture of a

Newfoundland dog, called "Portrait of a Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," and he expressed to Rogers his gratification. "Yes," said Rogers, "I thought the ring of the dog's collar well painted." He was one day looking at the early pages of a presentation copy of a new book. "Is that the contents you are looking at?" asked the author, who had just given it to him. "No, the discontents," answered Rogers, pointing to the list of subscribers. He was hardest perhaps on men who flattered him in order that they might pose in society as his friends. One of these persisted in trying to walk home with him one night from an evening party. Rogers had already put his arm into that of Mr. Hayward, whom he wished to accompany him, and the sycophant made the excuse for joining them on the plea that he did not like walking alone. "I should have thought, sir," said Rogers, "that no one was so well satisfied with your company as yourself!" . . . He always regretted that he had never married, and regarded married life as the best and fittest for both men and women. Yet he used to say that it mattered little whom a man married, for he was sure to find the next morning that he had married somebody else. A member of Parliament had been stopped in Italy by brigands, but was released, and Rogers used to say he owed his escape to his wife. "They wanted to carry off P—— to the mountains, but she flung her arms round his neck, and rather than take her with them they let him go."

It will be seen that some of the remarks quoted have less of wit than of churlishness. Perhaps one of his smartest sayings is an epigram on Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, who had attacked a poem of his in the *Quarterly Review*.

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it; He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

On the other hand his friends did not spare Rogers, and his cadaverous appearance was the source of many jests, which he took in good part.

One day, when he had been visiting the Catcombs with a party of friends, last. "Good-bye, Rogers," ley, shaking his hand; and everybody understood the joke. Lord Alvanley asked him why, if he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and the story used to be told that on hailing a cab in St. Paul's Churchyard the affrighted cabman had exclaimed, "No, not you!" and had taken him for a ghost. Another story was that Rogers, upon telling Ward that a watering-place to which he had gone was so full that he could not find a bed, Ward replied, "Dear me, was there no room in the churchyard?"

Sidney Smith is stated to have joked Rogers as nobody else dared. "My dear

Rogers," he said one day, "if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered, and lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu."

It would convey a very unjust impression of Rogers if we were to dwell too much on the pleasure he took in saying severe things. In spite of his occasional acerbity he was a man of warm affections, and having gained friends "grappled them to his soul with hooks of steel." It was not of a cold-blooded cynic that a man like Sir Walter Scott could say, "I really like Samuel Rogers, and have always found him most friendly;" or to whom Wordsworth could write, "Be assured, my dear friend, that in pleasure and pain, in joy and sorrow, you are often and often in my thoughts." A lady once told him, with great truth, that no one ever said severer things or did kinder deeds. "Borrow five hundred pounds of Rogers," said Campbell, "and he will never say a word against you till you want to repay him." And the poet spoke from experience. He was indeed wisely charitable, and delighted in helping men who were willing to help themselves. He did good by stealth also, and made no parade of his generous deeds; and there are men still living, who, like Dr. Mackay, are ready to testify to his disinterested kindness.

The old bachelor's love of children, a love returned with interest, is another beautiful trait in his character. He had once said to Lady Herschel, "I can never gaze at a sunset without uttering a prayer." And Lady Herschel, writing to him in his declining age, and speaking of her grandchildren, tells him, "Your name is planted in their young hearts, where it will bloom and fructify in beauty and fragrance when our generation is transplanted beyond the most glorious of sunsets." Mrs. Gladstone, writing a few years before his death, says, "I gave your loving messages to my little rosebud, who sends you kisses. I shall bring her to you, please God, before the spring." "One of the acts of his old age," says Mr. Clayden, "still vividly remembered by the remaining members of the groups of children who were round the table, was to say to them just before the party broke up, 'We have eaten together, we have played together, but we have never prayed together; let us do so now,' and he made them kneel while he repeated the Lord's Prayer."

There are many hundreds of persons now living, Mr. Clayden says, who speak of Rogers with the warmest affection from

their cherished recollections of his kindness to them in their childhood. It was his yearly custom to have a Twelfth Night party, when the beautiful rooms were all opened, and on the table in the centre of one of them was a splendid ice-cake, half of which was made of wood. An old lady, now in the eighties, recollects being present at one of those festivities, and how, being the youngest child, she was made queen of Twelfth Night.

She remembers sitting in state on a sofa of crimson silk, and the king, little Martin Shee, sat by her. Mr. Rogers came up to her, and dropped on one knee and kissed her hand. He was followed by Tom Moore, Lord Byron, "Conversation" Sharp, Boddington, and others. Mr. Rogers then amused the children by conjuring. More than thirty years after this Crabb Robinson said, "Rogers loves children, and is fond of the society of young people."

It would be a great mistake to suppose that his sayings were always dipped in vinegar. Some of his gentler utterances are wise and true, and therefore "worthy the reading." At a large dinner-party Rogers remarked, when the ladies had left the room, "There have been five separate parties, every one speaking above the pitch of his natural voice, and therefore there could be no kindness expressed; for kindness consists not in what is said, but how it is said." He was a great advocate for committing good poetry to memory, and said "he treasured up in his mind the most exquisite lines that he met with, and repeated them to himself as he lay awake at night, or as he walked on Hampstead Heath, and was the better for them all his life."

Rogers had more than one love passage in his youth, but either the lady proved faithless or the gentleman indifferent; and there are no indications that his heart was deeply moved. Though he lived so much in society and apparently for society, the poet was not wanting in serious thoughts. The lines of Cowper, —

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown,

were, we are told, often on his lips. And that this singularly prosperous man was deeply conscious of his own deficiencies may be gathered from a letter in which, after counselling a scapegrace, and saying that what he regards as an affliction may be the happiest event in his life, Rogers adds, "When I look back on mine, I feel that I am too faulty myself to blame

another, and have only on my knees to ask forgiveness."

Another noteworthy quality in Rogers that deserves to be remembered was his kind labor as a peacemaker. More than once he brought friends together whom some misunderstanding had estranged. Empson, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, for whom he once did this good office, wrote to thank him in these words: "My dear Friend,—Blessed are the peacemakers, and I trust you will sleep well to-night with this blessing on your pillow—better than hops."

It is pleasant in his extreme old age to see how friends from all sides gathered round him, and how loyal their regard or affection was. Dr. Johnson used to say that, with a view to the losses time inevitably brings, a man should be constantly making new friends. Friends, however, are not so easily to be won and kept, and as men grow old they are less susceptible to new influences. In this respect, as in almost every other, Rogers was one of the most fortunate of men, and the associate of Charles James Fox in the last century was the friend of Dickens and of Mr. Ruskin in this. The younger generation clustered round him as the friends of youth and of middle age departed. One of the dearest of these friends, and the most distinguished poet of his age, died in 1850, and Rogers was asked to succeed Wordsworth as poet laureate. But the old man considered that it would be folly to accept such an honor at eighty-seven, when he reflected, as he wrote to Prince Albert, "that nothing remains of me but my shadow, a shadow so soon to depart." Some years before, by the recommendation of Rogers and Hallam, Tennyson had received a pension from the Civil List, and now, supposing him to be most worthy of the laurel, Lord John Russell wrote to Rogers asking to know something of his character and literary merits. That the answer was in the highest degree satisfactory does not need to be said, and we are told that on his appointment Tennyson went to court in Rogers's court dress. "I well remember," says Sir Henry Taylor, "a dinner in St. James's Place when the question arose whether Samuel's suit was spacious enough for Alfred. But it did for Wordsworth, and it sufficed for his successor."

About this time Rogers was knocked down by a carriage and received an injury which lamed him for the rest of his life. From all quarters of England as well as

from foreign countries came expressions of sympathy, and Lord Brougham told him it was almost worth while being ill to have so universal a feeling expressed as prevailed. Mr. Ruskin characteristically would not condescend at all, and wrote in his pleasant way:—

I have not the least doubt that you will be just as happy upon your sofa in your quiet drawing-room (with a little companionship from your once despised pensioners, the sparrows outside), for such time as it may be expedient for you to stay there, as ever you were in making your way to the doors of the unquiet drawing-rooms—full of larger sparrows inside—into which I used to see you look in pity, then retire in all haste. I am quite sure you will always, even in pain or confinement, be happy in your own good and countless ways.

Thanking the Bishop of London for his inquiries, Rogers wrote:—

As for myself, I am going on, I believe, as well as I can expect, being at length promoted from my bed to a chair, and if this is to be my last promotion I shall endeavor to console myself as Galileo is said to have done under a heavier dispensation, "It has pleased God that I should be blind, and ought not I to be pleased?"

There is little to tell of Rogers's last days beyond the record of failing powers. A lady relates that driving out with him one day in his carriage, she asked after a friend whom he could not recollect. He pulled the check-string and appealed to his servant. "Do I know Lady M——?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. Turning to his companion in the carriage and taking her hand, he said, "Never mind, my dear, I am not yet reduced to stop the carriage and ask if I know you." Many of his best and some of his oldest friends died not long before his own decease. The opening of 1850 brought the death of Lord Jeffrey; three months later Wordsworth died full of years and honor; then Hallam wrote to Rogers on the loss of a second son, the second blow that had fallen on him under almost the same circumstances as the death of Arthur, who lives in "In Memoriam." Two years later his old friend Thomas Moore passed away, and a little later Luttrell had died, after being like his friend "a prominent figure in London life for fifty years." Turner, the greatest of landscape-painters, died also, leaving Rogers his executor. Then Lord Monteagle informed him that Empson, of whom mention has been already made, was on his death-bed, and how, after reading him the twenty-third Psalm, he said,

"Tell Rogers that you read this to me. I read it once with him — he will remember. He was a good friend to me if ever I had one."

This loss was followed by that of the poet's old friend, Lord Denman, Mr. Pusey and his wife Lady Emily, and William Maltby, with whom he had gone, more than seventy years before, to call on Dr. Johnson, when at the last moment their hearts failed them. Life was becoming less desirable to Rogers himself, not only from the loss of those he loved, but on account of his own infirmities; and when his sister died in her eighty-third year, Rogers, who was nine years older, exclaimed, "What a great blessing! I wish I could die too." He lived eleven months longer — months in which every day brought accounts of the loss of some one of his friends, and died in his ninety-third year, on the 18th December, 1855.

JOHN DENNIS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

RECENT CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO.

BY W. W. STORY.

Mallett. Have you a bit of string?

Belton. Of course I have. It is my particular meanness. Everybody has a little personal ridiculous meanness, and *that* is mine. I cannot bear to cut a string which I can untie, — not that I want it; not that I expect it to be of any special use; not that I take care to put it aside, so as to find it when I want it; but that it goes against me to cut it. I carefully undo it, roll it up, put it away, and never find it again. What is your meanness? — for of course you have one.

Mal. Mine is paper. I have an Arabian feeling against tearing up letters and destroying scraps of paper, — not from the fear that prompts the Arabs, lest the name of Allah may be inscribed upon it — not for any really good reason, but from an unreasoning impulse. It goes against my grain. This habit entails a good deal of unnecessary work and loss of time afterwards — for notes and letters so accumulate that one must clear them out and destroy them at some time, — but still I go on practising it.

Bel. If one could bring one's mind to file away all the notes and letters one receives, and put them in order, with easy catalogues of reference, much that is very valuable would be preserved which is now destroyed, and which to after generations

would be most precious. Think of Shakespeare's letters, for instance. They were of no value to his correspondents at the time, and were probably all torn up; but what would we not give for them?

Mal. John Quincy Adams followed this rule. He kept, as I have understood, everything which was written to him, and this of itself, gave him a certain power in public life. If any man denied he had ever expressed certain opinions, or mentioned certain facts, or been engaged in certain transactions in public life which he had forgotten or would fain conceal, there was sure to be a record in Mr. Adams's papers, in case there had ever been any correspondence between the two. After all, in the correspondences of public or of private men there is often much which is of far greater importance in elucidating questions, characters, and opinions of the day, than is to be found in their formal writings. What is called gossip often throws great light upon public events, and letters are a minor and truer history of the time than is contained in the elaborate pages of historians. I cannot bear to destroy a letter; nor do I ever see a person recklessly tear one to pieces and throw it in the waste-basket without a chill. Not that I know what I shall do with them; not that I have any intention of using them for any definite purpose; and, worst of all, after laying them away I forget all about them, and who wrote them, and what they contain — still, from some strong unreasoning impulse I keep them. It is very foolish, I know; but one does so many such foolish things.

Bel. What surprises me is that editors and printers do not preserve the manuscript copy by distinguished writers from which their works are printed — not only because of its interest to them personally as autograph, but because they are throwing away what has to others often a high market value. Besides, it is instructive as well as amusing to see an original manuscript by a great author; it lets one into the private laboratory of his thoughts; it shows how he worked — whether he was facile in his productions or labored over them. His very changes and corrections would show the growth of the subject in his mind, and the value he put upon expressions and phrases. Fragments are often printed in facsimile to give the character of the handwriting and the alterations of words and phrases; but these only give us a slight glimpse through a crevice into a region which we all would

like to have entirely open to "expatiate" in. There is a reckless wastefulness in throwing away such manuscripts which I cannot understand.

Mal. My feeling goes with yours in this matter. I feel as if there were in the manuscript of an author an almost sensible part of himself—that, so to speak, it is materially possessed by his spirit. There are, indeed, those who claim to possess the power of nervously apprehending the character and quality of an author's mind by holding in their hands his handwriting—I do not mean by a study of the handwriting, but by a mesmeric sense. Whether this be so I will not undertake to say; but independent of this there is a pleasure in looking at the original manuscripts fresh from the mind and hand of the writer. But does any person of sensitive organization take into his hand an important letter without a certain recognition of its contents before he reads it?

Bel. Not to go into the mesmeric question, on which we might not agree, I suppose we should all admit the interest we have in an original manuscript of a celebrated author. Yet almost no printer or publisher preserves them, while they would scrupulously keep any little gift by him which was worthless in itself. When Dickens's things were sold the other day, everybody flocked to the sale to obtain a memorial of him, and the stuffed raven brought a great price.

Mal. I know one man who showed me, as a precious possession, two American cents which had been given him by Mr. George Peabody, "the great American philanthropist, you know, sir. I was his valet, sir, and I took care of him during a long illness; and when I left him, sir, he gave me these two American coins as a remembrance, sir, you know;" and he added, "I value them very highly; nothing would induce me to part with them." He seemed a little jealous even of allowing me to see them, lest I should carry them away with me. But there are other things I care more for, and I was not tempted, as I might have been had they been a letter of Shakespeare's.

Bel. We were speaking of little meannesses, and agreeing that everybody had them. They curiously lie in some minds close beside great generousities. I have known people who would bestow a thousand pounds on a public charity, and yet grudge and cheapen the wages of their washerwoman. I have known others ready to make a liberal present to a friend,

who would stop to haggle over the five per cent. discount for ready money; not out of miserliness either. If five per cent. or twenty per cent. had been added to the original cost, they would not have considered it a moment. But so trifling and miserly a meanness as that which I saw related of Turner, the landscape-painter, the other day, is rarer and more astonishing. The story is told by Charles Julian Young in his journal, and is as follows: Mr. Leader, the father of the former M.P. for Westminster, had commissioned Turner to paint him a picture on a given subject, and the price was fixed at three thousand guineas. Turner himself brought the picture when it was finished to the house, and Mr. Leader gave him a cheque for the three thousand guineas; on which Turner reminded him that there was still 3*s.* 6*d.* due to him for the hackney coach in which he had brought the picture to Putney.

Mal. That is scarcely credible, and yet it is probably true. Turner was a great miser, though at times he could be very generous. Artists are, as a rule, I think, generous as well as extravagant; but there are some striking exceptions. Nollekins, for instance, was a notorious miser. (Do you remember, by the way, our friend who described his cat in the same terms, as "a great miser," meaning mouser?) He was as bad almost as Ellsworth, living in the meanest and wretchedest way, and denying himself the almost absolute necessities of life. Yet he died, it is said, worth nearly £400,000. What can be the pleasure of this?

Bel. *Chi sa?* It is quite unintelligible to me, and all the more unintelligible in these days of paper money. While one's money was all in chinking and glittering gold, there might have been a material pleasure in gloating over it, and handling it, and hearing it ring. It was something positive, and real, and tangible; but to have it only in printed paper—or worse, laid away in a bank or invested in shares, with only a record of it in an account-book—this is even more inexplicable. But however it be, no man has ever enough if he is rich, and, generally speaking, the poor are the generous in this world. Some people have a pride in leaving behind them a great sum of money, and no really wealthy man gets anything like its true value out of his fortune.

Mal. Some wealthy persons seem to get what is to me a quite unintelligible pleasure out of the thought that they will be able to surprise the world, on their death,

by the unsuspected amount of the fortune they leave, and that on 'Change some such conversation as this will take place: "Have you heard that old B. is dead, and has left — what do you think? — now guess." "Well, £100,000." "No, no — £400,000. Think of it — £400,000! Who would have thought it?" "No! impossible!" "I assure you it's a fact."

Bel. Do you remember that other old B., who was so rich, and who died the other day; and this conversation occurred about him: "So old B. is dead at last. He must have left a pot of money. Have you an idea what he left?" "Oh yes — *everything!*"

Mal. Precisely — everything! All his life had been given to making money that never made him happy, and did no good to the world, and when he died he left behind him simply everything.

Bel. Who was it — some very rich man who was buying some cigars one day. When the tradesman offered him some of an extra quality, and very expensive, "Oh no," he said, "I cannot afford to smoke such costly cigars." "But these are the same cigars that we supply to your son." "Ah, that may be," was his answer. "But he may be able to afford them. He has a rich father; I have not."

Mal. I should have a fancy, were I rich, and with overflowing pockets, to give great personal gifts to friends, or even to strangers who were in need. It would be a delight to me to say, "Here are one thousand, ten thousand pounds. Take them, and be happy;" and it would be ample reward to me to see them happy. Think of being able to go into Jones's house, knowing that he is torn to pieces with trying to make the two ends meet, and saying, "There are ten thousand pounds; be happy, and let us all be happy together." Think of Mrs. Jones's look! Would not that be pay enough? I should not like so much to dole out small sums at intervals to repair losses or pay debts. That is like mending or patching old clothes. But I should like best to set persons straight up on their feet; give them an entire new suit of fortune, and make them feel rich at once. That is my notion. Giving to public charities does not tempt me. There is no personality in them. I like persons, but not masses. Besides, public charities half the time are great mistakes.

Bel. Yes; and sometimes private charities are equally so. One naturally expects gratitude for generous services rendered, but somehow it seems to me that

in most cases gratitude for past favors is a good deal mixed up with the anticipation and hope of future favors; and that one act of generosity is considered as a pledge and promise of others to come.

Mal. But, at all events, private charities do not seek the remuneration of public applause. I am uncharitable enough to believe that it is precisely this public applause which is but too often the spur to many a public charity. For my own part I cannot help feeling more admiration for secret, spontaneous, unexpected, and even odd private charities, which seek no reward and hide out of sight, than for those which are made with a great flourish before the world. For instance, there was B., who in crossing the English Channel fell in with a lonely old lady, whom he had never seen, and out of pure kindness of heart he helped her to a seat and paid her a number of little attentions, to make her comfortable, and finally, on arrival, called a cab, put her into it, and said good-bye; and shortly afterwards the old lady died, and to the astonishment of B., she left him all her money! Now that is what I call a dear old lady, and I have never failed since then to be polite and attentive to every old lady I meet in my travels. Then, again, there was the artist whom I knew in Florence years ago, who was struggling along through adversity, with no orders, and no hope of any, when one day a notary comes into his studio and informs him that an old gentleman opposite — an Englishman, of course — has just died and left him his entire fortune. "But I didn't know him; it must be a mistake," said A. "But he knew you, and it is no mistake," said the notary; "and though he never spoke to you, he used to watch you, and he informed himself about you, and then made his will in your favor, and I am come to announce the fact to you." I need not say that from that day forward he had more orders than he could execute. But this is the way of the world. Still another person I know whose ancestor obtained a fortune from an utter stranger simply by opening his pew door to him and giving him a seat. The stranger had entered the church, and was rather embarrassed where to go. The cold Christian shoulder was turned on him as he went down the aisle, until this gentleman, observing his shyness, rose, opened his pew, and motioned him to take a place in it. The stranger thanked him on leaving the church after service, informed himself of his name by the hymn-book, went home, and left him a fortune by his will.

Bel. And served him right. But I know a better story than that—where fortune played a wicked trick on a beautiful woman. She was in the theatre one evening with a friend, and the two ladies sat opposite each other in the front seats of the box. It so happened that an eccentric gentleman, who was in the pit below, saw her, was greatly struck with her grace and beauty, and, after gazing at her for some time, turned to his next neighbor, and asked if he could tell him the name of the lady in box 10, or whatever the number was. His neighbor, thinking he referred to the other lady, who owned the box, gave that lady's name instead of hers. The gentleman wrote it down in his notebook, and said no more, but went home and made a codicil to his will, leaving a fortune, as he supposed, to her, and giving his reasons for so doing; but unfortunately he inserted the name of the other lady, thinking it hers, and the fortune went to the wrong person.

Mal. And I suppose the friend gave her up the fortune?

Bel. Oh, you do! Well, you are ingenious. She took quite a different view of the matter, and declined to believe that he intended to do otherwise than he did do—and that is, to leave the fortune to her. Why should he leave a fortune to one rather than to the other? Both were strangers to him.

Mal. The old gentleman,—I suppose he must have been an old gentleman— young gentlemen don't do such things,— must always have carried about with him a sort of covert amused sense of the joke he was playing, and laughed to himself over the astonishment that his will would create. I think I can quite understand the secret fun that he must have had out of it— something like having a hidden jack-in-the-box in one's pocket for the children at home.

Bel. It is always well to be beautiful if one can; and if one has not beauty, good manners and kindness of acts are always in one's power. We lose nothing by being friendly, and we gain so much. Some persons seem to pride themselves on brusquerie and what they call frankness—which is often but another name for coarseness and inconsiderateness. A pleasant word may breed a happy feeling, and a cold word chill a tender sentiment. Truth is a great virtue; but love is a greater. Those people who are always telling you what they call the truth, are generally very offensive, and they rarely do you any good.

Mal. You remind me of old Mrs. M—and our friend H—. After making a very rude and disagreeable speech to him, when he was first presented to her, she added, as a sort of excuse, "You see, I am a *downright* person; and I must speak the truth." "Oh, well," he answered, "I, on the contrary, am a very *upright* person; so it does not matter much."

Bel. I should have liked to see her face when this was said.

Mal. What a strange thing chance is! what wonderful things are born of pure accident! How near we come to happiness, how close we touch to fortune, without knowing it! How nearly we graze death, and are all the while perfectly unconscious of the danger! Like vessels at sea, we often pass each other blindly in the darkness of night, unknowing that a foot more or less might have carried both to destruction—or a foot more or less have brought us glad tidings and friendly salutations. Had we happened to have met such or such persons, what a change it might have made in life! Had we spoken a word that was on our lips or in our heart, how different all might have been! Ah! the might-have-beens! how sad they are!

Bel. Society is a strangely shuffled pack of cards, and a perfect hand is nearly impossible. Let us thank God if we get any of the honors and a few of the trumps.

Mal. Having the trumps is a matter of chance, but being a trump is always in our power. Whatever are our cards, it is our own fault if we do not play them well.

Bel. Not always. There is such a thing as luck. I worship the Bona Dea! Without her all our efforts are useless. It is easy enough to be good as long as you are happy. The difficulty is to be good when you are irritable and unfortunate. It is easy enough to drive by day over a good road so as to be pretty sure, with skill, to avoid accidents; but in a dark night, amid pitfalls and broken hedges and earth-slides, with all your skill it is nearly impossible not to come to grief.

Mal. We all pray for good luck, I suppose, and believe in it; and yet good fortune often hardens the heart. The rich are not generally the generous in this world.

Bel. There is no apple without its speck, and the fairer the fruit the more conspicuous is the defect. We expect the rich to be generous, the pious to be loving, and the Christian to be forgiving! But the specks of bigotry and intolerance are generally rather large on the professed Christian, and the crimes committed in

the name of religion are the most cruel in history. True piety is a great grace, but the "unco pious" are generally hard and intolerant.

Mal. A friend of mine who was giving a large dinner, once called on old T., the negro caterer, to arrange the dinner and take the trouble off her hands. "Yes, ma'am," said old T., "I'll look out for it all; but fust I want to know who de company is. Is there any clergymen and them kind a-comin'?" "Certainly," said my friend; "but why do you ask such a question?" "Oh," says old T., "if they's clergymen and that sort comin', you must get more to eat and drink. Them pious eats tremendous!"

Bel. Oh, Tartuffe is not dead yet. We all of us have our pet vices, and our pet meannesses, and our pet indulgences. There is a speck of Tartuffe in every one. But to go back to what we were saying a little while ago of little special trivial meannesses, such as preserving strings and scraps of paper, and all the brood that "Waste not, want not," engenders, and Miss Edgeworth recommends in one of her delightful stories — Miss Brontë, you remember, wrote those wonderful novels of hers on the backs of old letters and scraps of paper, and Pope had the same peculiarity. Longfellow also wrote the "Psalm of Life" on the back of an old letter.

Mal. Oh, that was not from meanness, and I sympathize with her entirely. A great blank sheet of white paper alarms me; and as for writing freely in a beautifully bound book, I cannot do it. A fair white sheet of fine pressed paper seems to demand of you a certain deliberation and caution, and engenders a certain formality of style and precision of expression; while on a scrap of paper one may give vent to one's thoughts, and let them flow as they come. I cannot divest myself of a feeling that I must put on company literary manners when the white sheet is before me. It seems to expect and exact them, and to scrawl upon it seems to be bad manners. With the old back of a letter one is in one's slippers; one may be foolish, and familiar, and natural. It is the same about drawing, with me. I like to draw on accidental pieces of paper, and not to have everything trim, and exact, and requiring. I repeat, the root of this feeling is meanness. It troubles me when I see anybody carelessly seize a sheet of paper to scribble on, or make calculations on, and then throw it away as if it were of no consequence. And when I am asked

to write in an album, I feel as conscious and unnatural as if I were going to sit for my photograph.

Bel. You know X——. Well, the other day a friend met him, and was so struck by a certain unnaturalness of look, expression, and bearing, that he said, "Is there anything the matter with you?" "Oh no," was the answer; "I am only going to have my photograph taken!"

Mal. Under such an infliction as that, how can one be natural and unaffected?

Bel. It is almost as trying as being called upon suddenly to make an after-dinner speech, which is the most fearful imposition that can be laid on man.

Mal. Ah, that is perfectly stultifying! When one knows that this horrible trick is to be played upon one, existence is miserable until it is over. How grimly one smiles and pretends to be at his ease, and jerks out spasmodic talk at intervals, and then falls back into himself, and roams up and down the empty chambers of his brain in search of an idea, or goes over and over in his memory the phrases he has shaped, and which keep eluding the grasp! It is like the hour before being hanged. How he envies the friend at his side who has gone through the ordeal, and smiles now after it is over, or who is not to be called upon!

Bel. Ay, but there are some persons whose greatest pleasure is in making speeches, who are only happy when they are on their feet uttering platitudes in a pompous voice, and expecting, nay demanding, applause for stale jokes and inevitable puns.

Mal. What bores such people are! Or is it because we envy their facility that we hate them so?

Bel. Is there any engine of social oppression more terrible than speechifying? When shall we abolish it? We used to let a man off with a toast, a sentiment, or a song — but *nous avons changé tout cela*. There was something very absurd in the old sentiments which used to be given — the Joseph Surface sentiments which so pleased our grandfathers. But even these were better than our modern speechifying. They were at all events short, and one could prepare them and commit them to memory, so as to have them ready for any occasion.

Mal. We were talking the other day about the artificial jargon of poets at the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, and priding ourselves on our superiority. But this morning I met with a poem, cited with approbation in a

leading newspaper of England, which I think in its way, though different in style, is quite worthy of anything our grandfathers ever wrote. Listen, and see if you can make anything out of these lines, —

It was a place so dreamy brown,
Pensive with sheep-bells under the down,
Scent dreamy wild with a windy crown.

These were said to be “decidedly pleasing.”

Bel. Well, are they not?

Mal. Yes, very pleasing; but do they mean anything? What is a “scent dreamy wild with a windy crown”?

Bel. *Chi lo sa?* Something very charming undoubtedly. But why “windy crown”?

Mal. Oh! “windy” is a favorite word with some of our modern poets. What is meant by it sometimes I do not precisely know. I only know that some of the poems in which it occurs are admirably characterized by the word.

Bel. What do you think of this? “Saddle-fast in a good ship it is good sport to flatter the mane of the huge *destrier* Oceanus.”

Mal. I shall introduce it into my next after-dinner speech on board ship. It is a great deal better than your quotation from Johnson: “Let observation with extensive view.” It is in what you may call a grand swelling style. But where did you find it?

Bel. No matter where; it occurs in the pages of an author of talent of the present day. I will not give you his name.

Mal. You invented it.

Bel. I did not. I could pick you out a good many nearly as good from the same author, but this struck me as being what is called nowadays “a gem.” I wish to give it an appropriate setting.

Mal. Why “*destrier*”?

Bel. There is nothing so fine in English.

Mal. We are not only getting into the habit of using French words, but also of translating French phrases into our English; for instance, there is scarcely a paper I take up which does not inform us that something has been “definitively arranged” — meaning, of course, “definitely” or “finally” settled; or that something “goes without saying” — where it goes we are not told.

Bel. Yes. And we now never say anything — we intimate it. Mr. Jones boldly says to Smith at supper: “If you say that again, I’ll knock you down.” But the newspapers report that he intimated

an intention to prostrate his opponent. Jones also adds that Smith is a blackguard and a rascal. Smith’s friend says that “Jones *alluded* to him as not being honorable in his conduct.” Brown, wishing to know who began this, asks, “By whom was this *initiated*?” Smith’s friend replies that it was *initiated* by Jones, and that the controversy lasted the *balance* of the night, and was then *definitively settled* by an apology. Brown then asks where the parties are “stopping” now — meaning to ask where the two persons are staying, for nobody now stays in a place, he “stops;” and Smith’s friend “intimates” that it has “transpired” that they are in Green’s hotel, and that Smith has “extended an invitation” to Jones to dinner, and that thus the “difficulty” has been “definitively arranged.” But in the newspaper account of it the writer says, “An outrage which at first sight seems almost incredible, has just been ventilated by special inquiry.”

Mal. No; that last is impossible.

Bel. I quote it exactly from a paper of to-day.

Mal. This is too bad. Well, I know not whether it is worse than the euphuism of some modern authors. Everything now is “supreme” with certain writers. It is a “supreme” day; a “supreme” satisfaction; a “supreme” poem. I read the other day a critique of some pictures in which it was said that “the preciousness of these examples is not alone in the design or other more finely intellectual elements, but in the gorgeous superlative technique.” And speaking of one picture, it is described as having “full-formed lips, purplish now, but ruddy formerly, and once moulded by potentialities of passion,” and as being “a transcendent success.”

Bel. Nothing happens or occurs now — it “transpires.” “A number of cases” I read the other day “had transpired,” and all I can say is that I hope they feel better after transpiring. We now *inaugurate* everything that we do not *initiate*, apparently without the least idea of what the words really mean. We commence, but we rarely begin. We give ovations to persons, not meaning rotten eggs. We “open up” everything; but why up? Soon we shall open up a door, or house. “To the general reader this volume,” we are told by a late writer in what is called a “prominent” English newspaper or journal, “will open *up* a storehouse of new ideas.” A newspaper is called an “issue,” and I wish sometimes it could be

healed. "Notably" is constantly used for "for instance" — everything is a "note" of something, whether the note is do, re, mi, fa, sol, or la, is not said. Then we have "recitals" of music on a pianoforte, and next, I suppose, we shall play pictures on a canvas. "Trouble" is also used in a new way. "Do not trouble about it." Trouble whom, or trouble what? The best writers in England also say "different to," instead of "different from." We "endorse" everything. "There is no need," says a late writer, "to endorse the fancy that Shakespeare may have been a law clerk." Think of endorsing a fancy!

Mal. I find also in many modern English books the vulgarism of "whatever" and "wherever" used for "what" and "where;" as, "Wherever is he going?" "Whatever is he doing?" — for "Where is he going?" and "What is he doing?" Can anything be more vulgar?

Bel. It is senseless as well as vulgar. I am sorry, too, to see that the improper American use of the word "quite" is now coming into vogue in England. Mr. Henry Kingsley, for instance, says in his novel of "The Harveys," "I had been quite a long time at school, and had never once asked him to come to our dingy house." What is quite a long time? Quite means entirely — completely. What is completely or entirely a long time?

Mal. They have not in England gone so far as to accept the phrase of "quite a number of persons" which I see in every American newspaper and book. What is quite a number? Is not one number as much of a number as another?

Bel. Also the Americans have entirely altered the meaning of the word. When they say, for instance, that any one is quite well, they mean he is not quite or entirely well, but only tolerably well.

Mal. One of the oddest phrases used in America, and one which is not justified by the usage of the best writers of English, is, "I don't feel like going, or doing something," for "I don't feel inclined to go, or do something." You may feel like a thing or a person, but how can you feel like an action? You may feel like a fool, or an ass, or a stick, possibly; but how can you feel like a doing or a going?

Bel. It is, nevertheless, universal in America.

Mal. I remember being startled by what struck me as an extraordinary and ludicrous use of this phrase. I had just arrived in America, and was taking my breakfast in the breakfast-room of the hotel, when a pretty woman came in with

a little child, and seated herself near me. The child had no appetite, and refused, in a whining voice, everything that was offered to it. The mother apparently was disturbed by this, and at last relapsed into silence for a few minutes. Then suddenly she turned to the child, and said, "Well, don't you feel like beefsteak?"

Bel. Feel like beefsteak! That was good. It is better than the singular epithet I once heard an American lady apply to a fish at a *table d'hôte*. When it was placed on the table, she turned to her husband, and exclaimed, "What an elegant fish!"

Mal. Odder still is the American use of love for like. They love beef and potatoes; and they like their friends.

Bel. I beg your pardon. They "perfectly love" beef, I admit, but persons are "perfectly sweet and lovely" too. Think of a "perfectly sweet and lovely" man, or a man who, besides being "perfectly fascinating," is also "just as sweet and lovely as he can be;" and I know not how many times I have heard that phrase.

Mal. Do you mean to suggest that the Americans have not a right to use the English language as they choose?

Bel. If I dared to do so, I should. But I don't dare to do this; I have been so often abused for such a suggestion.

Mal. The Americans are a great people, sir. Do you know there are over fifty millions of persons in America?

Bel. Yes, I've heard all that; and I "perfectly love" them all. But if my dearest friend has a wart on his nose, I can't help seeing it.

Mal. But you need not mention it.

Bel. No, because he can't get rid of it; but he can rid himself of bad grammar, and bad English, and bad spelling.

Mal. Well, the English use as much slang as the Americans.

Bel. Suppose they do; what then? Are they not to be reproved for it? or do they answer that they have a right to do as they please with their language, since it is theirs? No; the English language belongs to neither Americans nor English to abuse and maltreat. It is the noblest of all languages, in my opinion; the richest, the freest, the most ductile; and it is painful to see it so abused as it often is in both countries.

Mal. You cannot expect a language not to grow and to change, unless it is a dead language.

Bel. I wish it to grow, but not to be corrupted and tampered with. No other

peoples play such pranks with their language as we do. The French and Italians, for instance, jealously protect theirs from the invasions of ignorance and vulgarity, and study to keep them in their perfection; but we open our doors, and let in tramps from anywhere. The literary class formerly was small and select. Nowadays everybody writes and prints. At the close of the last century, the distinction between writing and speaking was very great, and the literary style for the most part was conscious, artificial, and labored. Now we have gone to the opposite extreme of carelessness, and phrases which scarcely can be tolerated even in speech are thought worthy of print. We mistake slipshod for ease, and the English language is losing its vigor and idiomatic form under the influence of daily scribblers. Foreign adventurers are freely admitted into the best company. Foreign idioms and slang are accepted and adopted to the exclusion of the staid graces of the old English tongue. In protest against this tendency, euphuism has come forward with as many bows and grimaces and elaborations, as Osric when he conveyed the challenge to Hamlet. This new school of overfine elaboration in England, is to my mind as bad as the careless commonness of America. I do not refer to the American authorities, who really strive in their writings to avoid the carelessness so generally shown by their countrymen in speech, and who not only aim at correctness and style, but often succeed in attaining it. Some of the American writers, indeed, may be held up as models of pure English style. But why should they not speak as well as they write?

Mal. Oh! we speak the language we constantly hear — and of course every one writes more carefully than he speaks. We catch phrases, expressions, intonations, utterances, without our will, unconsciously, as we do the scarlet fever and measles. It is impossible to resist it. But when we write we express ourselves more deliberately and consciously. But I agree with you in what you were saying of the new euphuistic school of England. When I read that a poet is not, "as the popular notion tends too much to supposing, a mere vague idealist," when he has "no indeterminate *spatiatē* of the natural world to spatiate in," I feel as if the author had put on over his slipshod rags some of the cast-off finery of Lyly's wardrobe, that we of this age, as well as Shakespeare, only laugh at.

Bel. Art has to suffer from the fantastic diction of this school of so-called æsthetic writing more than any other subject. When I read of the "sustained treble of a Limoges plate," I seem to be in a limbo of languages where nothing is real, and only ghosts of ideas are fluttering about me. It is, as Holofernes says, "Too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it."

Mal. "A most singular and choice epithet." Go on.

Bel. "They draw out the thread of their verbosity finer than the staple of their argument." Go on.

Mal. "They seem to have been at a general feast of languages and stolen the scraps."

Bel. Let us, however, take care what we say, and let no one hear us, or "we shall be infamozed among potentates." As for myself, I point at no one in particular. ("God beware," as my German friend said.) Far be it from me to do such wrong. "I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and will right myself like a soldier." But enough of Don Armado; and I fear I sin myself in the way of swelling. I can strut on occasion with the best of them.

Mal. In the English pulpit a peculiar sacredness seems to attach itself to certain methods of pronunciation which are never heard in common speech. To have *sin-nēd* and *err-ēd* seems to be more terrible than shortly to have *sinned* and *erred*; and the *Charrch* to be something more sacred than the *Church*. Why is this affectation of pronouncing all the perfect participles as dissyllables, with such emphasis?

Bel. "They somewhat affect the letter because it argues piety," with Holofernes.

Mal. A certain set is now striving to introduce a radical change in spelling, so as to conform the spelling to the pronunciation. Where would there be a limit to this were it admitted? Would it not be better to try to pronounce as we spell? At least it would be more practicable. The fact is, that we begin by mispronouncing, and end by misspelling. For instance, the final syllables of all words ending in *sion* or *tion* we now pronounce as if they were written *shun* or *shon*. Shall we alter the spelling of all these words? Shall we write *passion*, *pashon*, and knock the *z* out of fashion? Formerly all these final syllables in *ion* were pronounced and emphasized; so was the *in* such words as should and would. Shall

we leave the *l* out now because we have ceased to pronounce it? But it is useless to instance particular words, — the whole English language as a written language would disappear. I cannot say that Dr. Noah Webster's changes approve themselves to my mind. Why *honor* and *favor*? These words were not brought into English from the Latin, but from the Norman, and they were not only spelled *honour* and *favour*, but the stress of the accent was on the final syllable in the early poets. Besides, the eye of the reader ought to be pleased as well as the ear; and to my eye there is greater grace in *favour* than in *favor*, which to the eye is hard and ancient. Again, we do not so pronounce the word. If we follow pronunciation, we should strike out the *o* and not the *u*, or leave out the *h* and spell it *onner* or *onur*. How does that look? All its ancestry is gone, all its glory is departed. Why not also spell *courtesy*, *curtesy*?

Bel. Why not?

Mal. Because all its courtesy is gone to the eye, and it is *curt* instead of *courtly*. Why *theater*? Have we gained anything by transposing the *e* and the *r*?

Bel. What would you do with the terminations in *ough*?

Mal. Let them alone. It is in no human power, without overthrowing and ruining the language, to spell English as it is pronounced. We know how to pronounce it, and that is enough. I don't care how difficult English is to foreigners or children, — it was not made for them. As for those words in *ough*, about which such a point is made, they were all rightly spelled according to the old pronunciation, and were all guttural in Chaucer's time. Let these words alone — they have a history; or, if you will change, change your pronunciation. I find *mould* now almost universally spelled *mold* in America, and nothing irritates me more. And why is this? Because, forsooth, we so write *gold* and *hold*, etc., as if they properly should have the same pronunciation. Surely they should not. *Gold* is short; *mould* is long. You hear the *u*, or ought to hear it, in the latter, but certainly not in the former. Let us try to pronounce both words properly, and the difference is at once felt. If we do not feel it, we either mispronounce, or our ear is very far from fine. But I suppose persons who pronounce Boston as if it were spelled Baust'n, would scarcely heed the difference. You see I spare you the derivation and ancestry of the word, though that is enough to me.

Bel. If we are to change the spelling, let us take back some of the old. There are words that I should like to see changed. For instance, *message* seems to me far better and more accurate than *messenger*, and *passager* than *passenger*, and *parliament* or *parlement* than *parliament*. What business has the *i* in this last word? It exists in no other language, and is not pronounced in ours, and, besides, is a modern misspelling. *Message* and *passage* naturally make *message* and *passager*, and are so spelled by Chaucer. The *en* was substituted for the *a* at a later period by the new spellers, who ignorantly thought they were doing good work. So also, I think, we should spell *victualler*, *vitailler*. We so pronounce it, and Chaucer so wrote it. So, too, I should like to take back some of the old words which we have lost, such as *gaylard*, which corresponds to the French *gaillard*, — you remember Chaucer's prentice in "The Coke's Tale" — "Gaylard he was as goldfynch in the schaine," — and *camois* for *hooked*. So *yoxeth* seems to me far better than *hiccups* or *hiccoughs*. Then, again, it seems to me a great pity to have lost such plural forms as *eyen* for *eyes*. We still say *oxen*, not *oxes*. *Silvern*, too, is better than *silver*, not only for sound's sake, but as distinguishing the adjective from the substantive. We have *brazen*, *golden*, why not *silvern*? One of the defects of our language is its excess of sibilants, and the plurals in *en* please my ear and eye. Would "dearly beloved brothers" sound as well as "brethren"? For instance, —

With *camois* nose and *eyen* grey as glass.

So, too, I confess to liking *withouten* better than *without*, and *asken* in the plural instead of *ask*, — perhaps because they are associated in my mind with that pathetic and exquisite passage of "The Knight's Tale" in Chaucer, —

What asken men to have
Now with his love, now in his coldë grave
Alone, withouten any companie.

Mal. What an exquisite passage that is! Indeed, what an exquisite poem the whole of "The Knight's Tale" is! How fresh, how vigorous, how living, how pathetic! What a wonderful description that is of the forest! One actually seems to see it, it is described with such vividness. What sharp, clear pictures he paints with a touch! No one can approach Chaucer in the intensity and truth of some of his lines, as, for instance, —

The smiler with the knife under his cloak.
 The smiler ! — what a touch ! Again, —
 The coldē death, with mouth gaping upright.
 Is that not grim enough ? Or try him at
 landscape. Remember the picture painted
 on the wall, —

First on the wall was painted a forēste,
 In which there dwellēd neither man nor beste,
 With knotty, knarry, barren treēs olde,
 Of stubbēs sharp and hideous to behoide ;
 In which there ran a romble and a swough,
 As though a storm shuld bresten every bough.

Truly he might say, —

All full of chirking was that sorry place.

Bel. But take, since we are quoting,
 again, that beautiful morning scene of his
 in the same poem. Can anything be
 fresher and more beautiful ? —

The besy lark, the messenger of day,
 Salūeth in hire song the morwe gray ;
 And firy Phœbus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
 And with his stremēs dryeth in the greves
The silver dropēs hanging on the leaves.
 And Arcite, that is in the court ryā,
 With Theseus, his squiēr principāl,
 Is risen, and looketh on the merry day ;
 And for to down his observance to May,
 Remembering on the poynt of his desire,
He on his courser sterling as the fire,
 Is ridden to the fieldēs him to playe
 Out of the court, were it a mile or tweye.

There is nothing like that in all English
 verse. The quaintness, the simplicity, the
 directness, the freshness, the feeling for
 nature, the grace, are quite unapproach-
 able. I wish I could go on quoting Chaucer,
 but there would never be an end, and
 I might as well leave off. How did he
 manage in his old age to keep such perfect
 youth and heartiness ? One never
 feels as if he were old. The heart springs
 up and sings in every line. His gaiety is
 irrepressible. The world is always young
 to him. His humor is so sly and sharp ;
 his pathos so tender and refined ; his glad-
 ness so pulsing and contagious ; his ro-
 mance so chivalrous ; his sympathies so
 large — that he carries one away with him
 at his "own sweet will." Yet I hear many
 persons say they cannot read him. His
 quaint spelling disturbs them, and they
 find his verses halting and unfinished.

Mal. His verses halting ! I know no
 poet whose verse is to me more charming,
 more full of exquisite cadence and variety.
 He prided himself on the exactness of his
 feet and measure. One must know, to be
 sure, how to read and accent it — but that

is learned with so little trouble ; and when
 one has caught the inflections, the rhythm
 is beautiful. Besides, its very quaintness
 lends it a certain charm to me. How ter-
 ribly he loses in Dryden's transcripts ! —
 al the soul and heart is gone. Take, for
 instance, at a little greater length, the pas-
 sage you were quoting a minute or two ago
 from "The Knight's Tale : " —

Alas the woe ! alas the peinēs stronge,
 That I for you have suffer'd, and so longe !
 Alas the deth ! alas mine Emelie !
 Alas departing of our compaignie !
 Alas, mine hertis quene ! alas, my wife !
 Mine hertis ladie, ender of my life !
 What is this world ? what asken men to have
 Now with his love, now in his coldē grave
 Alone, withouten any compaignie.
 Farewell, my swete, farewell mine Emelie,
 And softē take me in your armēs tway,
 For love of God, and herkeneth what I say.

Now, see how Dryden ruins this simple
 and pathetic passage : —

This I may say, I only grieve to die
 Because I lose my charming Emilie :
 To die, when Heaven had put you in my
 power :

Fate could not choose a more malicious hour !
 What greater curse could envious Fortune
 give,

Than just to die, when I began to live !
 Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
 Now warm in love, now withering in the grave !
 Never, O never more to see the sun !
 Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone !
 This fate is common ; but I lose my breath
 Near bliss ; and yet, not bless'd before my
 death.

Farewell ; but take me dying in your arms,
 'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms.

Bel. There is a delightful volume con-
 taining several of his Canterbury Tales,
 admirably rendered into modern English
 by Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, Leigh
 Hunt, Richard Horne, and others, in
 which they have endeavored to change as
 little as possible his very words. But
 still their renderings have not the charm
 of the original, and in some cases I can-
 not but think they have unnecessarily
 altered him to suit modern ears and tastes.
 With a little accentuation in the printing,
 and change of the spelling, it seems to me
 that he ought to be quite intelligible to
 every one. Still, there are no other ren-
 derings of his poems to be compared to
 these ; and they are made with true poetic
 sense and feeling. Mr. Horne has also
 published some interesting correspon-
 dence between him and Mrs. Browning in
 relation to this book. Have you seen it ?

Mal. Yes ; and it interested me very

much. I wish there had been a good deal more of it, and I wish Leigh Hunt could have given us all his ideas and feelings about it. He truly relished Chaucer, and his essays on his poems are charming. There never was a more genial critic than he. I shall always be glad that I knew him. It was like touching an older generation of poets and writers. He showed me one day a lock of Milton's hair, which was one of his most precious possessions, and said, "Put your hand on it." I did. "There!" he said, "you have touched Milton."

Bel. Ah! that was the lock of hair on which he wrote a sonnet. There is nothing so living about us as hair. You really touched the same hair in which he twined his hand, possibly when he was dictating the "Paradise Regained." It must have given you a sensation.

Mal. It did. It was really a part of Milton that I touched. And strange that it should so long have survived him. There is probably nothing that now remains of what was once Milton, except that lock of hair—all the rest is dust.

Bel. It is said that all the component parts of the body entirely change every seven years. Do we then remain the same persons, when all that we once were has insensibly departed from us? What are we then? or what is it that is *we*? How can we claim to be the same individual person that we were ten years ago?

Mal. We are not! We are neither identical in body nor mind. There is nothing of what we were but memories, and phantasms, and ghosts of thoughts that still haunt us. Our bodies vanish from us even while we live. And when we die, to what base uses we may return! "Why, may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?"

Bel. "Twere to consider too curiously to consider so."

Mal. "No, faith, not a jot."

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in
awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

Bel. It might indeed, or make a jug for our ale as in the old song, which is but another elaboration of the same idea.

Mal. You have been in that cold and splendid mausoleum of the Medici family in S. Lorenzo in Florence. I do not mean the room where the statues of Michael Angelo stand, but that other lofty mauso-

leum, lined and cased in rich and curious marbles, with their great sarcophagi dedicated to the dead Medicean grand dukes a grand, cold, heartless place.

Bel. I remember it well, and I remember that it cost nearly three millions of scudi—to be accurate, 2,700,000.

Mal. And I suppose you or any one would think that with all this splendor, some little consideration would have been bestowed on the bodies of the royal personages whom the tombs are raised to celebrate. But it is not so. Where the bodies of the early dukes were first buried I know not, but in 1791, Ferdinand III. gathered together all the coffins containing the royal bodies, and had them piled together pell-mell in the subterranean vaults of the chapel, caring scarcely to distinguish one from another, and there they remained uncared for, and only protected from invasion by two wooden doors, with common keys, until 1857. But shame then came over those who had the custody of the place; and it was determined to put them in place and order. In 1818, a rumor was current that these Medicean coffins had been violated and robbed of all the articles of value which they contained. But little heed was paid to this rumor, and it was not until thirty-nine years afterwards, in 1857, that an examination into the fact was made. It was then found that the rumor had been well founded. The forty-nine coffins containing the remains of the family were taken down one by one, and a sad state of things was exposed. Some of them had been broken into and robbed, some of them were the hiding-places of rats and every kind of vermin; and such was the nauseous odor they gave forth, that at least one of the persons employed in taking them down lost his life by inhaling it.

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,

had become hideous and nauseous. Of many of them nothing remained but fragments of bones and a handful of dust; but where they had not been stolen, the splendid dresses, covered with jewels—the wrought silks and satins of gold embroidery—the helmets and swords, crusted with gems and gold,—still survived the dust and bones that had worn them in their splendid pageants and ephemeral days of power; and in many cases, where everything that bore the impress of life had gone, the hair still remained, almost as fresh as ever. Some, however, had been embalmed, and were in fair preservation; and some were in a dreadful state

of putrefaction. Ghastly and grinning skulls were there, adorned with crowns of gold. Dark and parchment-dried faces were seen, with their golden hair rich as ever, and twisted with gems and pearls and golden nets. The cardinals wore still their mitres and red cloaks and splendid rings. On the breast of Cardinal Carlos (son of Ferdinand I.) was a beautiful cross of white enamel, with the effigy of Christ in black, surrounded with emeralds, and on his hand a rich sapphire ring. On that of Cardinal Leopold, the son of Cosimo II., over the purple pianeta was a cross of amethysts, and on his finger a jacinth, set in enamel. The dried bones of Vittoria della Rovere Montefeltro were draped by a dress of black silk, of beautiful texture, trimmed with black and white lace, with a great golden medal on her breast, and the portrait of her as she was in life, lying on one side, and her emblems on the other; while all that remained of herself were a few bones. Anna Luisa, the Electress Palatine of the Rhine, daughter of Cosimo III., lay there, almost a skeleton, robed in a rich violet velvet, with the electoral crown surmounting a black, ghastly face of parchment,—a medal of gold, with her effigy and name on one side, and on her breast a crucifix of silver; while Francisco Maria, her uncle, lay beside her, a mass of putrid robes and rags. Cosimo I. and Cosimo II. had been stripped by profane hands of all their jewels and insignia; and so had been Eleonora de Toledo and Maria Christina, and many others, to the number of twenty. The two bodies which were found in the best preservation were those of the grand duchess Giovanna d' Austria, the wife of Francisco I., and their daughter Anna. Corruption had scarcely touched them, and they lay there, fresh in color as if they had just died,—the mother, in her red satin, trimmed with lace, her red silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, the earrings hanging from her ears, and her blond hair as fresh as ever; and equally well preserved was the body of the daughter—the color of their faces scarcely changed. And so, centuries after they had been laid there, the truth became evident of the rumor that ran through Florence at the time of their death, that they had died of poison. The arsenic which had taken from them their life, had preserved their bodies. Giovanni delle Bande Nere was also there—the bones scattered and loose within his iron armor, and his rusted helmet with the visor down. And this is what was left of the great Medici.

Bel. What a miserable story! Take physic, Pomp! To think that all the splendor and power of earth can come to this; that even our rags outlive us; that beauty and youth, and strength and manhood, can rot and crumble to dust like any carrion; 'tis terrible. And we still go on playing our games of folly in the face of high heaven, and ranting and bragging, as if we were anything, until the sceptre drops from the nerveless hand of the dead Cæsar, and he lies down to rot like the veriest beggar in the ditch. The beasts that brag not put us to shame. And we, who pretend to know everything! what do we know? Will any one read me the simple, every-day riddle of death? Why, the very mountains and rocks laugh at us, and spurn us for our self-conceit, and well they may. Nature scorns us; she drenches us with her tempests; buffets us with her storms; flings us fifty fathoms down her rocks to death; and burns us with her sun,—and still she cannot take the vanity and conceit out of us. You are no child of mine, Nature says. I am only your stepmother, and I scorn you for your folly. Go, poor ape, and learn modesty and humility.

Mal. Yes, I think she does indeed. She seems to care little for us; we are always at sword's point,—she to attack and destroy us, and we to parry her attacks. Death threatens out of every crevice and whispers in every wind; and Nature hides him everywhere to assault us. Sometimes, as if by caprice, she is kind, and turns us out and lets us be happy for a moment; but she is as fickle as the wind, and even when she smiles she points us out to Death, and leads us into his ambushes. What cares she if we live or die! She smiles the same over the mangled body or crushed heart as over the first kiss of love. What sympathy has she with us in our griefs and tortures and agonies? The sun shines just as clear and bright on the wretched as on the happy. Does our sorrow dim the light, or force the brook to talk less loudly, or keep the flowers from blooming? No! Nature mocks and laughs at our striving and our living.

Bel. Nothing is so terrible in our grief as the impassiveness of Nature; the perfect hardness of heart, the utter want of sympathy she shows; the cold, cruel indifference to all we feel. Even in our joy she is always taunting us with a secret, which she pretends to whisper but will not reveal. Everywhere she seems just about to tell us something we desire to know, to give us something we desire to have, and

when we grasp at it, it is gone, — over there, out beyond, somewhere where we are not. Happiness is her lure, which she holds out before us, just beyond our reach, and when we rush to seize it and stumble to the earth in pain, she will not come to our assistance. She talks a vague and inarticulate language which we cannot understand, and yet she will never explain what she means. What she means! No! nor what anything means. We all like fools pretend to understand her; but in our heart of hearts we know that it is all a pretence, and we cover over our utter ignorance by a veil of words, and keep ourselves from drowning in the abyss of thought by foolish rafts of phrases. Really if we were not man, there would be nothing so laughable as man, with our whinings and complaints, and our prophecies and pretences. Sometimes I think the beasts have the better of us — in their dumbness. They commit none of our follies of speech; they do not look forward and harass themselves with striving to pierce the impenetrable; they do not whine over the past, and consume themselves with vain regrets; they take what is given and live in the present, and have the decency to be dumb and grateful.

Mal. Still it is pleasant to spin

A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun
Of this familiar life — which seems to be
But is not — or is but quaint mockery
Of all we would believe; or sadly blame
The jarring and inexplicable frame
Of this wrong world, and then anatomize
The purposes and thoughts of men whose
 eyes
Were closed in distant years — or widely
 guess
The issue of this earth's great business,
When we shall be as we no longer are.

Bel. That is Shelley, is it not?

Mal. Yes.

Bel. Ah, yes! it is pleasant to spin such webs of faith to catch flies. And the dew-drops hang on them, too, in the morning, and glitter like diamonds; but sometimes we are only the flies themselves that are caught in them, and then it is not so pleasant.

Mal. Flies! There is nothing I detest like flies. Nothing on earth enrages me like them. I like to see them caught in webs. They present the only shape in which courage does not seem a virtue. Pertinacious and fearless, they can never be driven away. They know not fear, they are so disgustingly alert. I like the old line — is it Decker's? —

Fierce as wild bulls, untamable as flies!

I was reading some time ago a most horrible account, given by a writer in the *Sz. James's Gazette*, of the battle-field of Tel-el-Kebir on the day after the battle there in 1882, and of the fearful gathering there of flies. The Egyptian troops had, he says, neglected to bury their dead, and the British troops did not bury them, so that the bodies of the dead Arabs and Egyptians lay about the trenches and the fort walls. Let me read you what the writer says: —

Long before I got to the trenches I noticed a dark line, distinctly visible on the otherwise bright sandy landscape, and as I got nearer, the fort seemed to be covered with a dark pall. I could not account for this phenomenon at first, and at the instant it was suggestive of something supernatural. On nearer approach, however, at about 150 yards' distance from the dark mass, I heard distinctly a loud humming noise. As I approached nearer, the sound increased in volume until it became a loud-roar. It was not until I was close to the black line that I could make out the cause. Then I could see the topmost flies as they hovered and dived above the lower strata. I could trace this black line of flies for a half-mile or so on either side of me, and it rose like a thick curtain for some ten yards off the ground. Here is a calculation for some mathematician. A wall of flies one mile long, ten yards high, and forty yards wide; and the flies so thickly massed that they might be said to be riding one on top of the other, and brushing each other side by side. This black wall represented the line of dead Egyptians; and certainly if they were unburied they did not want for a pall. How I was to get through this cordon of flies was a doubtful problem. Time was pressing, and a party of Arabs were hanging behind, and enjoying some nice ball-practice, with my pony and me for targets. To go around the flank of this fly-wall was out of the question, so I put spurs to my pony and urged him through. The brute refused several times, literally frightened by the hum and noise. At last I managed to get him "head on," and never shall I forget my passage through those forty yards of flies. They presented such a firm front as we passed through, that I could feel a heavy pressure, heavy enough to compel me instinctively to grip the saddle closer with my knees. I had to close mouth and eyes, and trust to chance to get straight through; and it was no easy matter to endure the horrible stench that emanated from the mass. My pony was so terrified that I could not pull him up until we had got some hundred yards beyond the black mass, and out into the clear desert air again.

There! is not that a hideous picture?

Bel. Hideous enough. Thank Heaven we have no such armies of flies here. If the devil ever made any creature, he made the fly. It is as black as he is painted, and as devilish as one could wish. But I know why you hate flies so. You are getting bald, and they make your cranium a playground — a promenade?

Mal. Ay, that they do. But bald is a hard word. Why not say, Your hair is getting thin, — that euphuism lets a man down easy. Bald, forsooth! I admit my part is wider than it used to be, but that is all. I am not bald. People like you sometimes rudely tell me I am; but I take good heed never to use a double mirror, nor see the back of my head. The last time I used two they played me a sad trick. I saw a person I did not know reflected in them.

Bel. I beg your pardon for my coarse language. There is a friend of ours who divides all persons into two classes, those whose hair is parted in the middle, and those whose hair is departed in the middle. And as Solomons said to George III., I congratulate you on being in the second class.

Mal. *A propos* of what did Solomons say that?

Bel. *A propos* of players on the violin. "They may be divided," he said, "into two classes. Those who play well, and those who play badly; and I congratulate your Majesty on arriving at the second class."

Mal. I am a believer in wigs, provided the wig does not attempt to lie and deceive you into a belief that it is the real natural covering of the head. It is the wig's attempt at deceit which makes it contemptible and ridiculous. When it boldly says, I am a wig, and not a counterfeit head of hair, it is as respectable as any other headdress, and may be quite as becoming. For instance, a handsome King Charles wig is certainly as becoming as a stove-pipe hat, and on an official head a wig has something imposing. I doubt if any judge would so sternly typify Themis with his natural hair as when he is covered with his wig. Persons in high offices who personate powers should not appear in their common dresses. In my opinion, a judge in his shirt-sleeves may be as just and able as one in his robes and wig, but he will not have the same authority. Think of a cardinal in knickerbockers and a dress-coat! Has he not lost half his impressiveness and influence by the change of his dress? Dress is as necessary for the body as language for the

mind. It is, I cannot but think, a great mistake in America that the judiciary have no official robes to distinguish them on the bench, not only for the dignity which these give to the office, and for the influence they exert on the public, but for the effect they produce on the mind of the judge himself. A man in official robes cannot but feel that he is, to a certain degree, removed from his ordinary personal relations of common life; that he becomes a representative of the office, and bound to its duties. We admit, in the army and navy, that dress, uniform, and distinctive badges restrain personalities and give authority, and compel the wearer to a bearing and conduct appropriate to his position. So, also, we recognize the appropriateness and impressiveness of costume in the Church. Why is this not true in all other official positions in life? Why does it not equally apply to judges and advocates, and all the officers of a court? American ministers at foreign courts are now prohibited from wearing the distinctive diplomatic dress ordained by custom of all other nations. But on what sufficient ground? It is asserted that such distinctive dresses are not republican. Why? Is not one dress as republican as another? It is, in my opinion, simply an offence against good manners thus to fly in the face of the world, and reject the usages of diplomacy. One might as well insist that it is not republican to put on the recognized dress-coat at an evening reception or ball. A gentleman simply conforms to the usages of the society he frequents, and he wears the dress worn by others; he does not seek to render himself conspicuous among them by singularity of costume, nor tacitly to criticise their good taste by adopting a different dress. The generally admitted rules and customs of society may not be very wise, but every gentleman recognizes them as binding upon him. He does not offend by self-assertion and the assumption of superiority in even minor matters; he simply conforms to the general usage. Now all the nations of Europe have agreed (whether wisely or not is immaterial) to require that all persons holding diplomatic positions shall, on formal occasions, wear a distinctive diplomatic dress. The courts of Europe have decreed that on State occasions and presentations this dress shall be obligatory. To comply with this requisition, to conform to this universal usage, involves no loss of dignity or principle. But for a foreign minister or ambassador to refuse to do so is an imper-

tinence to all the courts at which he represents his country, and a criticism and slur upon all his fellow-ministers and ambassadors who conform to this usage. It is as much as to say, "You may commit this folly, but I will not. You may dress yourselves as lackeys, but I am no lackey, and I will show you what you ought to do." This is as presumptuous as it is ill-bred. It is virtually an assertion that he is better than they are. Surely any court in Europe has the right to lay down rules and conventions as to its own receptions; and can there be a greater impertinence or a more overbearing pretension than for any one to insist that he will not conform to them, and claim that he is to be excepted from the rules which govern others because he is a republican? But it is asserted that the dress which is recognized as appropriate for any American in visiting the president of the United States is proper and sufficient for him at all the courts of Europe. That is begging the whole question. The president has the right to make his own rules for his own court; but surely he has no right to make rules for all the courts of Europe, or directly to violate those which in the exercise of their rights they have laid down, and in so doing to offend the prejudices and usages of diplomatic society in general, or to insist that he shall be made an exception, or to make his special privilege a national question. My notion is that a gentleman, when he enters any society, asks what are the usages of that society, how he should dress, and what are the forms adopted by others, and to these he conforms; and I know not why a diplomat should not do the same. But in point of fact this rule as to dress is an admirable one, and founded on good reasons. The dress itself is an indication of the office and position of the wearer. That office confers upon the diplomat certain privileges and rights, and his dress accredits him to all persons ignorant of him personally. If he present himself in that dress, ushers and soldiers, guards and servants, recognize him as a diplomat, and give him free entrance, and assist him to the enjoyment of his privileges. If, on the contrary, he presents himself in his ordinary dress, how are the subordinates of a court, the guards of a palace or public place, to distinguish him? It becomes necessary for him, in order to pass, to prove his identity. How is he to do this? Were it not for the dress anybody might present himself, and by claiming to be a minister, improperly obtain entrance, out of mere

curiosity, or for objects thoroughly wrong. In fact, the most disastrous and disgraceful incidents have occurred merely through this absurd regulation. On one occasion an American minister, presenting himself on a State occasion in his ordinary dress, was refused permission to pass the door by the guard. He asserted his position as American minister; but the guard, not trusting to his assertion, still refused. He attempted to force his way, and then occurred a disgraceful scene—a fight between him and the guard, a great noise and confusion, his arrest, and final release after a time. Other cases, some of them ludicrous enough, I know; but it is better to say nothing about them—*non ragioniam dilor*. But to go back to what I was saying. So far from objecting to costumes and official dresses, I should like not only that the judiciary, and the army and navy and foreign ministers, should have a special costume, but that every guild, office, trade, and profession should have one appropriate to itself. It was the case in Italy in the olden days, and what picturesque it gave to life! There was no nonsense then about costumes representing the occupation or office of any person being anti-republican. During the best days of their republics, every guild had its own dress. The merchant, the noble, the magistrate, the artist, the carpenter, the tradesman—each was distinguished by its costume, and all were proud or satisfied at least with their position, and not ashamed of it. Why do we all dress alike? Simply, I suppose, because we wish to conceal our real occupation. We are not willing to show ourselves in our true colors. We hope to be mistaken to be in a higher rank than that which we actually have. Is this republican—to be aping the dress, and pretending to the position of those who are above us? Are we ashamed of what we are doing? Do we want to fly under false colors? Is it a disgrace to be a tradesman, and a glory to be mistaken for a lord or a governor? Does it give us a secret delight to think that among strangers we may be thought to be members of Congress? or does it offend us to have any one set above us, or distinguished from us by any exterior badge or dress? Whatever is the motive for this deadly conformity of dress, it neither strengthens our character nor makes life picturesque.

Bel. I go even a step beyond, and think that badges and ribbons and medals are admirable inventions. Nay, I think that even the ribbon of the Legion of Honor,

much as it is laughed at, is a good thing, and nothing shows the practical good sense of the French more than the institution of this order. It is not much of a distinction, you say. No matter, it is something; and a man that wears it in his button-hole feels compelled by it to decency of conduct. He would not commit the same act with it on his person as if he were without it. Is this nothing? Humanity is a very foolish thing. There is no such ridiculous animal as a man; but those who wish to lead men and make the best of them, use their follies to guide them to good ends. It is, if you please, ridiculous that a man should desire the ribbon. But if he do desire it—and what Frenchman does not?—there is the fact; and why not make use of it? Men will strain every nerve to obtain it. They will earnestly work—nay, they will hazard their lives for it. It is thus a great lever to move society, and it is foolish to throw it away. The soldier will brave death for the medal of valor. If you have no medal to give him, you have lost a powerful incentive. Besides, in general, is it not a good thing for society that services and abilities and noble deeds should be recognized by some outward badge? There is no such cheap way of purchasing men in the first place, and then it acts as a stimulus on others to deserve and obtain a similar public evidence of merit. You say we ought to be above this. Perhaps we ought, but we are not; and we might as well accept things as they are. Again you say, if it really could be confined to true desert, it would be different: but such honors, if you will call them so, are not always given to the deserving; they do not really mean anything; they are often obtained by influence and chicanery. True; but even though this be the case, they are not without value. You must not judge things by their exceptions. Are there any honors or distinctions or offices of which you cannot say the same? Are they only given to the most deserving? Does nobody intrigue for them? But is that a reason to refuse all distinctions? They are not republican at least, you say. Whatever aristocratic and monarchical countries may do, it is contrary to all this spirit of republicanism to do this. And pray, why? They confer no power, they give no authority, they injure no one, and why should not a republic recognize, by a badge, a token, a medal, a ribbon, great services to the country? Men may politically be equal if you choose, but for all

that they are not equal in mind, in power, in character—in a word, in anything essential—and there is something of the devil's "darling sin, the pride that apes humility," in any pretence that they are. By the laws of America no title can be conferred by the country, and yet there is no people that are more fond of them. You cannot drive out human nature with a pitchfork. If you cannot there be Lord Booby or Sir Thomas Newcombe, you are Doctor, or Colonel, or Judge, or Congressman, or Senator; and of late I find that the two last titles, which in the old days were never known, have become universal. All people like titles and handles to their name—republicans as well as monarchists. Why, if titles and distinctions and badges are wrong or inexpedient or ridiculous, do the colleges and societies in America confer them? Why are men pleased to place LL.D. after their names, or A.A.S., or anything else? Has it ever done any injury to society to give these degrees and titles? When it comes to conferring powers and privileges with the titles, the question assumes another aspect; but I cannot see why it would not have been an admirable thing if the country had by some badge or outward token recognized the great services and sacrifices and valor of those who distinguished themselves in the late war. I never look at a soldier in England who wears the Crimean medal, or at an Italian who wears the medal of military valor on his breast, without a sensation of respect and a certain thrill of interest, and a feeling that here is a man who has done something. On his part also he feels a natural pride in wearing it, as he feels a natural pride in any recognition that he has done his duty as a man should; and I cannot but think that this exerts a good influence on all. There! I have done.

Mal. Well, you have made a long speech, and I will not say there is no truth in what you urge. But really is there anything more absurd than a Frenchman with his Legion of Honor on his overcoat, on his undercoat, on his dressing-gown, on his waistcoat? I honestly believe that if you strip him naked you will find it pasted or tattooed on his breast. Dissect him, and on his heart would be written Legion of Honor, as Calais on Mary of England's heart.

Bel. Very true; but none the less the red ribbon is a great power in the hands of the government; and if a Frenchman is ridiculous in our eyes in the mode in

which he wears it and in the pride he takes in it, all the more it shows that the ribbon is a power. For my own part, it amuses me excessively, but that is no reason why it should be abandoned.

Mal. You are an abominable aristocrat.

Bel. I think I should be a fool if, knowing I could secure the best services of ~~any~~ one by giving him so trifling a thing as a ribbon, I should refuse to do so.

Mal. You remind me of an anecdote which Mr. Justice Story used to tell of William Pinckney, the distinguished lawyer. On his return to America, after having represented his country as minister in England, he came to see the judge, and talking over with him his impressions of life and society there, he said, "Were it not for my republican prejudices, I know of no position more enviable than that of a peer of the realm of Great Britain, with a large rent-roll, — were it not for my republican prejudices." "His republican prejudices!" the judge used to repeat with a laugh; "I never knew he had any. He was the most thorough aristocrat, as he was one of the ablest men, I ever knew."

Bel. I have always heard that he was a very remarkable man.

Mal. In every way. At the bar he was *facile princeps* among a group of eloquent and able men, equally powerful with the bench and the jury — a severe student and laborious worker in his profession, and a man of indomitable perseverance and industry. With all this, he was a great fop in his dress, and had the folly to assume, before the bar and bench, a careless contempt of study. After working all night on a case, he would present himself in court finically dressed in the height of fashion, with the air of a man who had given but slight attention to the case he was to argue, and begin his argument in an artificial tone of voice and manner, as if he were but slightly interested in it. But as he went on, his air and manner changed; he threw off this affectation, and showed such mastery of details, such consummate skill in marshalling his argument, such power of illustration and eloquence, as to carry everything before him. The jury, which had begun by smiling, became spellbound. The court and bar listened with profound attention; and when he took his seat, it was no easy task to counteract the impression which he had left.

Bel. Eloquence seems to be a thing of the past. We have become more practical

and more commonplace than we used to be. We do not believe in eloquence. Would it be possible now, for instance, for any man to produce such an effect upon the House of Commons as Sheridan did in his great speeches? That cold, august, and critical body was then so moved by him, that tears ran down the cheeks of some of the members; and such was the impression he made, that after he took his seat all further discussion for the time was impossible, and the House was forced to adjourn in order to recover its composure. So, too, in the Senate in America. Some of the great speeches of Webster carried grave senators away with the vigor and earnestness of their eloquence, and changed the whole aspect of the question. But we are lower-toned now, have less enthusiasm, and, I am afraid, less heart than in the olden days.

Mal. Oh, oh! Given the eloquent man, you would find the same impression again. The truth is, we have not the eloquent man; and surely there is nothing more unpleasant — nay, more ludicrous and repulsive — than that wordy and inflated counterfeit of eloquence which is sometimes heard in America, in which there is such a pennyworth of brains and thought to such a monstrous quantity of verbiage. Not that the Americans are not facile and good speakers generally. The difficulty is, that they are too facile. They let their words run away with their thoughts. They orate; their swelling sentences are for the most part sham; they do not rise out of the heart and mind, and pour forth from necessity and with an inborn strength. They are all pumped up, and there is nothing more hateful than this. Eloquence is not a garment which can be put on to thought at will. But if in America oratory is mouthing and inflated, in England it is flat and commonplace, hesitating, and generally so conscious that it is painful to the listener. The American has a great gift of what the Chinese would call "talkee, talkee," and at all events, one is not in constant fear lest he break down utterly; but the Englishman so stumbles and corrects himself, so hesitates over all his sentences, that it is with a sense of relief that we see him take his seat. Of course there are noble exceptions to all this in both countries; and I confess that I am on the English side in preferring business-like and practical statements and arguments, even though they are flat, to windy talk and strained phrases. There is certainly

little or no eloquence in the House of Commons at the present day; but there is practical debate and discussion, however dull.

Bel. Yes; but men who are by nature eloquent are cowed by the House of Commons, and often do not dare to give vent to the enthusiasm they feel. The fashion has changed from what it was in the time of Sheridan, and I doubt whether the House would now listen to his speeches. We have changed our manners and speech as well as our dress. We go in for the useful and the practical. We affect slang in our conversation, and indifference in our opinions. We understate everything, and object to enthusiasm. We wear cutaways and trousers, and earnestness is not exactly good style. People stare if you are enthusiastic — as much as if you wore tunics. Life is no longer picturesque but monotonous, and the critical spirit is so in vogue that we are all in fear of what may be said and thought of what we do. Not to do "the thing" that is expected is to make yourself a conspicuous target for the shafts of all, and everybody is expected to do what others are doing. This destroys individuality and monotonizes character. Once England was full of characters; now all are cut out on the same pattern, all speak alike, all dress alike. The eccentric Englishman at home is almost a thing of the past.

Mal. What a picture! It is a horrible age, as the present always is to those who are living in it. I don't, however, think we are worse than our fathers or grand-fathers. They railed at their age as much as we at ours. But in one respect I agree we have not changed things for the better, and that is in our dress. Still we naturally abuse the present. The world always has and will. Let me recall to your memory some lines from an anonymous poem of the latter part of the sixteenth century, or the early half of the seventeenth. It is the old complaint that the times are growing worse.

Our ladies in those days
In civil habit went;
Broadcloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content.
French fashions then were scorned,
Fond fangles then none knew;
Then modesty women adorned
When this old cap was new!

Bel. Man's dress is frightful — without dignity, beauty, or convenience.

Mal. No; not without convenience.

Bel. Yes; without convenience. It is nothing but habit which makes trousers even tolerable. They swell at the knee and the hip, they drag up the leg, they gather all the moisture and mud about the ankles and shoes, and are in every way as inconvenient as they are ugly. The proof of it is, that if we go out to shoot or ride or march, we change them if we can. Every soldier can march farther in a day with his trousers pulled up and tied under the knee, so as to afford the leg full play, than if he wear them down over his shoes.

Mal. Women's costumes are better. But women always manage to look well in anything. No matter how hideous any fashion is, it is always thought better. But a beautiful woman will be — despite her dress — not because the dress is becoming to the person, but the person to the dress. They so lend their grace and charm to it, that they rob it of its ugliness. We can't help loving them whatever they wear.

Bel. All costumes are going out. Manchester invades the secretest village of the Abruzzi; and even the peasants are now abandoning their dress. Civilization has triumphed over picturesqueness; the stove-pipe black hat is making its way to the Pyramids; and the formal coats and uncouth trousers of the West are invading the East, and driving out the flowing Oriental robes. The world is getting frightfully monotonous and ugly. Colors are going out, and man is endeavoring as far as he can to make himself hideous. Think of the old Florentine streets, of the Rialto at Venice, of the Mart of Genoa, of the Forum of Rome, of the Piazze of Sicily and Naples, of Siena and Milan and Pisa and Mantua and Verona, in the golden days of their prosperity, in the time of their republics and monarchies, what picturesqueness, what variety of costume, what brilliancy of color, what animation there was! How splendidly their figures grouped together in the streets and market-places! All was picture wherever one looked. Gorgeous colors flashed in the sunlight. Rich robes swept the pavements. Dignified figures moved along, in costumes befitting the majesty of man and the beauty of women. Remember the old Venetian and Florentine and Sieneſe pictures which report the aspect of their cities in those days, and contrast them with the dull, monotonous vulgarity that now characterizes their street life. Are we any better for all this change? Have we gained anything by

the sacrifice of all this variety and beauty? Compare the England of to-day with England in the time of Elizabeth simply for costume. Never have men been so badly dressed as in this nineteenth century. Prose has triumphed over poetry, ugliness over beauty. What a loss to art! Great deeds are still done. Great men live and move and act. Great events occur — full of interest, and fraught with great consequences. But how represent them in art? The heart may beat as high, the purpose be as noble, the act in itself as grand; but how can you represent it in art, vulgarized by trousers, and debased to the eye by our modern dresses? This great man, who illumined our age by his wit, his wisdom, his courage, his foresight, his generosity, deserves a statue; but how can art represent what the mind craves, so long as he wears our dress?

Mal. The sculptor is forced into utter falsification of the fact on the one hand, by representing him as he never appeared; or utter falsification of all ideal demands on the other, by a literal and prosaic portraiture. And between these two stools the poor sculptor must fall. The public demands what is impossible, and then is dissatisfied that its expectations are not answered. Art is forced to fly to the past and to ideal regions, for daily life offers few subjects which can satisfy the painter or the sculptor.

Bel. The present always has to those who live in it a touch of the prosaic. There is a friend of mine who insists that in this age sculpture has no right to exist — that it is all reminiscence, and that real statues are a thing of the past.

Mal. That is encouraging to sculptors. But thank Heaven, then, that we have the past to live in and to work with! — and I am not sure that this is not in certain views an advantage. There is always in every sphere enough to do if we know how to do it. If the forms in which we cast our thoughts are old, the feeling and passion we put into them may be new. Love and sorrow, and life and death, and mirth and all the varieties of passion still exist, and human nature is the same forever.

Bel. There is a good deal of human nature in man. But, come, you must not work any more. These folds are all right.

Mal. I wish I thought so; but they never will be right until I think so.

Bel. You've looked at it too long. Wait till to-morrow, and see it with a fresh eye.

Mal. And pull it all down.

Bel. At all events, leave it now, and let us have our walk.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE WIFE OF MOLIERE.

FEW stories in literary history are so interesting, and at the same time so sad, as that of the married life of Molière. Armande Béjart, the woman whose destiny it was to be the wife of the great French dramatist, was born early in 1643. She was long supposed to have been the natural daughter of the actress Madeleine Béjart. Documentary evidence, however, which has only come to light in this century, fully proves that she was the daughter of Joseph Béjart and his wife Marie, and was thus sister and not daughter to Madeleine. Armande's mother, at the time of her daughter's birth, was in greatly straitened circumstances; and therefore the infant's sister, Madeleine, its senior by more than twenty years, resolved to adopt it as her own. Being compelled to spend a great deal of her time in travelling about, Madeleine first placed the child under the care of a lady in Languedoc. Armande remained here till 1657. During this period Madeleine's company, of which Molière was one of the most prominent members, was frequently in the south of France. And it can well be imagined that in his visits with Madeleine to the house in which Armande was being educated Molière was early attracted by the child's grace and cleverness, and contracted for her an affection destined later on to ripen into love. That this feeling was reciprocated is equally probable. "Elle l'appelait son mari," says Grimarest, an early biographer, "dès qu'elle scût parler." In 1657 Madeleine resumed the charge of her sister Armande, who was now fourteen years of age, and brought her to Paris. It was from this date that the feelings of Molière towards the child began to assume a deeper tone. He was close on forty years of age. After a life of labor and anxiety he was at length upon the point of finally achieving wealth and fame. His talents were fully recognized at court. He was settled at Paris; and the time was surely come when he might look to enjoy the tranquil pleasures of domestic ease. Where, then, could he find a better partner than Armande? Her family was well known to him. Her education in a quiet country home would be a guarantee for her future conduct. Lastly, her beauty, elegance, and talent would enable her to act with her husband in those dramatic masterpieces which have made the name of Molière eternal. It is true he was twenty years older than his innamorata; but his large income, his position as director

of the company, and his well-deserved reputation for tenderness and generosity amply counterbalanced this possible disadvantage.

The life of Molière is written in his plays, and it has been supposed, from the grim humor with which the character of Sganarelle, in the "Ecole des Maris," is drawn, that the amusing story of that deluded guardian is a satire on Molière himself, and that he had many misgivings as to his ultimate success with Armande. This view, however, in our opinion, is not correct. In the generous character of Molière there were none of the suspicions, the heart-burnings, and the jealous dreads which distinguish Sganarelle. It is rather with Ariste, the middle-aged but amiable hero of the "Ecole des Maris," that we should prefer to identify him. The plot of this play is briefly as follows: The father of two young girls, Isabelle and Léonore, has on his death-bed entrusted them to the care of two brothers, Sganarelle and Ariste, with power either to marry them themselves, or, failing the assent of the young ladies to this arrangement, to dispose of them to third parties. Sganarelle, the younger brother, a boorish and uncultured individual, brings up his ward, Isabelle, in absolute seclusion. She is dressed like a nun. She writes no letters. She sees no friends and she pays no visits. Her only employment is domestic labor, her only amusement the grim lectures of her guardian. The result of this unnatural system of restraint is that the girl enters into an amusing intrigue with a young man named Valère, escapes from the house, marries her youthful lover, and leaves Sganarelle disconsolate. The courtly and superb Ariste, on the other hand, although—and this is a point to which we would call the reader's special attention—the elder of the two brothers by twenty years, and therefore a very great deal older than his ward, Léonore, brings her up in perfect freedom. All her wishes are anticipated. She is allowed fine dresses, handsome equipages, and pocket-money in abundance. She is taken to balls and receptions. She visits and receives whom she likes. The consequence is that Léonore is so struck by the nobility, generosity, and openness of Ariste's behavior that, in spite of the many attentions she receives from other and younger admirers, she falls in love with her elderly guardian and marries him at the end of the play. Is there any one acquainted with the life of Molière who will not at once recognize the strong like-

ness between him and Ariste? This play, moreover, it must be remembered, was first produced at Paris on June 14, 1661. The young Armande was then with the company. She was most probably in the theatre when it was being acted, and the similarity between the position of the wealthy and elderly Ariste towards Léonore and of Molière towards her must have been at once apparent.

Thus the courtship of Molière ran its course. His feeling for Armande was one of love unalloyed. Whether her ideas of future happiness corresponded with his own it is impossible to say. From her subsequent conduct, however, it may be safely concluded that she was attracted rather by his wealth and position than by the *grande tendresse* he had offered her in the person of Ariste.

The marriage was celebrated at the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, on the *lundi gras* of 1662, which happened to fall that year on February 29. The newly married couple then commenced life in a house in the Rue Richelieu. Molière has with exquisite subtlety described, under the character of Lucile in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," the personal appearance of his wife, Armande. The whole passage is so exceptionally perfect that the reader will pardon our quoting it in full. This portion of dialogue takes place between Cléonte, the lover of Lucile, and Covielle, who is trying to depreciate her in his eyes.

Covielle. Je ne lui vois rien que de très-médiocre, et vous trouverez cent personnes qui seront plus dignes de vous. Premièrement, elle a les yeux petits.

Cléonte. Cela est vrai, elle a les yeux petits; mais elle les a pleins de feu, les plus brillants, les plus perçants du monde, les plus touchants qu'on puisse voir.

Covielle. Elle a la bouche grande.

Cléonte. Oui: mais on y voit des grâces qu'on ne voit point aux autres bouches; et cette bouche, en la voyant, inspire des desirs, est la plus attrayante, la plus amoureuse du monde.

Covielle. Pour sa taille, elle n'est pas grande.

Cléonte. Non; mais elle est aisée et bien prise.

Covielle. Elle affecte une nonchalance dans son parler et dans ses actions.

Cléonte. Il est vrai; mais elle a grâce à tout cela; et ses manières sont engageantes, ont je ne sais quel charme à s'insinuer dans les cœurs.

So happy a description needs no addition. *

* For the truth of this description see "L'Histoire

It is not improbable that the first few months of married life were happy. But Molière was soon destined to a rude awakening. It is not known for certain in what character Madame Molière made her *débüt*. The first part written for her by her husband was that of Elise in the "Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," produced June 1, 1663. The brilliant success she gained on this occasion, combined with her already evil instincts, at once turned her giddy brain. She soon began to show those wilful and vicious inclinations which were destined to end in shame for herself and misery for her husband. The social and conversational talents of Molière made him much sought after as a companion. But he was not a lover of those aimless assemblages of human beings miscalled society. "Il n'aimait pas le nombre ni la gêne," says his biographer, Grimarest. Continually worried with the endless details of theatrical management, needing much time for the composition and revision of his dramatic works, he liked to spend his few leisure hours in quiet social intercourse with a small body of chosen friends. But Armande was incapable of forming a member of this select circle. It may perhaps be said in her behalf that this would have been too much to expect of a young girl suddenly brought from the seclusion of her home into the glare and glitter of theatrical society. And so Armande, when not occupied on the stage, must be at balls, receptions, and fêtes of every kind, whither her husband had neither the time nor the inclination to accompany her. She had an extraordinary love of extravagance for its own sake, and her reckless expenditure on dress and ornaments soon threatened to play havoc even with her husband's large income. Molière had not expected that the maxims of the "Ecole des Maris" would have been applied so quickly and so literally. As a natural consequence quarrels soon arose. Molière, like many persons of generous and kindly character, was occasionally subject to furious fits of passion, which, though violent, soon blew over. Armande was at first frightened at these outbursts, but she soon learnt to despise them, and Molière, after a long series of attempts to check her follies, gave up the struggle. He retired more than ever to that close circle of friends of whom Chapelle, Rohault, and Mignard were the

favorites, and strove in the society of those kind companions to forget his disappointment. The dream of Ariste was ended. Molière saw too late that between him and the wife he had chosen there was a great gulf fixed, and he bitterly complained to his friends of the hopeless mistake he had committed.

Like every successful man, Molière had many enemies. The notorious unhappiness of his domestic life afforded them a rich source of triumph. Before many months had passed he began to be caricatured on the stage, to be lampooned in public print, to be pointed at everywhere as the husband of one of those *franches coquettes*.

Qui s'en laissent conter, et font dans tout Paris
Montrer au bout du doigt leurs honnêtes maris.

In their hatred of a rival the enemies of Molière did not hesitate to sound the lowest depths of calumny. The great difference in age between Madeleine Béjart and her sister Armande had begotten the rumor that Armande was really her daughter. Relying on this rumor, the enemies of Molière declared that he had been the lover of Madeleine at the time of Armande's birth. And it was now that the boldest and most envious of his rivals, the actor Montfleuri, laid before the king that infamous charge which accused Molière of having married his own daughter. Whether the king deigned to examine into this preposterous accusation is unknown. In any case he returned to it an indirect answer which silenced the crew of libellers very effectually. In January, 1664, Madame Molière gave birth to a boy; and the king, who had just received the denunciation presented by Montfleuri, at once signified his desire to be godfather to the child.

Shortly before this date Molière and his wife had left the Rue Richelieu. They took up their new abode in a house in the Rue Saint Thomas du Louvre, in which Madeleine Béjart also resided. It may have been a desire to place his wife under her care that induced Molière to shift his quarters. It was not, however, a good piece of policy on his part. Madeleine had for so long looked on Armande as a daughter that her relation towards Molière was now practically that of a mother-in-law. It is therefore needless to say that in all the quarrels between Molière and Armande she took the part of the latter—a circumstance which did not tend to make the home of Molière more happy or more comfortable. Another fact was that

du Théâtre Français," par les frères Parfait; also "Lettre sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Molière et sur les Comédiens de son Temps," in the *Mercur* for May, 1740.

Mlle. de Brie, an old flame of Molière, but now no longer young and beautiful, lived in the same house; and the charming Armande was thus enabled to remind Molière of his former *liaisons* on every conceivable occasion.

Up to the birth of her first child Armande's faults did not go beyond giddiness and extravagance; but from that event her conduct became far worse. On May 12, 1664, the "Princesse d'Elide" was produced at Versailles with extraordinary magnificence. A second production took place at Fontainebleau on July 30. Armande appeared on each occasion with great success, and was applauded to the echo by the assembled courtiers. Following the example of the king, the highest nobility of France frequently took part in the great ballets and spectacular allegories produced at court. A professional actress was thus constantly brought into intimate association with persons who considered her immeasurably beneath them in the social scale. The result of such a connection can be well imagined. Armande—who needed little encouragement—speedily became a mark for the crowd of dissolute intriguers who thronged the ante-chambers of Marli and Versailles. Her name soon began to be spoken of in connection with the Abbé de Richelieu and the Comte de Lauzun in a way which there was no mistaking. Her real object at this time, however, was to achieve the conquest of the Comte de Guiche, a popular young seigneur; but the latter, possibly because he was engaged in more exalted quarters—he is indeed said to have aspired to the Duchess of Orleans—spurned Armande's advances. Her hopeless infatuation for him soon became the laughter of Paris. Before long the scandal reached the ears of her husband. Molière, in terrible anger, bitterly reproached her for the dishonor she was bringing on his name; but Armande was able to prove that her relations with the Comte de Guiche had never gone beyond a harmless flirtation. Of the other matters Molière knew nothing, and a reconciliation ensued. This was typical of all subsequent disagreements. The rumors against Armande grew worse, and the quarrels between husband and wife became more frequent and bitter.

In the midst of these miserable disputes Armande, on August 4, 1665, gave birth to a second child, a girl, the only one of his children who survived Molière. Not long after this event the first definite rupture took place between him and Armande.

Their continued quarrels had become unbearable. These, combined with his theatrical and literary labors, began slowly, but surely, to tell upon the spirits and constitution of Molière. His face grew haggard. His views of life, once so genial, altered into cynicism. In December, 1665, his health finally gave way, and he was absent from the stage for nearly three months. The production of the "Misanthrope" on June 4, 1666, a few months after his recovery, sufficiently indicates the tone of his mind at this period. Husband and wife had now separated by private agreement. They, however, still occupied different sets of rooms in the same house, and met constantly at the theatre. In April, 1667, Molière again fell ill, so seriously that for a long time he was compelled to restrict himself to a milk diet. And in the summer of this year, acting on the advice of friends, he retired to the pretty suburb of Auteuil, where, away from the noise and turmoil of Paris, he might hope to find rest and health for mind and body.

In spite of the wreck that marriage had caused to all his hopes, in spite of ruined health and bitter calumny, there is a peaceful happiness about this last epoch in the life of Molière which all his biographers will contemplate with pleasure. His *appartement*, a suite of rooms on the ground floor, with three bedrooms on a higher story, was plain but comfortable. His household consisted of a girl from the village, Martine, and his old housekeeper, La Forest. His little daughter, who was now at a school in the neighborhood, was frequently brought to spend a holiday with him. His wife, Armande, rarely troubled him with a visit. So thoroughly indeed did she respect the quiet which was absolutely necessary to her suffering husband that not even in his worst days of ill-health is there any record of her having acted as his nurse. But with a few books, a few friends, pleasant walks in the country, and visits to the simple villagers to whom his kindness and charity made him ever welcome, the days glided by not unhappily. Molière had plenty of time to spare for his rural retreat. Dramatic companies at that date rarely acted more than thrice a week, and the regular vacations were long and frequent. Among the few intimate friends who constantly came to Auteuil none were more welcome than Chapelle. This worthy *bon vivant* quite revolutionized the quiet country *ménage*. A wit, a man of fashion, and a lover of good wine, he placed himself at the head of his host's

table, entertained the guests at his host's expense, and made the quiet shades of Auteuil ring with the sound of his jolly revels. Molière, strictly limited to a milk diet, and usually confined to his room by indisposition, was of course unable to share these orgies. He contented himself with mild remonstrances to Chapelle on the sin of intoxication, but that worthy, to quote Grimarest's words, "promettait des merveilles sans rien faire." There was a contrast between the toilsome but ill-rewarded life of the great dramatist and the careless existence of this amiable trifter which seemed to bind the two together. And to none of his friends did Molière open himself so confidentially. The constant burden of his conversations with Chapelle was his wife, Armande, whose image no estrangement, no infidelity, could obliterate from her husband's heart. Not only was this the case, but Molière was continually racking his brains to discover some means of winning back his wife's affection. In nearly every play written at Auteuil there was some kindly passage, some dexterous compliment, some indirect appeal addressed to her. It was during this period, for instance, that the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was written, in which occurs the exquisite description of Armande quoted above.

But it was in vain. Armande only took the opportunity of her husband's absence at Auteuil to commit against him an act of dishonor which may be stigmatised as the most disgraceful of her shameless life. About the year 1666, Molière, with the proverbial kindness which ever distinguished him, had taken into his household a little boy named Michel Boyron. The latter was of good birth; but his parents had died when he was young, a pair of dishonest guardians had frittered away his property, and at the time Molière noticed him he was travelling about with a company of strolling players. Molière, attracted by the child's unfortunate position, took him into his own house, gave him a good education, and wrote one or two little simple parts for him. Madame Molière, for some unknown reason, took an extraordinary dislike to the child. At a rehearsal of "Mélécerte" she so far forgot herself as to give him a violent box on the ear. Boyron—or Baron, to call him by his stage name—though only fourteen years old, fell into a violent passion. In spite of his patron's entreaties he left his house and rejoined the strolling company from which he had been rescued. For more than three years he remained away. At

length, in Easter, 1670, yielding probably to renewed solicitations on the part of Molière, he returned, and received an immediate engagement in his company. Baron was now in his eighteenth year. He must therefore have fully attained the splendid stature, the perfection of form and feature, and the superb deportment which later on combined with his undoubted talents to make him one of the greatest actors France has ever produced. But the vicious and irregular life he had led during the last three years had thoroughly depraved his heart, and he did not hesitate to commit a great wrong against his benefactor. The first part in which Baron was engaged was that of Cupid in the court ballet of "Psyche," produced at Versailles on July 24, 1671. The part of Psyche was taken by Armande herself, and she was at once so struck by Baron's personal graces that she did not hesitate to yield a ready assent to the offers he was base enough to make her. Fortunately Molière was never informed of this last and greatest act of treachery on the part of his wife. He thus continued on terms of great intimacy with Baron; and it is from the latter that Grimarest received many of those personal details which render his life of Molière so charming.

Molière, as we have already noticed, had never given up all hopes of a reconciliation with his wife. In the course of 1671, by the mediation of friends, he was enabled to come to an accommodation with her. His health was better now and he was allowed to give up his rigorous milk diet and return to a more generous fare. The reconciliation, such as it was, came only just in time, for the end was very near.

In March, 1672, "Les Femmes Savantes" was produced at Versailles. In the beautiful character of Henriette Molière again painted an ideal picture of the wife whom, in spite of all her faults, he loved so deeply. All readers of Molière know the graceful girl who can think of no sweeter future

Que d'attacher à soi par le titre d'époux
Un homme qui vous aime, et soit aimé de vous,
Et de cette union de tendresse suivie
Se faire les douceurs d'une innocente vie.

In the autumn of 1672 Armande gave birth to another child. Shortly after this event Molière and his wife returned to the house in the Rue Richelieu which they had occupied in the early days of their

marriage. Madeleine Béjart had recently died. She left all her property to Armande, who thus became very wealthy. Molière may well have looked forward to many more years of prosperity, and of what was more valuable to him than prosperity, of happiness and love. But it was not to be. The return to Paris and the reconciliation with his wife had excited him terribly. The cough from which he had long suffered had now finally settled on his lungs. His health became rapidly worse, and even while the year 1673 was yet young, the man felt that he was dying. On February 10 the most amusing of his farces, "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," was produced with great success. The efforts of Molière, who took the part of Argan, completely exhausted him. As the evening of February 17, the date of the fourth representation, drew near, his condition became so alarming that his friends implored him not to go to the theatre that night. He steadily refused all their entreaties. The reason he alleged, that if he stopped the evening's performance fifty poor persons would go without their supper, was not correct.* He was rich enough to compensate them, and it would have been easy to find a substitute. But he was weary of life, and went to take his part in the play with a vague presentiment that that night would be his last. The very speech he made before setting out for the last time of all to the scene of his past triumphs is in the nature of a requiem. "*Tant que ma vie a été mêlée également de douleurs et de plaisirs,*" said he to Baron, "*je me suis cru heureux ; mais aujourd'hui que je suis accablé de peines, sans pouvoir compter sur aucun mouvement de douceur, je vois bien qu'il me faut quitter la partie. Je ne puis plus me tenir contre les douleurs et les déplaisirs qui ne me laissent pas un instant de relâche. Mais qu'un homme souffre avant de mourir ! Cependant je sens bien que je finis.*"

The circumstances of his death are too well known to need more than a brief recapitulation. In the middle of the play his cough grew so trying that he was almost compelled to stop. He managed, however, though in terrible pain, to get through his part. At the end of the performance he staggered to Baron's dressing-room. The latter, shocked at his ghastly appearance, carried him to a sedan-chair and accompanied him to his

house in the Rue Richelieu. Armande had acted on this occasion in the part of Angélique. She cannot, therefore, have failed to notice her husband's critical condition. Yet there is no record of her having done anything to assist or even to have accompanied him home. On arriving at his residence Molière grew rapidly worse. Two sisters of charity, hastily summoned, found him stretched in the agonies of dissolution, and after a few moments' suffering he expired in their arms. His last action had been to send Baron to fetch his wife. She arrived too late to see him die, as also did a priest who had been summoned in haste to administer the sacrament.

One would have thought that a writer from whom the reign of Louis XIV. derives so much of its splendor would have been borne to his last resting-place

not as one unknown,
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,
And mass, and rolling music;

but the French clergy of that time regarded the dramatic profession as outside the pale of the Church, and the curé of St. Eustache refused Christian burial to the remains of Molière. Technically he was in the right; for the ritual of the diocese of Paris strictly withheld the last rites of the Church from those actors who died not merely without receiving extreme unction, but also without solemnly swearing to abjure the stage should they by any chance return to health. Armande—and, be it noticed, this is the one action of her life on which a biographer can rest with pleasure—went to Versailles, accompanied by the curé of Auteuil, obtained an audience of the monarch, and implored him to procure Christian burial for her husband by a royal order. Louis was much averse to entering into a contest with his clergy, but he immediately wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, in which he suggested that some exception from the hard ecclesiastical rule might be made for Molière. The archbishop, Harlay de Champvalon, in return, issued an order giving leave for an ecclesiastical funeral. It must, however, take place at night and be attended by only two ecclesiastics. The body must be carried straight to the burial place, without any previous ceremony in the church; and, added the archiepiscopal decree, "*cette permission sera sans préjudice aux règles du rituel.*" Up to a very recent date it was believed, on the authority of Grimarest, not only that this harsh concession was obeyed to

* So Loiseleur. See *Les Points Obscurs de la Vie de Molière*, p. 338.

the letter, but that a crowd of bigoted ruffians surrounded the *cortège* and refused to disperse till Madame Molière threw out money to them from her windows. A curious contemporary letter, however, written by an eyewitness of the ceremony to M. Louis Boyvin, member of the Academy of Inscriptions, has been discovered, which throws a very different light on the whole affair. The ceremony took place at night, but it was accompanied by three ecclesiastics. The coffin was carried by four priests, and followed by six acolytes with lighted tapers and several lacqueys carrying flambeaux. There was a large crowd of poor people present, and a distribution of money was made among them, nearly twelve hundred francs being given away in this manner. Grimarest had evidently heard a confused story about a distribution of money, but mistook its character.

This digression on the death and funeral of Molière has carried us away from Armande, to whom we now return. All the interest her life possesses arises solely from the fact that it was her destiny to blight the life of the great French dramatist by her heartlessness and folly. It will not be inadvisable, however, to conclude this sketch by giving a brief history of her career after her husband's death. The latter is not only interesting, as a singular study in human nature, but is in reality necessary fully to complete the idea which the reader will be inclined to form of her character as delineated above.

By the death of her husband Armande became *directrice* of his theatre. It reopened towards the end of February with the "Misanthrope." On March 3 Armande herself reappeared. The part she chose was her last one of Angélique in the "Malade Imaginaire," the very play in which only thirteen days before she had seen her husband act for the last time. So gross an instance of heartlessness needs no comment. She remained at the theatre in the Palais Royal till the end of March, 1673. She then transferred her company, now reinforced by several actors, from the Théâtre du Marais to the Théâtre du Guénégaud, in the Rue Mazarin. Armande had no conception of her dignity as the widow of Molière. During the next few years she led a life of vulgar dissipation, being aided in her intrigues by a door-keeper of the theatre named La Chateaufort. Her life during this period is minutely described in the "Fameuse Comédienne." That work, however, an anonymous life of Armande, published in

1688, is so untrustworthy that too much credence must not be given to all the stories about her. The only one of them which can be verified by official reports is so amusing that a short sketch of it may not be uninteresting. It is thoroughly characteristic of her life during this period, and coming after the sad and almost awful story of the death of Molière, seems like one of those diverting farces which in the theatre sometimes follow after the performance of a dread and gloomy tragedy.

In the spring of 1675 there came to Paris a provincial lawyer named Lescot. The reason of his visit to the French metropolis is unknown, but from his subsequent adventures it may be safely concluded that it was not for the purpose of studying legal authorities in the Mazarin library. While in Paris Lescot happened to visit the Théâtre du Guénégaud, where he saw Armande perform with great *éclat* in Thomas Corneille's tragedy of "Circe." Inspired by a consuming passion for that fairy-like enchantress, he began to rack his brains for some means of obtaining an introduction to her. Now there was also in Paris at this time an obscure actress named La Tourelle, who bore so extraordinary a resemblance to Madame Molière that she had frequently been mistaken for that more celebrated personage. A certain Madame Ledoux, to whom Lescot told the story of his love, therefore hit upon the expedient of introducing La Tourelle to him, as being in reality Armande herself. The introduction was effected. La Tourelle acted her part to perfection; and the deluded lawyer, infatuated with her graces, continued for some time in the seventh heaven of delight, till suddenly an unfortunate event occurred. One evening Lescot, dreaming of his love, the supposed Madame Molière, thought he would saunter into the theatre where he knew she was acting. He entered, took his seat, and watched her go through the performance with her usual success. His mistress had, for very obvious reasons, forbidden him to recognize her in the theatre, in order, she said, to prevent scandalous remarks from the other actresses. But this night Lescot seems to have forgotten the warning. He resolved to take the present opportunity to pay her a visit in her dressing-room and ask about a recent appointment which she had failed to keep. Guided by one of the attendants, he accordingly made his way to her apartment, knocked, and entered without the least embarrassment. Madame Molière was much surprised at the stranger's appear-

ance, and her surprise rapidly turned to rage when she heard him address her in the tones of a familiar. He received her declarations of ignorance of him with incredulity, swore that a necklace she was wearing was his gift—as a matter of fact the crafty La Tourelle had prevailed on him to buy her a necklace exactly similar to one frequently worn by Madame Molière—and on her showing anger at his persistence began to reproach her so furiously that she at last ordered the attendants to turn him out. Lescot continued to rave so wildly that a large crowd was soon collected, to whom Madame Molière expatiated with great vigor on the scandalous assertions made about her by the bewildered but indignant lawyer. The next day Lescot came again to the theatre and repeated his statements. He was this time, moreover, accompanied by the jeweller from whom he had bought the necklace for La Tourelle, who in his turn was deceived by the extraordinary likeness borne by that adventuress to Armande. At last Madame Molière resolved to place the whole matter in the hands of justice, and Lescot was called upon to stand his trial on an action for defamation. By the vigilance of the police the mystery was cleared up. La Ledoux and La Tourelle were unearthed and their machinations exposed. Madame Molière was fully gratified by a verdict in her favor. A sentence of the Châtelet, dated September 17, 1675, ordered Lescot to offer Madame Molière a full apology in the presence of four witnesses, to pay two hundred livres in damages, and to discharge the costs of the prosecution. On the two women a heavier

sentence was inflicted. They were condemned to be publicly whipped, to be banished for three years from Paris, to pay twenty livres as fine to the king, a hundred livres as damages to Madame Molière, and to discharge the costs of their prosecution. The younger sinner, La Tourelle, managed to escape. La Ledoux unwisely preferred to appeal to the Parliament of Paris, which promptly confirmed the decision of the Châtelet, and on October 17, the first part of the punishment was duly inflicted on her. The whole affair was of great use to Madame Molière. She was now enabled to shift all the misdeeds of which the world accused her on to the shoulders of La Tourelle, and thus gained an accession of good fame which her virtue sorely needed.

In May, 1677, Madame Molière, disappointed at her failure to inveigle any of her noble admirers into marriage, bestowed her hand on a third-rate actor named François Guérin. Guérin was not so easy a master as the great Molière. He compelled the seductive Armande to live in retirement at Meudon, where she had only her children to amuse her. She left the stage definitely in October, 1694. She tried to compel her daughter by Molière, Esprit Madeleine, to retire into a convent, in hopes of thus gaining absolute possession of the large fortune which the child inherited from her father. The attempt failed; but Madame Molière rendered her daughter's life so miserable that the latter ran away from home and married a middle-aged nobleman named Claude de Montalant. Armande died in Paris on November 30, 1700.

GERALD MORIARTY.

BISMARCK NO. 2.—The Berlin *Das Echo*, in an article upon Count Herbert Bismarck as a Parliamentary orator, says that he is the exact double of what Prince Bismarck was forty years ago—that is to say, in the year of revolutions. "He stands like his father; he has the same movements of the head and the hands, the same tugging up of his coat-collar, the same physiognomical play of features, the same nervousness, the same wearisomely dragged voice, while every sentence sounds like the gurgling of water in a pump that does not work well." The older statesmen, who recollect the Bismarck senior of forty years ago, call him "Bismarck No. 2." His maiden

speech, which was delivered at the great colonial debate, was expected with as much excitement and interest as the appearance of a new tenor. The house was crowded, and all Berlin was eager to read what "the representative of Bismarck" had said among his Parliamentary colleagues. "Not the least excitement," says our contemporary, "was there evident in the eighty journalists sitting with opened note-books and sharpened pencils, as if impatient for the first syllable which was about to issue from Bismarck the Second's lips." The old field-marshal Moltke sat earnestly watching the young orator, thoughtfully rubbing his nose with a paper-knife.

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WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE AT REST.

WHEN the household cares are over,
And the quiet zephyrs pass
Through the crimson heads of clover
And the daisies in the grass;
Then the mother's busy fingers
Do their silent labor best,
'Toiling fast while daylight lingers
And the children are at rest.

In the sunny hours of morning
She had other work to do,
Softly chiding, gently warning,
Watching all the noontide through;
Love and strife and pain and pleasure,
Crowd within one little nest,
Mother hearts can find no leisure
Till the children are at rest.

While we sleep the Father waketh,
Working, watching for us all,
In his mighty hands he taketh
All the tasks that we let fall;
We have wrangled, toiled, and striven
Through a long and weary day,
Lo! we rest, and help is given,
And the pain is soothed away.

He who loves us will not slumber
While our feeble hands are still,
Blessings that we cannot number
All the hours of darkness fill,
Till the broken links are mended,
And the worst becomes the best,
And the toilsome task is ended
While his children are at rest.
Sunday Magazine. SARAH DOUDNEY.

SUMMER.

SUMMER's the time for dreams;
For fancies set to music by the streams;
For loves that wake, and reign, and die 'neath
fairly moonlit gleams.

Summer's the time for youth,
When every fleeting ray shows real and sooth,
When vow and aim seem to fresh life the very
core of truth.

Summer's the time for flowers,
While the thrush trills his song in rose-twined
bowers,
And June rules, fair despotic queen, through
all her golden hours.

Summer's the time for hope;
To her soft touch the Eden portals ope,
And at her call life's arms are spread for
Heaven's widest scope.

But Summer days pass by,
The grey shade creeps across the azure sky,
The swallow sees the warning sign, and preens
her wings to fly.

September, with her face
All calm and still in soft pathetic grace,
Comes with her noiseless step to take fast-
fading Summer's place.

"Listen," sighs dying June,
"Since I must leave the world I love so soon,
My strength and warmth for Autumn chill,
take as my parting boon."

All The Year Round.

"FORSAN ET HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVA-
BIT." — *Virgil*.

WHETHER or no we shall roam the hereafter
Together, as once in the days that are dead,
I hold that this life, with its tears and its
laughter,
Is blessed, thrice blest, for the love that it
bred.

What, doubt? Do I doubt? Do I sing as
uncertain
Our love, song and rapture exhausted by
death?

No, no, they survive, and death's but the
curtain
Which is dropt, for a space, to give singers
their breath.

Yes, yes, we shall meet at this life's seeming
ending,

Love more, and not less, not forgetting nor
dazed;

We have lived, we have loved, and in measure
ascending,

We shall live, we shall love, when the cur-
tain is raised.

JOHN JERVIS BERESFORD, M.A.

TRIOLETS.

I.

GOLDEN daffodils I bring,
Love, from out the fields to-day.
As a pledge of coming Spring,
Golden daffodils I bring,
Which did weary Winter fling
Earthwards as he went his way.
Golden daffodils I bring,
Love, from out the fields to-day.

II.

Love is kindest in Spring,
So all sweetest singers say.
Is it true, love, this they sing —
Love is kindest in Spring?
Tell me, you, for whom I bring
Proof that Spring is born to-day,
Is love kindest in Spring,
As all wisest poets say?

All The Year Round.

From The London Quarterly Review.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN AND HIS MUSIC.

THE Mendelssohn family first acquired a European reputation through its founder Moses Mendelssohn, the friend of Lessing, who has embalmed his memory in "Nathan der Weise." The life of that Jewish philosopher forms a faithful miniature of those troubled times, when the bigotry of the Gentile community was only surpassed by the intolerance with which the Synagogue crushed every aspiration towards freedom of thought or intellectual progress among its members. Moses Mendelssohn was born on September 6, 1729, at Dessau, a small duchy of central Germany, where his father, whose name was Mendel, was employed as school-master and clerk to the Jewish community. The boy thus became known in the village as Mendel's Sohn, the son of Mendel. Hence the family name.

So rapid was the lad's progress in learning, that his father determined to place him under the care of Rabbi Frankel, at the superior school. One winter's morning the little fellow, then only five years old, was carefully wrapped in a threadbare cloak to protect him from the biting cold, and carried, before daybreak, in his father's arms to his new master. A warm friendship soon sprang up between teacher and pupil, so that when Frankel became chief rabbi at Berlin, Moses determined to follow him.

It proved to be the turning of the ways. On one hand was the life of a Jewish pedlar, making his weary round through the villages with his pack on his shoulders; on the other, the path of scholarship, beset with innumerable hardships, but brightened with hope of future honors. The boy of fourteen chose the road to Berlin. His garret lodging witnessed a long fight with poverty. Every Sunday he marked out his daily portion on the loaf, which had to serve him all the week. Sabbaths and festivals owed not a little of their joy to a dinner with his good friend the rabbi. The Christians of Berlin, in those days, looked with contempt upon the Jews; the starving scholar could find no friend among them. He was equally unfortunate with his own country-

men. His studies were kept secret, or he would have been ignominiously expelled from Berlin. When he began to learn German, notwithstanding all his precautions a friendly Jew was detected purchasing a German book for him, and was expelled from Berlin. Moses Mendelssohn struggled with such difficulties for six years, till he became tutor in the family of Mr. Bernhardt, a silk-manufacturer. He was afterwards appointed book-keeper in Bernhardt's factory. His leisure was devoted to that literary work which gained him the friendship of Lessing, and led all Europe to recognize his gifts as a thinker.

Moses Mendelssohn was a little man, with a hump back and an awkward stammer. His clever, intellectual head marked him as a man of no small ability. The courtship of the shy scholar forms a pretty romance. At the baths of Pyrmont he met a merchant from Hamburg, called Gugenheim. One day Gugenheim became confidential. "Rabbi Moses," said he, "we all admire you, but my daughter most of all. It would be the greatest happiness to me to have you for a son-in-law. Come and see us at Hamburg." The shy philosopher found courage to go, but the young lady shrank from a marriage when she saw his deformity. Mendelssohn conquered her reluctance by an apologue. Marriages, he told her, were made in heaven, and on the birth of a child the name of the future husband or wife was proclaimed. When Mendelssohn's wife was named, it was said, "Alas! she will have a dreadful hump back." "'O God,' I said then, 'a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful. Dear Lord, give me the hump back, and let the maiden be well-made and agreeable.'" He had scarcely finished his fable, when the girl, completely won, threw herself upon Mendelssohn's neck.

A laughable incident is associated with the marriage. The father of Frederick the Great, whose eccentric and despotic character is familiar to all readers of Carlyle, had laid a strange burden upon the Jews of Berlin. They were compelled to buy the wild boars killed by the royal

hunting parties. Frederick the Great added to their sorrows. He required every son of the Synagogue to spend three hundred thalers at the royal china factory when he married. The manager of the factory, who was allowed to choose what the Jews should buy, naturally took care to palm off his most unsalable articles. Moses Mendelssohn thus found himself the happy possessor of twenty life-sized china apes, some of which are still preserved in his family.

With these strange household gods around him, he began life in Berlin. His children tasted the sorrows of persecution. They wrung his heart by their innocent questions. "Why do they throw stones at us? What have we done to them?" "Yes, dear papa," said another, "they always run after us in the streets, and shout, 'Jew boy, Jew boy.'" The father was at last able to hire a garden in Spandau Strasse, where his children could enjoy themselves without annoyance. Comfort and reputation came in due course to Moses Mendelssohn. He became a partner in the Bernhardt factory, and was recognized as one of the chief scholars in Germany.

His second son, Abraham, the father of the musician, was accustomed to say, "Formerly I was the son of my father, and now I am the father of my son." But if Abraham Mendelssohn's gifts were not showy, he was a man of sterling character and sound judgment. He became partner with his brother in a banking firm at Berlin and Hamburg. His wife, Leah Salomon, was a woman of rare gifts. She played with taste, drew exquisitely, spoke and read French, English, and Italian, and even enjoyed her Homer in the original. Her modesty, vivacity, and wit were not less striking. Frau Salomon wisely insisted that her daughter's dowry should be employed to purchase a share in his brother's banking business for Abraham. The young pair settled at Hamburg, in a house (14 Grosse Michael Strasse), which is still standing behind St. Michael's Church. Fanny Mendelssohn was born here on November 14, 1805; her brother, Jacob Ludwig Felix, on February 3, 1809. In 1811 the town fell into the hands of the

French. The Mendelssohns, who had incurred the displeasure of the invaders, were compelled to escape by night. This led them to Berlin—the future home of the family.

Moses Mendelssohn continued in the Jewish community to the close of his life, though he was publicly anathematized by his co-religionists. Two of his daughters became Roman Catholics. His son Abraham brought up his children as Lutherans. At first this was done secretly, lest it should grieve their maternal grandmother, who was stoutly orthodox. When her son Bartholdy became a Protestant, the old lady cursed him, and cast him off. Fanny Mendelssohn was a great favorite with her. One day, delighted with her music, the grandmother asked her what she would have as a reward. Fanny replied, "Forgive Uncle Bartholdy." Thus the little girl won the blessing of the peacemaker. The family took the name of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy after this uncle, to distinguish themselves from those members of the family who still remained in the Jewish faith.

Abraham Mendelssohn's letter to his daughter on her confirmation shows that, though he had broken loose from his moorings in Judaism, he had not yet found solid hope in Christianity. It is a strange letter to send a girl of fourteen or fifteen on such an occasion.

Does God exist? What is God? Is He a part of ourselves? and does He continue to live after the other part has ceased to be? And where? And how? All this I do not know, and therefore I have never taught you anything about it. But I know that there exists in me and in you, and in all human beings an everlasting inclination towards all that is good, true, and right, and a conscience which warns and guides us when we go astray. I know it, I believe it, I live in this faith, and this is my religion.

Happily the Mendelssohn children entered into fuller light than this.

Leah Mendelssohn was the first music-teacher of her famous son and daughter. She began with five minutes' practice at a time. As the children's power of work increased their lessons were lengthened. Then masters were engaged, under whom

the young musicians made rapid progress. Felix Mendelssohn's chief tutor was Herr Zelter, who had been forced by his father to become a mason, but who had never ceased to study music till he perfected himself, and was able to make it his profession.

"Nonsense, a genius can curl the hairs of a pig," was one of his characteristic sayings. Heyse had the charge of the general education of the young Mendelssohns. Berger taught them the piano, Zelter thorough-bass and composition, Henning the violin, Rosel drawing. The father and mother superintended the work. They took care that the children were at their studies by five o'clock every morning.

In his eighth year Mendelssohn played the piano with remarkable skill, and even discovered six consecutive fifths in a piece of Sebastian Bach's which had escaped the notice of Zelter himself. He wore a tight-fitting jacket, cut very low at the neck, with full trousers buttoned over it. Into the slanting pockets of these he liked to thrust his hands, rocking his head, with its "long brown curls, from side to side, and shifting restlessly from one foot to another."

It was Zelter who introduced Mendelssohn to Goethe. Zelter, who was a correspondent of the poet, wrote that he wished to show him his best pupil. This was Mendelssohn, then twelve years old. The boy had already written two operas, and nearly finished a third, besides composing symphonies, sonatas, and songs. When the visit drew near the parents were overjoyed at their boy's good fortune. "Mind you snap up every word that Goethe says; I want to know all about him," was his mother's counsel. In November, 1821, Zelter and the boy arrived at Weimar. Mendelssohn quickly became a hero-worshipper. "Every morning," he writes, "I get a kiss from the author of 'Faust' and 'Werther,' and every afternoon two kisses from my friend and father Goethe." Nor was Goethe less delighted with his bright little visitor. He set him to improvise on a theme furnished by Zelter, and was amazed as he "worked away at the great chords, mastering the most difficult

combinations, and evolving the most surprising contrapuntal passages out of a stream of harmonies." Then the old man gave him a piece of music in Mozart's minute writing to decipher. To this he added a sheet of ruled paper bespattered and smudged with notes. Zelter looked over the boy's shoulder, and called out, "Why, it's Beethoven's writing; one can see that a mile off. He always writes as if he used a broomstick, and then wiped his sleeve over the wet ink." The second time Felix played through this complicated scrawl without an error.

When he had run off to enjoy a romp in the garden, Goethe pronounced judgment. "Musical prodigies, as far as mere technical execution goes, are probably no longer so rare; but what this little man can do in extemporizing and playing at sight borders on the miraculous, and I could not have believed it possible at so early an age." "And yet you heard Mozart in his seventh year at Frankfort," said Zelter. "Yes," replied Goethe, "at that time I myself had only just reached my twelfth year, and was certainly, like all the rest of the world, immensely astonished at his extraordinary execution; but what your pupil already accomplishes bears the same relation to the Mozart of that time that the cultivated talk of a grown-up person does to the prattle of a child."

The boy's letters preserve many a pleasant glimpse of those happy days. He had already learned to keep his eyes open. When he dined with Goethe's friend Riemer, the Greek lexicographer, he says it gave him "quite a Greek feeling." He adds, "He seems to thrive on the making of lexicons. He is stout and fat, and as shiny as a priest or a full moon." When his aunt in Paris read the child's letters, she said, "He is an artist in the highest sense — rare talents combined with the noblest, tenderest heart. If God spare him, his letters will in long, long years to come create the deepest interest."

The sixteen days spent in Goethe's house laid the foundation of a happy friendship. Next autumn the Mendelssohns and their two eldest children went to Weimar. Goethe once said to the boy, "You are my David, and if I am ever ill

and sad, you must banish my bad dreams by your playing; I shall never throw my spear at you as Saul did." Zelter took great pleasure in chronicling his clever pupil's doings to Goethe. When Felix entered his fifteenth year the master writes: "He grows under my very eyes. His wonderful pianoforte playing I may consider as quite a thing apart. He might also become a great violin-player." Visits, correspondence, and presents kept up the friendship between Goethe and Mendelssohn, until the old man's death in 1832.

In May, 1821, Sir Julius Benedict, then a young musical student, was first introduced to Mendelssohn. Benedict was walking in the streets of Berlin with his friend and master, Von Weber, the author of "*Der Freischütz*," when a beautiful boy with brilliant eyes, auburn locks clustering around his shoulders, and a pleasant smile on his lips, ran up to them. Weber introduced the young people, and then left them, as he had to attend a rehearsal. Benedict had already heard of Mendelssohn at Dresden. The boy caught hold of his hand, and made him run a race to his own home. There Benedict had to play all that he could remember of his master's opera. Mendelssohn in return gave from memory such of Bach's fugues or Cramer's exercises as the visitor could name. When they next met, Mendelssohn was seated on a footstool writing music. Benedict inquired what it was. Mendelssohn answered gravely, "I am finishing my new quartet for piano and stringed instruments." Looking over his shoulder Benedict saw "as beautiful a score as if it had been written by the most skillful copyist." It was the quartet in C minor, published afterwards as *Opus I*. Whilst he was wondering, Mendelssohn ran to the piano, where he went over all the music which Benedict had played for him three or four days before. "Then," says Benedict, "forgetting quartets and Weber, down we went into the garden; he clearing high hedges with a leap, running, singing, or climbing up trees like a squirrel—the very image of health and happiness."

A series of weekly concerts was now arranged in their father's house. Here the young people, assisted by various friendly artists, rendered Felix's compositions. The boy himself, standing on a stool that he might be the better seen, was the conductor of the little orchestra. On his fifteenth birthday, February 3, 1824, his opera in three acts, "*Die beiden Neffen*," oder. *Der Onkel aus Boston*."

was performed. At the supper which followed Zelter took him by the hand. "From this day, dear boy, thou art no longer an apprentice, but an independent member of the brotherhood of musicians. I proclaim thine independence, in the names of Haydn, of Mozart, and of old Father Bach."

The same year Moscheles, then an artist of established reputation, was in Berlin. His finished pianoforte playing so charmed the Mendelssohns that they begged him to give Felix some lessons. At first he refused. "He has no need of lessons," he wrote in his diary; "if he sees anything noteworthy in my style of playing, he catches it from me at once." When at last he yielded to the parents' wishes, he said, "Not a moment could I conceal from myself the fact that I was with my master, not with my pupil." The boy caught at the slightest hint, and guessed his meaning before it was expressed.

In 1825 Abraham Mendelssohn purchased a beautiful house, No. 3, Leipziger Strasse, which henceforth became the headquarters of the family. It is now the Upper House of the Prussian Parliament, but its street front has not been altered since the Mendelssohns' time. The mother's sitting-room opened by means of three arches into an adjoining apartment. It thus formed a hall, which would comfortably hold several hundred people. Here many brilliant musical gatherings were held. On the garden side was a movable glass wall, so that in summer the room could easily be changed into an open portico. The gardens, which had formed part of the *Thiergarten* of Frederick the Great's day, were seven acres in extent, and rich in fine old trees. The house was situated on the extreme edge of Berlin, and its large court and high front building kept off every sound of traffic, so that it was really a delightful country home. Its rooms were cold and damp in winter, but in summer the place was a paradise.

But whatever might be the charms of the house, they were small compared with those of the brilliant circle of friends that gathered around the family here. Musicians and artists, whose names have gained European fame, streamed in and out of that home during these happy years. The place and its art life seemed to spur Felix to new activities. His beautiful "*Ottetto* for stringed instruments" was an attempt to set to music some lines from the Walpurgis-night dream in "*Faust*"—

d and bracing mist
 o'er us hover;
 Airs stir the brake, the rushes shake,
 And all their pomp is over.

Competent critics allow that the adaptation of the music to the poetic imagery is perfect. "In freshness of conception, symmetrical proportion, and masterly treatment of a series of bold and well-considered subjects, this fine composition yields to few, if any, even of the most successful efforts of the master's later period; in poetical feeling, and the higher qualities of the imaginative school, it quite certainly yields to none." This is Mr. Rokstro's verdict.

Next year, when only seventeen, Mendelssohn produced another of his masterpieces—the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." After Jean Paul, the leader of the "romantic school" so dear to young German readers, Shakespeare stood next in the hearts of the Mendelssohn children. The happy life which they lived in their own fairy-like domain seemed to lend new meaning to Shakespeare's comedy. This was the inspiration of that lovely overture of which Professor Macfarren said "that no one piece of music contains so many points of harmony and orchestration that had never been written before; and yet none of them have the air of experiment, but seem all to have been written with certainty of their success." The strength of construction and solidity of workmanship are not less remarkable than its "airy, fairy lightness." Moscheles heard it first as a piano-forte piece *à quatre mains*. The young composer was not afraid to allow his chief friend and critic to form his opinion of it from its performance on a single instrument. This was characteristic of his method. With Mendelssohn, the faultless proportion of symmetrical form was the first consideration. Then, and not till then, the ornaments were added. When the overture was given at Potsdam, in 1843, an old *habitué* of the court sat next to Mendelssohn at the supper which followed the performance, and astonished him by saying, "What a pity that you wasted your beautiful music on so stupid a play!" Mendelssohn had formed a truer estimate of Shakespeare.

In 1829 Mendelssohn introduced Bach's Passion music to Berlin. He had organized a little choir of sixteen voices to practise the "Passion according to St. Matthew." He himself knew it by heart, and conducted it without the score. It was then arranged that the work should be

performed by the Berlin Academy of Music. On March 11 it was publicly produced for the first time since the death of the composer. So great was the success that, despite the opposition of jealous musicians, it had to be repeated on Bach's birthday, ten days later. The young musician thus helped to bring about that great revival of the Passion music which has made the name of Bach a household word in Germany and in England.

On May 25, 1829, Mendelssohn first appeared before an English audience. He had seen no such city as London. "It is fearful! It is maddening! I am quite giddy and confused. London is the grandest and most complicated monster on the face of the earth." *Fêtes* and sight-seeing filled his days with undreamed-of delights. At the same time, the more serious business of his visit proved an unqualified success. His first symphony in C minor, which was the piece chosen for his *début*, was received with immense applause. The orchestra and the audience were alike enthusiastic. He appeared again at the Argyle rooms five days later, when his brilliant execution of Weber's "Concertstück" was received with equal favor. The hearty reception took away the sting of his sufferings from the jealousies of musical circles at Berlin. A month later the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" first delighted English ears. An incident in connection with this concert illustrates the enormous power of Mendelssohn's memory. Mr. Attwood, then organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, unfortunately left the overture in a hackney coach. It was never recovered, but Mendelssohn wrote out another from memory, without the variation of a single note.

The day after this concert Mendelssohn drove over to Richmond with a friend. "The way goes over the suspension bridge, through villages with houses covered with roses instead of vines, so that the fresh flowers on the smoky walls have a strange effect. In Richmond, on a hill which commands a view of the immeasurable green plain, studded with trees, close at hand, bright, warm, green, and (not a thousand yards off) blue, hazy, and fading away; and where you see Windsor on one side, and London on the other in a misty cloud, there we laid ourselves down, and spent our Sunday very quietly and solemnly." Mendelssohn's correspondence, from which this is an extract, is justly celebrated for its high literary style, and its artistic perception. We may add another passage.

When his work in London was finished, he made a pleasant tour in Scotland with his friend Klingemann. "It is Sunday when we arrive in Edinburgh; then we cross the meadows, going towards two desperately steep rocks, which are called Arthur's Seat, and climb up. Below, on the green, are walking the most variegated people, women, children, and cows; the city stretches far and wide; in the midst is the castle, like a bird's nest on a cliff; beyond the castle come meadows, then hills, then a broad river; beyond the river, again hills; then a mountain rather more stern, on which towers Stirling Castle; then blue distance begins; further on you perceive a faint shadow, which they call Ben Lomond. All this is but one half of Arthur's Seat; the other is simple enough — it is the great blue sea, immeasurably wide, studded with white sails, black funnels, little insects of skiffs, boats, rocky islands, and such like. Why need I describe it? When God himself takes to landscape painting, it turns out strangely beautiful. . . . What further shall I tell you? Time and space are coming to an end and everything must terminate in the refrain, 'How kind the people are in Edinburgh, and how generous is the good God!'"

Mendelssohn was much moved by his strange surroundings in the Hebrides. He wrote to Berlin: "In order to make you understand how extraordinarily the Hebrides affected me, the following came into my mind there." The two staves of music which accompany the note give clear indications of the intended instrumentation of his concert overture, "Fingal's Cave."

On his return to London, Mendelssohn was thrown out of a carriage, and was a prisoner in the house for nearly two months. This accident kept him from sharing the festivities connected with his sister's marriage to Hensel, the painter, but by November he was home again in Berlin. A busy winter followed. He composed his "Reformation Symphony" for the tercentenary of the Augsburg Confession, and he and his friend Klingemann prepared the "Heimkehr aus der Fremde" for his parents' silver wedding. Mendelssohn declined a professorship of music in Berlin University, and on May 13, 1830, he turned his face toward Italy. He settled at Rome, where his mornings were given to study and composition, his afternoons spent among the marvels of art in the Eternal City. After twelve months' travel he returned to Berlin.

His second English visit, in May, 1832, was not less gratifying to the young composer than the first. When he played the organ at St. Paul's Cathedral, on June 10, his treatment of the pedal-board introduced a complete revolution in English organ-playing. But the visit is chiefly noteworthy because Messrs. Novello now published his first book of "Lieder ohne Worte." These "Songs without Words" are "exquisite little musical poems," which have endeared themselves to all lovers of the pianoforte. "At that period," says Sir Julius Benedict, "mechanical dexterity, musical claptaps, skips from one part of the piano to another, endless shakes and arpeggios, were the order of the day; everything was sacrificed to display. Passages were written for the sole purpose of puzzling and perplexing the musical dilettanti, causing amazement by the immense quantity of notes compressed into one page." Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" were a protest against this vicious art, and contributed in no small degree to bring about a reformation in the pianoforte compositions of his day.

Mendelssohn had as yet found no settled post. In May, 1833, he conducted the Lower Rhine Festival at Düsseldorf with such distinguished ability that he was at once pressed to become director of the public and private musical establishments of the town. The salary was only £90, but he was not dependent on his profession. He accepted the post without hesitation, and on the 27th of September, after a fourth visit to England, settled down to his new duties.

There was not much comfort in his work. The director of the church services had utterly neglected his duties. No good music could be found. The crabbed old organist, who appeared in threadbare coat before Mendelssohn, declared that he neither could nor would have better music. Mendelssohn had himself to ransack the libraries of other cities. He brought home a large selection from the works of the best composers. But his troubles were not ended. His difficulties may be understood from the fact that when he produced Mozart's "Don Juan," the term classical, which he used, gave great offence. This was aggravated by a rise in the price of tickets, rendered necessary by the increased expense of the new management. So great was the uproar that the curtain had to be lowered and raised again four times before the middle of the first act. Mendelssohn was about to lay down

his *bâton* when the disturbance suddenly ceased. The rioters had grown hoarse, and the well-conducted people brightened up. The second act was played in profound silence, with much applause at the close. Mendelssohn and his friend Immermann consulted together amid "a shower of fiery rain and gunpowder smoke — among the black demons." Mendelssohn declared with becoming spirit that he would not again conduct the opera till he had received some apology. The incident made no little sensation, but the young director conquered. On his next appearance he was greeted with loud applause. The audience called for a flourish of trumpets in his honor, which had to be repeated three times. He had won the day at Düsseldorf.

Mendelssohn's residence there was fruitful in compositions. The most important was his oratorio, "St. Paul." His father was not a musician, but his excellent taste and sound judgment were often of the highest service to his son. He urged him to concentrate his strength on some great work. We thus owe the "St. Paul" to Abraham Mendelssohn. The enthusiasm with which the earlier finished parts of it were greeted at Düsseldorf greatly cheered the composer. It was only, however, when his own family had pronounced their judgment upon it at Cologne, where they were assembled for the musical festival, that he confidently looked forward to its success.

The "St. Paul" was first performed at Düsseldorf on May 22, 1836. His father — to whom Mendelssohn had written, "One word of praise from you is more truly precious to me and makes me happier than all the public in the world applauding me in concert" — did not witness the triumph. The previous November he had died in Berlin. No one supposed that he was seriously ill till the night before his death; even on the following morning the medical attendant apprehended no danger, and the patient turned round saying he would sleep a little. Half an hour later he was dead. His daughter wrote: "It was the end of the righteous, a beautiful, enviable end, and I pray to God for a similar death, and will strive through all my days to deserve it, as he deserved it. It was death in its most peaceful, beautiful aspect." Eleven years later her desire was granted.

This great sorrow clouded over the representation of the oratorio. But Mendelssohn was inspired by the interest his father had taken in the work to throw his

whole strength into its completion. It is thus almost a musical "In Memoriam." His sister Fanny gives her first impressions of the work in a letter to Berlin. "The overture is very beautiful, the idea of introducing St. Paul by means of the chorale 'Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme' (Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling) is almost a stroke of wit, and exquisitely carried out. He has completely hit the organ sound in the orchestra. The apparition-scene sounds quite different from what I had expected, but it is so beautiful, so surprising, so touching, that I know little in music to equal it. It is God coming in the storm." Many alterations and revisions were made after the first performance at Düsseldorf. It was first given in England on October 3, 1836, under the direction of Sir George Smart, at Liverpool, but its English popularity dates from the time of its performance under Mendelssohn's direction at the Birmingham Musical Festival on September 20, 1837.

The year which saw the completion of his first oratorio witnessed another happy event — Mendelssohn's engagement to Cécile Jeanrenaud. The young lady's mother was the widow of the pastor of the French Reformed Church at Frankfort-am-Main. It is said that the musician was so bashful a wooer, that the whole family at first thought he was in love with the widow herself. This impression was, however, soon corrected, and in the graceful young lady Mendelssohn found a wife whose gentleness and gaiety of spirit formed a happy sedative for his nervous and excitable temperament. He was married on March 28, 1837.

Mr. Rokstro describes a visit he paid to Mendelssohn at Frankfort nine years later. After showing him Thorwaldsen's statue of Goethe and the poet's birthplace, Mendelssohn proposed they should go to an "open-air concert." He led the way to a lonely corner of the public gardens, where a nightingale was pouring out its soul. "He sings here every evening, and I often come to hear him. I sit here, sometimes, when I want to compose. Not that I am writing much, now; but sometimes I have a feeling like this" — and he twisted his hands rapidly and nervously in front of his breast — "and when that comes I know that I must write." Next day at dinner he was full of fun, making them cover up the lower part of their face that he might see what animal they resembled. "I am an eagle," he said, holding his hand in a way which made the likeness absurdly

striking. His wife was a hare; his boy Karl, a roebuck; Paul, a bullfinch; Mr. Rokstro, a setter.

He sent his friend on to Leipzig with Ferdinand David. He himself was at the coach with a little basket of early fruit, a packet of cigars for David, and "a quite paternal scolding" for the young stranger who was not sufficiently wrapped up. During the bustle of departure Mendelssohn was missing, but just when they had given him up for lost, he reappeared with a thick woollen scarf. "Let me wrap this round your throat," he gasped, quite out of breath with his run; "it will keep you warm in the night; and when you get to Leipzig, you can leave it in the coach." The scarf, it is scarcely necessary to add, is still preserved as a precious relic.

He had left Düsseldorf for Leipzig in August, 1835, before the death of his father. He was conductor of the celebrated Gewandhaus concerts. Here he found himself amid congenial spirits. The jealousies which had embittered his work at Berlin and at Düsseldorf were unknown at Leipzig. "When I first came to Leipzig," he said, "I thought I was in Paradise." The people were willing to learn, Mendelssohn was eager to teach. The citizens became Mendelssohn's friends and advisers. His name was on all lips. After his engagement the audience seized upon the words in "Fidelio," "Wer ein holdes Weib errungen" (He who has won a gentle wife), and by their cheering induced him to extemporize on the melody.

Mendelssohn's position at Leipzig introduced him to the best singers and musicians of his day. With Sterndale Bennett, Clara Novello, Jenny Lind, Joachim, the Schumanns, and many other distinguished artists he enjoyed much pleasant intercourse. So great was his popularity, that, when he arranged to give a concert consisting entirely of Bach's organ music, in order to raise funds for a monument to that composer, Mendelssohn's mother said, "If he were to announce that he would stand in the marketplace in his nightcap, I believe the people of Leipzig would pay for admission." The statue was erected in 1840, opposite to the Thomas Schule at Leipzig, where John Sebastian Bach was cantor, and where he died, on July 28, 1750.

Frederick William IV. of Prussia now made tempting offers to induce Mendelssohn to settle in Berlin, where he was to have control of the musical department in a National Academy of Arts, with a stipend of £450. He could not refuse to

accept the post, but he clearly saw that the scheme would not work. The appointment had, however, one great advantage. It brought him and his family back to Leipziger Strasse, greatly to the rejoicing of Mendelssohn's mother. But she was not long spared to them. She died on December 12, 1842, a sudden, painless death—like her husband's.

The cords that bound her son to Berlin had already been loosened by the opposition and jealousy he met with in musical circles. They were now completely severed. He had wished to retire before, but withdrew his request. "You think that in my official position I could do nothing else. It was not that, it was my mother." Now the way was open. Berlin never heartily sympathized with Mendelssohn, while at Leipzig he always had an enthusiastic auditory. There he was able, in April, 1843, to rejoice in the establishment of a Conservatory of Music. Mendelssohn and Schumann were professors of the pianoforte and composition: harmony and counterpoint, the violin and management of the orchestra, the organ, singing, Italian, and the history of music were also added to the curriculum.

Mendelssohn's visit to England in 1842 was memorable for his introduction to Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. He laughingly endorses Grah's verdict that the palace was "the one really pleasant, comfortable English house in which one feels" at his ease. Prince Albert had asked him to go and try his organ before he left England. Whilst they were talking the queen entered, in simple morning dress. She told Mendelssohn that she was obliged to leave for Claremont in an hour, then, suddenly interrupting herself, she exclaimed, "But goodness! what a confusion!" The wind had littered the room with sheets of music from an open portfolio. She knelt down and began to pick up the music—the prince and Mendelssohn helping busily. Prince Albert then played a chorale from memory, and Mendelssohn began his chorus, "How lovely are the messengers." Before he reached the end of the first verse the queen and prince joined in the chorus. Prince Albert cleverly managed the stops. The queen then sang Fanny Mendelssohn's "Schöner und schöner schmückt sich," and Mendelssohn's *Pilgerspruch*, "Lass dich nur." During her Majesty's absence from the room Prince Albert presented to the visitor a beautiful ring, with "V. R. 1842" upon it. "She begs," he said, "you will accept this as a remem-

brance." The delightful morning closed with a happy improvisation of Mendelssohn's on the organ.

His "Forty-Second Psalm," of which Lampadius says, "Never has the soul's inmost yearning after God been spoken out in tones more searching and tender," and many of his best works were written for a Leipzig audience. The festival held in that city, in June, 1840, on the fourth centenary of the invention of printing, is memorable for the birth of the "Lobgesang"—one of Mendelssohn's masterpieces, "in which his genius shines out in its truest originality, and most characteristic as well as most beautiful features." It celebrates the triumph of light over darkness at the creation. It was given with profound and well-earned applause at the Birmingham Musical Festival on September 23, 1840. The composer's struggle after perfection may be understood from the fact that he made so many alterations in the score that the plates engraved for the Birmingham Festival had to be destroyed and the whole reproduced. The striking solo and chorus, "Watchman! will the night soon pass?" suggested by a sleepless night at Leipzig, were now first added.

We now reach the crowning triumph of Mendelssohn's musical career. On Wednesday, August 26, 1846, his oratorio "Elijah" was first performed in public. The enthusiasm with which it was received surpassed all he had yet witnessed. "Artists and audience vied with each other in their endeavor to increase the roar of applause, which, at the close of the first and second parts, was simply deafening." Mendelssohn was not satisfied. Scarcely a movement passed unchanged. It was not till the following July that the work was published. Before that date it was given in its revised form at Exeter Hall by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The queen and the prince consort were present. Prince Albert wrote on his copy of the oratorio a flattering comparison of Mendelssohn to Elijah, because he had preserved the homage due to true art amid the Baal worship of corrupted art. This he sent to Mendelssohn in token of grateful remembrance. "So far as I permit myself to speak," says Lampadius, "I will say that the choruses are far grander, more energetic, and more dramatic than in 'St. Paul;' and there is not wanting that inimitable warmth of piety, peculiar to Mendelssohn alone among the later composers. The wonderful chorus, 'Blessed are the men that fear Him,' the 'Baal

Chorus,' the chorus that renders thanks for rain, and that which recounts the ascension to heaven, are truly great and thrillingly effective."

The religious character of Mendelssohn's work is sufficiently seen in his choice of subjects. The criticism of one journalist will here be accepted as his highest honor. "He occupies the pious, weakly, soft-hearted Christian standpoint, which demands that all sorrow be accepted humbly, as a dispensation and a trial from God's own hand, and which would prompt to break into songs of praise to Him for all deliverance, and for all light granted in darkness. From this idea, that God does all things for us and that thanks are due to Him for all things, Mendelssohn never frees himself; it runs through his 'St. Paul' and all his church music."

"He knew and loved his Bible," says one of his friends (Lampadius) "as few men of his time. His unshaken faith, his profound spiritual-mindedness, and his love to others sprang from this root. His work is one of the finest commentaries ever written on the history of Elijah the Tishbite."

Mendelssohn followed the lines laid down by Haydn, tempering the severity of those rules with the freedom which Beethoven introduced into them. Bach's part-writing guided his own work. "Rich and varied instrumentation" brought out all the resources of the orchestra. His method of phrasing is considered to be the chief distinctive feature of his style. Great thoughts found fitting expression. Like Mozart, he had every piece of music, with its instrumentation, in his mind before he committed it to writing. If an idea occurred to him at the piano he noted it down, and afterwards worked it out in his mind. Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven were his "spiritual property"—the masters whom he best loved.

Sir Julius Benedict says "that as a pianoforte-player, the complete mastery he possessed over all mechanical difficulties, joined to the spirit, delicacy, and certainty of his execution, left him confessedly without a rival." He was also one of the finest organ-players of his time. It was said that he could do everything on the organ except play the people out of church. The vergers at St. Paul's once found the spell of the musician so mighty, that they could only clear the cathedral by beating the people on the head.

The "Elijah" has a melancholy interest, because it is the last of Mendelssohn's great works. His health suffered seri-

ously from the strain of its production. He returned to Frankfort from the Exeter Hall performance of this oratorio weary and ill. He had twice visited her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, had witnessed the first triumph of his friend Jenny Lind in England, and had himself been honored and fêted on all hands. His nerves seemed shattered by the incessant toils of the past. He had only been at home two days when he was told, somewhat suddenly, that his sister Fanny had died after a few hours' illness. The brother and sister had been as one soul. Fanny Mendelssohn's gifts as a musician were only second to his own. The shock unnerved him. "With a terrible cry he fell fainting to the ground." For weeks he was utterly prostrated. By degrees Mendelssohn's artistic tastes revived. He began some water-color drawings, which soothed him and helped to pass the weary summer. A long holiday in Switzerland also did much to renew his strength. He was able to write some music, and consider plans of future work, but he felt that his vigor was gone. "I shall not live," was his verdict. Still he worked. "Let me work while it is yet day; who can tell how soon the bell may toll?" He was too feeble to take an active part in the Leipzig concerts of that winter. The end was near. On October 9, 1847, he called to see his friend Madame Frege. He accompanied her in his last set of songs (Op. 71). She left the room to order lights, as he wished to hear something from the "Elijah." When she returned, Mendelssohn was shivering, and complained that he was suffering from a violent pain in the head. He was able to walk home, and rallied for a time, but on Thursday evening, November 4, 1847, he breathed his last, surrounded by his sorrowing friends. It is said that he had ruptured a blood-vessel when he heard of his sister's loss, and the effusion of blood on the brain caused his death.

The following Sunday the coffin was borne to St. Paul's Church. A band of wind instruments played the "Lied ohne Worte" in E minor (Book V., No. 3), scored for the occasion by Moscheles. The senior student of the Conservatorium bore a cushion with his Order of Merit and a silver wreath sent by the students. The pall was hidden under palm-branches and flowers. All Leipzig was there to do honor to its adopted son. When they reached the church the whole congregation sang "Errett mich, O mein lieber." The chorale, "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit," and "Happy and blest are

After the sermon pealed forth the chorus which follows the burial of Stephen, "Behold, we count them happy which endure." After the benediction, came John Sebastian Bach's chorus from the Passion music, "We sit down in tears, and cry unto thee in thy grave, Sweetly rest, sweetly rest."

Scarcely had the crowd of mourners retired when the weeping widow entered the church and knelt beside the coffin to take her last farewell. That night the funeral train started for Berlin. Choirs of singers awaited it at various points on the road. At Berlin the Cathedral choir received the coffin with the chorale, "Jesu, meine Freude." As the sun was rising it was borne into the Church of the Holy Trinity, outside the Halle Gate, where, after a second service, it was laid by the side of his sister in front of the tombs of their parents. Six years later Madame Mendelssohn, whose health had caused serious apprehension during her husband's life-time, died of consumption.

Mendelssohn was not quite five feet six inches in height, slight, and mercurial in temperament. His features were distinctly Jewish. He had a high forehead, with thick black hair and a fresh complexion. His delicately expressive mouth generally had a pleasant smile lurking at the corners. He had beautiful teeth and large brown eyes. When he was animated they "were as expressive a pair of eyes as ever were set in a human being's head." Sometimes, when he was playing extempore, they dilated and became nearly twice their ordinary size, "the brown pupil changing to vivid black." His hearty laugh and his trick of doubling up with laughter showed how he enjoyed all fun. His body is said to have been as expressive as an ordinary face. His small hands with tapering fingers seemed almost living things when they were on the keys. Those whom he loved found him almost feminine and childlike in his fondness, but he had a way of firing up when meanness or unworthy conduct roused his spirit. "There was a great deal of manliness packed into his little body," said an English friend. His sketches, his delightful letters, and his entertaining and animated conversation on literary topics show that he was a man of true culture as well as a great musician. Few lives have been more humbly devoted to art. His infinite painstaking and his unwearrying diligence were beyond all praise. He died early—in his thirty-ninth year—but he had shown what gifts were in him and left all generations richer by his work.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE MADNESS OF FATHER FELIPE.

THE sun was setting, throwing long shadows from the tall eucalyptus and poplar trees that surrounded the peach-orchards, and gilding the distant windows of the great *estancia* house of Santa Paula. Father Felipe rose from his seat among the peach-trees and, thrusting his breviary into the pocket of his *soutane*, took his way up to the house to await the hour of dinner. Late though it was, there was still work going on in the sheep-corral as he passed them; for, owing to the revolution that had broken out in Uruguay, labor was scarce that summer, and long hours had to make up for the want of hands. The priest stopped on his way and, leaning against the wooden fence, watched with an absent air a group of some five or six men who were busily catching the lame sheep and paring their overgrown hoofs. All day long the same work had been going on; point after point of sheep had been shut into the narrow enclosure, examined, doctored, and let go, and the flock was not yet finished. Of the thirty or forty men who labored on the *estancia* only these few were left; all the rest had either gone to swell the ranks of the revolution or had fled away into hiding to avoid being pressed into the government service.

"It is growing too dark, Anselmo," grumbled one of the men, rising to his feet and stretching his tired limbs; "we shall never finish the work to-night."

"Courage, man!" cried the *mayor-domo*, a bustling little fellow who had been doing the work of two men through the day and superintending the work of all. "Come! There are hardly a hundred sheep left now; the flock will soon be done with. Ah, Don Felipe! Good-evening to you. Would you like to lend us a hand? Here is a knife for you, if you have not got one."

The priest started from his reverie. "Willingly, Anselmo! very willingly, but I do not know how to help you. I am not skilled to this labor."

The grumbler looked up. "To this labor, no!" he repeated, mimicking the priest's deprecating tone, "but to eat his dinner—yes! Offer him a knife to eat his dinner, Anselmo, if you want to see him use it. That is what a priest carries a knife for."

The men laughed. Don Felipe pretended not to hear, but the muscles of his face quivered and the hand that grasped

the railing shook in spite of his efforts to appear indifferent.

His tormentor cast a mocking glance at him as he passed before him to catch another sheep. "Aha! the fat wether!" he cried presently, dragging the struggling sheep after him by the leg. "Oh, the fat priest! This is the kind of priest that pleases me; this one makes good fat meat and good thick wool; this one deserves his dinner every day. But the other priests! Bah!—if you were to cut all their throats to-morrow you would get nothing by them."

The men laughed again; it mattered little to them what the wit was so long as it was directed against the proper person, and to their ideas a priest was an eminently proper person for ridicule.

"Hold thy tongue, Teofilo!" said the *mayor-domo* sharply. "Thou knowest that Don Geronimo will not have the father insulted; and if he complains, then it is I who am blamed. Besides, priest or no priest, he is not a bad man that Don Felipe," he added carelessly.

Don Felipe did not hear the remonstrance. Already he was on his way to the house, walking with slow, measured steps that contrasted curiously with the passion that was working in his face. Broken ejaculations started involuntarily from his quivering lips. "They all hate me. They all despise me. What harm have I ever done, what words have I ever spoken to them. The meanest *peon* on the place thinks he has the right to insult me!" His hands were feverishly clenched and unclenched, the perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his face flushed a burning red with the heat of shame and powerless indignation. When he was out of sight his steps were more hurried; then suddenly he stopped and paused irresolute, being half minded to return and confront with angry words the men that jeered at him. Thinking better of this impulse he resumed his way to the house, crying out aloud to himself as he went with a kind of angry exultation, "It is not through fear. No, not through fear!" An insult loses half its bitterness if promptly resented and revenged; it is only those that are accepted in silence that remain unhealed, and every fresh wound added to their number starts the old wounds bleeding afresh, smarting with accumulated pain. Perhaps the keenest pang that Felipe felt was the horrible uncertainty whether it was really his cloth alone that prevented him from revenging his pride. "It is not through fear!" he cried to him-

self. Had he been more sure that fear had no influence with him he would not have felt the necessity of so often telling himself so.

He sat down on a bench outside the house and wiped the sweat from his brow. Hardly more than two-and-twenty, his clean-shaven face made him look even more youthful, and there was something almost pathetic in its incongruity with the long formal *soutane* and ugly peaked hat. His features were good, though wanting in strength, and his eyes were beautiful. "I did ask you to send me a priest," wrote Doña Apolinaria to her old friend the vicar-general at Buenos Ayres, "and you have sent me a pretty boy. However, his manners are nice, so I will not complain." Felipe's manners were nice, a rare thing among his fraternity, and in that respect at least Doña Apolinaria had no fault to find with the chaplain that her friend had selected for her. It would have been difficult to find in him any other especial qualifications for his post.

The *estancia* of Santa Paula belonged to the Usabarrenas, one of the richest families of the republic of Uruguay. At that time the family consisted of three individuals only,—Don Geronimo Usabarrena, whose great wealth and influence in the country had made him a likely candidate for the presidency at more than one election—had he ever been elected he would have made a very honest and perfectly incompetent ruler; fortunately both for himself and his country his ambition was not rewarded by success; Doña Apolinaria, his wife, a native of Buenos Ayres, and related to some of the first families of the Argentine Republic; and Elena, their only child, a pretty girl of nineteen, with rather a sullen expression of face and such supercilious manners as befitted so great an heiress. Geronimo Usabarrena was a good-natured, godless old heathen, who feared and respected no man, but only his wife. Political troubles had exiled the family from Monte Video for more than two years, and obliged them to live altogether on their country estate. Had the truth been told, Usabarrena was not sorry to escape from the constant worry and anxiety of the intrigues with which his wife's ambition surrounded him; as it was he did his utmost to reconcile her to her temporary seclusion, even to the extent of building a chapel for her (for Doña Apolinaria was a devout woman and constant in her religious duties) and allowing her to send to her old home in Buenos Ayres for a priest. Thus it had been that

Felipe had entered on his first duties in his profession.

He had come there straight from the religious seminary in which he had been educated, and which he had entered at the age of ten. Of his childhood he had but the vaguest recollection. Always, so far as he could remember, he had lived with the same old woman; always in the same dingy street, always in the same dark little house that no one entered but themselves. He supposed the old woman to have been his grandmother—why he supposed her to be so, he did not remember, nor did he remember anything very clearly about her except that she beat him occasionally with a leather strap kept for that purpose. The strap and the old woman had become inseparable in his memory; he never thought of one without the other, and the general impression left on his mind by his infancy was that he had been brought up by a leather strap aided by an old woman. He did not know the names of his parents; his father he had never heard of; his mother he had seen but once. A very handsome woman, of uncertain age, and rather stout; her voice was harsh and disagreeable, and her dress astonished even his childish eyes—but not all the powder and paint with which it was daubed could hide the extraordinary beauty of her face. The old woman had fallen ill and this unknown lady came to visit her. As she came out of the bedroom, she took the small boy by the hand and led him to the window.

"Thou art Felipe?"

"Yes, lady," he said with timid hesitation.

"Thou art a good boy?"

"Yes, lady," but with more hesitation, being mindful of the strap.

"Wouldst like to be a priest?"

"Lady, I do not know," he stammered with wide-open eyes.

"It is good—thou art going to be a priest. Thou must be good and learn. Is it not so? Look at me—I am thy mother. What a wretched little creature it is!" she added with rather a forced laugh. "Yes! I am thy mother. Kiss me."

Long afterwards Felipe could recall the rough feeling of those hard red lips that just touched his cheek—perhaps as it was the only time in his life that he had ever been kissed, it was only natural that he should remember it.

The next day a priest came to take him away. Whether the old woman died or lived, he never knew, nor was there any

one whom he could ask at the seminary. The misery of all such schools! For more than ten years he lived there, herded with boys whom some physical defect or other failing had driven to that refuge, or who, like himself, had to bear the burden of their parents' sins; poor wretched little mortals, with a pitiful precocity in evil, who had known little or no kindness in their wretched little lives, and whose only idea of enjoyment was the fulfilment of the instinctive desire to inflict torture and suffering on the weakest among themselves. Fortunately their fellowship had but little influence on Felipe for good or evil; as a child he had lived a life of repression and loneliness, and at school he shrank away from the companionship of other boys into the solitude of his own thoughts. He was too small when he first came among them to be molested, and by the time he grew older they had become accustomed to leave him alone. Ten years is a long time at that age, and for ten years the seminary was Felipe's home. It is possible that he did try to carry out the admirable precepts of his mother, for he gave but little trouble to his teachers, was always good and did his best to learn; it is possible also that by so doing he gave pleasure to his mother, but if he did she made no sign of it, for he never saw her or heard of her again. The time came for him to leave the seminary and take a priest's vows. The change for him was merely the outward one of tonsure and soutane; his renunciation of the joys and pleasures of this world cost him no pang.

Doubtless he had a powerful protector somewhere, or he would not have been singled out for so enviable a post as that of private chaplain to the Usabarrenas. Doña Apolinaria was credited with great influence in the ecclesiastical circle of her native country, and might do much for the advancement of any priest that she might care to patronize. In itself, however, the position was not so pleasant. A priest is by no means a prophet in Uruguay and receives but scant honor from the people. By most of the inhabitants of the *estancia* Felipe was treated with a kind of contemptuous toleration. Don Geronimo indulged in much good-humored banter at his expense; after his own fashion he was not unkind to his wife's *protégé*, but he could never overcome his astonishment at having a priest actually living under his own roof, or resist the temptation of seeing Felipe's sallow face flush crimson at some outrageous jest or story. That de-

vout lady, Doña Apolinaria, treated him with a curious mixture of reverence for his office and haughty disdain for his individual person. Her daughter never addressed him a word outside the confessional, save when she forced herself to be amiable in payment of such small services as she might exact from him. The peons about the place hardly scrupled to show their contempt for a man of his dress. Only one person had ever welcomed him as a friend and equal, and invited his confidence; and that one person Felipe loved with such a passion of gratitude that his whole life had come to seem only of value as it was connected with hers.

Teresa Llosa, a niece of Don Geronimo, was much the same age as her cousin Elena. A pretty, slender girl, whose round childish face always wore a look of content and happiness, and a pleasant smile of welcome for all the world. Her good-nature was proverbial. To be below the consideration of everybody else was to have an immediate claim on Teresa's sympathy. "Teresa's family" was a standing joke among the residents of the *estancia*. It consisted of very miscellaneous elements. Teresa's old man, Teresa's dog, Teresa's nurse—the two former were both blind and helpless, the latter was an old negress whose temper was the terror of the household. Horses beyond their work became "Teresa's horses," and under that sheltering name were turned out loose to spend the rest of their old age in freedom. Hardly anything was called hers that had not some defect which rendered it worthless to the rest of the world. Teresa's heart, said her cousin, was a kind of dust-heap where only broken things and litter found a resting-place. Felipe with his shy awkwardness and shrinking timidity found his way at once to that hospitable refuge; to Teresa it was only natural to hold out the hand of good-fellowship to one who seemed to be rebuffed by all others. Certainly the interest she took in him was something more than the kindly pity that she bestowed on most of her adherents, for she liked him for his own sake; still his friendship was little more to her than the addition of another member to her numerous family. To Felipe—ah! what was it not to Felipe? Had he ever asked himself, he would not have known how to answer. It takes but very little wine to intoxicate a man that has never drunk wine before. So far in all his life he had never known any affection; dimly he may have been conscious

from time to time of a craving that nothing in his daily surroundings could satisfy, a craving that was caused by neither hunger nor thirst nor any bodily want, but which came upon him, he knew not why, and passed away unsatisfied. Now he knew that this craving must have been the longing to be with Teresa and in her thoughts, for it was her absence or her coldness that brought it on him; it was the craving for her kindness and good-will, and could only be satisfied by the music of her voice or the welcoming light of her eyes. The world had suddenly opened before him, disclosing a new pleasure of which he had hitherto never dreamt; it was hardly wonderful that at first he was bewildered by the sudden novelty of the sensation and almost drunken with its intensity. Teresa's affection was compensation for all past unhappiness. The affection that he felt for her was an end and interest in his life more real and living than any he had imagined before, by the side of which the fervor of religion was a cold and empty abstraction; it was a joy and pleasure that went on increasing and growing in strength every day. And it was only affection! Felipe was a priest, and priests have nothing to do with love.

Nevertheless it is doubtful whether Felipe's life was actually made happier and more contented. Apart from the restless hunger with which his soul seemed to be now possessed, Teresa's kindness and consideration served to throw into darker relief the little consideration and esteem in which he was held by the rest of the world. The slighting words, that before he had hardly felt at all, now inflicted the keenest suffering upon him; every one of them seemed to widen the gulf of contempt that the world stretched between him and the object of his devotion. How could one, so despised as he was, be worthy of Teresa's notice — Teresa, whom every one loved? After all, even in years, Felipe was little more than a sensitive boy. As he sat that evening in the *patio* where the family usually assembled before dinner, his ears still burnt and echoed the jarring laughter that had mocked him in the sheep-corral, and still he writhed with the anguish that the foolish words had caused him.

The *patio*, or courtyard of the house, was flagged with white marble and filled with huge wooden boxes containing masses of white and scarlet blossom, over which orange and lemon trees, feathery palms and tall tree-ferns, threw a protecting shade. In spite of the simplicity of

their daily life, the house showed abundant signs of the great wealth of the Usabarenas, and this evening Felipe felt more than ever insignificant, and oppressed by the sumptuous luxury of his surroundings. The first of the family to appear was Teresa, who passed him with a friendly nod of the pretty little head as she dived into the darkness of the *sala*, only to reappear presently with a disappointed face.

"What, no papers! no letters! Has not the post-messenger come then, Don Felipe?"

"I do not know, señorita; is it time yet?"

"Of course it is. He should have come an hour ago." She sat down on a seat near Felipe, and impatiently opened and shut a long black fan. "Do you not care then when the letters arrive? Why, to me it is the only hour of the day; from the time that I awake in the morning I think of little else but the letters I shall get in the evening. And you?"

"I? Well, you see I do not receive letters. I have no friends to write to me," answered Felipe sadly. "No — not one."

Teresa looked at him with quick sympathy. "I should not like that," she said softly. "I like to have many friends, very many. Never mind, Don Felipe; you also must make friends, and then when they are absent they will write to you. See, it is a bargain; when I go away I will write you an enormous letter, and then you must write me a long answer, and tell me all that passes at the *estancia*."

A cold terror seized Felipe. "Are you then going to leave us, señorita?" he asked.

"Some day I suppose I shall," she answered, with rather a conscious laugh. "Perhaps very soon," she added, blushing. "You know — or at least you must have heard — upon what it depends. Well! — I will tell you a secret. *He* is going to be promoted; perhaps he is already Captain Valdez; and then my aunt will let him come here; and then —"

"And then there will be a wedding. And then we shall become the Señora Valdez. And then we shall be happy ever afterwards. Is it not so, little fool?" — and Elena, who had stolen up silently behind the unconscious pair, burst into peals of laughter as she passed her arms round her cousin's neck and dragged back her head, the better to survey her blushes.

"Let me alone. Oh! Elena, you are abominable," she cried, freeing herself from the other's grasp, and sitting up on the edge of her chair with the look of a

ruffled bird. But Elena only laughed the more, and slipped quietly into the chair that Felipe had vacated without deigning to look at him. He, for his part, moved slowly away. A feeling of deadly sickness had come over him; such a feeling as a prisoner, long condemned, might experience on hearing his sentence confirmed. He could hardly have failed to know that Teresa was engaged to a young officer in the Argentine army, and that their marriage was indefinitely postponed on account of his youth; for hardly a day had passed but some one or other had spoken of Luiz Valdez, the most promising young man in the Argentine Republic — so brave, so clever, so generous, of whom Doña Apolinaria was as proud as if he had been her own son, and whose praises she sung with the same energy of conviction with which she was wont to sing her own. But to Felipe it had all appeared so vague and far off; it was not till now that he seemed to realize what it actually meant, and that Teresa would soon disappear from his daily life as completely and utterly as if she had never entered it.

"The priest does not love me. He always takes to flight when I appear," said Elena, "I . . . face at Felipe's retreating back. . . . you have chosen a droll confidant, my Teresita! The dear little fool! Has thy cousin then so little sympathy that thou must give thy confidences to a priest?"

"I was only telling him what every one knows. Why do you tease me? And why are you so unkind to that poor young fellow? Look you—he always is so lonely and seems so sad."

"Bah! that is his business to be lonely and look sad. Priests have no right to be gay. Dost thou want him to dance and sing? For all that, I cannot see why he should live in the house. I am sure it is dull enough without having that death's-head ever before one. Well, never mind Don Felipe. Tell me again—what was that you heard from Luiz?"

"But I told you all about that yesterday; there is nothing more. Stay—you shall see his own letter for yourself. There—you may read down to the bottom of that page, but mind—you must not look at the other." Teresa spread a little brown hand over one sheet while she held out the other for her cousin's inspection. "There—you see that he only says that a chance of quick promotion has come at last, and that it will not be his fault if he does not command a company before a month is

past. I wish I knew what is this chance; he is so mysterious about it all. I wonder——No! no! Elena, thou shalt not read that side"—and she wrested the letter away from her cousin, who was meanly attempting to decipher the words which the widespread fingers left unprotected.

"Do let me just look a little! Oh, greedy one! I only wanted to see what that little row of blots was," pleaded Elena humbly.

"Never mind the row of little blots—they are not meant for you." With an assumption of much dignity Teresa folded up her letter and put it away before the other's hungry eyes.

"Ah! *hija!*" she cried fervently, "how good it must be to have a lover. I wish I had one too. But come, or we shall be scolded for being late at dinner."

Teresa's letter seemed destined to be the last to be received at the *estancia* for some time. Neither that night nor the next came any communication from the outside world. It was known that the revolutionists were gathering in force, not far from them, upon the banks of the river Uruguay; and that they were only waiting for a reinforcement of certain refugees and volunteers from their neighbor, the Argentine Republic, to march at once upon the capital. Evidently no news from the government headquarters could pass their lines to the *estancia*, and the Usabarrenas were dependent on the wild rumors that were flying about the country for all the information they could get. It was known that the Argentine government was greatly in favor of the revolutionary party; and though it was impossible for them to take an open part in such an enterprise, it was expected that they were secretly about to furnish both money and men to aid in its success. Everything depended on the temper of the Uruguayan army. To Don Geronimo the time was a very anxious one; he had the liveliest sympathy for the movement that was taking place, but he dared not identify himself with it. Success, he knew, was well-nigh impossible so long as the army remained faithful to the existing government; and as yet only a single regiment, an out-lying one, had deserted their allegiance and thrown in their lot with the rebels. Owing to the isolated situation of his estate he was still able to keep in the background, but at any moment he might be called upon to take decisive action for one side or the other. If only he could get authentic news in time to declare for the winning

side! He had generally managed to do so before, and this was the eighth revolution that he had passed through.

At last news came. One of his men managed to get away from the neighboring town, then in the hands of the rebels, bringing letters for Don Geronimo, a batch of newspapers, and a note for Teresa.

It appeared that the Argentine contingent had at length crossed the river but only in half the force that had been expected. Some few officers of the Argentine army had joined secretly as volunteers, but for the most part the levies from that country were almost as raw and undisciplined as the levies raised in Uruguay. Already quarrels had arisen as to the chief command. Such as it was, however, the force had been hastily organized and was already in full march to meet the government troops despatched against them from Monte Video. Don Geronimo stormed up and down almost beside himself with fury and dismay; never had he expected such a complete certainty of disaster. "Look at your revolution!" he shouted at poor Doña Apolinaria, as though she had been responsible for getting it up to disappoint him. "Call you that a revolution?—I call it a——" But words failed him, and he was fain to sit down and swear vehemently and incoherently in a white heat of rage.

"It is *not* so hopeless," cried his wife desperately—still anxiously scanning the sheets of the newspapers. "Remember what your agent, Pedro Moreno, wrote to you about the regiments in Monte Video——"

"Pedro Moreno lies," interrupted Usabarrena with sudden ferocity.

"But *El Dia* says that the soldiers are disaffected too. Have you read it?" urged Doña Apolinaria, who for once in her life seemed thoroughly cowed; "do listen to what the paper says—they think it is almost certain that two at least of the regiments will join our cause——"

"Our cause! It is no cause of ours. Are you mad to talk like that? What do I care what the paper says? It is much more likely that every one of your friends will bolt before they come in sight of the troops. As for those Argentine volunteers! well, I am sorry for them, but they were fools to be caught in such a trap. Not one of them will return to tell the tale. They, at least, will get no quarter——"

A stifled cry from the other end of the room startled them. Teresa was standing there, clutching a letter in her hands, with a look of frantic terror upon her white

face. As if turned to stone she stared at her uncle and made no sign. Her aunt and cousin ran to her and caught her hands.

"Teresa! my darling!"

"Teresa! my poor child! what is it? what has happened?"

"My letter—my letter. See! he writes to me—Don Luiz Valdez—he joined the Argentine brigade. They have given him a regiment, and he marched two days ago—oh! my uncle, it is not true—what you said—say it is not true! Oh, Luiz, Luiz!" she wailed out, throwing herself face downwards on the floor, "Oh, Luiz, Luiz!"

Slowly the days dragged on at the *estancia*, as in a house of mourning. The one thought that filled every mind was the danger of Luiz Valdez; even Don Geronimo forgot his own selfish preoccupation at the sight of his niece's despair. He had hardly exaggerated the risk that the luckless young man was running; it was literally a kind of forlorn hope in which the only chance of safety was victory. South Americans are beyond measure moved to wrath by any foreign interference in the domestic pleasures of revolution; that the citizens of one state should conspire, revolt, and fight against their own government is a perfectly natural, justifiable, and eminently patriotic thing to do; but that citizens of another state should interfere to aid them is not only a piece of unwarrantable interference but the worst of crimes. To an Argentine soldier, an alien to the soil, no mercy would be shown if the rebels were defeated; if taken prisoner, he would be as relentlessly shot as any other spy. Every day that passed brought fresh news of the failure of the revolution and the desperate condition of its leaders. What hope or consolation could there be to offer to Teresa? She wandered aimlessly from place to place to find no rest anywhere save in the little chapel, where for hours she would kneel in passionate prayer. Hers were not the only supplications offered up on her lover's behalf; her humble friends all spent their savings in candles—all with the exception of Felipe and her old dog, Tigre. Poor Tigre followed at her heels with drooping head, or would sit beside her, thrusting a cold nose into her listless hand and looking up with wistful devotion into the sad face whose cause of grief he could not divine. As to Felipe, in any circumstances there are few positions more disagreeable than that of being a stranger within the gates where

sorrow and anxiety hold possession, and in his case the position was becoming daily more intolerable. Fortunately no one thought of him, and he for his part did his best to keep away from the others, fearing lest by some sign or word he might reveal the battle that was raging within him. Painfully he reasoned and wrestled with his own thoughts, trying to direct them into a proper channel. He would tell himself that the happiness of this girl, of this family who befriended him, ought to be his wish. He reminded himself of his duty as a priest. He assured himself that he did actually hope for the safety of this man; that he wished that he might escape his peril—that he wished it with all his heart. Yet—and yet he knew that he did not wish it. It was but a feigned wish that he forced upon the surface of his mind to deceive himself, while below the black waters of hatred and a terrible passion welled up resistlessly and threatened to engulf him. Hatred of a man whom he had never seen, and a passion that was the death of his soul. Sick and faint with the struggle, his soul was shaken by his thoughts like a ship by the storm. Terror possessed him, terror of himself; if he could think so wickedly, what wickedness might he not do? Every hour that passed seemed to weaken his powers of self-control. He thought of flight—but whither? of renouncing his office and profession—to what end? of death in the front ranks of the revolution—it was too late; of prayer—had he not prayed? Well, he would pray again. Not in the chapel though, where he had daily gone through the empty routine of his religion; where he had made the daily parade of his faith before his fellow-creatures who scorned him and his God who had heeded him not. Out in the solitude of the woods, prone upon the insensate earth, he cried to his Maker for help, cried into the empty air, half unconsciously making use of the words of his office: *Miserere mei, Domine, quoniam infirmus sum: sana me, Domine. Miserere!* Still, his thoughts baffled him and no peace came to that weary warfare within; still, his heart played him traitor and refused to echo the words that his lips uttered. Above him the leafy boughs waved in the summer air, that swayed lightly the heavy-scented flowers round him. Nothing changed; nothing was altered. The bright, vivid life of the summer woods went on carelessly after its own fashion, heedless of the one black spot in the general sunshine

—the black robe of a priest that lay prostrate in its midst, and the human wretchedness that it covered.

The revolution was at an end. One single battle had been fought and the government was victorious. The greater part of the rebel forces had surrendered at discretion, were taken prisoners, and almost immediately released and allowed to disperse; the Argentine brigade alone had held out to the bitter end and been cut to pieces. This was the news received by the Usabarrenas some days after the event; received by Don Geronimo with smothered imprecations, by Elena with a wild burst of weeping, and by Felipe with a sickening feeling of guilty complicity—was this the answer to his prayer? Teresa alone heard the tidings unmoved; at a moment when the others gave up all hope, her own took fresh root. "He is not dead," she repeated, "had he been killed, I should have known it. No—I know he is not dead, and the danger is now nearly passed." Her aunt shook her head, but kept her eyes fixed to herself; even though Luis should have escaped death in the field of battle, how was he to make his way out of the country? If he were among certain fugitives who were reported to have escaped, they knew that the pursuit was hot behind them, for already detachments of soldiers were scouring the country and an officer with some men had actually taken up his quarters in one of their own sheep-farms in order to watch the road that ran to the river. Usabarrena's guilty conscience told him why that measure had been taken, and he could only wonder that he had not at once to submit to the indignity of having his house and grounds searched.

The house, like most *estancia* houses in Uruguay, was surrounded by a considerable extent of woods, partly peach-orchards, partly forest trees with their thick undergrowth of wild shrubs and bushes. The *monte*—as the woods are called—of Santa Paula was of a rather straggling nature. One clump of trees, at a distance of nearly a mile from the principal building, surrounded the ruin of an old house long deserted and fallen into decay. No one ever went near the place, which had become a very favorite resort of Teresa's, who could carry there her work and her books, and enjoy the solitude and shade, seated on an old bench in the corner of the *patio*. Moss had grown over the *patio*—moss had grown over the brick balustrade of the well in the centre. Felipe, who often accompanied her to this retreat,

loved it better than any other corner in the world. There at least he was alone with her away from the contemptuous eyes of others; there he would listen to her low, gentle voice, and gaze without fear at the face which haunted him even in his dreams; there, too, he would come by himself and let his thoughts and imagination run wild, picturing to himself an impossible future, and forgetting his present unhappiness, his past, his dress, even his own identity. On those occasions the breviary would remain in his pocket; he never read it there. Teresa had deserted the place of late — her anxious watch for news that never came kept her from straying far from the house — so that Felipe, on visiting their old retreat, was not a little startled to see her there before him, still more startled to see that she was not alone. His coming had not been noticed, and at first he had a mind to slip away unobserved; then there came upon him an uncontrollable desire to know who this intruder was. Alas for poor Felipe! Neither his education nor his own feelings forbade his playing the part of an eaves-dropper. He crept stealthily up under cover of the house itself until he found himself close to the bench upon which Teresa and he had so often sat together, where he could not only hear but see all that was passing. At the moment that he got into position, Teresa stood up to change hers. When he first saw her, she was sitting side by side with her companion; now she rose to her feet, still holding one of his hands with both her own; then, settling herself lightly upon his knees, let his arm fall round her, while she clasped her own round his neck and nestled her head against his shoulder with a soft sigh of content. Felipe clutched at his own throat, as if to stifle the cry that started to his lips. Steadying himself against the wall he stared at them with straining eyes.

The stranger was young and well-looking, in spite of his dirty and travel-stained appearance. He wore the usual loose dress of a *gaucho*, in his case rather torn and by no means over-clean; but his military boots and spurs at once betrayed his disguise. His unshorn face was grimed black with dust; one arm hung useless to his side, bandaged with blood-stained rags; another bandage equally stained and dirty almost concealed his forehead. It needed no words from Teresa for Felipe to guess who it was.

"Luiz, Luiz!" she was saying in broken sentences. "Ah, think what I have suf-

fered! But every day I said, 'No! Luiz is not dead; he will come back to me.' My aunt despaired, and Elena, ah, poor Elena! how she cried! But I — I knew that thou wouldst come back to me. But, oh Luiz — the fear, the fear! it was cruel. Sleeping and waking, waking and sleeping, it was always with me, until I thought I should go mad with it. Ah, cruel!" A convulsive sob shook her utterance. With his one arm he strained the slight body closer to him, while he kissed her half-hidden face with fierce emotion. "Cruel — cruel!" she went on murmuring brokenly.

Suddenly she sat upright and shook back her head with a resolute gesture peculiar to herself. "Oh, I am foolish to behave like this! And all this time we ought to be thinking about your escape. Oh, my poor boy," she cried, breaking into tearful laughter, "if you could only see your face! Did you never wash it? I hope it has not come off on mine." She held his head between her hands and examined it critically, as if to find a clean spot for the kiss which she finally bestowed on the dirty bandage round his forehead.

"There was no time for washing," he rejoined. "I have not taken off my boots — nay, I have hardly slept — for six days. Teresa! little one! had I not thought of thee, I should never have got through those days."

"Yes, but there is no more thought of *me* now; it is of you we must think. You say that there is to be a boat waiting for you to-night on the river; but how are we to get you away from the *estancia*? They are watching us on that side. I suppose that we must not let my uncle know that you are here?"

"No, no. No one at the *estancia* must know it. Don Geronimo is sufficiently compromised already. Indeed, I ought not to have come here at all, but I could not bear to pass so near to you and not try to see you. What a happy chance it was that brought you here this afternoon! Already I was despairing of finding the means to warn you."

"But how to get away now? Oh, I cannot think of anything! It is terrible! — to be so near safety, and yet so far from it still. Luiz, what are we to do?"

"Never fear, *niña*! A horse and a guide are all that I want. I shall get safely enough to the river. But I must have some one to help me to cut the wires of the fences if I do not follow the road. One arm is no arm to a clumsy fellow like

me. There must be more than one man whom you could trust."

"Ah, yes. But I was thinking—listen, Luiz, supposing that I came with you? I could bring two horses here at nightfall. I could cut the fences as well as another, and I could guide you over those three leagues better than another. Do not shake your head like that—why not? Think how miserable I shall be, here, alone, not knowing whether you are safe or not, imagining every hour that you are in danger. And, oh, how many weary hours before I can know that you are away and escaped! Besides, they are less likely to stop you if they see me there. I so often ride in that direction. Even at night, by moonlight, Elena and I have ridden together. And Don Geronimo's peons, if they meet you, how will they let you pass? Then, when we come to the river—Luiz, shall I not cross it also? Oh, do not let us part again—nevermore. I cannot bear it. You cannot go and leave me. What matters it if I go with you now or join you afterwards? Luiz, Luiz!—say, 'Come with me!' Luiz, my heart, *¡ncrido!*"

Teresa's voice died away into a passionate whisper. Then silence fell upon them for a while; and upon the listener there fell a darkness so that he neither heard nor saw them any more. When Felipe had regained possession of his senses, the bench was empty, the lovers gone, and he alone. He was lying on the ground; his hands were bleeding, cut and bruised by beating on the stones of the wall. He put his handkerchief to his mouth, and that was bleeding too. Sick and dizzy, he staggered to his feet with difficulty, and stared about him with wild, haggard eyes, trying to realize what had passed, where he was, and why he had come there. At first he was conscious of little but a sickening terror lest the fit should come upon him again. Gradually, as his senses became more composed, all the repressed passion of the last week surged up within him and took possession of his soul again, this time without a struggle. And yet outwardly he had grown calm, his hand was steady, his mind worked clearly and sensibly. He seemed to have entered upon a kind of dual existence, in which one part of him was watching with quiet, dispassionate curiosity the hell of evil thoughts that was raging in the other; of hatred and revenge, of unsatisfied longing, of helpless, despairing revolt against destiny. There were two Felipes; one who

was actively plotting a hateful treachery, the other who feared and passively waited and watched. The first had grown strong with the bitter unhappiness of a lifetime, the second seemed to have lost all support from within; and the strong anger of the first tyrannized over the cowed submission of the other. Like a man in a dream Felipe walked towards the house, moving mechanically, but moving to an unseen end.

The night was already far fallen when Teresa rode down through the *monte*, accompanied by a peon leading another horse. It had been no easy matter to leave the *estancia* without exciting suspicion, and she had been compelled to take into her confidence not only the man who was now following her, but also her cousin, Elena, who was to account for her absence that night and pacify Doña Apolinaria the next morning. Once started, Teresa's spirits rose with the occasion. Only a few hundred yards separated her from her lover—a few hundred yards more and they would be together, never to part again. The muffled beat of their horses' hoofs in the deep white dust of the track spelt out a subdued song of joyful thanksgiving and triumph; the myriad swarms of fire-flies that flashed and went out and flashed again across her path lighted her on her way to her love and happiness, while the dark, warm air of the summer night hung like a soft veil around her, caressing and hiding her burning cheeks.

And now it was the peon who rode in front, and there were two who rode behind him, side by side, out from under the shelter of the woods into the open plain, where the star-lit splendor of the sky showed them each other's faces only too clearly. In silence they rode, only now and then exchanging a soft whisper or stopping still to listen with bated breath to some faint, distant sound, which might suggest the tramp of mounted horses or the clash of accoutrements. The patrols that watched the road to the river were not likely to wander so far from it, and the boat was to meet them at a point some miles distant from the usual landing-place. Nevertheless, to their uneasy senses every movement seemed fraught with danger. Sometimes a strayed cow or solitary horse would start into motion, disturbed by their approach, and disappear noisily into the darkness. At such moments Teresa grew sick with the violent beating of her heart. The short time required

for cutting the wires and passing through the fences that crossed their path seemed to her whole hours of suspense. Still they travelled on safely, and already there was but one short mile between them and the river. Suddenly their guide reined up his horse.

"There are some men riding there before us on the left." Without another word he turned his horse sharp to the right, followed closely by his companions. Presently their horses broke into a quicker gallop, and still silently their riders urged them on.

"Ah, God! we are followed!" cried Teresa.

Another long silence. The suddenness of the catastrophe seemed to have deprived them of any other idea save that of urgent speed.

"There is a gate in this direction," said the peon presently. "If only it is unlocked we may escape them yet. If not —"

"Courage, Teresita! We shall soon leave them behind. Steady your horse — that is right! Thou art a brave girl!" and Luiz turned in his saddle to look back at the pursuers.

Again they rode on in silence. Only a breathless sob broke from Teresa, of fear and panting dismay. Suddenly a shot echoed behind them.

"Quick! quick!" she cried. "Ride on — faster, faster."

The ground was broken and full of holes. More than once their horses stumbled and barely recovered themselves; it was absolutely necessary to slacken speed and go more carefully. Apparently the pursuit must have dropped considerably behind them, for looking back they could no longer catch the sound of the horses' gallop, or see the dim outline of their riders against the sky. Luiz checked his horse and listened.

"They have stopped," he said.

"Oh, do not let us stop!" cried Teresa. "Ride on, Luiz! ride on!"

Shouts were heard — but far behind them. The shouting ceased. The flash of a gun tore the blackness of the night like lightning, followed by a distant report, and then all was still again. The three fugitives joined together and rode on into the darkness.

Teresa was not the only person absent from the evening meal at the *estancia*. Felipe's place was also vacant. Elena, who accounted for her cousin with the harmless fiction of a bad headache, was at

no pains to account for the priest, whose absence, moreover, did not concern anybody very much. Had she known where he was at that moment, and how employed, she would have found it even more difficult than she did to maintain her ordinary composure. Felipe was also seated at table, but at a table in the hut occupied by Captain Crespo, the officer in command of the detachment of troops that had been despatched in pursuit of revolutionary fugitives, whose presence on Don Geronimo's *estancia* had caused the owner no little uneasiness. Captain Crespo had been writing. He rolled a cigarette, cast a careless glance at the white face and burning eyes that confronted him from the other side of the table, and leisurely proceeded to read what he had written.

"That is all?" he said, when he had finished. "You can give me no further information, señor?"

"No."

"You are not aware then that the companions of Captain Valdez, from whom he separated two days ago, have already succeeded in eluding my men and crossing the river?"

"I know nothing of his companions. I saw no one but this Valdez."

"Ah! Well, it almost seems a pity, does it not? Had he only remained with them he would be safe now. As it is, I have strict orders, and shall be under the painful necessity of shooting him within an hour of his capture. Let us see, it is now nine o'clock; the boat, you say, is to meet him at the *Paso del Muerto* at twelve. We shall have plenty of time then to intercept him. No chance of missing him this time. What do you think, Señor Padre?"

Felipe did not answer. The other rose to his feet and examined with curious scrutiny the priest's face. He lit his cigarette and leaning against the wall continued with a slightly ironical tone, —

"Your information has indeed great value. The capture of this Captain Valdez is of vast importance, especially if it can be proved that he was sheltered by Don Geronimo Usabarrena. His death, too, will be a wholesome lesson to our Argentine friends. I congratulate you, señor, on having performed so truly a patriotic and painful duty. The Señor Padre is a good citizen."

"I am not of Uruguay. I am an Argentine," returned Felipe in a low voice.

"Ah!" The officer turned round and spat upon the floor. Apparently there

was nothing intentional in the action, nevertheless it brought the blood back to Felipe's sallow cheeks, only to fade away again leaving them more ghastly than before. The officer said no more, but busied himself with various preparations for a start. Then turning to his guest he said in a brief tone of command,—

"As you will have to accompany me, señor, you had better understand what my intentions are. I have been obliged to despatch my men on another service, and there is no time to recall them. As however there is no need of any force, I shall only take one man with me beside yourself— Yes, señor, I must insist upon your accompanying me," he continued, as Felipe made a gesture of dissent, "and I must warn you that if I have the slightest reason to think that you play me false — you understand me; I make no threats. And now—let us be off."

So it had happened that even before Teresa and her two companions had left the *estancia* another party of three had already travelled by the road straight to the river and were waiting their arrival. Captain Crespo's first idea of seizing the boat was frustrated by his inability to find it. None of them knew the exact spot where the path lay that led to the *paso*; the river was fringed by a narrow belt of dense wood, and they soon gave up the hopeless task of forcing their way through on horseback and following the bank until they found it. The only way was to remain outside in the open and keep watch over the few hundred yards of clear space which the fugitives would have to pass by whatever way they came to the river. Felipe rode quietly beside his two companions, exchanging no word with them, staring before him between his horse's ears into the darkness. How strange are the visions that come to one out of the darkness! He saw his miserable childhood; a wretched, friendless boy, cowering before the world, whose hand seemed always uplifted against him; a friendless, lonely manhood, despised, useless to himself and others. And then there came the vision of another life, petted and caressed from its infancy, filled with the joys of youth, surrounded by every loving care and affection; and moving on with happy confidence and assurance from one success to another, crowned by the love of one woman. The two lives meet; a rattle of musketry and the happy one falls dead while the other is left. A dreadful laugh broke from his lips. Captain Crespo

turned with an angry remonstrance. Felipe stared at him vacantly; he, too, had heard the laughter with surprise, he did not know that it came from him. No—never again would Teresa's arms be round that neck; never would her lover come back to her. Ah, God! but Teresa would be there. He himself would meet her—his eyes would meet her eyes. She would know all. Her pale face rose vividly before him, her great eyes changing from agonized terror for her lover to bitter and indignant scorn as they met those of his miserable betrayer. No—he could not meet her. It was not possible. He would turn back.

"This way," said his leader in a brief, impatient whisper; "and be careful not to let your horse rattle his bit like that."

Felipe obeyed, like a man oppressed by nightmare, and spellbound by the horrible dream from which he cannot wake. His tongue clung to the roof of his mouth; he could not speak or cry out, neither could he make any movement of his free will; he could only follow and keep close. The long minutes passed slowly; to his sick brain they appeared hours of delirium. Still he knew now that he was possessed; possessed by the devil in the form of that Uruguayan officer. It was the thought of that man that had first suggested to him his crime, and now he was caught in the devil's net and there was no escape. All the flood of his hatred turned against the man who rode beside him. When they first started Felipe had been given a revolver, which he had accepted without knowing or thinking what he might be expected to do with it. Did he only dare—had he but the power to use it!

"Listen—" the soldier bent forward,—"I think they are coming towards us."

What had happened Felipe did not realize, but he found himself galloping wildly on between his two companions.

"One of them rides like a woman," said the officer, who was slightly in advance.

"It is Teresa," Felipe thought; he cried out hoarsely to the other two to stop, but no one seemed to hear or heed him. Suddenly he got his revolver free, and, urging on his horse till it was nearly level with that of Captain Crespo, fired point-blank at the officer. The bullet struck the horse, shattering the shoulder-blade, and bringing him heavily to the ground. Felipe's own horse, swerving at the shot, stumbled and fell. He was clear of the animal in a minute, and, rushing to the officer, who was rising with difficulty, half stunned by the shock, flung himself upon

him with a wild cry. "Devil! devil!" he shouted, clutching him by the throat, and rolling with him to the ground.

The soldier pulled up his horse and rode back, in answer to the shouts of his officer. He struck at Felipe with the butt-end of his carbine, but it was difficult to reach him without hurting his opponent. The soldier dismounted. At that moment Felipe released his hold, and leaping to his feet turned and ran forward. Without a word, the soldier put up his carbine and fired. The priest staggered on a few more steps, then throwing out his arms fell on his face.

"You have killed him," said the officer angrily, as they stood by the outstretched figure that lay motionless.

The soldier shrugged his shoulders. "What was I to do then? The horse is done for," he added, as he turned back to examine the other victim, whose fate touched him much more nearly. "Shall I try to catch the priest's horse for you, señor capitan?"

The captain, who appeared faint and badly shaken, was sitting upon the ground nursing one arm.

"No, it is no use. We had better return. I will ride your horse and you can walk. Curse that fellow!" he added; "I believe my arm is broken."

With some difficulty he was hoisted on the horse, and rode slowly back to his quarters, the soldier trudging beside him.

"The fool of a priest was mad," he said after some time.

"So I think, Señor Capitan."

"You had better hold your tongue about this business, do you hear?"

"Si, Señor Capitan."

The captain rode on in moody silence. Suddenly he broke into speech again. "But why did he do it? He must have been mad; but even so——"

"What would you have, Señor Capitan? He was a priest."

About the time that the officer reached his house, a boat was crossing the river in the stern of which two figures sat with clasped hands. The first grey light of dawn greeted their arrival on a friendly shore, illuminating Teresa's happy face as she turned with a glad smile towards her lover. On the other side of the river the morning light revealed another sight, a slender form, dressed in black, lying stretched out on the empty plain, stark and cold. And yet Felipe, too, had crossed a river that night, to find rest from all his troubles on its further bank.

WILFRANC HUBBARD.

From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.

THE RUBY MINES OF BURMA.

THE ruby region of Burma consists of a series of small valleys nestling on the southern slope of a range of mountains called the Shwey-Doung, or Golden Mounts; itself an arm running east and west from the great central chain of Burma. The mines are all contained in a crescent or quarter-moon shaped area some fourteen miles long by six wide, made up of minor ridges and indentations down which the watercourses trickle irregularly like the veining of a leaf. A few miles off to the south they all unite in a stream which joins the Irawadi River just above Mandalay.

Roads following the course of this stream form one means of approach to the mines, and caravans and British troops have travelled this way; but the gradual rise, from two hundred to three hundred feet above sea-level at Mandalay to the four thousand to five thousand feet elevation of the valley-beds at the mines, is much broken by spurs of hills and rugged ground; and the conquest of the place was made from the west and north over the passes six thousand and seven thousand feet high across the crests of the hills, whose peaks rise to nearly eight thousand feet. Our troops, under General Stewart, consisting of the Yorkshire Regiment, the 42nd Ghoorkeas, Artillery, and Bengal Sappers, had a trying and tedious preparation in making roads and forwarding provisions before making the final ascent in the last few days of 1886. Skirmishes in the plains near the river showed a determination to strong resistance by levies of Shans and hill-men who usually display good fighting power when they are near cover; but the severe handling they received in the early encounters, when misplaced confidence led them into more open ground, made them abandon exceptionally strong stockades, in well-chosen positions near the summits of the passes, on the roads towards Mogok and Kyatpyen. Natural gates, formed by huge black monolithic limestones, were closed by tier upon tier of felled trees, and faced with spikes on the former; while on the latter a carefully excavated trench, fronted with an earthen breastwork covered with tree-trunks and spiked bamboos, entirely commanded the V-shaped ravine along which the steep road ascended. In both cases a threatened turning of the flanks took the heart out of the defenders, and a bold front rush, with but little fighting, made the mercenary heroes suddenly remember

that they had not been paid up to date, and they rapidly disappeared to plunder Mogok and the principal villages they had been hired to defend. It turned out that almost none of the real population of the mines had been engaged in opposing the progress of the troops; and that the traders from the plains and the men who had most benefited by illicit traffic in rubies had combined and brought up some hundreds of Shans and Kakoos—half Shans and half Burmese—who are the best fighting men in Upper Burma, to try to keep us from the mines.

The road of approach had been from the riverside village of Kyanyat through a forest-covered plain some forty miles before reaching the hills. Most of the plain is deeply submerged by the floods of the Irawadi in the rains, and at their close exhales a fever-laden atmosphere which, mingled with miasma from poisonous trees, exacts a heavy toll from travellers. Very few escaped the fever; and, although it is by no means deadly, it should if possible be avoided by a hurried journey through the lower lands. Immediately before entering the Mogok Valley from the north, a series of rolling plains was found at an elevation of about six thousand feet; and on these has since been founded the only sanatorium of Burma, called Bernard-Myo, after the first chief commissioner of Upper Burma. The continued occupation of Bernard-Myo has proved it to be the only military station in Burma free from either cholera or fever during the year 1888. The climate is very pleasant in the hot weather; and during the cold season hoarfrost lies on the ground till 10 A.M. I found ice covering my bucket on New Year's night of 1887. All kinds of vegetables thrive there, including potatoes; and probably most of the best-known European fruits can be grown in the open. The rainfall is moderate.

The plains have few trees upon them; but the mountain slopes are thickly covered, and the forests appear to grow more dense on ascending the steep sides towards the top of the pass. The foliage is dark green approaching to black; and the weathered peaks themselves are blackened by exposure or by a clinging lichen hiding the white limestone and marble beneath it. Oaks, chestnuts, and firs prevail; but many trees peculiar to the country are found. Numberless orchids of great beauty, probably some new to collectors, cover the trees. On the Shan plateau a new rose has lately been discov-

ered. The road from Bernard-Myo winds through forests of this kind to the crest, and down the steeper slope beyond for some distance before a glimpse of the valleys below can be obtained. Then suddenly varied scenes of wild loveliness are opened out. In the far distance rise the peaks and rolling grounds of the great Shan plateau, somewhat dim and indistinct. Nearer, and not far below, lie masses of rolling hills, broken and fissured with valleys which the sight cannot fathom, while immediately beneath are the narrow cultivated plains following the sinuous Yay-Boo and Yay-Nee streams; dotted with villages surrounded by low hills, mostly crested with carved shrines and gilded pagodas.

At the first entry of the troops to these valleys every village and every house was deserted. The flat lands were yellow and looked burnt-up where the straw from the cut rice plants had been set fire to. The streams ran low, and the numerous abandoned mines, each with its hummock of cast-out earth, together with the absence of population, gave a deserted and desolate appearance to the whole. Seen towards nightfall, as the sun's warmth and light lessened and disappeared, and the shadows thickened and blackened in the recesses of the valleys, a weird and ghastly effect was produced. After the warm night air of the Burmese plains, a sharp clear chilly feeling is observable in these high valleys when the sun sets. Probably this is the time when the fever-stroke is given to new-comers.

The well-earned reputation for discipline and fair dealing which our troops had acquired, soon inspired confidence, and the residents gradually returned to their homes. Within a week only those who had made themselves very conspicuous by opposition to the advance remained away. The whole region became instinct with life, and even inanimate nature took a brighter aspect. It is impossible from any point to take in at a glance more than half the ruby region; but the two points I should recommend would be the top of the peak of Pin-goo Toung, near Kyat-pyen, and the hill above Mogok, occupied originally by the camp. The panorama of the intermediate valleys can be filled in on a walk from one to the other. The clear gray air of the early dawn gives place at sunrise to a mist which rises in the dry weather and obscures all the flatter valleys, creeping up sometimes to the summits of the lower hills; but by the time breakfast is over the sun's power penetrates

and dissolves the dew. While its softening influence is still in the air, the peculiar features and coloring of the valleys are seen to best advantage. The highest peak, called Toungh-Meh, or Dark Mount, from its blackness, is the most conspicuous feature from all parts. It rises seventy-eight hundred feet high, right in the centre of the boundary range. Gradually lowering on both sides, the higher crests imitate the blackness; but the colors soften down through shades of lighter green until the grassy slopes of the lower hills are reached. The forest trees have been removed from them by the people for firewood; and only stunted shrubs and coarse grass of bright green remain. The high, steep hills are composed of limestone, gneiss, and granite. The lower rolling hilly ground which pushes with a continually more easy slope into the lower valleys is the result of the destructive action of the weather upon the rocks above, and consists wholly of their *débris* in various stages of disintegration. Often it clothes its parent rock nearly to the summit; but enormous scars, the results of landslips after heavy rainfalls, score its flanks in many places, and give variegated colors of red and yellow and white to the background. It is usually deeply cut up into numerous rugged ravines, which do not show in the bright sunshine till you are close upon them. This rolling land occupies by far the greater extent of the valleys, and leaves but a small extent of plain land in the beds near the streams for cultivation. In the Mogok Valley, perhaps two miles long by an average of over half a mile wide is the extent of the valley plain; and I doubt if altogether more than five or six square miles of such land exists in all the valleys.

It is under this land, and generally near the streams, that the most worked of the ruby-bearing beds have been found. The flat plains lie at different elevations above the sea in the different valleys. Near Mogok they range from four thousand to forty-five hundred feet high. Near Kyat-pyen and Kathey they run to five thousand feet high. It is very curious to find that, whatever the absolute height of the surface, there is found beneath it, at depths usually of from ten to thirty feet, a layer of ruby-bearing earth from one foot to five feet thick. The upper layer varies much in character, but generally is of a loose loamy structure, made up of clay, gravel, and sand. The ruby-earth has little clay in it as a rule, and mostly consists of gravel and sand. When first

turned out in the air the wet mass glistens in the sun with myriads of small rubies. It is carefully washed in wooden or bamboo platters about twelve inches in diameter, and the larger stones are selected. Temporary pits are sunk to extract the ruby-earth. In the stronger upper layers small holes without any supports are dug; but when the ground is soft and water-laden, square pits measuring six feet and upwards on each side are excavated. Strong corner posts are driven, and light cross bracing and side timbering put in till the ruby-earth is reached. The great difficulty is the presence of water. The appliances for working are of a primitive kind, but are very efficient for the simple work required. A forked post is driven into the ground at a short distance from the pit. In the fork is balanced a long lever with a short arm, weighted with stones, while the longer arm overhangs the pit, and carries a rod long enough to reach to the bottom. To this is attached a basket or a bucket, which, when filled, is lifted up by the balance-weight at the short end of the lever. The man at the top only hauls down the empty basket to the workers below who fill it. Often six or more of these levers are employed at a single pit, and they serve both in lieu of pumps and of winches. These constitute the most elaborate machinery hitherto used at the mines; and although for the limited scale of work they are employed at they are the best and most economical methods in which human labor could be utilized, they do not permit any extensive workings to be carried on. Each pit is completed and all the material extracted in one or two weeks, when all the wood is removed and the workings are allowed to fall in.

A second method of mining is carried on in the irregular, soft, lower hills lying between the plains and the higher ranges. These, as has been explained, are the decomposed *débris* of the harder rocks above them, and they contain rubies sparsely distributed through their mass. A very few unimportant workings have been carried on in these clayey grounds. They correspond, on a feeble scale, to the hydraulic washings in California. A small stream is tapped and conveyed in an open channel and aqueducts to the site of the working, which gradually assumes a funnel-like shape as the miners, with a longish narrow spade, like a gardener's spud, cut off thin slices of the clayey earth and throw it into the water which runs along the bottom of the work, sometimes in a

wooden trough. Here the clay is dissolved and carried off, while the sand and gravel is carefully examined and anything of value set apart. In the larger workings the water is sometimes turned on to heaps of the collected stuff which, when softened, is passed through screens and riddles. But the whole of these workings are of an insignificant character compared with the results which may be obtained by a single hydraulic jet, under the pressure of a few hundred feet.

A third, and, in some respects, the most important of all the methods of mining, occurs in the harder rocks themselves. Both the limestone and the gneissic rocks are traversed by irregular fissures due to shrinkage and to dislocations, particularly at the junction of the two kinds of rock. These fissures have been filled up during long-past ages with the washings of the disintegrated rocks above them. The native miners have explored many of these fissures, and, considering the limited means at their command, have obtained good results from them. Of actual mining in the shape of tunnels and drifts, properly secured by timbering, there has been none; and the men employed appear to have simply followed the walls of the fissures as far as possible, until stopped by choke-damp and the falling in of loose masses of rock. On several occasions serious accidents have occurred in this and in the last-named class of mines.

Some feeble attempts have also been made at quarrying in the dry limestone, and at extracting the gravelly washings in the river beds. As indications of rich sources of supply for the future these are most valuable, but up to the present the results attained are of no importance. In estimating the value of the mines the actual condition of the present and past modes of working, as noted above, must be considered. And when it is borne in mind that for hundreds of years the sole supply of valuable rubies for the world's consumption has been drawn from this source, with these imperfect and limited means of working, some notion may be formed of what may be done by applying the latest and best methods which modern engineering science can command in developing the mines. The lessees under the late native government paid, nominally, £20,000 yearly for the privilege of mining, and had to give up all the larger stones found to the king. Probably a great deal of bribery supplemented the actual payments, and extortion and smuggling were freely resorted to to furnish

the supplies. It is known that the English firm of Gillanders, Arbuthnot and Co., of Rangoon, exported annually about £80,000 worth of rubies; and very much larger quantities passed by native dealers to Calcutta, besides the portion required for local consumption in Mandalay and Burma generally. Probably also some found their way to Siam and to China. While there is much uncertainty about the true figures for these quantities, there can be none about their having been fairly large.

The new company has acquired the monopoly of dealing in the productions of these mines for seven years; and the right of mining throughout the area. The rights of all the native population of the mines will be carefully respected. The terms on which this concession has been granted are, the payment of four hundred thousand rupees yearly (say £30,000), and one-sixth of the net profits on the workings to government, who undertake to afford every opportunity to work the mines in a legitimate manner. A brief *résumé* of the conditions likely to be met with may be of interest.

First of all, the people in the ruby-mine districts are of the very highest interest. Little was known of them or of the mining regions until our troops went up; as the policy of the native rulers was to exclude all interference, so that exaggerated notions of the difficulties of approach and of the fevers and dacoits on the roads were disseminated.

As a matter of fact no European ever got to the mines, except two or three by special permission of the king, within the last few centuries. It was known to the authorities that the true resident population had taken no part in the fighting with our troops, and they were permitted to return to their homes as soon as they chose to come in; even the leaders and hirers of the opposing party were treated with conciliation, their past enmity being overlooked on promise of future friendship. It was curious to notice the number and the comparative isolation of the different communities which make up the population of the mining country. Probably the total permanent residents, men, woman, and children, did not number more than from five thousand to six thousand; and a floating population might at times bring up the total to nearly ten thousand in all.

Mogok itself, the largest village or town, contains with its bazaar, its east and south suburban villages, probably one-half the total population. It is well laid out in

streets, at the foot of a low hill, and surrounded by a strong stockade. Pagodas, monasteries, rest-houses, and shrines crown every eminence around, adding to the picturesqueness of the scene, and testifying to the wealth and to the liberality of the people. The houses are all of wood, built on posts in Burmese fashion, with the floors a few feet from the ground; each in its own garden or compound. An air of comfort and solidity prevails. The people here are not Burmese, but Shans Burmanized in manners and customs, although they dress in the blue jackets and trousers of the Shans. In the bazaar, or southern part of the town, which is devoted to traffic and the reception of strangers, a motley collection of people may be seen, especially on every fifth day, when the regular market is held. Leesaws from the remoter hills bring in firewood, vegetables, fowls, and a few simple productions. They are a wild, underfed race, who have been driven from the lower lands in China and the Shan States, and who seem to live on sufferance, independent, but servicable to their neighbors. They do not live within the mining regions, and are not likely to be of any importance either as enemies or as friends, for they do not work at the mines or on the roads. The pure Chinese put in their appearance. A number of them live in A-Shey-Yua, or eastern village, on the opposite side of the river from Mogok. There they cultivate pigs, smoke opium, gamble, and, I dare say, do some illicit trading in rubies. They are quiet, generally well-behaved, and inoffensive; opening their pork-shops on market-day, and always ready for a deal. They do not seem to be permanent residents in the country, and probably keep up their numbers by migration. They have no mining rights. The Mohammedan Chinese, or Pantheys, are a very different class. They are merchant traders and great travellers. They are remnants of the body which conquered and held Yunnan from 1850 to 1873. In 1868 our government sent a diplomatic expedition to their court at Talifoo under Sir Edward Sladen, to which I was attached as engineer. The state of war prevented the expedition going beyond Momien, where it was kindly received by Ta-See-Kon, the general there. Later on the Pekin government collected its resources, and entirely crushed the Pantheys, dispersing those left alive through the border countries between China, Tonquin, Siam, and Burma. They have since become the great trading me-

dium between the ports of Burma and the interior. Further east they form independent bodies of freebooters; and it was they who, under the name of Black Flags, gave the French so much trouble in Tonquin. They are a fine, well-built, well-mannered race, with undeniable courage and energy, and may form a factor of some importance in our future dealings with these countries. They do most of the genuine trading at Mogok, and do not get the credit of the bulk of the smuggling, though possibly they may share in it. Following these, and equally or more important of the non-resident races, are the Chinese Shans, or, as the Burmese call them, Maingthas. *Maing* is Burmese for the Shan word *Muang*—a state; *tha* is Burmese for son; so that Maingtha simply means a man from the Chinese Shan States, of which there are twelve lying between Burma and China. They are semi-independent, enjoying home rule under the Chinese government, and they have adopted the pig-tail and Chinese customs and modes of life and religion, and are loyally devoted to the empire. I passed through four of these States in 1868 with Captain Sladen, and was for a time a guest with one of their sawbwas, or chiefs. They are a fine, stalwart, independent race of people; the women sometimes handsome, the men stronger and broader built than the Chinese, but, as a rule, not so tall as the Pantheys. They manage their own affairs without control by the Chinese, and hold their own, under considerable pressure from the wild mountain tribes of Kachyens. Every year, early in December, large bodies of these men come to the mines for work. Over two thousand of them came to work on the roads and at the mines in 1887-88; but this last December the usual supply did not turn up, owing, it is reported, to disturbances near their homes. On this supply of labor much of the success of the working of the mines depends. They work thoroughly well, and require high pay. It is absolutely essential that the new cart-road from the Irawadi to the mines be opened out without delay, and these men alone can do it. Thirty-four miles of this road were completed in May, 1888, but cholera breaking out there the work-people fled. Some twenty to thirty miles more of road are required, and that over the steepest parts of the pass. Should that not be done during the present year, very serious loss will be incurred by the mining lessees, as the heavy portions of the machinery required cannot be

got to the mines; and without this there will be a large outlay continuously incurred with but small results. It is to be hoped that the government will see that their interest is identical with that of the lessees, and encourage the Maingthas to get this necessary road carried right through. The Maingthas do not live in the mining regions, and have no fixed rights there.

Burmese is spoken all over the mining region, but the pure Burmese are very few amongst the permanent residents. Some live at Kyatpyen. They were the last to return to their homes after the occupation. I met them on their way back. They conversed freely with the humorous nonchalance of their race covering some doubts as to their ultimate reception. They finally settled down and resumed work. They keep themselves absolutely separate from the other races. In the Mogok bazaar some Burmese traders appear with goods from Mandalay. It is they and some Burmanized Shan traders who get the credit of doing the illicit smuggling of rubies. A man will show his books in perfect order, proving that he only makes £1 or £2 a month profit, and be known to spend ten times the amount. The method of dealing with these people, who are non-resident, and have no fixed rights in the mining interests, forms a very serious matter for consideration. All the more valuable rubies and large quantities of common ones have been conveyed by these people from the mines to Mandalay, and thence exported during the past two years. A record has been kept for some time of the value of the rubies going through the post, and this has been found to exceed largely the total recorded production of the mines. Three chetties, or native Madras bankers, have especially distinguished themselves by the amount of their exports, and are probably having an unhappy time of it just now before the law-courts in consequence. It is the government alone which can adequately deal with this evil, and every desire has been shown to work loyally with the lessees in preventing it in future.

Besides the Burmanized Shans of Mogok, who are the principal mine-owners and workers in the valleys, there are hamlets and villages of Katheys and Paloungs. The former are descendants of prisoners from the Hindoo State of Munipoor, who were settled here centuries ago. They have lost both their language and religion, and practically have become Burmans. But to those accustomed to deal with the

Burmese, the distinction is at once apparent. They are wanting in the *bonhomie*, the cordial, generous manner characterizing the Burman. They are, however, industrious and sturdy workers. They live mostly at and near the village of Katherie. The Paloungs are a people totally distinct from the others around them. Their tribe occupies the tea-mountain regions, or State of Toungbaing, now become tributary to Britain, and lying to the north-west of the ruby mines. They are a kindly, simple people, hard-working, and possessing in the fissure mines of Pingoo-Toung and Baumadan very valuable properties, if properly worked.

In dealing with the actual mines and mine-owners, every consideration must be shown them. They have hitherto been mercilessly exploited by the lessees of the old Burmese government, and by the illicit traders from the plains. If fairly and honorably dealt with there is every chance of securing the whole of the produce of their mines at fair rates — outbidding the illegal traders; and by working with them and for them, supplying their wants at moderate prices, and helping them to develop their workings, much can be done to acquire their confidence, and drive out fraudulent competitors.

At present there is every prospect of such success as will justify any reasonable expectations on the part of holders of the shares so eagerly applied for. A certain amount of patience and equanimity will doubtless be required before actual results will prove this. Fever, dacoits, illicit smuggling, delay in opening the roads, disturbances stopping the supply of local labor, are all items which may possibly interfere with the proper working of the mines; but all these are known, and with forethought and careful working and loyal co-operation on the part of the government, are sure to be quickly overcome.

Preparations are being made for working the various kinds of mines with the latest and best-devised machinery under the control of thoroughly efficient engineers and miners on the spot. Already engines, boilers, and gem-washing machinery with pumps are being carried to the mines; and, shortly, these will be supplemented by an abundant supply of still more extensive and elaborate appliances which will enable more work to be done in five years than has hitherto been done in as many centuries. The latest information confirms the statement that the opening up of the cart-road from the river to the mines will be pressed on by the

government, and the civil authority is represented by Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, who will use every endeavor to stop the smuggling which has been rampant for the last two years. The time that has passed since the first approach to the mines has not been unprofitably spent, as it has permitted the resources of the country, the difficulties to be met with, and the means of dealing with them to be usefully studied, and the prospects of working the mines to advantage are at present most encouraging.

ROBERT GORDON.

From Temple Bar.

SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

CHAPTER V.

MOLLY awoke early on the following morning, and early informed the rest of the household that the weather was satisfactory. She flew into Ruth's room with the hot water, to wake her and set her mind at rest on a subject of such engrossing interest; she imparted it repeatedly to Charles through his keyhole, until a low, incoherent muttering convinced her that he also was rejoicing in the good news. She took all the dolls out of the baskets in which Ruth's careful hands had packed them the evening before, in the recognized manner in which dolls travel without detriment to their toilets, namely, head downwards, with their orange-top boots turned upwards to the sky. In short, Molly busied herself in the usual ways in which an only child finds employment.

It really was a glorious day. Except in Molly's eyes it was almost too good a day for a school-feast; too good a day, Ruth thought, as she looked out, to be spent entirely in playing at endless games of "Sally Water" and "oranges and lemons," and in pouring out sweet tea in a tent. She remembered a certain sketch at Arleigh, an old deserted house in the neighborhood, which she had long wished to make. What a day for a sketch! But she shut her eyes to the temptation of the evil one, and went out into the garden, where Molly's little brown hands were devastating the beds for the approaching festival, and Molly's shrill voice was piping through the fresh morning air.

There had been rain in the night, and to-day the earth had all her diamonds on, just sent down reset from heaven. The

trees came out resplendent, unable to keep their leaves still for very vanity, and dropping gems out of their settings at every rustle. No one had been forgotten. Every tiniest shrub and plant had its little tiara to show; rare jewels cut by a master hand, which at man's rude touch, or, for that matter, Molly's either, slid away to tears.

"You don't mean to say, Molly," said Charles, later in the day, when all the dolls had been passed in review before him, and he had criticised each, "that you are going to leave me all day by myself? What shall I do between luncheon and tea time, when I have fed the guinea pigs and watered the 'blue-belia,' as you call it? Where has that imp disappeared to now? I think," with a glance at Ruth, who was replacing the cotton wool on the dolls' faces, "I really think, though I own I fancied I had a previous engagement, that I shall be obliged to come to the school-feast too."

"Don't," said Ruth, looking up suddenly from her work with grey, serious eyes. "Be advised. No man who respects himself makes himself common by attending village school-feasts and attempting to pour out tea, which he is never allowed to do in private life."

"I could hand buns," suggested Charles. "You take a gloomy view of your fellow-creatures, Miss Deyncourt. I see you underrate my powers with plates of buns."

"Far from it. I only wished to keep you from quitting your proper sphere."

"What, may I ask, is my proper sphere?"

"Not to come to school-feasts at all; or, if you feel that is beyond you, only to arrive when you are too late to be of any use; to stand about with a hunting-crop in your hand—for, of course, you will come on horseback—and then, after refreshing all of us workers by a few well-chosen remarks, to go away again at an easy canter."

"I think I could do that, if it would give pleasure; and I am most grateful to you for pointing out my proper course to me. I have observed it is the prerogative of woman in general not only to be absolutely convinced as to her own line of action, but also to be able to point out that of man to his obtuser perceptions."

"I believe you are perfectly right," said Ruth, becoming serious. "If men, especially prime ministers, were to apply to almost any woman I know (except, of course, myself) for advice as to the administration of the realm or their own family affairs, I have not the slightest

doubt that not one of them would be sent empty away, but would be furnished instantly with a complete guide-book as to his future movements on this side the grave."

"Oh, some people don't stop there," said Charles. "Aunt Mary, in my young days, used to think nothing of the grave if I had displeased her. She still revels in a future court of justice, and an eternal cat-o'-nine-tails beyond the tomb. Well, Molly, so here you are, back again! What's the last news?"

The news was the extraordinary arrival of five new kittens, which, according to Molly, the old stable cat had just discovered in a loft, and took the keenest personal interest in. Charles was dragged away only half acquiescent, to help in a decision that must instantly be come to, as to which of the two spotted or the three plain ones should be kept.

It was a day of delight to Molly. She had the responsibility and honor of driving Ruth and the dolls in her own donkey-cart to the scene of action, where the school-children, and some of the idlest or most good-natured of Mrs. Alwynn's friends, were even then assembling, and where Mrs. Alwynn herself was already dashing from point to point, buzzing like a large "bumble" bee.

As the donkey-cart crawled up, a grey figure darted out of the tent, and flew to meet them from afar. Dare, who had been on the lookout for them for some time, offered to lift out Molly, helped out Ruth, held the baskets, wished to unharness the donkey, let the wheel go over his patent leather shoe, and in short made himself excessively agreeable, if not in Ruth's, at least in Molly's eyes, who straightway entered into conversation with him, and invited him to call upon herself and the guinea pigs at Atherstone at an early date.

Then ensued the usual scene at festivities of this description. Tea was poured out like water (very like warm water), buns, cakes, and bread and butter were eaten, were crumbled, were put in pockets, were stamped underfoot. Large open tarts, covered with thin sticks of pastry, called by the boys "the tarts with the grubs on 'em," disappeared apace, being constantly replaced by others made in the same image, from which the protecting but adhesive newspaper had to be judiciously peeled. When the last limit of the last child had been reached, the real work of the day began—the games. Under a blazing sun for the space of two

hours "Sally Water" or "nuts in May" must be played, with an occasional change to "oranges and lemons."

Ruth, who had before been staying with the Alwynns at the time of their school-feast, hardened her heart and began that immoral but popular game of "Sally Water."

Sally, Sally Water, come sprinkle your pan;
Rise up a husband, a handsome young man.
Rise, Sally, rise, and don't look sad,
You shall have a husband, good or bad.

The last line showing how closely the state of feeling of village society as regards the wedded state resembles the view taken of it in the highest circles.

Other games were already in full swing. Mrs. Alwynn, flushed and shrill, was organizing an infant troop. A good-natured curate was laying up for himself treasure elsewhere, by a present expenditure of halfpence secreted in a tub of bran. Dare, not to be behindhand, took to swinging little girls with desperate and heated good-nature. His bright smile and genial brown face soon gained the confidence of the children; and then he swung them as they had never been swung before. It was positively the first time that some of the girls had ever seen their heels above their heads. And his powers of endurance were so great. First his coat and then his waistcoat were cast aside as he warmed to his work, until at last he dragged the sleeve of his shirt out of the socket, and had to retire into private life behind a tree, in company with Mrs. Eccles and a needle and thread. But he reappeared again, and was soon swept into a game of cricket that was being got up among the elder boys; bowled the schoolmaster; batted brilliantly and with considerable flourish for a few moments, only to knock his own wickets down with what seemed singular want of care; and then fielded with cat-like activity and an entire oblivion of the game, receiving a swift ball on his own person, only to choke, coil himself up, and recover his equanimity and the ball in a moment.

All things come to an end, and at last the Slumberleigh church clock struck four, and Ruth could sink giddily on to a bench, and push back the few remaining hairpins that were left to her, and feebly endeavor, with a pin eagerly extracted by Dare from the back of his neck, to join the gaping ruin of torn gathers in her dress, so daintily fresh two hours ago, so dilapidated now.

"There they come," said Mrs. Alwynn indignantly, who was fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief, which stout women ought to be forbidden by law to do. "There are Mrs. Thursby and Mabel. Just like them, arriving when the games are all over! And, dear me! who is that with them? Why, it is Sir Charles Danvers. I had no idea he was staying with them. Brown particularly told me they had not brought back any friend with them yesterday. Dear me! How odd! And Brown —"

"Sir Charles Danvers is staying at Atherstone," said Ruth.

"At Atherstone, is he? Well, my dear, this is the first I have heard of it, if he is. I don't see what there is to make a secret of in *that*. Most natural he should be staying there, I should have thought. And, if that's one of Mabel's new gowns, all I can say is that yours is quite as nice, Ruth, though I know it is from last year, and those full fronts as fashionable as ever."

As Mr. and Mrs. Alwynn went forward to meet the Thursbys, Charles strolled up to Ruth, and planted himself deliberately in front of her.

"You observe that I am here?" he said.

"I do."

"At the proper time?"

"At the proper time."

"And in my sphere? I have tampered with no buns, you will remark, and teapots have been far from me."

"I am rejoiced my little word in season has been of such use."

"It has, Miss Deyncourt. The remark you made this morning I considered honest, though poor; and I laid it to heart accordingly. But," with a change of tone, "you look tired to death. You have been out in the sun too long. I am going off now. I only came because I met the Thursbys, and they dragged me here. Come home with me through the woods. You have no idea how agreeable I am in the open air. It will be shady all the way, and not half so fatiguing as being shaken in Molly's donkey-cart."

"In the donkey-cart I must return, however, if I die on the way," said Ruth, with a tired smile. "I can't leave Molly. Besides, all is not over yet. The races and prizes take time; and, when at last they are dismissed, a slice of —"

"No, Miss Deyncourt, *no*! Not more food!"

"A slice of cake will be applied *externally* to each of the children, which rite

brings the festivities to a close. There! I see the dolls are being carried out. I must go;" and a moment later Ruth and Molly and Dare, who had been hovering near, were busily unpacking and shaking out the dolls; and Charles, after a little desultory conversation with Mabel Thursby, strolled away, with his hands behind his back and his nose in the air in the manner habitual to him.

And so the day wore itself out at last; and after a hymn had been shrieked the children were dismissed, and Ruth and Molly at length drove away.

"Hasn't it been delicious?" said Molly.

"And my doll was chosen first. Lucy Bigg, with the rash on her face, got it. I wish little Sarah had had it. I do love Sarah so very much; but Sarah had yours, Ruth, with the real pocket and the handkerchief in it. That will be a surprise for her when she gets home. And that new gentleman was so kind about the teapots, wasn't he? He always filled mine first. He's coming to see me very soon, and to bring a curious black dog that he has of his very own, called —"

"Stop, Molly," said Ruth, as the donkey's head was being sawed round towards the blazing highroad; "let us go home through the woods. I know it is longer, but I can't stand any more sun and dust to-day."

"You do look tired," said Molly, "and your lips are quite white. My lips turned white once, before I had the measles, and I felt very curious inside, and then spots came all over. You don't feel like spots, do you, Cousin Ruth? We will go back by the woods, and I'll open the gates, and you shall hold the reins. I dare say Balaam will like it better too."

Molly had called her donkey Balaam partly owing to a misapprehension of Scripture narrative, and partly owing to the assurance of Charles, when in sudden misgiving she had consulted him on the point, that Balaam *had* been an ass.

Balaam's reluctant under-jaw was accordingly turned in the direction of the woods, and, little thinking the drive might prove an eventful one, Ruth and Molly set off at that easy amble which a well-fed, pampered donkey will occasionally indulge in.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER the glare and the noise, the shrill blasts of penny trumpets, and the sustained beating of penny drums, the silence of the Slumberleigh woods was delightful to Ruth; the comparative si-

lence, that is to say, for where Molly was, absolute silence need never be feared.

Long before the first gate had been reached Balaam had, of course, returned to the mode of procedure which suited him and his race best, and it was only when the road inclined to be downhill that he could be urged into anything like a trot.

"Never mind," said Molly consolingly to Ruth, as he finally settled into a slow lounge, gracefully waving his ears and tail at the army of flies which accompanied him, "when we get to the place where the firs are, and the road goes between the rocks, it's downhill all the way, and we'll gallop down."

But it was a long way to the firs, and Ruth was in no hurry. It was an ideal afternoon, verging towards evening; an afternoon of golden lights and broken shadows, of vivid greens in shady places. It must have been on such a day as this, Ruth thought, that the Almighty walked in the garden of Eden when the sun was low, while as yet the tree of knowledge was but in blossom, while as yet autumn and its apples were far off, long before fig-leaves and millinery were thought of.

On either side the bracken and the lady-fern grew thick and high, almost overlapping the broad, moss-grown path, across which the young rabbits popped away in their new brown coats, showing their little white linings in their lazy haste. A dog-rose had hung out a whole constellation of pale stars for Molly to catch at as they passed. A family of honeysuckle clung, faint and sweet, just beyond the reach of the little hand that stretched after them in turn.

They had reached the top of an ascent that would have been level to anything but the mean spirit of a donkey, when Molly gave a start.

"Cousin Ruth! there's something creeping among the trees. Don't you hear it? Oh-h-h!"

There really was a movement in the bracken, which grew too thick and high to allow of anything being easily seen at a little distance.

"If it's a lion," said Molly in a faint whisper, "and I feel in my heart it is, he must have Balaam."

Balaam at this moment pricked his large ears, and Molly and Ruth both heard the snapping of a twig, and saw a figure slip behind a tree. Molly's spirits rose, and Ruth's went down in proportion. The woods were lonely, and they were nearing the most lonely part.

"It's only a man," said Ruth rather sharply. "I expect it is one of the keepers." (O Ruth!) "Come, Molly, we shall never get home at this rate. Whip up Balaam, and let us trot down the hill."

Much relieved about Balaam's immediate future, Molly incited him to a really noble trot, and did not allow him to relapse even on the flat which followed. Through the rattling and the jolting, however, Ruth could still hear a stealthy rustle in the fern and underwood. The man was following them.

"He's coming after us," whispered Molly, with round, frightened eyes, "and Balaam will stop in a minute, I know. Oh, Cousin Ruth, what shall we do?"

Ruth hesitated. They were nearing the steep pitch where the firs overhung the road, which was cut out between huge boulders of rock and sandstone. The ground rose rough and precipitous on their right, and fell away to their left. Just over the brow of the hill, out of sight, was, as she well knew, the second gate. The noise in the brushwood had ceased. Turning suddenly, her quick eye just caught sight of a figure disappearing behind the slope of the falling ground to the left. He was a lame man, and he was running. In a moment she saw that he was making a short cut, with the intention of waylaying them at the gate. He would get there long before they would, and even then Balaam was beginning the ascent, which really was an ascent this time, at his slowest walk.

Molly's teeth were chattering in her little head.

"Now, Molly," said Ruth sharply, "listen to me, and don't be a baby. He'll wait for us at the gate, so he can't see us here. Get out this moment, and we will both run up the hill to the keeper's cottage at the top of the bank. We shall get there first, because he is lame."

They had passed the bracken now, and were among the moss and sandstone beneath the firs. Ruth hastily dragged Molly out of the cart without stopping Balaam, who proceeded, twirling his ears, leisurely without them.

"Oh, my poor Balaam!" sobbed Molly, with a backward glance at that unconscious favorite marching towards its doom.

"There is no time to think of poor Balaam now," replied Ruth. "Run on in front of me, and don't step on anything crackly."

"Never in this world," thought Ruth, "will I come alone here with Molly again. Never again will I —"

But it was stiff climbing, and the remainder of the resolution was lost.

They are high to the right above the white gate now. The keeper's cottage is in sight, built against a ledge of rock, up to which wide rough steps have been cut in the sandstone. Ruth looks down at the gate below. He is waiting—the dreadful man is waiting there, as she expected; and Balaam, toying with a fern, is at that moment coming round the corner. She sees that he takes in the situation instantly. There is but one way in which they can have fled, and he knows it. In a moment he comes halting and pounding up the slope. He sees their white dresses among the firs. Run, Molly! run, Ruth! Spare no expense. If your new black sash catches in the briars, let it catch; heed it not, for he is making wonderful play with that lame leg up the hill. It is an even race. Now for the stone steps! How many more there are than there ever were before! Quick through the wicket, and up through the little kitchen garden. Molly is at the door first, beating upon it, and calling wildly on the name of Brown.

And then Ruth's heart turns sick within her. The door is locked. Through the window, which usually blossoms with geraniums, she can see the black fireplace and the bare walls. No Brown within answers to Molly's cries. Brown has been turned away for drinking. Mrs. Brown, who hung a slender "wash" on the hedge only last week, has departed with her lord. Brown's cottage is tenantless. The pursuer must have known it when he breasted the hill. A mixed sound as of swearing and stumbling comes from the direction of the stone steps. The pursuer is evidently intoxicated, probably lunatic!

"Quick, Molly!" gasps Ruth, "round by the back, and then cut down towards the young plantation, and make for the road again. Don't stop for me."

The little yard, the pigstye, the water-butt, fly past. Past fly the empty kennels. Past does *not* fly the other gate. Locked; padlocked. It is like a bad dream. Molly, with a windmill-like exhibition of black legs, gives Ruth a lead over. Now for it, Ruth! The bars are close together and the gate is high. It is not a time to stick at trifles. What does it matter if you can get over best by assuming a masculine equestrian attitude for a moment on the top bar? There! And now, down the hill again, away to your left. Take to your heels, and be thankful they are not

coming down. You have a thousand good qualities, Ruth, high principles, and a tender conscience, but you are not a swift runner, and you have not played "Sally Water" all day for nothing. Molly is far in front now. A heavy trampling is not far behind; nay, it is closer than you thought. And your eyes are becoming misty, Ruth, and armies of drums are beating every other sound out of your ears—that shouting behind you, for instance. The intoxicated, murderous lunatic is close behind. One minute! Two minutes! How many more seconds can you keep it up? Through the young plantation, down the hill, into the sandy road again, the sandy, uphill road. How much longer can you keep it up?

Charles strolled quietly homeward, enjoying the beauties of nature, and reflecting on the quantity of rabbit-shooting that Mr. Thursby must enjoy. He may also have mused on Lady Grace, for anything that can be known to the contrary, and have possibly made a mental note that if it had been she whom he had asked to walk home with him, instead of Ruth, he would not have been alone at that moment. Be that how it may, he leisurely pursued his path until a fallen tree beside the bank looked so inviting, that (Evelyn and Ralph having gone out to friends at a distance) Charles, who was in no hurry to return to Lady Mary, seated himself thereon, with a cigarette to bear him company.

To him, with rent garments and dust upon her head, and indeed all over her, suddenly appeared Molly; Molly, white with panic, breathless, unable to articulate, pointing in the direction from which she had come. In a moment Charles was tearing down the road at full speed. A tall, swaying figure almost ran against him at the first turn, and Ruth only avoided him to collapse suddenly in the dry ditch, her face in the bank, and a yard of sash biting the dust along the road behind her.

Her pursuer stopped short. Charles made a step towards him, and stopped short also. The two men stood and looked at each other without speaking.

When Ruth found herself in a position to make observations, she discovered that she was sitting by the roadside, with her head resting against—was it a tweed arm or the bank? She moved a little, and found that first impressions are apt to prove misleading. It was the bank. She

hat on the ground beside her, half full of water, through which she could dimly discern the golden submerged name of the maker. She seemed to have been contemplating it with vague interest for about an hour, when she became aware that some one was dabbing her forehead with a wet silk handkerchief.

"Better?" asked Charles's voice.

"Oh!" gasped Ruth, suddenly trying to sit up, but finding the attempt resulted only in the partial movement of a finger somewhere in the distance. "Have I really — surely, surely, I was not so abject as to *faint*?"

"Truth," said Charles, with a reassured look in his quick, anxious eyes, "obliges me to say you did."

"I thought better of myself than that."

"Pride goes before a fall or a faint."

"Oh, dear!" turning paler than ever.

"Where is Molly?"

"She is all right," said Charles hastily, applying the pocket-handkerchief again. "Don't alarm yourself, and pray don't try to get up. You can see just as much of the view sitting down. Molly has gone for the donkey-cart."

"And that dreadful man?"

"That dreadful man has also departed. By the way, did you see his face? Would you know him again if the policeman succeeds in finding him?"

"No; I never looked round. I only saw, when he began to run to cut us off at the gate, that he was lame."

"H'm!" said Charles reflectively. Then more briskly, with a new access of dabbing, "How is the faintness going on?"

"Capitally," replied Ruth, with a faint, amused smile; "but — if it does not seem ungrateful — I should be very thankful if I might be spared the rest of the water in the hat, or if it might be poured over me at once, if you don't wish it to be wasted."

"Have I done too much? I imagined my services were invaluable. Let me help you to find your own handkerchief, if you would like a dry one for a change. Ah! what a good shot into that labyrinth of drapery. You have found it for yourself. You are certainly better."

"But my self-respect," replied Ruth, drying her face, "is gone forever."

"I lost mine years ago," said Charles, carefully dusting Ruth's hat, "but I got over it. I had no idea those bows were supported by a wire inside. One lives and learns."

"I never did such a thing before," continued Ruth ruefully. "I have always

felt a sort of contempt for girls who scream or faint just when they ought not."

"For my part, I am glad to perceive you have some little feminine weakness. Your growing solicitude also as to the state of your back hair is pleasing in the extreme."

"I am too confused and shaken to retaliate just now. You are quite right to make hay while the sun shines; but, when I am myself again, beware!"

"And your gown," continued Charles. "What yawning gulfs, what chasms appear; and what a quantity of extraneous matter you have brought away with you! Reminiscences of travel — burrs, very perfect specimens of burrs, thistledown, chips of fir, several complete spiders' webs; and your sash, which seems to have a particularly adhesive fringe, is a museum in itself. Ah, here comes that coward of little cowards, Molly, with Balaam and the donkey-cart!"

Molly, who had left Ruth for dead, greeted her cousin with a transport of affection, and then proceeded to recount the fearful risks that Balaam had encountered by being deserted, and the stoic calm with which he had waited for them at the gate.

"He's not a common donkey," she said with pride. "Get in, Ruth. Are you coming in, Uncle Charles? There's just room for you to squeeze in between Ruth and me — isn't there, Ruth? Oh, you're not going to walk beside, are you?"

But Charles was determined not to let them out of his sight again, and he walked beside them the remainder of the way to Atherstone. He remained silent and pre-occupied during the evening which followed, pored over a newspaper, and went off to his room early, leaving Ralph dozing in the smoking-room.

It was a fine moonlight night, still and clear. He stood at the open window looking out for a few minutes, and then began fumbling in a dilapidated old travelling-bag such as only rich men use.

"Not much," he said to himself, spreading out a few sovereigns and some silver on the table; "but it will do."

He put the money in his pocket, took off his gold hunting watch, and then went back to the smoking-room.

"I am going out again, Ralph, as I did last night. If I come in late, you need not take me for a burglar."

Ralph murmured something unintelligible, and Charles ran down-stairs, and let himself out of the drawing-room French window, that long French window to the

ground, which Evelyn had taken a fancy to in a neighbor's drawing-room, and which she could never be made to see was not in keeping with the character of her old black and white house. He put the shutter back after he had passed through, and carefully drawing the window to behind him, without actually closing it, he took a turn or two upon the bowling-green, and then walked off in the direction of the Slumberleigh woods.

After the lapse of an hour or more he returned, as quietly as he had gone, let himself in, made all secure, and stole up to his room.

CHAPTER VII.

VANDON was considered by many people to be the most beautiful house in — shire.

In these days of great, brand-new imitation of intensely old houses, where the amount of ground covered measures the purse of the builder, it is pleasant to come upon a place like Vandon, a quiet old manor house, neither large nor small, built of ancient bricks, blent to a dim purple and a dim red by that subtle craftsman Time.

Whoever in the years that were no more had chosen the place whereon to build had chosen well. Vandon stood on the slope of a gentle hill, looking across a sweep of green valley to the rising woods beyond, which in days gone by had been a Roman camp, and where the curious might still trace the wide ledges cut among the regular lines of the trees.

Some careful hand had planned the hanging gardens in front of the house, which fell away to the stream below. Flights of wide stone steps led down from terrace to terrace, each built up by its south wall covered with a wealth of jasmine and ivy and climbing roses. But all was wild and deserted now. Weeds had started up between the stone slabs of the steps, and the roses blossomed out sweet and profuse, for it was the time of roses, amid convolvulus and campion. The quaint old dovecote near the house had almost disappeared behind the trees that had crowded up round it, and held aloft its weathercock in silent protest at their encroachment. The stables close at hand, with their worn-out clock and silent bell, were tenantless. The coach-houses were full of useless old chariots and carriages. Into one splendid court coach the pigeons had found their way through an open window, and had made nests, somewhat to

the detriment of the green-and-white satin fittings.

Great cedars, bent beneath the weight of years, grew round the house. The patriarch among them had let fall one of his gnarled supplicating arms in the winter, and there it still lay where it had fallen.

Anything more out of keeping with the dignified old place than its owner could hardly be imagined, as he stood in his eternal light-grey suit (with a badge of affliction lightly borne on his left arm), looking at his heritage, with his cropped head a little on one side.

The sun was shining, but, like a smile on a serious face, Vandon caught the light on all its shuttered windows, and remained grave, looking out across its terraces to the forest.

"If it were but a villa on the Mediterranean, or a house in London," he said to himself; "but I have no chance." And he shrugged his shoulders, and wandered back into the house again. But, if the outside oppressed him, the interior was not calculated to raise his spirits.

Dare had an elegant taste, which he had never hitherto been able to gratify, for blue satin furniture and gilding; for large mirrors and painted ceilings of lovers and cupids, and similar small deer. The old square hall at Vandon, with its great stained glass windows, representing the various quarterings of the Dare arms, about which he knew nothing and cared less, oppressed him. So did the black polished oak floor, and the walls with their white bas-reliefs of twisting wreaths and scrolls, with busts at intervals of Cicero and Dante, and other severe and melancholy personages. The rapiers upon the high, white chimney-piece were more to his taste. He had taken them down the first day after his arrival, and had stamped and cut and thrust in the most approved style, in the presence of Faust, the black poodle.

Dare was not the kind of man to be touched by it; but to many minds there would have been something pathetic in seeing a house, which had evidently been an object of the tender love and care of a bygone generation, going to rack and ruin from neglect. Careful hands had embroidered in the fine exquisite work of former days marvellous coverlets and hangings, which still adorned the long suites of empty bedrooms. Some one had taken an elaborate pleasure in fitting up those rooms, had put *pot-pourri* in tall Oriental

jars in the passages, had covered the old inlaid Dutch chairs with dim needlework.

The Dare who had lived at court, whose chariot was now the refuge of pigeons, whose court suits, with the tissue paper still in the sleeves, yet remained in one of the old oak chests, and whose jewelled swords still hung in the hall, had filled one of the rooms with engravings of the royal family and ministers of his day. The Dare who had been an admiral had left his miniature surrounded by prints of the naval engagements he had taken part in, and on the oak staircase a tattered flag still hung, a trophy of unremembered victory.

But they were past and forgotten. The hands which had arranged their memorials with such pride and love had long since gone down to idleness, and forgetfulness also. Who cared for the family legends now? They, too, had gone down into silence. There was no one to tell Dare that the old blue enamel bowl in the hall, in which he gave Faust refreshment, had been brought back from the loot of the Winter Palace of Pekin; or that the drawer in the Reisener table in the drawing-room was full of treasured medals and miniatures, and that the key thereof was rusting in a silver patch-box on the writing-table.

The iron-clamped boxes in the lumber-room kept the history to themselves of all the silver plate that had lived in them once upon a time, although the few odd pieces remaining hinted at the splendor of what had been. In one corner of the dining-room the mahogany tomb still stood of a great gold racing-cup, under the portrait of the horse that had won it; but the cup had followed the silver dinner service, had followed the diamonds, had followed in the wake of a handsome fortune, leaving the after generations impoverished. If their money is taken from them, some families are left poor indeed, and to this class the Dares belonged. It is curious to notice the occasional real equality underlying the apparent inequality of different conditions of life. The unconscious poverty, and even bankruptcy, of some rich people in every kind of wealth except money affords an interesting study; and it seems doubly hard when those who have nothing to live upon, and be loved and respected for, except their money, have even that taken from them. As Dare wandered through the deserted rooms, the want of money of his predecessors, and consequently of himself, was borne in upon him. It fell like a shadow across his light, pleasure-

loving soul. He had expected so much from this unlooked-for inheritance, and all he had found was a melancholy house with a past.

He went aimlessly through the hall into the library. It was there that his uncle had lived; there that he had been found when death came to look for him; among the books which he had been unable to carry away with him at his departure; rare old tomes and first editions, long shelves of dead authors, who, it is to be hoped, continue to write in other worlds for those who read their lives away in this. Old Mr. Dare's interests and affections had all been bound in morocco and vellum. A volume lay open on the table, where the old man had put it down beside the leather armchair where he had sat, with his back to the light, summer and winter, winter and summer, for so many years.

No one had moved it since. A wavering pencil-mark had scored the page here and there. Dare shut it up, and replaced it among its brethren. How *triste* and silent the house seemed! He wondered what the old uncle had been like, and sauntered into the staircase hall, where the Dares that had gone before him lived, much in need of varnish. But these were too ancient to have his predecessor among them. He went into the long, oak-panelled dining-room, where above the high, carved dado were more Dares. Perhaps that man with the book was his namesake, the departed Alfred Dare. He wondered vaguely how he should look when he also took his place among his relations. Nature had favored him with a better moustache than most men, but he had a premonitory feeling that the very moustache itself, though undeniable in real life, would look out of keeping among these bluff, frank, light-haired people, of whom it seemed he—he who had never been near them before—was the living representative.

A sudden access of pleasurable dignity came over him as he sat on the dining-table, the great mahogany dining-table which still showed vestiges of a bygone polish, and was heavily dinted by long years of hammered applause. These ancestors of his! He would not disgrace them. A few minutes ago he had been wondering whether Vandon might not be let. Now, with one of the rapid transitions habitual to him, he resolved that he would live at Vandon, that in all things he would be as they had been. He would become that vague, indefinable, to him mythical personage—a "country squire."

Fortunately, he had a neat leg for a stocking. It was lost, so to speak, in his present mode of dress; but he felt that it would appear to advantage in the perpetual knickerbockers which he supposed it would be his lot to wear. It would also become his duty and his pleasure to marry. For those who tread in safety the slippery heights of married life he felt a true esteem. It would be a strain, no doubt, a great effort; but at this moment he was capable of anything. The finger of duty was plain. And with that adorable Miss Ruth, with or without a fortune — Alas! he trusted she had a fortune, for, as he came to think thereon, he remembered that he was desperately poor. As far as he could make out from his agent, a grim, silent man, who had taken an evident dislike to him from the first, there was no money anywhere. The rents would come in at Michaelmas; but the interest of heavy mortgages had to be paid, the estate had to be kept up. There was succession duty; there were debts — long outstanding debts, which came pouring in now, which Waters spread before him with an iron smile, and which poor Dare contemplated with his head on one side, and solemn, arched eyebrows. When Dare was not smiling, he was always preternaturally solemn. There was no happy medium in his face, or, consequently, in his mind, which was generally gay, but, if not, was involved in a tragic gloom.

"These bills, my friend," he would say at last, tapping them in deep dejection, and raising his eyebrows into his hair, "how do we pay them?"

But Waters did not know. How should he, Waters, know? Waters only knew that the farmers would want a reduction in these bad times — Mr. Dare might be sure of *that*. And what with arrears, and one thing and another, he need not expect more than two-thirds of his rents when they did arrive. Mr. Dare might lay his account for *that*.

The only money which Dare received to carry on with, on his accession to the great honor and dignity of proprietor of Vandon, was brought to him by the old dairywoman of the house, a faithful creature, who produced out of an old stocking the actual coins which she had received for the butter and cheese she had sold, of which she showed Dare an account, chalked up in some dead language on the dairy door.

She was a little, doubled-up woman, who had served the family all her life. Dare's ready smile and handsome face had won

her heart before he had been many days at Vandon, in spite of "his foreign ways," and he found himself constantly meeting her unexpectedly round corners, where she had been lying in wait for him, each time with a secret revelation to whisper respecting what she called the "goings on."

"You'll not tell on me, sir, but it's only right you should know as Mrs. Smith" (the housekeeper of whom Dare stood in mortal terror) "has them fine damask table-cloths out for the housekeeper's room. I see 'em myself; and everything going to rag and ruin in the linen-closet!" Or, "Joseph has took in another flitch this very day, sir, as Mrs. Smith sent for, and the old flitch all cut to waste. Do'e go and look at the flitches, sir, and the hams. They're in the room over the stables. And it's always butter, butter, butter, in the kitchen! Not a bit o' dripping used. There's not a pot of dripping in the larder, or so much as a skin of lard. Where does it all go to? You ask Mrs. Smith, and how she sleeps in her bed at night, I don't know!"

Dare listened, nodded, made his escape, and did nothing. In the village it was as bad. Time, which had dealt so kindly with Vandon itself, had taken the straggling village in hand too. Nothing could be more picturesque than the crazy black and white houses, with lichen on their broken-in thatch, and the plaster peeling off from between the irregular beams of black wood; nothing more picturesque — and nothing more miserable.

When Time puts in his burnt umbers and brown madders with a lavish hand, and introduces his beautiful irregularities of outline, and his artistic disrepair, he does not look to the drainage, and takes no thought for holes in the roof.

Dare could not go out without eager women sallying out of cottages as he passed, begging him just to come in and walk up-stairs. They would say no more — but would the new squire walk up-stairs? And Dare would stumble up and see enough to promise — Alas! how much he promised in those early days. And in the gloaming, heavy, dull-eyed men met him in the lanes coming back from their work, and followed him to "beg pardon, sir," and lay before the new squire things that would never reach him through Waters — bitter things, small injustices, too trivial to seem worthy of mention, which serve to widen the gulf between class and class. They looked to Dare to help them, to make the crooked straight, to begin a new *régime*. They

looked to the new king to administer his little realm, the new king, who, alas! cared for none of these things. And Dare promised that he would do what he could, and looked anxious and interested, and held out his brown hand, and raised hopes. But he had no money — no money.

He spoke to Waters at first; but he soon found that it was no good. The houses were bad? Of course they were bad. Cottage property did not pay; and would Mr. Dare kindly tell him where the money for repairing them was to come from? Perhaps Mr. Dare might like to put a little of his private fortune into the cottages, and the drains, and the new pumps. Dare winced. His fortune had not gone the time-honored way of the fortunes of spirited young men of narrow means with souls above a sordid economy, but still it had gone all the same, and in a manner he did not care to think of.

It was after one of these depressing interviews with Waters, that Ralph and Evelyn found the new owner of Vandon when they rode over together to call, a day or two after the school-feast. Poor Dare was sitting on the low, ivy-colored wall of the topmost terrace, a prey to the deepest dejection. If he had lived in Spartan days, when it was possible to conceal gnawing foxes under wearing apparel, he would have made no use of the advantages of Grecian dress for such a purpose. Captivated by Evelyn's gentleness and sympathetic manner (strangers always thought Evelyn sympathetic), and impressed by Ralph's kindly, honest face, he soon found himself telling them something of his difficulties, of the maze in which he found himself, of the snubs which Waters had administered.

Ralph slapped himself with his whip, whistled, and gave other masculine signs of interest and sympathy. Evelyn looked from one to the other, amiably distressed in her well-fitting habit. After a long conversation, in which Evelyn disclosed that Ralph was possessed of the most extraordinary knowledge and experience in such matters, the two good-natured young people, seeing he was depressed and lonely, begged him to come and stay with them at Atherstone the very next day, when he might discuss his affairs with Ralph, if so disposed, and take counsel with him. Dare accepted with the most genuine pleasure, and his speaking countenance was in a moment radiant with smiles. Was not the little Molly of the school-feast their child? and was not Miss Deyncourt likewise staying with them?

When his visitors departed, Dare took a turn at the rapiers; then opened the piano with the internal derangement, and sang to his own accompaniment a series of little confidential French songs, which would have made the hair of his ancestors stand on end, if painted hair could do such a thing. And the "new squire," as he was already called, shrugged his shoulders, and lowered his voice, and spread out his expressive, rapid hands, and introduced to Vandon, one after another, some of those choice little ditties, French and English, which had made him such a favorite companion in Paris, so popular in a certain society in America.

From The National Review.

DR. JOHNSON ON MODERN POETRY.

AN INTERVIEW IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.
A.D. 1900.

Interviewer. What a pleasant place of meeting! I think I have never known the asphodel more abundant, the amaranth more fragrant, than just here.

Johnson. The place, sir, is well enough.

Int. What is the building in the grove yonder? It looks like a toy temple.

Johnson. My dwelling, sir. It is in the Ionic taste, but I have caused it to be surrounded by a little garden plot, into which the entrance is by a wicket gate like that of Bolt Court in my time. Will you do my house the honor of a more immediate inspection?
(*They pass through the enclosure into the house.*)

Int. Quite an ideal residence for a solitary — and a sage.

Johnson. Yet, sir, when I first came here, in 1784, I thought I should have died a second time, of very ennui.

Int. Ah, you found it dull! No Literary Club, no reunions at the Turk's Head, no Streatham, no —

Johnson. Streatham I had already taken leave of, a year before; with gratitude for past mercies there enjoyed, and with a sober resignation to their relinquishment.

Int. But you missed the society of London.

Johnson. Sir, I sighed for the agreeable vanities that mitigate the severity of existence. Seldom, since the love-passages of my Lichfield days, had I discovered such a propensity to suspiration.

(*Here Dr. Johnson appears to lapse into a tender reverie.*)

Int. (after a pause). But you must have found some of your old friends here before you, on your arrival in this under-world,—you can scarcely have been altogether without congenial fellowship. Goldsmith, for instance —

Johnson. Dr. Goldsmith was indeed here, and had already made him many friends, and some creditors; but Elysium is wide, and we did not instantly find each other. In process of time, however, Langton and Beauclerk, and Burke and Sir Joshua, one by one, dropped in —

Int. And you found your old circle restored to you; including, of course, Boswell.

Johnson. Including, as you say, Mr. Boswell; though you are to understand there hath arisen betwixt Mr. Boswell and me—I would beloth to say an estrangement, but just that shade of coolness which I observe to be far from uncommon in the posthumous intercourse of authors with their biographers.

Int. I have noticed the same thing. Carlyle and Mr. Froude — But surely, Dr. Johnson, you can have little serious cause to resent Boswell's treatment of you. His book is certainly written in a spirit of profound veneration for its hero; in fact, it has endeared you to thousands.

Johnson. Sir, I divine your drift. You would say, did not your politeness restrain you, that Mr. Boswell has conferred upon my fame the perpetuity which my own writings would have failed to ensure. I do not thank him for such a boon. It was scarcely my ambition to survive by proxy, and achieve a sort of vicarious immortality.

Int. But Boswell has preserved for all time one side of your genius which, otherwise, posterity would have had no express record of. We owe it to him that innumerable familiar conversations, in which your various powers, permit me to say, are shown perhaps more racily than in your writings, have been rescued from an oblivion which would have been the misfortune of the world.

Johnson. Yes, sir. Thanks to Mr. Boswell, every light word, every ill-considered expression, which the vehemence of debate may have seduced me into uttering, is remembered to my prejudice, whilst the writings upon which I lavished the best powers of my mind and the ripest fruits of my study are forgotten.

Int. (aside). How curious! Johnson the great writer jealous of Johnson the wonderful talker. (*Aloud.*) But can it be said that your works are forgotten? In

my own time I recollect several able critics, at Matthew Arnold's instance, getting up a kind of revival of interest in them.

Johnson. Nay, sir, forbear me your revivals! Fame is indeed well enough; but when once a man is in the way of feeling comfortably settled in oblivion, he would rather be let alone.

Int. (aside). Hard to please, either way.

Johnson. I understand, indeed, that your revivalists have been busy in other directions. They have recalled to a ghastly simulation of life the most barbarous of the justly forgotten playwrights. I do not desire resurrection in such company. No, sir; I would rather slumber with Addison and Temple than be awake with Webster and Ford. And if in truth I have had my day, it ill becomes me to murmur at the approach of twilight. By the bye, I have heard that one of the first persons to deal a blow at my authority as a critic was a poet—one Wordsworth, of whom you may have heard.

Int. I have heard of him.

Johnson. A poet who, before the society of wits and scholars, preferred that of clowns and hinds, and who found the cultivated shores of Thames less to his liking than the savage wilds of Westmoreland, where man is only less rude and forbidding than nature. I have looked into the writings of this gentleman, and of other poets his contemporaries, and it seems to me that their range is as narrow as their subjects are unedifying. Shakespeare portrayed man in various action; Mr. Pope exhibited man in elegant society; but your modern poet can show nothing but man in presence of some huge comfortless mountain or inhospitable seashore. Your modern poet would appear to be a taciturn and unsocial person, who never opens his mouth until he comes where there are none but ravens and seamews to listen. I have sometimes wondered whether the art of conversation, as understood by my contemporaries, hath since my time perished altogether from amongst living men.

Int. The generation following your own produced at least one marvellous talker in the person of S. T. Coleridge. But monologue, rather than conversation, was his forte. In my own time, Carlyle had the repute of a conversational gladiator. His prowess had some features in common with your own.

Johnson. Pray, sir, what were those?

Int. (hesitating). Well, something of the *trampling* style which Boswell has taught us to associate with your great powers of

argument. A freedom from any excessive tenderness for weaker people's feelings.

Johnson. Sir! what stuff is this? I will have you to know you take too much upon you. Let me tell you I was ever the gentlest of disputants, the mildest-mannered of controvertists. Are you here to browbeat and bully me? I'll none of your bluster. You talk no better than a coxcomb, sir.

Int. I only spoke of the impression conveyed by Boswell. If that impression is a false one, I submit that he is to blame, not I.

Johnson. In that sense I accept your explanation, sir. Indeed, you yourself cannot but perceive how wide of the truth were any attempt to represent me as overbearing or irascible in conversation.

Int. I look upon you, Dr. Johnson, as courtesy embodied.

Johnson (smiling complacently). Sir, I have the more pleasure in the compliment you make me, as I am not without a modest consciousness of meriting it.

Int. We were speaking just now of poets, considered from a social point of view. I need hardly remind the author of the "Lives" that Dryden was considered sluggish and Pope insignificant as talkers, and that Addison contrasted his own colloquial unreadiness with his literary facility by saying that he could draw a bill for a thousand pounds though he had not sixpence in his pocket. I don't fancy there can be much evidence for a theory of the decay of conversation as an art. Wordsworth himself, not the most sociable of men certainly, is credited with having possessed great conversational power. I dare say it was not readily called into play, and I should think there may have been something a little set and formal in his manner; he would hold forth rather than talk, perhaps. In my own experience, Rossetti was an admirable talker, when anything roused his interest.

Johnson. Who, sir?

Int. Our great modern poet, Dante Rossetti.

Johnson. An Italian author?

Int. No. He came of an Italian family; but as a poet, England has the honor to claim him for her own.

Johnson. Did he, too, spend his time celebrating nameless rivulets, a . . . servile court to a mob of . . . mountains?

Int. On the contrary, that passion for natural scenery, which you regard as playing a disproportionate part in modern poetry, was, perhaps, even abnormally and

strangely undeveloped in him. He lived on Thames's side by inclination as much as from convenience. He, at least, was no Roman preferring Dacia.

Johnson. A man of sense, I warrant you. What was his principal work in literature?

Int. Taking it all in all, I should say that his most precious and characteristic achievement is the sequence of poems comprised under the general title of "The House of Life."

Johnson. Sir, your account of this gentleman engages my curiosity. A modern poet who was not the abject slave of nature; who had sufficient judgment to live among men, rather than among sheep, and who selected his themes, as the title of his masterpiece appears to indicate, from amongst the familiar scenes of that great human drama whose stage is London and its audience the world—such a poet, whether his style copies the energy of Dryden, the pointedness of Pope, or the smoothness of Waller, may count, sir, upon my favorable attention. Where can I obtain his works? Are they reprinted in this world of shades?

Int. (looking round the room). Why, you have them on your shelves, among a quantity of other nineteenth-century poetry. Here are the volumes: "Poems," D. G. Rossetti; "Ballads and Sonnets," D. G. Rossetti.

Johnson (with a disappointed air). Then I have read his verses. I thought, sir, you had meant some other author. Rossetti—h'm—I had forgotten the name. Sir, let us talk of something else, Sir, your times, and the age preceding yours, were remarkable for an abundance of ill-ordered talents, but I cannot allow you to have produced a single poet the equal of Pope, whether in the variety and justness of his observations upon life or in the harmony of its numbers. As commentators upon life, your poets are nothing. They themselves, for the most part, seem to have had but little relish of existence, but a feeble gust of living, to judge from the lachrymosities which they void so copiously. Then, too, not a few of the most famous among them quitted life early, and had lived out of the world whilst they were yet of the world. Keats, Shelley—

Int. Shelley died young, but he had lived a great deal in his thirty years.

Johnson. Yet, sir, he appears to know nothing of men. What men has he painted? Alastor is a shade. Cenci is a monster. Neither of them is a man. Ju-

lian and Maddalo — though the one, it is said, is to be understood of himself, and the other of the Lord Byron — appear scarce more alive and substantial; they pass dreamily before us, emitting a thin, desultory current of would-be-philosophical talk, which tends we do not well see whither: which at last stagnates in some speculative blind alley. The remaining persons of his poems, for the most part, know not what they would be at.

Int. Shelley was better at the superhuman than the human. If that is a fault, it is one he shares with Milton. You will hardly deny that his Prometheus is a sublime figure.

Johnson. I do not deny to his Prometheus a certain sublimity. But, so insubstantial are the moral fundaments of the conception, there results from it, as it were, an ineffectual sublimity and barren grandeur only. Although Prometheus is supposed the champion of the human race, we do not well perceive how his sufferings and the fate of mankind are related. Imagination is willing to do its part, but it asks some aid from reason and common sense. Hence, although the tortured Titan's transcendent endurance may awe, it can scarcely concern us. And your analogy of Shelley and Milton will not hold. Milton's great superhuman personages are all reared upon a solid bottom of human nature. No, sir; Mr. Shelley can talk fluently enough about man, but men he seems not to have encountered. There is more knowledge of the stuff of human nature in any dozen lines of one of Pope's epistles than in all Shelley ever writ. And surely no man could be so infatuate as that he should question the superiority of Pope's versification. Your moderns take to themselves vast credit for mere diversity of numbers. Any man, by simply willing it, can bring himself to write in a variety of measures. But an assured perfection in one is better than an empirical facility in a thousand.

Int. The whole theory of versification has been so revolutionized since your time, that I doubt if you and I could find any common ground upon which to discuss the subject without mutual misapprehension. Ideals of excellence have been reversed. In the religion of the lyre, your God has become our Devil. But as to the other matter in which you claim superiority for the eighteenth century, it seems to me, and it seemed to the majority of my contemporaries, that Pope was less the poet of human nature than of a phase of society, less of man than of manners.

Johnson. Nay, sir, what sophistical distinction is here? You are to consider there is no such thing apprehensible by us as naked human nature. Human nature can only be known to us under the local and temporal conditions through which it discloses itself. Would you have Pope paint you his Atticus, and Bufo, and Sporus, and Atossa, minus the conditions under which alone these persons are cognizable? You might as well have asked Sir Joshua to paint his sitters without their clothes.

Int. But there is such a thing in literature as painting the clothes very conscientiously, and leaving out the man. I don't say Pope did that, but I do say that in reading him we feel rather oppressed by a predominance of social accidents over human essentials — much more so, for instance, than we feel in reading Shakespeare. I admit, however, that in the failure to give classical literary form to the presentation of social life is the vulnerable side of modern poetry. But I won't admit that Pope was the last poet who understood human nature. There lived, in my own time, Robert Browning.

Johnson. I have his works. The terrors of his style were great, but he that valiantly faced and overcame them had his reward. Yes, sir, Browning could read men. The pity is, men cannot read Browning. But we were speaking of Shelley. I hold him, in a large measure, responsible for that prevalence of the loosely thought and the inexactly said which deforms so much of your modern poetry. His friend, Mr. Keats, though not a scholar, had far more of the instinct of scholarship in the use of words, as well as of the instinct of exactness in the mention of things. I take down a volume of Shelley, and I open it, let us say, at his last completed performance, "Hellas." All that is remembered of this drama is the choruses, in which some of your critics profess to find the summit of his lyrical accomplishment. The poet is speaking of Jesus Christ.

A mortal shape to Him
Was like the vapor dim
Which the orient planet animates with light.

Now that is excellent, but mark you what comes after.

Hell, sin, and slavery came,
Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
Nor preyed until their Lord had taken flight.

Here, you are to observe, the poet brings arbitrarily together an allegorical trinity

whose persons cannot properly be ranked in the same plane of category: hell, a place or state; sin, an act or propensity; slavery, an institution. It is somewhat as if one should say, heaven, joy, and marriage rose.

Hell, sin, and slavery came
Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
Nor preyed, etc.

Bloodhounds, like other dogs of chase, do not prey, but hunt.

Nor preyed until their lord had taken flight.

Where is the pertinence of making Christ the lord of slavery? The word lord has here no relevancy, except in the general sense whereby we speak of Christ as lord of all things. It were as apposite to style him the lord of polygamy. And, lastly, we have the gross impropriety, in this association, of the phrase "taken flight." In fine, within the compass of about twenty syllables, your poet stands convicted of four lapses into the flagrantly solecistical. Now, sir, in my time, to have written like this would have been to incur the censure of not knowing how to write at all. Yet your poets look down with disdain, or with the civil insolence of patronage, upon an age before whose rigorous modes of criticism they could not have stood for a moment.

Int. I think it is you yourself who somewhere speak with a proper contempt of the sort of criticism which consists in "the rude detection of faults which perhaps the censor was not able to have committed."

Johnson. Yes, sir; but the faults I have been exposing are not such as there is needed genius to commit. Rather, they are such as true genius has the felicity to escape. For genius is itself a kind of felicity—a charmed life—a magical exemption from perils to which mediocrity is obnoxious. The faults I have been exposing are such as are sown broadcast over some of the most belauded verse of your century.

Int. A certain negligence and laxity of self-criticism was common enough in Shelley and Byron, and other poets of that period. But we have changed all that since their time. Tennyson and Rossetti were most fastidious judges of themselves. They probably never published a stanza or a line until they had tested it with a severity which few mere critics are capable of exercising.

Johnson. Tennyson was indeed a master who had the art of precision in luxuri-

ance. I could wish his thought were no less invariably exact than his expression. In the imagery of his justly famous elegiac poem I find an occasional deficiency of perspicuity; the thoughts are too apt to be pursued to their remotest ramifications. I stick fast in their mazy turns and windings. (*After a pause.*) I become entailed in their labyrinthine circumplications and multiflexuose anfractuosities.

Int. (aside). The old fellow's mannerisms seem to grow upon him.

Johnson. As to Rossetti, though I remember the having read him, I found in him but little that pleased.

Int. He certainly had what you praise Tennyson for—precision in luxuriance. For romantic richness of color I believe him to be without an equal, and along with this gorgeous affluence he has the strictest verbal compression. He valued himself upon his turn for condensation—rightly, I think.

Here Dr. Johnson takes down from his shelves Rossetti's poems, opens at random, and reads aloud as follows:—

Like labor-laden moonclouds faint to flee
From winds that sweep the winter-bitten
world—

Like multiform circumfluence manifold
Of night's flood-tide—like terrors that agree
Of hoarse-tongued fire and inarticulate sea—
Even such, within some glass dimmed by our
breath,

Our hearts discern wild images of death,
Shadows and shoals that edge eternity.
Howbeit athwart Death's imminent shade
doth soar

One Power, than flow of stream or flight of
dove

Sweeter to glide around, to brood above.
Tell me, my heart, what angel-greeted door
Or threshold of wing-winnowed threshing-floor
Hath guest fire-fledged as thine, whose lord is
Love?

Sir, I know not but you are in the right to claim for Rossetti's verse the merit of condensation. Here is truly a greater body of nonsense condensed within fourteen lines than I had believed fourteen lines to be capacious of. Now, sir, I invite you to consider with me this sonnet line by line. Let us begin at the beginning. Clouds are often enough spoken of as *laboring*; and clouds may also, with permissible looseness, be said to be *laden*, as with rain; but how can they be *labor-laden*, that is, laden with labor? And what is a mooncloud? And what does *faint to flee* mean? *Circumfluence of night's flood-tide* is inoffensive, but *multiform* and *manifold* have here little, if any,

meaning, and of use none whatever, save to swell out a line. In *terrors that agree of hoarse-tongued fire and inarticulate sea*, I know not what *agreement* is to be understood. In line seven, the words *within some glass dimmed by our breath* can only be held to verge towards a possible meaning by being charitably supposed figurative; but figurative of what does not appear. *Shadows and shoals* are brought together for no better reason than their initial alliteration; a reason, however, which appears to have much weight with some of your modern poets. *Howbeit* is an odd and uncouth word, by which good taste is revolted. Expletives like *doth* were in my time, by common consent of the judicious, rejected as awkward encumbrances, and I am sorry to see them come in after our diction had been supposed purged of them. In lines nine to eleven, a power sweeter to glide around and to brood above than either the flow of a stream or the flight of a dove is, soars against the imminent shade of death. It were vain to discuss these lines in hope to come at their meaning. They have none. The three lines which follow, and in which we meet with the guest of the threshold of a threshing-floor, are equally vacant of import. Pope speaks of writers who "blunder round about a meaning." To blunder round about a meaning is bad enough, but it at least implies a meaning round about which the writer blunders; and when we see an author in manifest labor and travail with a thought, compassion for his pangs disposes us to assist at the delivery. We are willing to believe that the value of the thought may compensate its difficult bringing forth. But this is not Rossetti's plight. It is not that he is here painfully struggling to present us with a thought. He had no thought to present. Your contemporaries, I presume, called this poetry. Mine would have called it gibberish.

Int. I think you have not lit upon a good example of Rossetti's sonnets. This one does seem open to a certain kind of criticism. But others, you will find, contain poetry which is above all profanation of criticism and beyond all flights of praise; touches which only the very greatest poets can rival — Homer, Dante, Milton, Swi —

Johnson. Well, sir, let's have them. Let's have the touches.

Int. Is not the accent, the manner, of the highest poets in this? I have quoted it repeatedly in critical articles as an instance of supreme attainment in style.

The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
Like any hill-flower, and the noblest troth
Dies here to dust.

Johnson. But why has he made a sunrise to wither? The progress of the sun towards its meridian is an ascent and expansion. There is no propriety in associating with it images of decadence and dissolution. Elsewhere I observe he speaks of a curse lying furled. When I find your poetry scattered thick with such expressions as these, I can but conclude you had arrived at such a pass as that a phrase, if proper, seemed dull. The measure of its power to please you was the extent of its departure from rectitude.

Int. Does not style, after all, depend for its impressiveness upon some subtle exaggeration, or perhaps distortion? Take, for example, such a line as Keats's

There is a budding morrow in midnight,

which Rossetti thought the finest single line of English poetry. Does it not rely for its effect upon —

Johnson. In the name of nonsense, what "effect," sir? Why, sir, the man might as well have said, "There is a blossoming gooseberry-bush in mid-winter."

Int. But has a gooseberry-bush blossoms?

Johnson. Has a morrow buds? I perceive Rossetti has a sonnet upon Keats.

(reads)

The weltering London ways, where children weep
And girls whom none call maidens laugh —
strange road,
Miring his outward steps who inly trode
The bright Castalian brink and Latmos' steep.

What perversity is here! Poetry should present to us what is characteristic and essential in objects, but here is a poet in whose vision of city life the tears of children and gaiety of courtesans occupy the foremost place.

Even such his life's cross-paths; till deathly deep
He toiled through sands of Lethe, and long pain,
Weary with labor spurned and love found vain,
In dead Rome's sheltering shadow wrapped his sleep.

"Deathly deep" is a vile phrase, and the allusion to Lethe I do not understand, but what was it that "wrapped his sleep"? Was it "pain"? And was it "pain" that was "weary with labor spurned and love found vain"? Here truly is neither sense

nor grammar. Thenceforward the piece goes on in the fantastic manner of your day, —

O pang-dowered poet, whose reverberant lips
And heart-strung lyre awoke the moon's
eclipse,

and so forth. A poet who was dowered with pangs, and whose lips reverberated—a lyre which was heart-strung, and which awoke the moon's eclipse,—it is hard to say whether the poet or his lyre were the more remarkable.

Int. I think the two sonnets you have quoted must have been an early and a late example of his art; neither of them contains any of those splendid single lines which light up so many of his sonnets with a kind of sudden coruscation. I remember an admirable critic in one of the magazines pointing out the frequency with which Rossetti would end a sonnet with some line of great sonority and resonance, like

The wind of death's imperishable wing.

or

Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes, etc.

Johnson. Nay, sir, if you come to talk of eminent single lines, Pope is all starred and " . . . them. If you have read him . . . and have a moderately tenacious memory, you may at any moment call them up by the score. Thus he has, to "break a butterfly upon a wheel;" to "wonder with a foolish face of praise;" to "marry discord in a noble wife;" to "keep awhile one parent from the skies;" to "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;" to "make each day a critic on the last;" to "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole;" to "help me through this long disease, my life;" to "die of a rose in aromatic pain;" to "Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer;" "Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;" "Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year;" "And wretches hang, that jury-men may dine;" "And mistress of herself, though china fall;" "The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;" "A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;" "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;" "As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye;" "Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair;" and so on to infinity. For the most part, as you perceive, these lines may not only be detached without harm to the integrity of the sense, but they are self-explanatory no less than self-continent. I say, for the most part they are so. You

might select from the same poet other lines as rich in various merit as these, to be ranged under certain heads, as, for example:—

Forms of Government.

Whate'er is best administered is best.

Ambition.

The glorious fault of angels and of gods.

Dull Poets.

Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.

Admiration of Archaic Authors.

It is the rust we value, not the gold.

Man.

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

Besides these he has a multitude of single lines, perhaps of no very eminent literary merit, but withal having somewhat that has earned for them the distinction of proverbial currency; such as, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" "Man never is, but always to be blest," "The feast of reason and the flow of soul," "Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend," "The proper study of mankind is man," "An honest man's the noblest work of God;" and many more such. I would have you also to observe that in what little of erotic poetry Pope essayed, he discovers an equal gift of expressing in single lines the most impassioned and tumultuary states of feeling; as in "Eloisa to Abelard" —

Oppose thyself to heaven; dispute my heart!

And —

All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.

These lines, sir, are more than rhetorical ; they are nobly passionate and dramatic. I suppose it is a small merit in the eyes of your generation that these lines do not purchase their force or felicity by extravagance of epithet or intemperance of phrase.

Int. Is it not possible to place too high a value on mere negative virtues — mere freedom from literary vice? If I may add another to your list of Pope's memorable single lines, I would remind you that "great wits may sometimes gloriously offend." But on the score of classic severity, which of your poets of the Boileau-Pope school can show as pure a diction as Matthew Arnold's? I myself like splendor and sumptuousness for their own sake, and don't object to a style that is "stiff with gorgeous embroidery;" but if purity of

design and chaste frugality of decoration make a classic, I confess Pope seems to me merely a magnificent barbarian beside such a poet as Matthew Arnold. Have you read his verse, Dr. Johnson?

Johnson. I have; and it is among the most excellent which your age produced. I lament that there is in it much that is alien to my apprehension — much that reflects, apparently, a mental world of which I have no private report; but he has many pages where I encounter no such impediment to understanding, and when I come to write his memoir in the continuation which I am preparing of my "Lives of the Poets," you shall not need to reproach me with parsimony of praise. [*Takes up his pen, writes fluently, and slowly declaims whilst writing.*] His sonnets almost persuade me to a reluctant respect for that literary form. His elegiac poem of "Thyrsis," if not the noblest, is the most perfect threnody in our language. Undeformed by the juxtaposition of irreconcilables, the jostling of St. Peter and Jove, which makes Gothic the grace and barbaric the splendor of "Lycidas;" unweaved by the hostilities and resentments which distort the beauty and interrupt the harmony of "Adonais," — it borrows just so much of classic costume, it employs just so much of antique allusion, as dignify without encumbering, and without disguising adorn; and it preserves the accents of grief unsilenced by the chords of poesy, the chords of poesy unjarred by the accents of grief.

WILLIAM WATSON.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE POTATO'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

A NEAR member of my family, too much addicted, I regret to say, to levity of thought and freedom of expression, on perceiving the title I have given to this philosophical discourse, has unkindly suggested to me, as I sit, pen in hand, awaiting inspiration, that the potato's only proper place in history is surely in a vegetable dish. I mention this shallow and ungenerous domestic criticism at the very outset merely in order to demonstrate the obvious unfitness of the feminine mind for the higher culture, and the crosses to which authors are frequently subject in quarters where sympathy might be most confidently expected. The remark itself I treat as beneath rejoinder. I answer not a lady according to her foolishness.

For it must be obvious at once to thinking minds, like yours and mine, most proverbially candid and intelligent reader, that the potato has really played a very large part in the world's history — a part far larger than Marlborough's or Napoleon's; that it has more than once saved France and famished Ireland; that it has changed the whole face of smiling plains, and spread cultivation up the arid slopes of barren mountains. For a single plant — and in all probability a single individual weed — to have done so much is at least something. And now that we stand within measurable distance of a great social revolution — the extinction of the potato — now that our horticultural and medical pastors and masters are even beginning to discuss among themselves what we shall do for an antiscorbutic when we have to go without potatoes altogether — the time is surely come when those lowly tubers should no longer languish in unsung obscurity, *carent quia vate sacro*.

The "Last of the Mohicans," the "Last of the Barons," and the "Last Minstrel" have all been celebrated in fitting lays. I will fling myself into the breach like Marcus Curtius; I will constitute myself, *pro tem.*, the *vates sacer* of the moribund race; I will pose as the laureate of the last of the potatoes.

For the potato is really going to pot — or, if the expression be deemed too personal to the subject, to Bath, Putney, Jericho, Halifax, or any other familiar refuge of the destitute in such case made and provided. The soul of Kew, indeed, is disturbed about the potato. Consultants are debating on its probable lease of life. Constitutional disease and the Colorado beetle have preyed too long upon its delicate organism. It is yielding at last to old age and infirmities, and botanical authorities refuse to insure its enfeebled frame at average rates for the next fifty years. Why it has thus fallen a prey to premature senility will appear further on; but, in order to understand to the very bottom the decline and fall of the potato's empire, it will be necessary to glance a little more closely than usual at the causes which led to the rise and progress of the potato generally. It will then become evident — paradoxical as it sounds at first hearing — that almost all the potatoes in the world may be regarded with high probability as parts of a single potato-plant; and that it is the gradual growing old of this one worn-out herb which now threatens the world with the approaching potato famine.

Who is the potato, and where does he come from?

All over the earth, in tropical, subtropical, and temperate climates, there grow various members of an uncanny and highly suspected family known to botanists as the solanaceæ or nightshades. A more unpromising group than these doubtful herbs in which to look for a human food-stuff could hardly be imagined. There are families, like the grasses, which supply mankind with endless useful plants—wheat, rye, Indian corn, barley, millet, oats, rice, and sugarcane. There are others, like the pea tribe, almost every one of which has some economic value, either directly for human food, as in the case of peas, beans, and lentils, or indirectly for fodder, as in the case of clover, vetch, lucerne, and sainfoin. But the *belladonna* and *deadly nightshade* are just one of those ill-omened families which bear on their very faces the obvious marks of an evil disposition, and which are regarded with a certain shrinking instinctive disfavor even by those who have no first-hand knowledge of their objectionable character. One of them is the well-known *belladonna* or deadly nightshade, which haunts old ruins or monastic buildings, and contains a powerful, acrid, narcotic poison, famous for its stupefying and relaxing action on the retina. Its flowers are a lurid brown in color, and look as deadly to the sight as they really are. Its berry is black, shining, and uncanny; and the whole plant has a distinctly murderous air, which its popular name exactly expresses. The potato, in fact, is a solitary, well-behaved and respectable member of a peculiarly abandoned and dissolute family—a family in which poisoning and witchcraft and all evil practices run riot as commonly as crime and murder in a mediæval Italian princely house.

For almost all the other nightshades bear out in their way the evil repute of *belladonna*. One of them is *mandrake*—the mysterious mandrake—that plant with forked roots, gathered by moonlight under the gallows' shade for purposes of enchantment and of unholy rites, and incidentally known to scientific medicine as an almost equally dangerous and virulent narcotic. A second is that curious, half-mythical plant, the apple of Sodom or Dead Sea fruit, whose leaves are thickly covered with bristling needles, and whose tawny berries are filled within with the ashes that overwhelmed the cities of the plain, though modern botany unpoetically describes it as a common shrub of Corsica, Sicily, and the eastern Mediterranean.

Then there is the bittersweet or climbing nightshade of our English hedgerows, whose wicked lilac flowers of uncertain hue ought to be enough to warn anybody of its evil intent, but whose treacherous red berries, filled with a poisonous narcotic principle, are answerable every year for the deaths of a good many village children. And more terrible still is the common black nightshade of our waste places, known in French as *herbe des magiciens*, whose juice is powerful enough, when externally applied, to get rid of warts, and, when internally administered, to get rid of one's enemies. Even the potato itself is not wholly above suspicion in this particular; for, though the tubers are wholesome enough (when decently cooked), the berries or potato-apples are said sometimes to have proved highly undesirable food for those bold spirits who ventured to experiment upon them, and, in the concise language of a medical authority, "to have determined headache, nausea, and advanced symptoms of atropine poisoning."

Unpromising as the nightshades usually show themselves, however, with their lurid flowers and their round, shining fruits, there are a few plants even in this wicked tribe which ingenious man has pressed somehow into his exacting service. The capsicum, to be sure, with its near relation, the delicious little West Indian bird-peppers, one can hardly count as a genuine exception; for, though a small quantity of red pepper is pleasant enough as a flavoring to soup, a diet of cayenne would doubtless prove unduly pungent and exciting; and a single drop of the essential oil of capsicum is sufficient, as our medical friend would gracefully phrase it, "to determine death in great torment." But the tomato, that gentle and harmless vegetable, so unexceptionable in its character that early writers knew it as the love-apple, is a true nightshade—a solanum of the solanums; and though both flower and fruit have, in outer bearing, all the distinctive poisonous type of the entire tribe, I have never yet heard a whisper of reproach against the unassailable character of the mild tomato. Even Serjeant Buzfuz himself, if I recollect aright, when denouncing the insidious way in which Mr. Pickwick employed "tomato sauce" to undermine the sacred feelings of Mrs. Bardell's nature, had not a word to say against the intrinsic wholesomeness of that excellent preparation in its proper place. I believe, also, nobody has ever complained of the lus-

cious egg-fruit; while the winter cherry or Cape gooseberry — that curious fruit wrapped up in a blanket that doesn't fit it — is only dangerous to the excesses of youth, which its insipid character prevents it from inspiring to any dangerous degree in adult maturity.

Nevertheless, in spite of some few redeeming members (like Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius among the middle Cæsars, or Giovanni delle Bande Nere among the later Medici), the nightshades as a group must be distinctly regarded as a doubtful, unwholesome, and ill-conditioned family. That from such a stock should have sprung the harmless, necessary potato — the pride of the New World and the joy of the Old, the support and stay of the sister island, and the confident boast of the *maître d'hôtel* (in connection with broiled steaks and chops at the Criterion) — is one of those profound mysteries of heredity which, in the words of a once famous metaphysical inquirer, no fellow can understand.

Viewed merely as an esculent tuber, however, this is apparently how the potato first came to be. In some unknown region of the New World, probably somewhere about the highlands of Peru — for the origin of the potato, like that of Mr. Jeames de la Pluche and other important personages, is "wrop in mystery" — there grew, at that precise period of history known to chronologers as "once upon a time," a solanaceous plant peculiarly persecuted in the struggle for life by the persistent attentions of too many hungry and herbivorous admirers. In such a case the common resource of any ordinary unscrupulous member of the solanum family would doubtless have been to adopt the usual solanaceous tactics of poisoning these its obtrusive friends and actual enemies. Any other solanum would have filled its stem and leaves with narcotic juices, and made itself exceedingly bitter to the taste, so that the beasts and birds, disgusted at the first bite, would have desisted from the vain attempt to devour it. Not so the father of all potatoes. That honest and straightforward plant declined to have recourse to such mean strategy. Hard-pressed by herbivores in the struggle for existence, it struck out a new line for itself and for Ireland. It invented the tuber.

And what is the tuber, which natural selection, thus acting upon the necessities of the primeval potato, succeeded in producing for a hungry world? Essentially and fundamentally it is not, as most people

imagine, a root, but an underground branch, bearing buds and undeveloped leaves on its surface, which we know as eyes, and capable of doing all the work of a branch in producing foliage, flowers, and berries. All that is peculiar to the tuber, viewed as a branch, sums itself up in two cardinal points. First, it happens to develop underground (an accident which, as we all know in the familiar cases of layers and suckers, may occur with any ordinary branch any day); and secondly, it is large, swollen, and soft, because it contains large reserves of material, laid up by the plant in this safe retreat to aid the future growth of its stems and leaves in a second season.

A tuber, in fact, must be regarded merely as one of the many plans adopted by plants in order to secure for themselves continuity of existence. In woody shrubs and trees the material laid up by the individual to provide for next year's leaves and flowers is stored in the inner bark, which does not die; and this accounts for the way in which such trees as almonds, meze-reon, and pyrus japonica are enabled to blossom in early spring before the foliage itself begins to come out. But soft and succulent plants, which die down to the ground with every winter, cannot act in this way. They adopt, perforce, a different plan; they bury their treasure deep in the ground to keep it safe from the teeth of greedy herbivores. It is true, rabbits and other burrowing animals get at it even so; but, at any rate, the chances of destruction are greatly lessened, and so the plant gains a point in the struggle for existence which often enables it to hold its own in the battle of species against all competitors.

This was the case with our primitive potato. A juicy and fleshy weed in its native form, much liable, as we all know, to the attacks of insects, and affording a juicy pabulum for the browsing ruminant, the aboriginal potato provided against a rainy day by storing up starch in its underground branches or tubers, to set up the life of the plant afresh in the succeeding season. When winter came, the part above ground withered and died — a single frost will turn a whole fieldful black to this day with surprising rapidity — but the underground branches, safe alike from cold and from animal foes, kept up their vitality in a dormant state beneath the hard clay through the long winter. In short, while man exploits the potato for his own use and benefit alone, the primitive ancestor intended to exploit it for its

own growth and the continuance of the species.

Of course the potato has seeds too, about which I shall have more to say further on; but, in addition to the seeds, which make new plants, the potato-vine desired, so to speak, a personal immortality, not a mere vicarious and second-hand vitality, in the life of its offspring. It would have nothing to say to any foolish Comtist verbal juggle. It wanted to go on living as long as it possibly could itself, not merely to produce seedlings which would live and flourish after it had itself assumed the inorganic condition. This not unnatural desire of the old Adam the potato tubers enabled it at once to attain; and to the formation of tubers, accordingly, it devoted from the first by far the greater part of its redundant vital energy.

In order to understand precisely what the potato is driving at, we must consider the case of a potato-shoot sprouting in the dark, which clearly exhibits to the meanest intelligence (no offence meant, and let none be taken!) the actual use of these reserves of material. As a rule, light is necessary to vegetation; a seed can't grow to any size in the dark, or a bough put forth green leaves; sunshine is the active dynamical agent of plant growth and plant development. But a hyacinth bulb or a potato will send forth shoots in a dark room, because these rich reserves consist of organized material already laid by, and capable of assuming the leaf-and-branch form without the immediate aid of sunshine. The hyacinth will even bud and blossom under such conditions, while the potato will push out long pale stems, which head straight for any ray of light that may happen to enter its dark cellar prison.

And this consideration leads us to the true point of view of the potato, as not a seed, but a part of the same individual plant as the mother that bears it. Gardeners call the potatoes they use for planting seed potatoes; but the cut fragments are no more than a sucker or cutting is truly a seed; they are undeveloped branches of the old potato-vine. The real seed, of course, is contained in the fruit or potato-apple; and genuine seedlings are from time to time procured therefrom to start fresh varieties; indeed it is in this way alone that new and improved sorts can be produced. And the difference is not, as we shall soon see, a purely technical one. On the contrary, its importance is being practically demonstrated at the

present day by the gradual decay and constitutional feebleness of all potato kind all the world over.

For a seedling is like a child — a genuine new individual, the product of a flower fertilized by pollen from another blossom of its own kind; and it begins life on a fresh basis for itself, full of young and sturdy vitality. But a cutting (which is what a "planted potato" practically amounts to) is not a fresh young life at all; it is only a bit of the old diseased and worn-out organism stuck into the ground and started anew in slightly different conditions. Its true animal analogy would be found if we could cut off a gouty leg and grow an apparently distinct man from it, with all the constitutional faults and failings of the enfeebled and aged first possessor. And the trouble is (as our American friends quaintly phrase it) that for years and years we have gone on growing potatoes in this unnatural and undesirable way, with hardly ever a fresh cross — a true marriage with its consequent infusion of new elements — till at last the whole stock has become so hopelessly old and used-up that even its seedlings are now as feeble as the offspring of two worn-out old parents might naturally expect to be in any species.

Look for a moment at a few parallel cases elsewhere, which will help us to understand the seeming paradox of all potatoes being only part of one original and only genuine potato. The famous Canadian river-weed which came over to England some forty or fifty years ago, and has dammed up all our canals and waterways ever since with its rapidly growing masses, is an admirable illustrative example of the sort of thing I want to emphasize. For the Canadian river-weed (I mercifully spare you the infliction of its botanical name) is one of the few plants (like the date and hemp) which bear the male and female flowers on totally different individuals. Well, the plant that came across to England many years ago — they say, to a pond in the Cambridge botanical gardens — happened to be a female specimen. No male came with it, so it could never set seed in the ordinary fashion. But, thriving wonderfully in its new home, it sent out suckers or underground shoots which soon ran wild among the rivers of the fen country; and thence, getting torn up by the bottoms of canal-boats, broken pieces were accidentally conveyed into all the other rivers and streams of England, where they took root at once and flourished everywhere like a green bay-tree.

Now, all these new or derivative plants are of course female, because in fact they are part and parcel of the one original old plant that came first like a new William the Conqueror to England; and no male flower of the river-weed has ever yet been observed by botanists in any part of this isle of Britain. Thousands and thousands of specimens have been carefully examined, but not a male blossom has ever been discovered here. Consequently, the weed has never set seed, and never produced any true seedlings; the whole mass of waving green foliage that now covers the beds of so many streams from Caithness to Cornwall belongs in the last resort to a single very big and wandering plant, just as truly as all the branches of an oak or a spreading ivy-bush belong to the same single individual.

Similarly with what we call varieties or kinds in roses or strawberries. A gardener produces from seed a particular rose-bush, with certain attractive individual features, which belong as distinctively to that particular bush as her beauty belongs to a particular woman. If he were to grow seedlings from it again, they might not "come true," as gardeners put it; or, in other words, they might exhibit individual traits of their own, different from the traits so much admired in their respected mother. So, to avoid that contingency, the gardener makes no seedlings from his bush; he takes advantage of this curious power of multiplying the self-same individual by mere division without any cross of fresh blood, and "takes cuttings." The flowers of these of course remain always the same, exactly as they would have done had the branches been left upon the tree that bore them. With strawberries, in like manner, when the gardener has once got a good stock from seed, he cultivates the runners, which are only, after all, long, naked branches, that root and leaf at definite distances. In every case you can only produce a truly new individual by genuine wedlock — by crossing and seedling; and, though the life of the old, much-subdivided plant may continue for many, many years in special circumstances, there comes nevertheless a time at last when all its force is utterly *épuiisé*, and it must needs die like the old, old oak, or the cedar that numbers a hundred centuries.

So now see the plight to which in the case of our chief vegetable we have unconsciously reduced ourselves. We have allowed our one potato-plant to grow so old that even when we take seedlings from two of its flowers — themselves mere sis-

ter blossoms of the same decayed and decrepit stock — the very seedlings in turn start in life with decayed constitutions, due to so much breeding in and in, and lack the vigor and vitality of true young blood. The philosophic poet of the "Bab Ballads" warns "elderly men of the bachelor crew" that if they insist upon committing matrimony late in life, "their babes will be elderly, elderly too." That is just what has happened to the poor potato. For lack of frequent healthy crossing, the entire vitality of the race has been slowly dissipated; the entire stock has grown old together, and we stand now face to face with the awful possibility of a potatoless universe.

But why can't we go back to the fountain-head once more, and start afresh with brand-new potatoes from their native forest? Ay, there's the rub, as Hamlet justly puts it. We can't discover the fountain-head any longer. Nobody knows where the potato comes from; the native forest itself is dead. The aboriginal wild potato seems as extinct in our day the wide world over as the dodo or the deinothorium.

This is often the way with important food-plants. Nobody can trace with certainty the ancestor of wheat or of Indian corn, the primitive father of the plantain or of the banana. The fact is, whenever a plant lays by these rich stores of material for its own use, either as seed or root or bulb or tuber, man, greedy man, is sure to divert it to his own purposes, as ruthlessly as he robs the bees of their honey and the cows of the milk they have prepared for their calves in their own udders. Every important human foodstuff is essentially at bottom a seed or a tuber; eggs in the animal world answering to the one, and fattened beasts answering roughly to the other. Wheat, barley, Indian corn, peas, beans, dates, and cocoanuts are instances in the first direction; potatoes, turnips, yam, beetroot, are instances in the second.

From the very first moment, then, that the ancestral potato began to lay up starches and foodstuffs for itself in its own underground tissues, we may be perfectly sure that rodents, monkeys, and other animal enemies did their level best to circumvent its innocent design by digging them up and incontinently eating them. Presently, man, as the Red Indian, arrived upon the scene, and subjected the incipient and starchy potato to some rude cultivation. In one way he was less destructive, no doubt, than the rodents and monkeys who had gone before him, be-

cause, while he rooted up and grubbed out more indefatigably than they, he kept a little back for "seed" for the future. He cut up his potato into many small pieces with an "eye" in each, the eye being in fact an undeveloped leaf-bud, whence branches would issue in another season. Thus he ensured in some way the continuance of the plant; but, alas! he only cared for his own squaws and papooses in the immediate future, and took no thought for the convenience of the intrusive white man in this then remote nineteenth century. And considering how little the white man thought of *his* convenience some ages later, perhaps his remissness in this respect is not to be wondered at.

At any rate, what the Red Indian seems to have done was just this: as in almost every other case of primitive agriculture, he brought the wild plant into cultivation, and improved largely its special yield; but in so doing he destroyed its native type altogether. Whether he grubbed up all the wild ones and ate them on the spot, or whether he merely encroached upon their open feeding-grounds and so crowded them out, as farms and fences are crowding out the buffalo in the far west, does not appear; but what is certain is that the wild potato itself does not now appear either. We have lost all count of the primitive stock, so that we can't go back to it to cross it with its own degenerate descendants, or to develop anew from its barbaric tubers the succulent Regent or the Ash-leaved Kidney.

When Raleigh brought the potato to Europe, it fared even worse in its new home at the hands of man than it had done in its old one. For the attention of civilized gardeners was mostly directed to producing new and better varieties — seedlings that ran to tuber exceedingly — at the expense of the general constitutional vigor. More than that; when once a good seedling was produced, everybody tried to get seed — really tubers for planting — from that individual plant and no other, thus neglecting to keep up the older varieties. The consequence is that all the potato-plants on earth are now parts of two or three individual potatoes, and may very likely be ultimately derived from a single good gardener's variety of the seventeenth or eighteenth century.

When once a plant has reached that advanced stage of dotage, its fate is sealed, surely and irrevocably. *Actum est de potato.* You may indeed prolong its life for a while through progressively feeble and ever feeble representatives;

but, sooner or later, die it must, of pure *épuisement*, like the last of the Tasmanians on Norfolk Island. It is a used-up race, and nothing on earth will save it. It is worse off even than the Romans of the decadence or the moribund Byzantines, who could still intermarry with the fresh young stock of Goth or Slavonian. For it has no chance of crossing left to reinvigorate its blood. It becomes a prey to ten thousand diseases, from the fungus that caused the Irish famine to the devouring flood of the Colorado beetle.

The history of this last-named aggressive host in itself beautifully though painfully illustrates one final chapter in the biography of any decadent species. The potato-bug, as it is more simply than euphoniously called in its native country, plays to the dying potato the part of the barbarian invader to the Roman Empire. (Did I not promise to discourse to you of the decline and fall, and do you not now see how strictly appropriate, by biological analogy, was that seemingly strained and extreme metaphor?) For many centuries the Colorado beetle, as yet unknown to fame, had fattened and thriven on the leaves of a Rocky Mountain solanum, which was not the potato, but a distant cousin of somewhat similar taste in the selfsame family. It commonly happens that each species of plant in the wild state is thus preyed upon by a particular insect; and entomologists know well that the best way to catch certain rare butterflies or moths is by watching for the caterpillars on their special food-plant, so as to breed them out in due time from the chrysalis. The solanum of the Rocky Mountains was thus the proper pabulum for the larva of the Colorado beetle, ere yet its dreaded name was known to history, or its misdeeds had become in two worlds the subject of repressive legislative enactments.

In time, however, as civilization took its way westward, the potato spread in its wake to the base of the Rockies. The white man came and brought his tuber with him. Then the enterprising beetle saw his chance in life. Being a tolerable botanist, he perceived at a glance that the new plant introduced into his preserves by the American immigrant was indeed a solanum (though I don't for a moment suppose he called it to himself by that or any other name), and that it would probably prove, as the advertisements say, "an excellent substitute" for that other of its kind, his accustomed food-plant. He tried it forthwith, and it succeeded admirably. "The potato for the potato-beetle!" was

thenceforth his cry. In a very few years the number of Colorado beetles on the face of the earth had increased a thousandfold, and the intrusive host of loathsome, crawling larvæ — they are the ugliest and slimiest creatures ever seen outside a museum — had set Malthus at defiance, and spread over the length and breadth of America. To them it must have seemed as though the American people had planted whole square miles of a peculiarly delicious and succulent solanum for no other purpose than to provide a pasture for innumerable hordes of Colorado beetles.

Now the moral of all this, as the duchess would have said to Alice in Wonderland, is immediately apparent to the reflective intelligence. Why did the Colorado beetle, who had never killed off his own solanum in endless centuries, succeed in overrunning such vast areas of good potato country in a few short seasons? Clearly because the potato itself was already too enfeebled by old age and disease to withstand the attacks of its insidious enemy. A vigorous young stock would have repelled the invaders, as Rome repelled the Gaul in the days of the republic; a decadent race could no more resist it than the provincials of the last age of the empire could resist the onslaught of Alaric or Attila. The reason why the potato fell so fast before the mountain-bred foe was the same as the reason why the Roman fell before the northern barbarian from his snow-clad fastnesses. The stock was worn out; the race was exhausted; whatever enemy chooses to attack it now, be it Goth or Hun, beetle or mildew, gains an easy and all too inglorious victory over the unhappy tuber. Nothing remains but the ghost of the once mighty plant, the *Romani nominis umbra* of defunct potatohood.

And is the potato really doomed? And must the tuber die? Then thirty thousand Kerry boys will know the reason why. Has a cruel and oppressive Saxon government, intent merely on the woes of Kent and Leicestershire, done nothing to prevent this national disgrace, and to guarantee the foodstuff of the finest peasantry in Europe? Well, there is still hope, though a very faint one. Attempts are being made by skilled botanists to cross the potato with various allied South American solanums, so as to bring back something of the primitive vigor to the exhausted stock, and to preserve its life to

many future generations. If these experiments prove successful, the plant we shall obtain will be, not quite a potato, but a sturdy mulatto of sound and vigorous constitution. It is hoped that the new potato (not, of course, in the Covent Garden sense) will prove superior to the attacks of *Peronospora infestans* — the mildew of the famine — and will laugh to scorn the puny attempts of that now dreaded visitor, the Colorado beetle, whose advent in Europe by Cunard steamer, on a Continental tour, has been duly expected any time these last ten years.

Finally, let me pour forth one word of comfort into the distressed ear of British housewifery. I fear my prognostication of evil to come may have sunk too deep into the tender heart of many an anxious wife and mother. She may have trembled too trustingly for dear baby's dinner. To calm these excessive fears for the future of cookery, I should like to explain that when I talk of the proximate extinction of the potato I use the words only in a Pickwickian sense, and by the usual measures of geological chronology. The probable date which I would fix upon for the fulfilment of my prophecy is approximately that of the Greek Kalends. The potato is undoubtedly in very feeble health; but its friends and its medical advisers hope that with care and attention its life may be spared for many years to come, if not even perhaps prolonged indefinitely. Threatened men live long. The potato may live longer than any of us reckon upon. It is true its constitution is seriously impaired, and its liability to disease grows every day more marked. But no effort is being spared by science to recruit its shattered health; and now that the true nature of its complaint — old age — is fully understood, measures are being taken before it dies to supply its place, if the worst should come, by an appropriate successor of the same family. This successor will doubtless share half its blood, and, if the attempts at hybridization turn out as well as we have reason to expect, will be stronger and healthier than its decrepit ancestor. In any case, we are fairly safe in our own time. Our beefsteak will not be divorced from its faithful helpmeet. And after us the deluge. Succeeding ages will learn to do without potatoes altogether, or will patronize the yam trade with the flourishing republics of central Africa.

From The Fortnightly Review.

IN THE BALKANS WITH PRINCE FERDINAND.

A YEAR has how passed since it was my good fortune to make a tour with Prince Ferdinand through eastern Bulgaria and to return with his Royal Highness *viâ* the Danube and Lom Palanka to Sophia. A description of the journey appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of last July, in which I ventured to express an opinion as to the extent to which the prince had already won the affections of his subjects, and to assert that his position had more of the elements of permanence than was generally admitted at the time. I had witnessed many manifestations of loyalty so spontaneous and enthusiastic that no amount of official pressure could have succeeded in creating them. Even at Plevna, Rahova, and Nicopoli, the strongholds of the Russophil opposition, the prince had been warmly received. It was true, however, that not many months before Bulgaria had gone through a crisis of extreme gravity; she had escaped, so to speak, with her life from a Russian *coup de main*; and it was only to be expected that at such a time the people would give a hearty welcome to the prince of their choice whose existence among them was a guarantee that Bulgaria was still a free country. Such manifestations might therefore have been interpreted rather in the light of a proud assertion of national independence than as a tribute to the personal merits of the prince, who at that time had scarcely had sufficient opportunity of showing what he could do for Bulgaria. But in the twelve months which have passed Prince Ferdinand and his subjects have had abundant opportunity for forming a closer acquaintance with each other. The excitement aroused by Russian interference has subsided; the country has enjoyed nearly two years of perfect tranquillity; and in the calmer atmosphere of the political world the Bulgarians have been enabled to gain a clearer insight into the character and capabilities of the sovereign whom they have chosen. Has Prince Ferdinand justified the national choice? Has he strengthened his hold upon the affections of the people? Will he be able to retain his position as the head of a free and independent nation? Such are the questions which must suggest themselves to every true friend of Bulgarian liberty. For it may be taken for granted that if the Bulgarians submit to another change of *régime*

in deference to the ambitious designs of a foreign power, a fatal blow will have been dealt not only against their national independence, but also against those principles of right and justice on which the smaller states of Europe depend for their existence.

It is a pleasant surprise for the traveller from the West—from "Europe," as the Bulgarians say—who has hitherto been obliged to spend twelve dreary hours on the road from Piroto to Sophia, to find himself gliding luxuriously in the Orient express into the handsome station which now adorns the Bulgarian capital. The railway has brought Sophia into contact with Western civilization. Everywhere progress is manifest. On leaving the station I was first struck by the general appearance of bustle and enlivenment so much in contrast with the Oriental sleepiness of the old Turkish town, and next by the sight of a handsome straight boulevard, planted with trees on either side, which has been formed by clearing many scores of the wretched but picturesque old houses which a few months ago were standing here undisturbed in their ancient squalor. This was not the only improvement I noticed in Sophia. Another handsome street, also planted with trees, now runs through the southern portion of the town, the view being closed in at one end by the cathedral and at the other by the snowy summit of Mount Vitosch. A fine *chaussée*, the future Rotten Row of Sophia—if one can imagine a smokeless Rotten Row with a charming mountain view—now leads in a south-westerly direction to the broad grassy downs, over which the horseman can gallop for miles without meeting an obstacle. These improvements have not been carried out without opposition. A mob, mainly composed of women, violently resisted the demolition of an orthodox church. The authorities, believing with Pindar that "water is best," endeavored to cool the ardor of feminine fanaticism by bringing a fire-hose into play, but the Amazons captured the obnoxious instrument and injured some of the laborers with pokers, tin cans, and other domestic utensils. Everywhere substantial modern dwellings are taking the place of the rickety huts and sheds which commemorate five hundred years of Turkish rule. It is hard to believe that the capital of Bulgaria has only just reached the first decade of its freedom. The laying out of streets and planting of trees has been actively superintended by Prince Ferdinand, who takes

the greatest interest in the improvement of the city. Sophia has a future.

Soon after my arrival I was honored with an interview by the prince, who, somewhat contrary to my expectation, appeared in excellent health and spirits. I had feared that a year of anxiety at home and discouragement from abroad might have seriously affected his health, but I was agreeably surprised to find him looking better and stronger than when I last saw him. But what struck me most was the tone of increased confidence and decision that characterized his language; there was a firmness, a vigor, a resolution, which I had not noticed before, and which impressed me most favorably. In the course of a long and interesting conversation the prince drew my attention to the rapid but solid progress which Bulgaria has made during the last year, to the tranquillity and order prevailing in the country, notwithstanding the unsettled condition of the neighboring Balkan states, and to the successful efforts he had made to put down brigandage. He also alluded to the great advantages already resulting from the opening of the Psaribrod-Vakarel line, and to the improvements in progress at Sophia, of which I had already taken notice. Speaking of his own position his Royal Highness said that the attitude of the great powers, so far from proving injurious, had been of positive advantage to him in assisting him to win the sympathy of the Bulgarians, whose hatred of foreigners and everything foreign amounts to detestation. Had he come to the country as a representative of Russian or of Austrian influence, he would always have been regarded with suspicion, but he had now identified himself with the cause of Bulgarian independence, and with Bulgaria he would stand or fall. Deserted by those who, for personal or dynastic reasons, might have been expected to support him, and confronted with innumerable difficulties and dangers, he had taken refuge in boldness (*l'audace*), and boldness would be the characteristic of his future action. Nothing, he said, suited his position better than a cheerful pessimism; he had often said to his officers in jest that as they had driven away Prince Alexander, who had led them to victory, he supposed they would soon be ready to get rid of Prince Alexander's successor. The conversation turned upon Austria, and I said that the moment appeared to be approaching when the house of Hapsburg would need the guidance of a brilliant genius to unfold and develop a

great scheme of Eastern policy, and to place Austria in the position of a great Slav power.

"Yes," he said, "the man of genius was there, but he is dead;" and he went on to speak with touching sympathy of the tragic fate of the archduke Rudolph, whose refined scientific tastes he shared, and whose great mental endowments and enlightened appreciation of the Slav races seemed to mark him out as the future regenerator of the Hapsburg dynasty. Speaking of the great political ability which distinguished the ill-fated heir of the Hapsburgs, the prince said it was all the more remarkable when one bears in mind the very inadequate training which is thought sufficient for youthful scions of royalty in most European countries. "They can ride and shoot and eat good dinners," he said, "and some of them can put a regiment through its drill; but when in time they are brought face to face with political problems they prove to be mere children."

Doubtless Prince Ferdinand felt, what he did not express, that the severe trials of the last two years have been worth more to him as a political training than all the previous experience of his life. His Royal Highness then invited me to be present at the opening of the works of the Yamboli-Bourgas railway at the latter town, and to accompany him afterwards on a tour along the southern slopes of the Balkans, and through the beautiful Valley of Roses to Kalofer, returning thence *via* Philippopolis to Sophia. I need not say that the invitation so cordially offered was gratefully accepted; and the interesting scenes which I witnessed during the days that followed will never fade from my memory.

The ceremony of the inauguration of the railway works at Bourgas had been fixed for the orthodox May-day, the 13th May, according to our calendar. A special train left Sophia on the eleventh at six A.M., conveying the ministers, the chief public functionaries, and the other invited guests. It was a pleasant spring morning, and as we passed through the open country which surrounds Sophia, I was struck by the beautiful effect of the eastern light as it fell softly upon the snows and verdant ravines of Mount Vitosch. Presently the train came to a stop, and we saw in the distance a party of horsemen cantering towards us across the dewy grass. It was Prince Ferdinand, accompanied by a small escort; and the prince, riding through a brook which intervened, ap-

proached the train and conversed for a while with the prime minister and others. It has been revealed to the world by journals of high reputation, that the prince cannot ride; and such is my faith in the authority of well-informed circles that for the moment I felt inclined to distrust the testimony of my eyes. However, I had afterwards many opportunities of seeing his Royal Highness on horseback. The prince did not enter the train, as, with his habitual disregard of risk, he had arranged to travel all the following night by another special train. It was fortunate for Prince Alexander that he was not travelling at night when, during his last journey in Bulgaria, his train reached a spot where a gang of conspirators had uprooted the rails. We proceeded through this beautiful mountainous district, which forms a link between Rhodope and the Balkan range, past Bellova, where the station not many months ago was successfully captured by brigands, to Philippopolis. Here *déjeuner* was served in the station, and after an hour's delay we started on our journey, leaving the main line at Tirnova-Semlin for the Yamboli branch, a primitive little railway which supplies a service of two trains per week to the travelling public. Our train stopped at two or three tiny stations, where bands of peasants presented addresses to M. Stambouloff. At one place a village Demosthenes delivered quite an elegant oration. Referring to the object which had brought us together, he expressed the hope that, under the fostering care of the prince and the prime minister, the commercial prosperity of Bulgaria would flourish and expand like the May roses now blooming in her beautiful valleys. A passion for oratory exists among the Bulgarians.

We reached Yamboli at dusk. It is a disappointing town, unpicturesque, sleepy, and neglected. Such trade as it possesses is in the hands of Spanish Jews, but the opening of the line to Bourgas will quicken its commercial activity. The whole population had turned out to welcome the ministers; and there was much noise, confusion, and dust as we bumped along in rickety vehicles through streets with a pavement resembling the dried bed of an Alpine torrent. We were hospitably entertained by the municipality, and afterwards conducted to the apartments provided for us in various private houses. It was then near midnight, and we had to resume our journey at half past three next morning. But sleep was impossible, for it was the time of the Ramazan, and festive parties

of Turks paraded the streets till dawn with bagpipes and kettledrums. There were also other impediments to slumber, of which every one who has passed a night in a Bulgarian country town has had ample experience.

Before daybreak we had started in an endless procession of carriages on our long, fatiguing drive to Bourgas. The journey of one hundred and two kilometres is accomplished in twelve hours over a road which can only be described as execrable. The drivers frequently abandoned it, and steered their course for miles over the wide, undulating downs which characterize this part of Bulgaria. This dreary and desolate, though fertile, region bears testimony to the long, fierce struggle between Turk and Christian of which it has been the scene. In 1829 almost the whole Christian population fled northwards in the wake of the retiring Russian army; since 1879 a portion of the Turkish inhabitants has emigrated; and now the eye ranges for miles over vast tracts of green sward unrelieved by a single human habitation or even a tree. Here and there thickets of underwood make their appearance, which till lately formed the lurking-places of brigands; but owing to the energy of Prince Ferdinand's government, the road is now tolerably safe. The carriage which I was fortunate enough to share with M. Matthéeff, the Bulgarian postmaster-general (to whom I may say here I am indebted for much interesting and valuable information), was piloted by a Turkish driver, one of the best specimens of his class that it would be possible to find. He had spent the whole of the previous night, he told us, in feasting and visiting his friends, and he had had no sleep; but he nevertheless was perfectly sober, and remarkably lively and cheerful, keeping a keen eye on his team of four horses, while he chatted pleasantly with my friend, or interspersed his remarks with Turkish songs, which to my untutored ear seemed to have neither key nor melody, nor beginning nor end. Sometimes he would address a cry of exhortation to his horses in the middle of a ditty, and I ignorantly thought that these lively notes were part of the refrain, until I was informed by my companion that they were mere interpolations. The Turks who inhabit eastern Bulgaria are some of the best and most loyal of Prince Ferdinand's subjects; if in any respect they deserve the epithet "unspeakable," it is because they are unspeakably superior to their Christian fellow-subjects—who are mainly

Greeks — in most of the moral virtues. I would strongly recommend a few weeks' sojourn in eastern Bulgaria to those gentlemen who prepare fulminations against the unspeakable one in the seclusion of comfortable "..." aries.

We reached Turkish town of Karnabat at noon, after a bumping of eight hours' duration, which must have proved beneficial to those amongst us who suffered from a torpid liver. An excellent *déjeuner* — the Black Sea turbot shall ever be dear to my memory — was served in a quaint little house overlooking a garden planted with garlic, and abundant supplies of that healthful vegetable were again and again torn from the bosom of the bounteous earth to supply the incessant demands of the guests. At five in the afternoon we reached Lidja, a primitive bathing establishment well known to the Romans, of whom traces are still to be found in the crumbling walls hard by. An arched vault of stonework, admitting neither light nor ventilation, covers in the bath, in which the warm mineral water wells up in great abundance. The excellent example of M. Stambouloff and M. Sacharia Stoganoff, the president of the Sobranje, who lost no time in plunging in, was followed by most of the party. We had swimming races in the dark, steaming tide, and grave statesmen showed that they were sound in limb as well as sage in counsel. When we came out we found some peasants selling enormous mushrooms, which were toasted on the embers of a wood fire close by. When I saw M. Stambouloff partake of a particularly large one, I bethought myself of the fate of Claudius, and feared that this might indeed be a disastrous day for Bulgaria.

The remainder of the road to Bourgas lies through a wide, grassy plain dotted here and there with tufts of brushwood, and bearing no trace of human existence, except where occasional sheepfolds were visible at long intervals. The verdure of the greensward is diversified by the brilliant hues of innumerable peonies, which grow here in such wonderful luxuriance that in some places the landscape seems covered with a mantle of the richest crimson, spreading away to the horizon. In front we could see the dim, misty outline of the Black Sea, while to our right a land-locked inlet — the future harbor of the Bulgarian fleet — seemed to terminate in one of those vast marshes which abound on this coast, and in summer time infect the air with malaria. A remarkable scene of animation presented itself as we drove

into Bourgas. The little town, fully conscious of the fact that an important era in its commercial prosperity was about to be inaugurated, bestirred itself to give a cordial reception to the prince and his ministers. Triumphal arches, garlands, Venetian masts, and flags adorned the narrow, crooked little streets, which were thronged by dense crowds of people. Bourgas is almost wholly a Greek town; not long ago it was selected as the scene of a Russian filibustering expedition, and the sympathies of its inhabitants are naturally adverse to Bulgarian rule. But all Greeks keenly appreciate material benefits, and the people of Bourgas see the necessity of having an energetic and enlightened government, which is preparing to incur heavy expenses in order to make their town, as they said themselves in their address to the prince, the "Marseilles of Bulgaria." His Royal Highness arrived in the afternoon of the next day, and was received with immense enthusiasm by the whole population. The evening was spent quietly by the people in preparation for the great event of the following day.

The prince received numerous loyal addresses at Bourgas, but among them was a petition which illustrates the difficulties arising from the circumstance that the Greek Church in Bulgaria is ruled from Constantinople. The patriarch had lately summoned the metropolitan of Bourgas and Anchialo to that city, and had sent the people another bishop, who was by no means to their taste, and whom they would not allow to officiate in their churches. They petitioned the prince to remove the obnoxious ecclesiastic, but his Royal Highness allowed the matter to stand over for the present, in the hope that the new bishop would defer to the remonstrances of the government. The bishop, however, who forgot that it was his duty to shake off the dust from his feet and depart from a community that would have none of him, persisted in remaining, and eventually was escorted to the Turkish frontier by a couple of gendarmes.

The day of the great festival dawned with unclouded splendor, and the good people of Bourgas hastened betimes to array themselves in holiday dress and to repair to the spot where a work was to be inaugurated that was destined to bring wealth and prosperity to their city. The site of the new railway station lies in a green corn-field close by the inner harbor, which is to be deepened at great expense. The course of the future railway was

marked out with flags. When I arrived an immense multitude had already assembled; every high functionary and almost every distinguished man in Bulgaria was present; the sombre dress of the civilians was enlivened by stars, ribbons, and decorations, while the gorgeous vestments of the priests, the uniforms of the soldiers, and the picturesque garb of the peasants added brilliancy to the scene. Prince Ferdinand, in full-dress uniform, arrived at eleven o'clock, and was received with loud cheers by the assembled multitude. A religious ceremony then began, conducted by the Archbishop of Slivno, a venerable old man with a long white beard, who looked the picture of dignity, in a magnificent robe of gold brocade and a jewelled mitre. The aged prelate, though in failing health, had undertaken a long and fatiguing journey in order to be present. The priests chanted a litany in monotone which seemed interminable, and the responses were taken up by the crowd around, the women crossing themselves with peculiar fervor. The archbishop next delivered an allocution full of hearty loyalty, and invoked the divine blessing upon the prince and upon the work about to be undertaken; and then led the way to a spot marked by a flag-staff in the centre of the field, where Prince Ferdinand, vigorously wielding a highly ornamented pickaxe which was presented to him as a souvenir of the occasion, turned the first earth of the Yamboli-Bourgas line. Another pickaxe was then produced and passed round the circle which stood by, so that I was enabled to take part in the goodly work of the day. The regiment of sappers (*pionniers*) who were to be employed on the works then marched past, a splendid set of fellows with the muscle of English navvies and the bearing of English guardsmen. They are selected not only for their *physique*, but because of their superior intelligence. They then formed into line, and the prince passed on to where an excellent repast of cold lamb and a kind of rice pudding was prepared for them. But before he reached the tables the officers and men broke the line in their enthusiasm, and lifting the prince on their shoulders carried him onwards with loud cheers. This is the way in which Bulgarian soldiers delight to honor a popular commander; the process is similar to that of "hoisting" at Eton, with this difference, that the Bulgarians, not content with carrying aloft the object of their loyalty, dandle him up and down in a way which must be rather alarming

to those who for the first time receive this attention. I confess I looked on with dismay when a little later, at Slivno, the officers "hoisted" the prince after mess and carried him through a doorway which was not over high and down a flight of steps to his carriage.

The most interesting scene of the day then followed. The whole regiment was extended along the line of the proposed railway for nearly a mile, and beyond the soldiers we could see hundreds of peasants also standing ready for the word of command. At a given signal a thousand spades were plunged into the earth, the men working vigorously, and some of them tossing the clods of earth high into the air in token of their zeal. Hundreds of wheelbarrows were set in motion and rapidly filled and wheeled away. I have never witnessed a military spectacle with greater satisfaction; it was pleasant to see these fine sunburnt lads in their snow-white uniforms, the pick of the Bulgarian youth, engaged with all their might upon a work of peace and utility to their country. The prince passed down the line bestowing many a kindly word of encouragement on the willing toilers, and when he reached the place where the peasants were working he paused for a considerable time. Unlike the disciplined soldiers, the peasants allowed their attention to be somewhat distracted by the presence of their sovereign, but they nevertheless appeared to take to their work *con amore*. The Yamboli-Bourgas line will be finished by next October, and will probably prove to be the most rapidly and inexpensively constructed railway in Europe. The regiment of sappers will be employed on it throughout the summer, and the peasants in the communes through which the line passes will each of them be expected to give ten days' labor or pay a fine of three francs per diem. Hired labor is almost impossible to procure in Bulgaria, as every peasant is a landowner and prefers to attend to his own estate; but at the same time the Bulgarians would never dream of paying their money to foreign navvies. The arrangement which compels the peasants who live in the neighborhood to assist in the construction of the line has met with no opposition on their part, for as landowners they have a direct interest in the completion of an undertaking which will greatly increase the value of agricultural produce. Eight thousand peasants are bound to supply twenty sleepers each. Few bridges will be necessary; and the entire line of one hundred and eight kilo-

mètres will be completed without a loan, and, indeed, without a contract except that for the rails, which has been secured by an English firm. The whole arrangements illustrate the remarkable capacity of the Bulgarians for self-help, which enables them to rely on their own resources, to discard foreign capitalists, and to prove to the world their fitness for the privileges of self-government and independence. An instructive contrast is presented by the railway system in Servia, which the government has just wrested from the hands of foreign *exploiteurs*, who have been making a profit of twenty-eight per cent. by the imposition of enormous tariffs. It is hardly necessary to point out the immense importance of a line which will connect the present and future railway system of Bulgaria with the sea, and open up the heart of the country as well as the towns of Philippopolis and Sophia to foreign commerce. A much-needed outlet will also be provided for Bulgarian agricultural produce. Bulgaria, as I heard the minister of finance say, has hitherto been like a mansion without a street door, to which access can only be obtained through the court-yards of other houses. She has been hedged in on all sides by a rampart of protective tariffs. The Varna-Rustchuk line runs through only a corner of Prince Ferdinand's dominions, and the Bulgarians, through fear of Russia rather than because of the difficulty of raising money, have been reluctant to construct a railway between Rustchuk and the capital. The enormous rates charged by Baron Hirsch on the Constantinople and Salonica lines have practically closed the way from the south, and the result has been that Bulgaria has been largely dependent on Austria for a supply of manufactured articles. But she will soon have access to the great highway of the sea, and the fact ought not to be lost sight of by enterprising English firms.

The ceremony of inauguration was followed by a sumptuous *déjeuner*, which was served in a pavilion decorated with green boughs and bunches of peonies. Several toasts were of course proposed, and the prince drank to the "Triumphs of Peace" amid an immense enthusiasm. A circumstance which was entirely unpremeditated afterwards gave rise to some sharp passages of arms between Austro-Hungarian and Russian newspapers. An Englishman who was present made a speech, in which he dwelt upon the sympathy felt in England for a young nation making a gallant stand for its freedom,

and at the same time working out its peaceful development undeterred by all the difficulties which Europe has thrown in its way. The prince, who expressed himself in English, thanked the speaker; and the foreign minister proposed the health of Queen Victoria, "*L'auguste tante de notre bien aimé souverain*," which was received with deafening cheers, the band playing "God save the Queen." The sultan's health was next proposed; but the toast, once customary in Bulgaria, of the "Czar Liberator" appears to have been forgotten. Many gratuitous inferences were of course drawn by the newspapers to which I have alluded, and much unnecessary heat elicited.

Prince Ferdinand, on his return to the town, received an enthusiastic ovation from the people, who, now that the important ceremony was over, began to rejoice and make merry with a will. The *hora*, or national dance, an inseparable accompaniment to every event in Bulgarian life, was led off beneath the windows of the prince's house by M. Stambouloff and the ministers, the dancers, many of whom were peasants in their picturesque dresses, joining hands in a vast circle, which went round to the strains of flutes, bagpipes, fiddles, and all kinds of music. As the evening wore on the scene became more and more interesting. The moon arose over the bay, shedding its soft pale light upon the distant hills; the tiny lamps were kindled on the minarets, and amid the sounds of festivity in the streets the voice of the muezzin could be heard aloft summoning the faithful to the devotions of the Ramazan. Hundreds of colored lanterns hung from the trees in the gardens with which Bourgas abounds; the crowds became denser than ever, and the dancing was renewed with vigor; rockets were continually darting into the sky, and crackers and even petards exploded in the streets without apparently hurting any one. Towards midnight Prince Ferdinand walked almost unattended through the town. The rejoicings were still going on merrily, and did not terminate till the break of dawn. It was indeed a day to be much remembered at Bourgas.

A noteworthy feature in the day's proceedings was the ovation received by M. Stambouloff. A thorough Bulgarian, the prime minister understands the people, and the people understand him. After having joined heartily in the dance, M. Stambouloff was about to proceed homewards when the people lifted him on their shoulders and carried him to the house in

which he was staying. They continued to cheer loudly until he appeared on the balcony and addressed them in one of those extempore orations which he knows so well how to deliver. In a former number of the *Fortnightly Review* I described M. Stambouloff as the savior of his country, and while freely criticising certain faults of his administration, I expressed the opinion that the welfare, perhaps even the national existence, of Bulgaria depends upon the continuance of his rule. I see nothing to alter in what I then wrote. During the past year M. Stambouloff has triumphed over the remainder of his political opponents. He has disembarassed himself of his Conservative colleagues M.M. Natchevitch and Stoïloff; he presides over a Cabinet composed of his loyal adherents; he has taught some troublesome ecclesiastics that they must not presume to dispute his authority; he commands an overwhelming majority in the Sobranje, of which his faithful friend M. Sacharia Stoyanoff is president; he has won by degrees the confidence of Prince Ferdinand, and he has the whole Bulgarian people at his back. Even his faults will appear excusable when we bear in mind the crisis through which Bulgaria has been passing; he has acted upon the doctrine that prevention is better than cure; he has nipped the evil in the bud, and he has been able to crush his enemies before they could crush him. It is quite conceivable that Russia, recognizing M. Stambouloff's immense influence with his countrymen, should endeavor to win him to her side; and I have heard some of his opponents assert that M. Stambouloff, looking forward to the time when he may have to retire from office, has left a door open for reconciliation with the czar. If this were true, M. Stambouloff would be no better nor worse than many other Balkan statesmen, who solace themselves with Russian roubles in the penury of opposition, and find Russian support a valuable protection against the vengeance of their triumphant foes. But the position of M. Stambouloff is unique in many respects. His fortunes are bound up with those of Prince Ferdinand, for whose acceptance of the Bulgarian throne he is mainly responsible. His place in history depends upon Prince Ferdinand's success. Russia's first condition is the removal of the prince. Her terms, which were lately communicated to the prime minister by an officious Bulgarian, are as follows: (1) The removal of the prince; (2) the election of a new prince of the

orthodox faith; (3) an engagement on the part of Bulgaria to act as Russia's ally in case of war. The bearer of these proposals made use of the name of a well-known Russian diplomat. M. Stambouloff's reply was characteristic. "The Bulgarians," he said, "are not likely to be caught a second time in the same trap. In 1886 we sacrificed a prince to Russia, and we received from her in return a dictator in the person of General Kaulbars." He then gave a gentle hint to the Bulgarian gentleman not to meddle in such matters in future, if he did not want to be tried for high treason. M. Stambouloff has thrown the die; he will stand or fall with Prince Ferdinand.

The prince left Bourgas for Slivno on the following day, attended by the prime minister, M. Sallabascheff, the minister of finance, and a small suite. Slivno, the "Manchester of Bulgaria," lies at the foot of the Balkans, some twenty kilometres north of Yamboli, and we followed the road to the latter town to a point at some distance beyond Karnabat. The day was hot and bright, and the vast fields of peonies seemed literally to blaze in the brilliant sunshine. As we drove through the portions of the wide plain which were densely covered with brushwood the cavalcade frequently halted, and the prince, who is a keen ornithologist, together with others of the party, made short expeditions into the thickets, with the object of procuring specimens of some of the rare birds which frequent this lonely region. It was not possible to accomplish much in a few minutes' time, but specimens of the beautiful *Euspiza melanocephala* which perches on the *épine du Christ* (*Paliurus aculeatus*), and of the *Passer hispaniolensis*, were obtained.

It was near sunset when we entered Karnabat. The little town sustained its reputation for culinary skill by providing us with an excellent dinner, and it was again my inestimable privilege to be brought face to face with a Black Sea turbot. The population, which is mainly Turkish, showed as much enthusiasm as is compatible with the dignity of the faithful. A motto which I noticed on a triumphal arch as we were leaving the town reminded me of some words of Prince Ferdinand's, to which I have alluded already. "Be bold, Ferdinand; the people are with you." So ran the inscription, which shows that the people of Karnabat are not far from the truth of the present situation. The motto which I saw most frequently during the following days was,

"Preserve us our freedom." The Bulgarians regard their prince as the embodiment of their national independence.

It was already dusk when we resumed our journey, and the shadows of night fell rapidly over the vast solitary plain which lay between us and the Balkans. Here and there fires were burning brightly near the road at points where careful driving was necessary; at other places groups of mounted gendarmes stood by with flaming torches, or a fresh escort awaited us; more than once as we passed near some village undiscernible in the darkness—for the Bulgarian villages as a rule lie at some distance from the main roads—we found crowds of peasants assembled, some dancing round a bonfire, while others waved torches and cheered. The cool night air was pleasant after the great heat of the day, and some of us managed to sleep a little notwithstanding the violent jolting to which we were subjected, for the prince's *cortège* was travelling at a pace rarely attempted on these rugged highways. It was past midnight when I was awakened by the loud reports of rockets bursting in the air above our heads. We were approaching Slivno, and we could see the blaze of fireworks and illuminations in front, while the fine peaks of the Balkans in the background seemed to look gloomily down upon the gay scene below. The whole population was on foot, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour; the low, quaint houses were adorned with flags and green boughs, and brightly lit up with lamps and candles; and hundreds of men carrying torches and cheering loudly ran by the carriages as we drove rapidly through the crooked, narrow streets. I could not help admiring the composure of our horses as rockets and other fireworks were let off within two or three yards of their heads; they proved themselves equal to the occasion, and never thought of swerving. At Slivno, as elsewhere, those who accompanied the prince were lodged in private houses, and I must speak gratefully of the kindness and attention which I received everywhere. In most cases some member of the family could speak either French or English. The Bulgarian house of the better class is not what an Englishman would describe as substantially built; each room has generally a large number of windows and a door communicating upon an open verandah, from which a staircase descends into a garden. Nothing could be better in summer; but there seems to be little protection against the fierce cold of a Bulgarian winter. Few

precautions seem to be taken to make the house secure at night, and the fact speaks well for the honesty of the people. A Bulgarian would be filled with astonishment at the care with which an Englishman, at bedtime, barricades his castle.

The programme for next day included a review, a service in the cathedral, a visit to the cloth-factories, and an excursion into the mountains. With regard to the factories, I had certain preconceived ideas of smoke, noise, and general ugliness, such as would qualify Slivno for its designation of the "Bulgarian Manchester." But what a Manchester! We left the prince's house early in the afternoon, and driving through steep, narrow streets, through which mountain rivulets of the clearest water were coursing swiftly, we reached a romantic glen, the richly wooded sides of which converged upon a foaming torrent. Majestic rocky summits towered aloft on either side, forming a contrast with the luxuriant foliage below, through which we could see the water sparkling and foaming as it leaped along its downward course in a series of beautiful cascades. Here and there were intervals of fresh, bright green-sward, enlivened by the hues of orchids, tulips, and a hundred other wildflowers. The flowering shrubs of the Balkans were at the height of their bloom, and the boughs of white and pink and deep-red lilac drooped gracefully over the running stream. At intervals throughout the valley we saw water-wheels revolving, and low, red-tiled houses close by. There were the cloth-factories, which give Slivno its industrial pre-eminence among Bulgarian towns. The material is excellent and exceedingly cheap. A member of our party happened to be wearing a suit of it that day, which he told me had cost him twenty francs, tailoring included. It was enough to make one sigh for a land where the London tailor ceases from troubling. We stopped at the nearest factory, the owner of which hospitably provided us with tea in a vine-covered arbor overlooking the river. While some of us inspected the works the prince, who is an ardent botanist as well as an ornithologist, scaled the mountain-side in search of rare plants, leaping from rock to rock with the activity of a skilled mountaineer. On his return we all mounted on horseback in order to pass up the valley and ascend the mountain at its farther end. There was only the vestige of a pathway, which was in many places traversed by torrents; and I was much struck by the clever way in which the hardy Bulgarian ponies found a

footing among the rocks and loose stones. As we continued to ascend the foliage began to assume more of an English aspect, but the beautiful Balkan wildflowers grew more thickly than ever. Here we found the *Orchis sambucina*, the *Iris fumida* and *fœtida*, the *Myosotis alpestris*, the *Tulipa celsiana*, and the *Geranium balcanicum*, a plant of which is hung up as a charm in every Bulgarian cottage. The view from the summit was magnificent, extending to the snowy range beyond Kezanlyk, while the fine mountains around us, which are covered almost entirely with an undergrowth of beech and oak—all that remains of the ancient forests—looked exceedingly beautiful in the fresh verdure of spring. Just before we had finished the ascent we observed a pair of splendid birds soaring at an enormous height above us in continual circles. They seemed to follow us for a quarter of an hour, and the prince, who watched them attentively with a field-glass, declared them to be bearded vultures. We accomplished the descent without accident, and reached Slivno at nightfall, where the officers of the garrison gave a banquet in honor of the prince, which did not terminate till midnight.

At half past three next morning we were in our carriages *en route* for Eski Zagra, and the people of Slivno bade us God speed with a farewell flight of rockets. A short pause was made at Novi Zagra, where we breakfasted in a primitive little house ornamented with iris and acacia blossoms. It was in this house that Prince Alexander received the terrible telegram from the czar which, like the writing on the wall, told him that his kingdom was taken from him; and Prince Ferdinand spent some time in the little room in which the fatal message was delivered to his predecessor. We were now on historic ground, and a two hours' drive brought us in sight of the battlefield of Eski Zagra, where General Gourko was routed by the Turks. At a little distance to our left we could see a massive obelisk standing on a mound in the fertile plain, where the green corn was waving gently over the graves of thousands of brave men. The procession halted; a crowd of peasants had assembled around a triumphal arch, throwing flowers and cheering the sovereign against whom Russia has proclaimed her determined hostility. It was an instructive sight, more so than the folly of overweening plumes and magnificent plattitudes of Juvenal and Dr. Johnson.

The plain which surrounds Eski Zagra

is shaded by beautiful walnut-trees, which give a park-like appearance to the country. The town is almost entirely new, as the old town was burnt by the bashi-bazooks, who made pyramids of the heads of the Christian inhabitants. It was interesting to see Turks, Christians, and Jews alike assembled to do honor to their prince; the schools of the various creeds were paraded in the streets, and the little Turks were wonderfully demonstrative. A tiny Ottoman in his red fez is always a delightful spectacle. The afternoon was spent by the prince in visiting various institutions and receiving addresses. The hearty reception which he received at Eski Zagra is noteworthy, as the people have not forgotten the sacrifices of Russia and the horrors of the great war.

We started for Kezanlyk on the following morning soon after sunrise, and ascended the Tscherna Gora range, a southern parallel of the Balkans, through a picturesque mountain valley. The inhabitants of a village which lay perched on the rocks above us—its name is written Tshanaktschikoï, but cannot be pronounced—came down with wreaths of wildflowers to welcome the prince; it was a pleasure to gaze upon their honest, toil-worn faces, but their women appeared marvellously ill-favored. Soon after we had reached the summit of the pass the carriage of M. Sallabascheff overturned and fell into a chasm which yawned by the side of the road. M. Sallabascheff leaped out in time to avoid a serious accident, and one of the horses of the following carriage stepped nimbly over him without touching him. We were now descending into the Valley of Roses; before us the snow-clad range of the higher Balkans towered aloft in majestic grandeur, while at our feet lay a beautiful, richly wooded tract of country, in which forests of oak, and beech, and walnut stood interspersed with rose-gardens and luxuriant corn-fields. The stupendous mountain barrier shelters this favored district from the northern blast and gives it the characteristics of an eastern Riviera. When we reached the plain we passed through some fields of gigantic barley, many of the stalks measuring more than seven feet in height. Towards noon we entered a natural forest of noble trees, which stood in groups amid fragrant thickets of hawthorn, lilac, eglantine, and various flowering shrubs. Here and there were open vistas, through which we could see the snowy crests of the Balkans; the air was richly laden with perfume and filled

with the songs of innumerable birds. "I call this my park," said the prince; and a beautiful park it was, more lovely than anything that human skill and taste could create. Presently I was astonished by the sight of bayonets gleaming through the foliage, and in another moment we came in sight of a body of troops drawn up in what I think must be the most beautiful parade-ground in the world. It was the Shipka regiment, a fine set of mountain lads; and the prince, accompanied by his military suite, proceeded to inspect them, while the civilian members of the party went shooting in the forest. We reassembled for *déjeuner* beneath the shade of some magnificent walnut-trees; and the officers of the regiment afterwards hoisted the prince to his carriage, while the soldiers manifested their enthusiasm by cheering and tossing their caps into the air. In another hour we reached Kezanlyk, where the loyalty of the people was even more demonstrative than at Eski Zagra.

Kezanlyk is the centre of the rose-fields, the Grasse of Bulgaria. Here the oil of roses and other perfumes are distilled from the freshly culled flowers, which are brought in every morning from the adjacent gardens. M. Papazouli, the owner of the principal distillery, has won several medals and certificates at various international exhibitions. The roses are plucked daily at early dawn, when the gardens, still wet with the dew, present a scene of exquisite freshness and beauty, and the morning air is richly scented with a delicious fragrance. Soon after our arrival we drove to the villages of Yanina and Assa, which lie at the entrance to the Shipka pass. The rich fertile plain spreads away to the Balkans, which rise precipitously like a vast wall, while beneath them lie the little villages, nestling among cherry groves and orchards, and shaded by giant walnut-trees. We attended services in the quaint orthodox chapels, the floors of which were strewn with green boughs. In each case the beginning of the ceremony was announced by the beating of a board suspended from a tree, for the little communities cannot at present afford to purchase a bell. When leaving one of the churches we found ourselves in the centre of a circle, which began to dance the *hora* to the strains of an instrument which looked like a large wooden banjo. Several elderly peasant women took part in the dancing, and one of them fell when the pace became rapid, but recovered herself with amazing agility.

I was much struck by the magnificent *physique* of the mayor of Assa, who no doubt owed his promotion in no small degree to his Herculean stature; for, like Saul, he was head and shoulders above all the people, whom he restrained from crowding us too closely with arguments more cogent than words. We also visited the town of Shipka, and traced the narrow road leading up to the pass, by which so many heroes went to their doom. The Turkish earthworks and redoubts, now grown over with grass and flowers, are still standing in the fields, and some Bulgarian officers, who had served as volunteers with the Russians, pointed out the spots where the combat had raged most desperately.

We reached Kalofer on the following day; but the weather had broken, so that I could only partly appreciate the enchanting scenery amid which Prince Ferdinand intends to build his mountain home. The Bulgarian nation, appreciating the prince's devotion to its cause, has presented him with an extensive estate here, which includes an exquisitely wooded valley overlooked by snow-clad mountains, and traversed by a torrent which forms several beautiful cascades. Far up in the valley is a tract of greensward which nature has already planted like a park; it is here that the prince has decided to build his chateau. The mountain-side abounds with beautiful orchids, and we found specimens of the *Globosa variegata* and *longicrucis*, as well as many others. At Kalofer we were lodged in a monastery—in England it would be called a convent, as it is inhabited exclusively by nuns—an irregular and somewhat primitive group of buildings standing round a large courtyard, with a chapel at one end. The worthy sisters appear without exception to be gifted with deep contralto voices, if one can judge by their singing at the services in the chapel. They made every arrangement for our comfort, with the insignificant exception of the necessary apparatus for washing. It was with deep regret that I turned from this beautiful region as we started on our homeward journey to Philippopolis. We reached the former capital of eastern Roumelia at night, and the following morning found us in the Orient express on our way to Sophia. A pleasant little *déjeuner* in the train formed an agreeable termination to an interesting and delightful tour.

The demonstrations which I witnessed throughout the journey were such as to leave no shadow of doubt on my mind as

to the feelings with which the Bulgarians regard their prince. I am perfectly aware that it is easy, especially in Oriental countries, to get up a show of loyalty and enthusiasm. It is easy to make arrangements for the presentation of addresses, and even for a certain amount of forced cheering. It is impossible to make people *look* enthusiastic, or to urge them to acts and expressions which can only be suggested by a spontaneous impulse. The Bulgarians are an undemonstrative race, and seldom lay aside their natural suspicion and reserve. But they cling with the utmost tenacity to the national idea, and recognizing the embodiment of that idea in their prince, they welcome him with a warmth which seems foreign to their character. They are also essentially a practical people, and they appreciate the material advantages they are deriving from his peaceful and enlightened rule. Patriotism and self-interest are not, however, the only motives which inspire the Bulgarians with loyalty to their prince. The bond of personal affection and esteem is being rapidly strengthened. The Bulgarian character presents many problems to those who come amongst them for the first time; but the prince has exerted himself to master the national peculiarities, and to put himself in sympathy with his subjects. He understands the people, and they are beginning to understand him better every day.

It was my intention to have given some account of the material progress which Bulgaria has made during the last year, but considerations of time and space forbid me to say more than a few words. Alone among the nations of Europe, Bulgaria has no national debt. For this inestimable benefit she is indebted to Russia; but her people have not allowed themselves to be discouraged because, owing to the threatening attitude of that power, they are unable to raise the money necessary for the more rapid development of their resources. They have shown an admirable spirit in refusing all offers of a loan on terms which would imply a reflection on the excellent financial condition of their country. Nevertheless, they have accomplished much. They have purchased the Rustchuk-Varna line; they have completed the line from Tsaribrod to Vakarel, which, greatly to the disgust of Russia, puts them in communication with Western civilization; they are hard at work on the Yamboli-Bourgas railway, which will give them an independent outlet for their commerce; and they are

about to undertake costly harbor works at the latter town. Societies for the promotion of industry and thrift are being formed everywhere throughout the country; for the peasants, encouraged by the firm administration of justice and the prevailing tranquillity, are beginning to give up the practice of burying their money in the ground, and to unite in industrial associations. Such are the "Success" at Gabrovo for the making of lace, the "Hope" at Leskovetz for various industries, the "Rose" at Kezanlyk for the manufacture of perfumes, the "Osma" at Loftscha for that of osier baskets and straw hats. The National Bank of Bulgaria has prospered beyond expectation, and is extending its branches. A school of practical farming has been open for some time at Sadova, in which special attention is given to the culture of the vine, a latent source of vast wealth to Bulgaria. The nucleus of a university has been formed by the munificence of Prince Ferdinand, who is keenly anxious for the intellectual as well as the material advancement of the country.

It is the good fortune of Bulgaria that her warrior prince, to whom she owes so much, has been succeeded by one who has striven so successfully to win the enduring triumphs of peace. But the army has not been neglected; it has kept pace with the peaceful progress of the nation. The number of regiments has been doubled, and Bulgaria can now bring one hundred and twenty thousand well-disciplined men into the field, the flower of a sturdy and well-nourished peasantry, together with a reserve of thirty thousand men still under thirty years of age, who showed what they could do on the hills of Slivnitza. The Bulgarian army has discovered that it can do without Russian officers. There are neither Russian officers nor Russian consuls in Bulgaria. Even the tall, imposing consulate at Sophia, which was built to overawe the palace and the town, stands empty and forlorn. Perhaps this is one of the best features in the present condition of illegality. There are no longer any *nidi* of disaffection in Bulgaria, and the conspirators mostly assemble at Bucharest, Belgrade, and other places. There are great advantages in the existing situation; and statesmen at Sophia appreciate them so fully that they will do nothing to precipitate a change. At the present moment Bulgaria is perhaps the most independent state in the world. She owes no man anything; she is hampered with no proletariat; she is free

from the trammels of diplomatic intercourse. She is indebted for her position, not only to European complications, but to her sturdy independence and capacity for self-help—qualities which perhaps more than any other attract the admiration of Englishmen. If attacked, she

will make a desperate resistance. "We will fight to the last drop of our blood," I heard a Bulgarian officer say, "for Prince Ferdinand and our freedom." Perhaps, after all, the best course for intending intruders will be to let sleeping dogs lie.

J. D. BOURCHIER.

EFFECT OF EARTHQUAKES ON ANIMALS.—In the Transactions of the Seismological Society of Japan, Professor Milne discusses the effects of earthquakes on animals. The records of most great earthquakes refer to the consternation of dogs, horses, cattle, and other domestic animals. Fish also are frequently affected. In the London earthquake of 1749, roach and other fish in a canal showed evident signs of confusion and fright; and sometimes after an earthquake fish rise to the surface dead and dying. During the Tokio earthquake of 1880, cats inside a house ran about trying to escape, foxes barked, and horses tried to kick down the boards confining them to their stables. There can, therefore, be no doubt that animals know something unusual and terrifying is taking place. More interesting than these are the observations showing that animals are agitated just before an earthquake. Ponies have been known to prance about their stalls, pheasants to scream, and frogs to cease croaking suddenly a little time before a shock, as if aware of its coming. The Japanese say that moles show their agitation by burrowing. Geese, pigs, and dogs appear more sensitive in this respect than other animals. After the great Calabrian earthquake it is said that the neighing of a horse, the braying of an ass, or the cackle of a goose was sufficient to cause the inhabitants to fly from their houses in expectation of a shock. Many birds are said to show their uneasiness before an earthquake by hiding their heads under their wings and behaving in an unusual manner. At the time of the Calabrian shock little fish like sand-eels (*Cirricelli*), which are usually buried in the sand, came to the top and were caught in multitudes. In South America certain quadrupeds, such as dogs, cats, and jerboas, are believed by the people to give warning of coming danger by their restlessness; sometimes immense flocks of sea-birds fly inland before an earthquake, as if alarmed by the commencement of some sub-oceanic disturbance. Before the shock of 1835 in Chili all the dogs are said to have escaped from the city of Talcahuano. The explanation offered by Professor Milne of this apparent prescience is that some animals are sensitive to the small tremors which precede nearly all earthquakes. He has himself felt them some seconds before the actual earthquake came. The alarm of intelligent animals would then be the result of

their own experience, which has taught them that small tremors are premonitory of movements more alarming. Signs of alarm days before an earthquake are probably accidental; but sometimes in volcanic districts gases have emanated from the ground prior to earthquakes, and have poisoned animals. In one case large numbers of fish were killed in this way in the Tiber, and at Follonica, on the morning of April 6, 1874, "the streets and roads were covered with dead rats and mice. In fact, it seemed as if it had rained rats. The only explanation of the phenomenon was that these animals had been destroyed by emanations of carbon dioxide." Nature.

OPIMUM IN CHINA.—The *North China Herald* publishes a summary of a series of reports on this subject, which have been made by the commissioners of customs at the various treaty ports. These are all to the effect that the native opium is being produced more largely, and is growing in general favor every year. It is grown in every province of the mainland, Formosa and Hainan being the only large areas where it is not produced. For the most part it is consumed where it is grown, but much of it is smuggled to other markets. We read that "every student going up for examination, every traveller, every soldier, and every boatman carries some of it in his baggage, as the most convenient currency, and one that grows in value the farther he carries it." It is also stated that the production of the drug, in certain districts at all events, does not interfere with the growth of food crops, as a crop of poppies can be grown between the first and third months of each year, giving an opportunity for a spring crop of some cereal and an autumn crop of something else. Considerable attention, moreover, has been paid to the improvement of the native drug, some descriptions of which are, it is said, considered as good as Patna; and with all these circumstances in its favor it is not surprising to learn that in one or two ports the native opium is used almost to the exclusion of the foreign, that in others its use is very general, and that everywhere it is making way. All this is not cheerful news for Indian financiers, as it means that the revenue derived from opium is becoming more precarious every year, but it is at all events well that the facts should be known and fairly faced.

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A BALLAD OF ST. SWITHUN'S DAY.*

THREE little noses are flattened against the pane;
Three little rosy mouths are bemoaning the rain;

Saint Swithun is christening the apples with might and with main.

"O Saint Swithun, Saint Swithun," the children say,

"Surely you've christened the apples enough to-day."

"Rain, rain," say the children, "be off to Spain!

Never, never, we charge you, come back again!

We want to run in the garden, and down comes the rain!

O Saint Swithun, Saint Swithun," the children plead,

"We want our run in the garden, we do indeed.

"Dear Saint Swithun, our lessons have been so long;

Dreadful sums, Saint Swithun, that would come wrong!

We wanted to dance a little, or sing a song,
And now we are free, Saint Swithun, we're kept indoors,

For, because you are christening the apples, it pours and pours.

"Good Saint Swithun, our lessons are over and done;

Kind Saint Swithun, we're longing to take a run;

When you were young, Saint Swithun, you liked some fun.

O Saint Swithun, Saint Swithun," the children cry,

"Why should you christen the apples in mid July?

"Our leggings get cramped, Saint Swithun, indeed, if we stay

Out of the orchard and garden the livelong day;

It's all very well in winter to play house-play,
But, oh, in the summer, with birdies and blossoms and bees,

Who could in the house be contented, Saint Swithun, please?

"We don't mind the rain, not an atom. Away we should get

From the schoolroom, bare-headed, bare-footed, out into the wet,

If only they'd let us—but that they have never done yet;

And you might as well ask them to—cook us and eat us, you see,

For in some things grown-up folk and children can't ever agree."

* Hone mentions a saying current in some parts of the country when rain falls on St. Swithun's day: "St. Swithun is christening the apples."

Now hurrah for Saint Swithun! The rain is o'er;

Out comes the sun in his glory—they make for the door—

Six little feet a-patter, a joyous uproar;

"Hey! for Saint Swithun, Saint Swithun," the children shout;

"Hats and boots—not a moment to lose till we're out."

Hark at the birds and the children! Oh, merry and sweet

Rings out the laugh of the children, and quick are their feet.

Hey! for the sunshine of summer, its light and its heat.

Where are ye now, little children? Oh, far away,

Though Saint Swithun is christening the apples again to-day.

Leisure Hour. EMILY H. HICKEY.

O WISTFUL EYES!

O WISTFUL eyes! Where did you find your gleam?

In the soft radiance of the April skies?

In the rays wavering in the quiet stream

Where pure and white the water-lily lies?

'Mid wondering musings o'er the tangled scheme

Men make of life? or does the lustrous light,

That underlies their pensive beauty, shine

With the hushed glory of the first love dream,

That gives e'en hope deferred resistless might,
To make of earth a happy Paradise?

God keep the soul within them fresh and fine,
O wistful eyes!

All The Year Round.

IN SECRET PLACES.

UNGATHERED beauties of a bounteous earth,
Wild flowers which grow on mountain paths untrod,

White water-lilies looking up to God
From solitary tarns—and human worth

Doing meek duty that no glory gains,

Heroic souls, in secret places sown,

To live, to suffer, and to die unknown—

Are not that loveliness and all these pains

Wasted? Alas, then does it not suffice

That God is on the mountain, by the lake,

And in each simple duty, for whose sake

His children give their very blood as price?

The Father sees! If this does not repay,
What else? For plucked flowers fade, and

praises lay?

Good Words. ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

From The Fortnightly Review.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

FOUR years have passed since a great stimulus to curiosity about the translator of "Omar Khayyám" was given by the double inscription, prologue and epilogue, *ave atque vale*, in which Lord Tennyson put forth his "Tiresias" to the world under the shadow of the name of Edward FitzGerald. The curtain was for a moment drawn from the personality of one of the most recluse and sequestered of modern men of letters, and we saw, with the eyes of the poet laureate, one of the earliest and one of the most interesting of his associates:—

Old Fitz, who from your suburb grange,
Where once I tarried for a while,
Glance at the wheeling orb of change,
And greet it with a kindly smile;
Whom yet I see as there you sit
Beneath your sheltering garden-tree,
And watch your doves about you flit,
And plant on shoulder, hand, and knee,
Or on your head their rosy feet,
As if they knew your diet spares
Whatever moved in that full sheet
Let down to Peter at his prayers;
Who feed on milk and meal and grass.

This dedication, as we now learn, had been written a week before FitzGerald's death, in June, 1833, when the intimacy of the two poets had lasted for nearly fifty years. Other friends, scarcely less dear or less admired, had already preceded FitzGerald to the grave. Thackeray, a little before the end, in reply to his daughter's inquiry which of his old friends he had loved most, had answered, "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure." Carlyle growled at the comparative rarity of "your friendly human letters," and a few more—James Spedding, Thompson of Trinity, Crabbe, Bernard Barton, had tempted his woodland spirit from its haunts. But few indeed among the living can boast of having enjoyed even a slight personal acquaintance with Edward FitzGerald, and almost his only intimate friend now left is the editor of the "Letters and Literary Remains" (Macmillan & Co.: 3 vols.), which are just appearing, and which must reveal even to those who have placed FitzGerald's genius highest and studied him most

carefully an unsuspected individuality of great force and charm. The learned and accomplished vice-master of Trinity has fulfilled his task in a manner almost too modest. He leaves FitzGerald to speak to us without a commentary from the pages of his matchless translations and from the leaves of his scarcely less delightful letters.

Edward Purcell was born in a Jacobean mansion near Woodbridge, in Suffolk, on the 31st of March, 1809. His father had married a Miss FitzGerald, and on the death of her father in 1818, he assumed the name and arms of FitzGerald. The poet's early childhood was spent in France, but at the age of thirteen he went to a school at Bury St. Edmunds, where the Speddings, W. B. Donne, and J. M. Kemble were among his schoolfellows. In 1826 he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1828 he formed the friendship of two freshmen, slightly younger than himself, who were to be his intimates for life, W. M. Thackeray and W. H. Thompson, lately master of Trinity. He saw Lord Tennyson about this time, although he did not make his acquaintance until they left college; but half a century later he retained a clear recollection of the appearance of the poet laureate as an undergraduate: "I remember him well, a sort of Hyperion." It is consistent with all that we learn of the shy fidelity of FitzGerald that almost all the friendships of his life were formed before he was one-and-twenty. As early as 1830 he warns Thackeray not to invite him to meet anybody; "I cannot stand seeing new faces in the polite circles;" and while the rest of the companionship, each in his own way, turned to conquer the world, FitzGerald remained obstinately and successfully obscure. In 1831 he was nearly caught, for a very delicate and fantastic lyric, published anonymously in the *Athenæum*, attracted remark and was generally attributed to Charles Lamb. FitzGerald took a farmhouse on the battle-field of Naseby, and paid no heed to the outstretched hands of the Sirens. He was in easy circumstances and adopted no profession. The seat of his family, and his own main residence until 1835, was Whin-

stead Lodge, a house beautifully placed on the west bank of the Orwell, about two miles from Ipswich. Thence they removed to a less attractive mansion, Boulge, near Woodbridge, in the same county, close to the place of his birth, and there Fitzgerald resided until his death. His life was extremely simple, devoted to country cares, and with no duties much more severe than were involved in the fit pruning of roses, and in the politics of the circumjacent hamlet. Nor, at first, did he give promise of being more than an admirer, a contemplator, even in the fairy world of literature. We get charming glimpses of his sympathetic nature in some of the early letters. On the 7th of December, 1832, he says:—

The news of this week is that Thackeray has come but is going to leave again for Devonshire directly. He came very opportunely to divert my Blue Devils: notwithstanding, we do not see very much of each other: and he has now so many friends (especially the Bullers) that he has no such wish for my society. He is as full of good humor and kindness as ever. The next news is that a new volume of Tennyson is out, containing nothing more than you have in MS. except one or two things not worth having. . . .

I have been poring over Wordsworth lately, which has had much effect in bettering my Blue Devils: for his philosophy does not abjure melancholy, but puts a pleasant countenance upon it, and connects it with humanity. It is very well, if the sensibility that makes us fearful of ourselves is diverted to become a cause of sympathy and interest with nature and mankind: and this I think Wordsworth tends to do. I think I told you of Shakespeare's sonnets before: I cannot tell you what sweetness I find in them.

So by Shakespeare's sonnets roasted, and Wordsworth's poems basted,
My heart will be well toasted, and excellently tasted.
This beautiful couplet must delight you, I think.

In June, 1834, Thackeray was illustrating "my Undine" (possibly a translation of Fouqué's romance) "in about fourteen little colored drawings, very nicely." What has become of this treasure? In May, 1835, some of the friends were together in the Lakes, and we get, incidentally, a pleasant glimpse of the most illustrious of them:—

Alfred Tennyson stayed with me at Ambleside. Spedding was forced to go home, till the last two days of my stay here. I will say no more of Tennyson than that the more I have seen of him, the more cause I have to think him great. His little humors and grumpinesses were so droll, that I was always laughing: and was often put in mind (strange to say) of my little unknown friend, Undine. I must however say, further, that I felt what Charles Lamb describes, a sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own: this (though it may seem vain to say so) I never experienced before, though I have often been with much greater intellects: but I could not be mistaken in the universality of his mind; and perhaps I have received some benefit in the now more distinct consciousness of my dwarfishness.

His time, when the roses were not being pruned, and when he was not making discreet journeys in uneventful directions, was divided between music, which greatly occupied his younger thought, and literature, which slowly, but more and more exclusively, engaged his attention. His loneliness, and the high standard by which in his remote seclusion he measured all contemporary publications, gives an interest to his expressions with regard to new books, an interest which centres around himself more, perhaps, than around the work criticised. For instance, he says, in April, 1838, to the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, who was his neighbor at Woodbridge, and who eventually became his father-in-law:—

I am very heavy indeed with a kind of influenza, which has blocked up most of my senses, and put a wet blanket over my brains. This state of head has not been improved by trying to get through a new book much in fashion—Carlyle's "French Revolution"—written in a German style. An Englishman writes of French Revolutions in a German style! People say the book is very deep; but it appears to me that the meaning *seems* deep from lying under mystical language. There is no repose, nor equable movement in it: all cut up into short sentences half reflective, half narrative; so that one labors through it as vessels do through what is called a short sea—small, contrary-going waves caused by shallows, and straits, and meeting tides, etc. I like to sail before the wind over the surface of an even-rolling eloquence, like

that of Bacon or the Opium-Eater. There is also pleasant fresh-water sailing with such writers as Addison. Is there any *pond*-sailing in literature? that is, drowsy, slow, and of small compass? Perhaps we may say, some Sermons. But this is only conjecture. Certainly Jeremy Taylor rolls along as majestically as any of them. We have had Alfred Tennyson here, very droll and very wayward, and much sitting up of nights till two and three in the morning, with pipes in our mouths: at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking, and so to bed.

Few poets have been able to prepare for their life's work by so long and so dreamy a novitiate. In 1839 FitzGerald gives Bernard Barton a more than commonly full account of his daily life. He goes with a fellow-fisherman, "my piscator," two miles off to fish, and has tea in a pothouse, and so walks home. "For all which idle ease," he says, "I think I must be damned." Or else upon glorious sunshiny days he lies at full length in his garden reading Tacitus, with the nightingale singing and some red anemones flaunting themselves in the sun. "A funny mixture all this; Nero, and the delicacy of spring; all very human, however. Then, at half past one, lunch on Cambridge cream cheese; then a ride over hill and dale; then spudding up some weeds from the grass; and then, coming in, I sit down to write to you." No wonder that Carlyle, groaning in London under the weight of his work and his indigestion, would gird playfully at the "peaceable man" at Woodbridge, with his "innocent *far niente* life." FitzGerald, on his part, was by no means blind to the seamy side of the loud Carlylean existence, but wished it were calmer, and retired to his Horace Walpole and his "Tale of a Tub" with fresh gusto after being tossed, as he called it, on Carlyle's "canvas waves." After an unusual burst of Chelsea eloquence, FitzGerald proposes a retreat; "We will all sit under the calm shadow of Spedding's forehead." Carlyle, meanwhile, after growing better acquainted with FitzGerald, to whom Thackeray had first presented him, became even more attached to him, and, visiting him, they scraped for

human bones together in the Naseby battlefield. Here is a scrap from a letter of Carlyle to FitzGerald, dated October 16, 1844:—

One day we had Alfred Tennyson here; an unforgettable day. He stayed with us till late; forgot his stick: we dismissed him with "Macpherson's Farewell." Macpherson (see Burns) was a Highland robber; he played that Tune, of his own composition, on his way to the gallows; asked, "If in all that crowd the Macpherson had any clansman?" holding up the fiddle that he might bequeath it to some one. "Any kinsman, any soul that wished him well?" Nothing answered, nothing durst answer. He crushed the fiddle under his foot, and sprang off. The Tune is rough as hemp, but strong as a lion. I never hear it without something of emotion—poor Macpherson; though the artist hates to play it. Alfred's dark face grew darker, and I saw his lip slightly quivering.

The life that slipped away at Woodbridge in a reverie so graceful and so roseate was not undisturbed from time to time by voices from the outer world calling it to action; but through a long series of years the appeal was resolutely put by. When almost all his friends were writers it could not be but that FitzGerald was conscious of a tendency to write, and there are signs in his correspondence of an occasional yielding to the tendency. But in all these early years he was never harassed by what he describes as "the strong inward call, the cruel-sweet pangs of parturition," which he observed, with the curiosity of a physician, in the spirits of Tennyson and Thackeray. He knew very well that he had the power, if he chose, to pour out volume after volume, like others of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease; but his belief was that "unless a man can do better he had best not do at all." It is in 1847 that we find him, as a lucky discovery of Mr. Aldis Wright's informs us, plunging for the first time, though with the cryptic anonymity which he would continue to observe, into print. When Singer published his edition of Selden's "Table Talk" in that year, the illustrative matter was contributed by a gentleman whom the editor was not permitted to name. Mr. Aldis Wright has found the originals of these notes in Fitz-

Gerald's handwriting. Two years later he set his initials at the foot of a desultory memoir of Bernard Barton, prefixed to the subscription edition of the collected poems of that mild and ineffectual bard, who had died in the preceding February. It is remarkable, however, that FitzGerald's first serious enterprise in authorship was undertaken so late as in his forty-third year—at an age, that is to say, when most men who are to be famous in letters have already given copious evidence of their powers.

FitzGerald's first book, "Euphranor," was published by Pickering in 1851, a modest little volume not passing much beyond the limits of a pamphlet. It seems to have been the child of memories of Cambridge . . . by the Socratic talk of Spedding, who had lately been visiting FitzGerald. It is a Platonic dialogue, easily cast—somewhat in the manner, one may say, of Berkeley's "Alciphron"—in a framework of landscape, Cambridge courts and halls, the river, the locks, the deep breeze blowing through the mays and the laburnums. The characters discuss the "Godefridus" of Sir Kenelm Digby, and how the principles of chivalry can be wholesomely maintained in modern life. Slight, perhaps, and notably unambitious, "Euphranor" could scarcely have been written by any one but FitzGerald—unless, possibly, in certain moods, by Landor—and it remains the most complete and sustained of his prose works. He had scarcely published it, and, as shyly as Sabrina herself, had peeped from "the rushy-fringed bank" of Deben to see how the world received it, before he found himself engaged on another little anonymous volume. The tiny green* 1852 quarto of "Polonius" lies before me at this moment, a presentation copy to the author's sister, "Andalusia De Soyres, from her Affecte. E. F. G." It is a collection of wise saws and modern instances, some of them his own, most of them borrowed from Bacon, Selden, Kenelm Digby, and, of the living, Carlyle and Newman, the whole graced by a charming and most characteristic preface by FitzGerald himself. And now he began with zeal to undertake the proper labor of his lifetime—he became a translator of poetry.

Six or seven years before this time, FitzGerald was corresponding on familiar terms with a younger friend, who survives him, and who appears to have been, to a

very singular degree, and in the full Shakespearean sense, the "only begetter" of these ensuing translations. This was Mr. E. B. Cowell, now professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge. As early as 1846 Mr. Cowell had introduced FitzGerald to Hafiz; in 1852 we find that the latter has "begun again to read Calderon with Cowell;" and from a letter written long afterwards to the late Sir Frederick Pollock, we learn that their first study of Calderon dated from at least 1850. FitzGerald cared for but little in Spanish literature. He tried some of the other dramatists—Tirso de Molina, Lope de Vega, Moratin, but he could take but scant interest in these. His admiration of Calderon, on the other hand, was inexhaustible, and he began to work assiduously at the task of translating him, taking all Shelley's pleasure in the "starry autos." The volume called "Six Dramas of Calderon, freely translated by Edward FitzGerald," was published by Pickering in 1853, and is the only one of all FitzGerald's publications which bears his name upon it. The six plays are: "The Painter of his Own Dishonor," "Keep your Own Secret," "Gil Perez the Gallician," "Three Jugglers at a Blow," "The Mayor of Zalanka," and "Beware of Smooth Water." The book is now of extreme scarcity, the translator having withdrawn it from circulation in one of his singular fits of caprice, partly, I believe, on account of the severity with which its freedom as a paraphrase was attacked. I am bound to say, however, that I find no traces of irritation on this subject in his letters of 1853, which refer to various reviews in a very moderate and sensible spirit.

The "Calderon" had scarcely passed through the printer's hands when FitzGerald took up the study of Persian, still in company with and under the direction of Mr. Cowell. In 1854, when he was visiting that friend at Oxford, he began to try his hand on a verse translation of the "Salámán and Absál" of Jámí, "whose ingenious prattle I am stilted into too Miltonic verse." This version seems to have been ready for the press in 1856, but it did not appear until more than twenty years had elapsed. Meanwhile Mr. Cowell was appointed professor of history at a Calcutta college, and one main stimulus to steady production was removed out of FitzGerald's life. Yet, by good fortune for us, Mr. Cowell's absence from England induced FitzGerald to write to him more fully about his work than he would have

* The grass-green cover of the original edition reminds us that "la verdad es siempre verde."

done if the friends could have met. And here, on the 20th of March, 1857, we are allowed to be present at the first conception of what was afterwards to become the famous and admired "Omar Khayyám:"

To-day I have been writing twenty pages of a metrical Sketch of the Mantic, for such uses as I told you of. It is an amusement to me to take what liberties I like with these Persians, who (as I think) are not poets enough to frighten one from such excursions, and who really do want a little art to shape them. I don't speak of Jelâleddîn, whom I know so little of (enough to show me that he is no great artist, however), nor of Hafiz, whose *best* is untranslatable because he is the best musician of words. Old Johnson said the poets were the best preservers of a language: for people must go to the original to relish them. I am sure that what Tennyson said to you is true: that Hafiz is the most Eastern — or, he should have said, most *Persian* — of the Persians. He is the best representative of their character, whether his Sâki and wine be real or mystical. Their religion and philosophy is soon seen through, and always seems to me *cuckooed* over like a borrowed thing, which people, once having got, don't know how to parade enough. To be sure, their roses and nightingales are repeated enough; but Hafiz and old Omar Khayyám ring like true metal. The philosophy of the latter is, alas! one that never fails in the world.

He was soon keenly engaged on his task; had in April opened up a correspondence with Garcin de Tassy about texts of Omar in the Paris libraries. This was the busiest year of FitzGerald's literary life. In May he was already beginning to warn his friend of another possible "sudden volume of translations," the desire to conquer a province of Æschylus in his peculiar way having seized him. The only result, however, was the preparation — but at what date I do not seem able to discover — of that extraordinary translation of the "Agamemnon," eventually printed without name of author, title-page, or imprint, in a hideous cover of grocer's azure, which is one of the rarest of FitzGerald's issues. In January, 1858, he began the dismal business of trying, and at first vainly trying, to find a publisher bold enough to embark on the perilous enterprise of printing the little pamphlet of immortal music called "The Rubáiyât of Omar Khayyám." On the subject of this publication much has been loosely said and conjecturally reported of late years. We may, therefore, be glad to read FitzGerald's own account, in a letter to the late master of Trinity: —

As to my own peccadilloes in verse, which

never pretend to be original, this is the story of "Rubáiyât." I had translated them partly for Cowell: young Parker asked me some years ago for something for Fraser, and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using; and as I saw he didn't want them I printed some copies with Quaritch; and, keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a copy, was naturally alarmed at it; he being a very religious man: nor have I given any other copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other day, to whom I was showing a passage in another book which brought my old Omar up.

Late in 1859 the Rubáiyât appeared, in the casual way above indicated, and fell absolutely flat upon the market. There is no evidence in FitzGerald's correspondence that it attracted the smallest attention, and, except for a letter from Mr. Ruskin, which circled the globe for ten years (this sounds incredibly characteristic, but seems to be true) before it reached its address, the first publication of his magnificent poem appears to have brought FitzGerald no breath of recognition from the world outside the circle of his friends. The copies in Mr. Quaritch's shop seem to have found no buyers, and to have gravitated rather surprisingly soon to the fourpenny boxes outside the booksellers' stalls. Here Dante Gabriel Rossetti, so legend relates, discovered the hid treasure in 1861, and proclaimed it among his friends, Mr. Swinburne being forward in the generous race to make the poem appreciated at its proper value. It marks a rise in the barometer of popularity that Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) is anxiously inquiring for a copy or two in May, 1861. Yet it was not until 1868 that a second edition, now scarcely less rare and no whit less interesting to the collector, was called for. Since that time, much revised by its far too careful author, "The Rubáiyât of Omar Khayyám" has been reprinted in all manner of shapes, both on this side of the Atlantic and on the other. To pursue the record of his literary life, FitzGerald translated two more plays of Calderon, the "Magico Prodigioso," at which Shelley had tried his hand, and the "Vida es Sueño," which Trench had attempted. These he never published, but in 1865 he printed them, without title-page, and sent the strange little volume, in a paper cover, to a few of his friends. With the exception of the two "Ædipus" dramas, circulated in the same quaint, shy way, in 1880, these were the last of FitzGerald's poetical translations.

He had grown more and more interested in the waterway leading from the pastoral meadows of Woodbridge to the sea, the salt road between the trees called Bewdsey Haven, which brings you, if you go far enough down it, to the German Ocean at last. His favorite companions became fishermen and the captains of boats, and in 1867 an old wish was realized at length, when FitzGerald became part owner of a herring-lugger—the Scandal as he called her, because that was “the main staple of Woodbridge,”—and possessed a captain of his own. “Nothing but ship,” he says, “from June to November, through all those months not having lain, I believe, for three consecutive nights in Christian sheets,” but mostly knocking about somewhere outside of Lowestoft. The theory was that the lugger should pay her way, but FitzGerald and his captain, “a grand, tender soul, lodged in a suitable carcase,” did not make the profit that they hoped for, and after four years of considerable anxiety, FitzGerald parted from his boat and from her master. The latter was a humble friend in whom, physically and spiritually, there must have been something splendidly attractive, and regarding whom FitzGerald uses phraseology otherwise reserved for Tennyson and Thackeray. The poet still kept a boat upon the Deben, but went out no more upon the deep after herrings and mackerel, in company with his auburn-haired and blue-eyed giant from Lowestoft, “altogether,” he says, “the greatest man I have known.”

And so, almost imperceptibly, as the reader moves down the series of these delightful letters, he finds that the writer, in his delicate epicureanism is, without repining at it, growing old. A selection from his early favorite poet, a Suffolk man like himself, George Crabbe, is his last literary enterprise, and so on the 14th of June, 1883, in his seventy-fifth year, he rather suddenly passes away painlessly in his sleep. His own words shall be his epitaph: “An idle fellow, but one whose friendships were more like loves.”

To review Mr. Aldis Wright’s three volumes is no part of my business here. Every one who loves the finer parts of letters must feast upon them for himself, and will have met of late with no better intellectual food. But before closing I must say a few words about the general character of FitzGerald’s imaginative writings, now for the first time placed before the public in a form which is reasonably accessible. The strange issues of Calderon,

of Æschylus, of Jámí, of Sophocles, with which it was FitzGerald’s pleasure to confound bibliographers, are now great rarities; not one of all his printed works, except the “Omar Khayyám,” has hitherto been easy to obtain. We may generally say in looking over all these versions, that FitzGerald more than any other recent translator of poetry, carried out that admirable rule of Sir John Denham’s, that the translator’s business is not “alone to translate language into language, but poesie into poesie; and poesie is of so subtle a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate, if a new spirit be not added in the translation.” FitzGerald’s versions are so free, he is so little bound by the details of his original, he is so indifferent to the timid pedantry of the ordinary writer who empties verse out of the cup of one language into that of another, that we may attempt with him what would be a futile task with almost every other English translator—we may estimate from his versions alone what manner of poet he was.

In attempting to form such an estimate we are bound to recognize that his best-known work is also his best. The “Omar Khayyám” of FitzGerald takes its place in the third period of Victorian poetry, as an original force wholly in sympathy with other forces, of which its author took no personal cognizance. Whether it accurately represents or no the sentiments of a Persian astronomer of the eleventh century is a question which fades into insignificance beside the fact that it stimulated and delighted a generation of young readers, to whom it appealed in the same manner, and along parallel lines with, the poetry of Morris, Swinburne, and the Rossettis. After the lapse of thirty years we are able to perceive that in the series of poetical publications of capital importance which marked the close of the fifties it takes its natural place. In 1858 appeared “The Defence of Guinevere;” in 1859, “The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám;” in 1860, “The Queen-Mother and Rosamond;” in 1862, “Goblin Market;” while although the “Poems” of D. G. Rossetti did not finally see the light till 1870, his presence, his spiritual influence, had animated the group. That FitzGerald was ignorant of, or wholly indifferent to the existence of these his compeers did not affect his relationship to them, nor their natural and instinctive recognition of his imaginative kinship to themselves. The same reassertion of the sensuous elements

of literature, the same obedience to the call for a richer music and a more exotic and impassioned aspect of manners, the same determination to face the melancholy problems of life and find a solace for them in art, were to be found in the anonymous pamphlet of Oriental reverie as in the romances, dramas, songs, and sonnets of the four younger friends.

So much more interesting to us, if we will look sensibly at the matter, is FitzGerald than the Omar Khayyám whose mantle he chose to masquerade in that we are not vexed but delighted to learn from Mr. Aldis Wright that the opening stanza, which ran thus in the edition of 1859 —

Awake! for morning in the bowl of night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to
flight;

And lo! the hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's turret in a noose of light,

is wholly his own, and represents nothing in the original. It was judged by his earliest critics to be too close a following of the fantastic allusiveness of the Persian, and the poet — surely with his tongue set in his cheek — modified his own invention to the smoother but less spirited: —

Wake! for the sun behind your Eastern height
Has chased the session of the stars from night;

And, to the field of heav'n ascending, strikes
The Sultan's turret with a shaft of light.

It is well to remind ourselves of these two versions, of which each is good, though the first be best, because FitzGerald was sufficiently ill-advised to exchange for both a much tamer version, which now holds its place in the text. These alterations, however, are very significant to the critic, and exhibit the extreme care with which FitzGerald revised and re-revised his work.

To judge, however, of his manner as a translator, or rather as a paraphraser, we must examine not merely the most famous and remarkable of his writings, but his treatment of Spanish and Greek drama, and of the narrative of Jámí. It appears that he took Dryden's license, and carried it further; that he steeped himself in the language and feeling of his author, and then threw over his version the robe of his own peculiar style. Every great translator does this to some extent, and we do not recognize in Chapman's breathless measure the staid and polished Homer that marches down the couplets of Pope. But then, both Pope and Chapman had, in the course of abundant original composition, made themselves each the possessor

of a style which he threw without difficulty around the shoulders of his paraphrase. In the unique case of FitzGerald — since Fairfax can scarcely be considered in the same category — a poet of no marked individuality in his purely independent verse created for himself, in the act of approaching masterpieces of widely different race and age, a poetical style so completely his own that we recognize it at sight as his. The normal instances of this manner are familiar to us in "Omar Khayyám." They are characterized by a melody which has neither the variety of Tennyson nor the vehemence of Swinburne, neither the motion of a river nor of the sea, but which rather reminds us, in its fulness and serenity, of the placid motion of the surface of a lake, or of his own grassy estuary of the Deben; and finally by a voluptuous and novel use of the commonplaces of poetry — the rose, the vine, the nightingale, the moon. There are examples of this typical manner of FitzGerald to be found in "Omar Khayyám," which are unsurpassed for their pure qualities as poetry, and which must remain always characteristic of what was best in a certain class of Victorian verse. Such are:

Alas, that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should
close!

The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence and whither flown again, who
knows!

and (a gem spoiled in recutting, after the first edition, by the capricious jeweller):

Thus with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse, — and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness —
And wilderness is paradise enow.

Nothing quite so good, perhaps, as these and many more which might be quoted from the "Omar Khayyám," is to be found in the other translations, yet wherever the latter are happiest they betray the same hand and murmur the same accents.* It is in "The Mighty Magician" that we meet with such characteristic stanzas as this:

Who that in his hour of glory
Walks the kingdom of the rose,
And misapprehends the story
Which through all the garden blows;
Which the southern air who brings
It touches, and the leafy strings

* Let not the ingenuous reader strive, however, to trace the style of FitzGerald in the Gray-like choruses of "Œdipus," for these appear to be textually copied from the old *Chrestomathie* of Robert Porter (1788). I can discover no explanation of this odd freak, which looks like a snare set for the feet of unwary critics.

Lightly to the touch respond ;
 And nightingale to nightingale
 Answering on bough beyond —
 Nightingale to nightingale
 Answering on bough beyond.

While the following passage, perhaps the richest and most memorable in FitzGerald's minor writings, is found in the "Salámán and Absál:" —

When they had sail'd their vessel for a moon,
 And marr'd their beauty with the wind o' the
 sea,

Suddenly in mid sea reveal'd itself
 An isle, beyond imagination fair ;
 An isle that was all garden ; not a flower,
 Nor bird of plumage like the flower, but
 there ;

Some like the flower, and others like the leaf ;
 Some, as the pheasant and the dove, adorn'd
 With crown and collar, over whom, alone,
The jewell'd peacock like a sultan shone ;
 While the musicians, and among them chief
 The nightingale, sang hidden in the trees,
 Which, arm in arm, from fingers quivering
 With any breath of air, fruit of all kind
 Down scatter'd in profusion to their feet,
 Where fountains of sweet water ran between,
 And sun and shadow chequer-chased the green,
 This Iram-garden seem'd in secrecy
 Blowing the rosebud of its revelation ;
 Or Paradise, forgetful of the dawn
 Of Audit, lifted from her face the veil.

In reading these sumptuous verses the reader may be inclined to wonder why "Salámán and Absál" is not as widely known and as universally admired as the "Omar Khayyám." If it were constantly sustained at anything like this level it would be so admired and known, but it is, unfortunately, both crabbed and unequal.

It was in 1854, as FitzGerald reminds Professor Cowell in a very interesting letter, that these friends began to read "Jámi" together. We have seen that it was not until 1856 and after the completion of the "Salámán and Absál" that the same friend placed "Omar" in FitzGerald's hands. The paraphrase of "Jámi," therefore, is the earlier of the two, and represents the style of the English poet at a stage when it was still unfinished and, I think, imperfectly refined. The narrative of "Jámi" is diffuse, and, as FitzGerald soon found, "not line by line precious;" he was puzzled how to retain its character and yet not permit it to be tedious, and he has not wholly succeeded in clearing his poem from the second horn of the dilemma. Unfortunately it was not printed when it was ready for publication, in 1856, but was kept by FitzGerald in his desk until, years afterwards, it was presented to a

body of amateurs familiar with the much more mellifluous and dainty "Rubáiyát. It will, however, now that its history is revealed, be read with increased attention. It consists, in FitzGerald's version, of a mystical preliminary invocation, in which the problem of responsibility and free-will, in the form which interested the English poet so much, is boldly stated, and the double question put —

If I — this spirit that inspires me whence ?
 If thou — then what this sensual impotence ?

and of the story, told in three parts, with a moral or transcendental summing up at the close. The metrical form chosen for the main narrative is blank verse, with occasional lapses into rhyme. These, in all probability, respond to some peculiarity in the Persian original, but they are foreign to the genius of English prosody, and they produce an effect of poverty upon the ear, which is alternately tempted and disappointed. There are, moreover, incessant interludes or episodic interpolations, which are treated in an ambling measure of four beats, something like the metre of "Hiawatha," but again with occasional and annoying introductions of rhyme. It is obvious, at the outset, that we do not see FitzGerald here exercising that perfect instinct for form which he afterwards developed; he was trammelled, no doubt, by his desire to repeat the effects he discovered in the Persian, and had not yet asserted his own genius in what Dryden called metaphrase. Nevertheless, "Salámán and Absál" contains passages of great beauty, such as that in which the poet, in wayward dejection, confesses that his worn harp is no longer modulated, and that —

Methinks
 'Twere time to break and cast it in the fire :
 The vain old harp, that, breathing from its
 strings
 No music more to charm the ears of man,
 May, from its scented ashes, as it burns,
 Breathe resignation to the harper's soul.

And the description of Absál, the lovely infant nurse of the new-born Salámán —

So beautiful, as from the silver line,
 Dividing the musk-harvest of her hair,
 Down to her foot that trampled crowns of
 kings,
 A moon of beauty.

Very curious and charming, too, are the descriptions of Salámán's victory over the princes at polo, and his headlong ride to the shore of the abyss that was haunted by the starry dragon, and whose island

crags cut its surface "as silver scissors slice a blue brocade."

A third Persian poem, the "Bird-Parliament" of Farid-Uddin Attar, written immediately after the publication of "Omar Khayyám" in 1859, is now printed by Mr. Aldis Wright for the first time, and forms a very important addition to FitzGerald's works. It is a long, mystical piece of Oriental transcendentalism, the best part of which is the opening pages, in which the various birds are introduced, spreading their jewelled plumage one by one before the tajidar, the royal lapwing, who is their shah or sultan. When the poem becomes purely philosophical, it seems to me to become less attractive, perhaps sometimes a little tedious; yet the versification is always charming, the heroic couplet treated as smoothly and correctly as by Congreve or Addison, but with far greater richness.

Of FitzGerald as a prose-writer there has hitherto been little known. His correspondence now reveals him, unless I am much mistaken, as one of the most pungent, individual, and picturesque of English letter-writers. Rarely do we discover a temperament so mobile under a surface so serene and sedentary; rarely so feminine a sensibility side by side with so virile an intelligence. He is moved by every breath of nature; every change of hue in earth or air affects him; and all these are reflected, as in a camera obscura, in the richly colored moving mirror of his letters. It will not surprise one reader of this correspondence if the name of its author should grow to be set, in common parlance, beside those of Gray and Cowper for the fidelity and humanity of his addresses to his private friends. Meanwhile, we ought, perhaps, to have remembered what beautiful pages there were in "Euphranor," and in particular to have recalled that passage about the university boat-races which Lord Tennyson, no easy critic to satisfy, has pronounced to be one of the most beautiful fragments of English prose extant. Not many copies of "Euphranor" exist, and I may quote this passage with the certainty that it is new to all or nearly all of my readers:

Townsmen and gownsmen, with the tassell'd Fellow-commoner sprinkled here and there—reading men and sporting men—Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges, not indifferent to the prowess of their respective crews—all these, conversing on all sorts of topics, from the slang in *Bell's Life* to the last new German revelation, and moving in ever-changing groups down the shore of the river, at whose

farther bend was a little knot of ladies gathered on a green knoll faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting sun. Beyond which point was at length heard some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until "They are off—they are coming!" suspended other conversation among ourselves; and suddenly the head of the first boat turned the corner; and then another close upon it; and then a third; the crews pulling with all their might compacted into perfect rhythm; and the crowd on shore turning round to follow along with them, waving hats and caps, and cheering, "Bravo, St. John's!" "Go it, Trinity!"—the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all—until, the boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of spectators, and hurried back towards the goal; where we arrived just in time to see the ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the eagle of St. John's soaring there instead. Then, waiting a little while to hear how the winner had won, and the loser lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his defeated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus under either arm (Lycion having got into better company elsewhere) and walked home with them across the meadow leading to the town, whither the dusky troops of gownsmen with all their confused voices seemed as it were evaporating in the twilight, while a nightingale began to be heard among the flowering chestnuts of Jesus.

Who is rashly to decide what place may not finally be awarded to a man capable of such admirable feats in English prose and verse? There can be little doubt that when much contemporary clamor has died out forever, the clear note of the nightingale of Woodbridge will still be heard from the alleys of his Persian garden.

EDMUND GOSSE.

From Temple Bar.

SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

CHAPTER VIII.

"SIR Charles?"

"Miss Deyncourt!"

"I fear," with a glance at the yellow back in his hand, "I am interrupting a studious hour, but —"

"Not in the least, I assure you," said Charles, shutting his novel. "What is regarded as study by the feminine intellect, is to the masculine merely relaxation. I was 'unbending over a book,' that was all."

The process of "unbending" was being

performed in the summer-house, whither he had retired after Evelyn and Ralph had started on their afternoon's ride to Vandon, in which he had refused to join.

"I thought I should find you here," continued Ruth frankly. "I have been wishing to speak to you for several days, but you are as a rule so surrounded and encompassed on every side by Molly, that I have not had an opportunity."

It had occurred to Charles once or twice during the last few days that Molly was occasionally rather in the way. Now he was sure of it. As Ruth appeared to hesitate, he pulled forward a rustic contorted chair for her.

"No, thanks," she said. "I shall not long interrupt the unbending process. I only came to ask —"

"To ask?" repeated Charles, who had got up as she was standing, and came and stood near her.

"You remember the first evening you were here?"

"I do."

"And what we spoke of at dinner?"

"Perfectly."

"I came to ask you how much you lent Raymond?" Ruth's clear, earnest eyes were fixed full upon him.

At this moment Charles perceived Lady Mary at a little distance, propelling herself gently over the grass in the direction of the summer-house. In another second she had perceived Charles and Ruth, and had turned precipitately, and hobbled away round the corner with surprising agility.

"Confound her!" inwardly ejaculated Charles.

"I wish to know how much you lent him?" said Ruth again, as he did not answer, happily unconscious of what had been going on behind her back.

"Only what I was well able to afford."

"And has he paid it back since?"

"I am sure he understood I should not expect him to pay it back at once."

"But he has had it three years."

Charles did not answer.

"I feel sure he is not able to pay it. Will you kindly tell me how much it was?"

"No, Miss Deyncourt; I think not."

"Why not?"

"Because — excuse me, but I perceive that if I do you will instantly wish to pay it."

"I do wish to pay it."

"I thought so."

There was a short silence.

"I wish to pay it," said Ruth.

Charles was silent. Her pertinacity annoyed and yet piqued him. Being unmarried, he was not accustomed to opposition from a woman. He had no intention of allowing her to pay her brother's debt, and he wished she would drop the subject gracefully, now that he had made that fact evident.

"Perhaps you don't know," continued Ruth, "that I am very well off." (As if he did not know it! As if Lady Mary had not casually mentioned Ruth's fortune several times in his hearing!) "Lady Deyncourt left me twelve hundred a year, and I have a little of my own besides. You may not be aware that I have fourteen hundred and sixty-two pounds per annum."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"That is a large sum, you will observe."

"It is riches," assented Charles, "if your expenditure happens to be less."

"It does happen to be considerably less in my case."

"You are to be congratulated. And yet I have always understood that society exacts great sacrifices from women in the sums they feel obliged to devote to dress."

"Dress is an interesting subject, and I should be delighted to hear your views on it another time; but we are talking of something else just at this moment."

"I beg your pardon," said Charles quickly, who did not quite like being brought back to the case in point. "I — the truth was, I wished to turn your mind from what we were speaking of. I don't want you to count . . . into my hand. I really should like it very much."

"You intend me to think from that remark that it was a small sum," said Ruth, with unexpected shrewdness. "I now feel sure it was a large one. It ought to be paid, and there is no one to do it but me. I know that what is firmness in a man is obstinacy in a woman, so do not on your side be too firm, or, who knows? you may arouse some of that obstinacy in me to which I should like to think myself superior."

"If," said Charles, with sudden eagerness, as if an idea had just struck him, "if I let you pay me this debt, will you on your side allow me to make a condition?"

"I should like to know the condition first."

"Of course. If I agree" — Charles's light-grey eyes had become keen and intent — "if I agree to receive payment of

will you promise not to pay any other debt of his, or ever to lend him money without the knowledge and approval of your relations?"

Ruth considered for a few minutes.

"I have so few relations," she said at length, with rather a sad smile, "and they are all prejudiced against poor Raymond. I think I am the only friend he has left in the world. I am afraid I could not promise that."

"Well," said Charles eagerly, "I won't insist on relations. I know enough of those thorns in the flesh myself. I will say instead 'natural advisers.' Come, Miss Deyncourt, you can't accuse me of firmness now!"

"My natural advisers," repeated Ruth slowly. "I feel as if I ought to have natural advisers somewhere; but who are they? Where are they? I could not ask my sister or her husband for advice. I mean, I could not take it, if I did. I should think I knew better myself. Uncle John? Evelyn? Lord Polesworth? Sir Charles, I am afraid the truth is I have never asked for advice in my life. I have always tried to do what seemed best, without troubling to know what other people thought about it. But as I am anxious to yield gracefully, will you substitute the word 'friends' for 'natural advisers'? I hope and think I have friends whom I could trust."

"Friends, then, let it be," said Charles. "Now," holding out his hand, "do you promise never, et cetera, et cetera, without first consulting your *friends*?"

Ruth put her hand into his.

"I do."

"That is right. How amiable we are both becoming! I suppose I must now inform you that two hundred pounds is the exact sum I lent your brother?"

Ruth went back to the house, and in a few minutes returned with a cheque in her hand. She held it towards Charles, who took it, and put it in his pocket-book.

"Thank you," she said, with gratitude in her eyes and voice.

"We have had a pitched battle," said Charles, relapsing into his old indifferent manner. "Neither of us has been actually defeated, for we never called out our reserves, which I felt would have been hardly fair on you; but we do not come forth with flying colors. I fear, from your air of elation, you actually believe you have been victorious."

"I agree with you that there has been no defeat," replied Ruth; "but I won't

keep you any longer from your studies. I am just going out driving with Lady Mary to have tea with the Thursbys."

"Miss Deyncourt, don't allow a natural and most pardonable vanity to delude you to such an extent. Don't go out driving the victim of a false impression. If you will consider one moment——"

"Not another moment," replied Ruth; "our bugles have sung truce, and I am not going to put on my war-paint again for any consideration. There comes the carriage," as a distant rumbling was heard. "I must not keep Lady Mary waiting;" and she was gone.

Charles heard the carriage roll away again, and when half an hour later he sauntered back towards the house, he was surprised to see Lady Mary sitting in the drawing-room window.

"What! Not gone after all!" he exclaimed, in a voice in which surprise was more predominant than pleasure.

"No, Charles," returned Lady Mary in her measured tones, looking slowly up at him over her gold-rimmed spectacles. "I felt a slight return of my old enemy, and Miss Deyncourt kindly undertook to make my excuses to Mrs. Thursby."

No one knew what the old enemy was, or in what manner his mysterious assaults on Lady Mary were conducted; but it was an understood thing that she had private dealings with him, in which he could make himself very disagreeable.

"Has Molly gone with her?"

"No; Molly is making jam in the kitchen, I believe. Miss Deyncourt most good-naturedly offered to take her with her; but" (with a shake of the head) "the poor child's totally unrestrained appetites and lamentable self-will made her prefer to remain where she was."

"I am afraid," said Charles meditatively, as if the idea were entirely a novel one, "Molly is getting a little spoilt amongst us. It is natural in you, of course; but there is no excuse for me. There never is. There are, I confess, moments when I don't regard the child's immortal welfare sufficiently to make her present existence less enjoyable. What a round of gaiety Molly's life is! She flits from flower to flower, so to speak; from me to cook and the jam-pots; from the jam-pots to some fresh delight in the loft or in your society. Life is one long feast to Molly. Whatever that old impostor the Future may have in store for her, at any rate she is having a good time now."

There was a shade of regretful sadness in Charles's voice that ruffled his aunt.

"The child is being ruined," she said with resigned bitterness.

"Not a bit of it. I was spoiled as a child, and look at me!"

"You *are* spoilt. I don't spoil you; but other people do. Society does. And the result is that you are so hard to please that I don't believe you will ever marry. You look for a perfection in others which is not to be found in yourself."

"I don't fancy I should appear to advantage side by side with perfection," said Charles in his most careless manner; and he rose and wandered away into the garden.

He was irritated with Lady Mary, with her pleased looks during the last few days, with her annoying celerity that afternoon in the garden. It was all the more annoying because he was conscious that Ruth amused and interested him in no slight degree. She had the rare quality of being genuine. She stood for what she was without effort or self-consciousness. Whether playful or serious, she was always real. Beneath a reserved and rather quiet manner there lurked a piquant unconventionality. The mixture of earnestness and humor, which were so closely interwoven in her nature that he could never tell which would come uppermost, had a strange attraction for him. He had grown accustomed to watch for and try to provoke the sudden gleam of fun in the serious eyes, which always preceded a retort given with an air of the sweetest feminine meekness, which would make Ralph rub himself all over with glee, and tell Charles, chuckling, he "would not get much change out of Ruth."

If only she had not been asked to Atherstone on purpose to meet him! If only Lady Mary had not arranged it; if only Evelyn did not know it; if only Ralph had not guessed it; if only he himself had not seen it from the first instance! Ruth and Molly were the only two unconscious persons in the house.

"I wonder," said Charles to himself, "why people can't allow me to manage my own affairs? Oh, what a world it is for unmarried men with money! Why did I not marry fifteen years ago, when every woman with a straight nose was an angel of light; when I felt a noble disregard for such minor details as character, mind, sympathy, if the hair and the eyes were the right shade? Why did I not marry when I was out of favor with my father, when I was head over ears in debt, and when at least I could feel sure no one

would marry me for my money? Molly," as that young lady came running toward him with lingering traces of jam upon her flushed countenance, "you have arrived just in time. Uncle Charles was getting so dull without you. What have you been after all this time?"

"Cook and me have made thirty-one pots and a little one," said Molly, inserting a very sticky hand into Charles's. "And your Mr. Brown helped. Cook told him to go along at first—which wasn't kind, was it?—but he stayed all the same; and I skimmed with a big spoon, and she poured it in the pots. Only they aren't covered up with paper yet, if you want to see them. And oh! Uncle Charles, what *do* you think? Father and mother have come back from their ride, and that nice funny man who was at the school-feast is coming here to-morrow, and I shall show him my guinea pigs. He said he wanted to see them very much."

"Oh, he did, did he? When was that?"

"At the school-feast. Oh!" with enthusiasm, "he was so nice, Uncle Charles, so attentive, and getting things when you want them; and the wheel went over his foot when he was shaking hands, and he did not mind a bit; and he filled our teapots for us, Ruth's big one, you know, that holds such a lot."

"Oh! He filled the big teapot, did he?"

"Yes, and mine too; and then he helped us to unpack the dolls. He was so kind to me and Cousin Ruth."

"Kind to Miss Deyncourt, was he?"

"Yes; and when we went away he ran and opened the gate for us. Oh, there comes Cousin Ruth back again in the carriage. I'll run and tell her he's coming. She *will* be glad."

"Aunt Mary is right," said Charles, watching his niece disappear. "Molly has formed a habit of expressing herself with unnecessary freedom. Decidedly she is a little spoilt."

CHAPTER IX.

DARE arrived at Atherstone the following afternoon. Evelyn and Ralph, who had enlarged on the state of morbid depression of the lonely inhabitant of Vandon, were rather taken aback by the jaunty appearance of the sufferer, when he appeared, overflowing with evident satisfaction and small talk, his face wreathed with smiles.

"He bears up wonderfully," said Charles aside to Ruth later in the evening, as Dare warbled a very discreet selection

of his best songs after dinner. "No one knows better than myself that many a breaking heart beats beneath a smiling waistcoat, but unless we had been told beforehand we should never have guessed it in his case."

Dare, who was looking at Ruth, and saw Charles go and sit down by her, brought his song to an abrupt conclusion, and made his way to her also.

"You also sing, Miss Deyncourt?" he asked. "I am sure, from your face, you sing."

"I do."

"Thank Heaven!" said Charles fervently. "I did you an injustice. I thought you were going to say 'a little.' Every singing young lady I ever met, when asked that question, invariably replied 'a little.'"

"I leave my friends to say that for me," said Ruth.

"Perhaps you yourself sing a *little*?" asked Dare, wishing Charles would leave Ruth's ball of wool alone.

"No," said Charles; "I have no tricks." And he rose and went off to the newspaper table. Dare's songs were all very well, but really his voice was nothing so very wonderful, and he was not much of an acquisition in other ways.

Then Dare took his opportunity. He dropped into Charles's vacant chair; he wound wool; he wished to learn to knit; his inquiring mind craved for information respecting shooting-stockings. He talked of music; of songs, Italian, French, and English; of American nigger melodies. Would Miss Deyncourt sing? Might he accompany her? Ah! she preferred the simple old English ballads. He *loved* the simple English ballad.

And Ruth, nothing loth, sang in her fresh, clear voice one song after another, Dare accompanying her with rapid sympathy and ease.

Charles put down his paper, and moved slightly, so that he had a better view of the piano. Evelyn laid down her work and looked affectionately at Ruth.

"Exquisite," said Lady Mary from time to time, who had said the same of Lady Grace's wavering little soprano.

"You also sing duets? You sing duets?" eagerly inquired Dare, the music-stool creaking with his suppressed excitement; and, without waiting for an answer, he began playing the opening chords of "Greeting."

The two voices rose and fell together, now soft, now triumphant, harmonizing as if they had sung together for years. Dare's

second was low, pathetic, and it blended at once with Ruth's clear young contralto. Charles wondered that the others should applaud when the duet was finished. Ruth's voice went best alone in his opinion.

"And the 'Cold Blast'?" asked Dare immediately afterwards. "The 'Cold Blast' was here a moment ago" — turning the leaves over rapidly. "You are not tired, Miss Deyncourt?"

"Tired!" replied Ruth, her eyes sparkling. "It never tires me to sing. It rests me."

"Ah! so it is with me. That is just how I feel," said Dare. "To sing, or to listen to the voice of — of —"

"Of what? Confound him!" wondered Charles.

"Of *another*," said Dare. "Ah! here he is!" and he pounced on another song, and lightly touched the opening chords.

"Oh! wert thou in the cold blast," sang Ruth, fresh and sweet.

"I'd shelter thee,"

Dare assured her with manly fervor. He went on to say what he would do if he were monarch of the realm, affirming that the brightest jewel of his crown would be his queen.

("Anyhow, he can't pronounce Scotch," Charles thought.)

"Would be his queen," Dare repeated, with subdued emotion and an upward glance at Ruth, which she was too much absorbed in the song to see, but which did not escape Charles. Dare's dark, sentimental eyes spoke volumes of — not sermons — at that moment.

"Oh! Uncle Charles," whispered Molly, who had been allowed to sit up about two hours beyond her nominal bedtime, at which hour she rarely felt disposed to retire; "oh, Uncle Charles! 'The brightest jewel in his crown!' Don't you wish you and me could sing together like that?"

Charles moved impatiently, and took up his paper again.

The evening passed all too quickly for Dare, who loved music and the sound of his own voice, and he had almost forgotten, until Charles left him and Ralph alone together in the smoking-room, that he had come to discuss his affairs with the latter.

"Dear me," said Evelyn, who had followed her cousin to her room after they had dispersed for the night, and was looking out of Ruth's window, "that must be Charles walking up and down on the lawn."

Well now, how thoughtful he is to leave Mr. Dare and Ralph together! You know, Ruth, poor Mr. Dare's affairs are in a very bad way, and he has come to talk things over with my Ralph."

"I hope Ralph will make him put his cottages in order," said Ruth, with sudden interest, shaking back her hair from her shoulders. "Do you think he will?"

"Whatever Ralph advises will be sure to be right," replied Evelyn, with the soft conviction of his infallibility which caused her to be considered by most of Ralph's masculine friends an ideal wife. It is women without reasoning powers of any kind whom the nobler sex should be careful to marry if they wish to be regarded through life in this delightful way by their wives. Men not particularly heroic in themselves, who yet are anxious to pose as heroes in their domestic circle, should remember that the smallest modicum of common sense on the part of the worshipper will inevitably mar a happiness, the very existence of which depends entirely on a blind, unreasoning devotion. In middle life the absence of reason begins perhaps to be felt; but why in youth take thought for such a far-off morrow?

"I hope he will," said Ruth, half to herself. "What an opportunity that man has if he only sees it! There is so much to be done, and it is all in his hands."

"Yes, it's not entailed; but I don't think there is so very much," said Evelyn. "But then, so long as people are nice, I never care whether they are rich or poor. That is the first question I ask when people come into the neighborhood. Are they really nice? Dear me, Ruth, what beautiful hair you have; and mine coming off so! And, talking of hair, did you ever see anything like Mr. Dare's? Somebody must really speak to him about it. If he would keep his hands still, and not talk so quick, and let his hair grow a little, I really think he would not look so like a foreigner."

"I don't suppose he minds looking like one."

"My dear!"

"His mother was a Frenchwoman, wasn't she? I am sure I have heard so fifty times since his uncle died."

"And if she was," said Evelyn reprovingly, "is not that an extra reason for his giving up anything that will remind people of it? And we ought to try to forget it, Ruth, and behave just the same to him as if she had been an Englishwoman. I wonder if he is a Roman Catholic?"

"Ask him."

"I hope he is not," continued Evelyn, taking up her candle to go. "We never had one to stay in the house before. I don't mean," catching a glimpse at Ruth's face, "that Catholics are — well — I don't mean *that*. But still, you know, one would not like to make great *friends* with a Catholic, would one, Ruth? And he is so nice and so amusing that I do hope, as he is going to be a neighbor, he is a Protestant." And after a few more remarks of about the same calibre from Evelyn, the two cousins kissed and parted for the night.

"Will he do it?" said Ruth to herself, when she was alone. "Has he character enough, and perseverance enough, and money enough? Oh! I wish Uncle John would talk to him."

Ruth was not aware that one word from herself would have more weight with a man like Dare than any number from an angel of heaven, if that angel were of the masculine gender. If at the other side of the house Dare could have known how earnestly Ruth was thinking about him, he would not have been surprised (for he was not without experience), but he would have felt immensely flattered.

Vandon lay in a distant part of Mr. Alwynn's parish, and a perpetual curate had charge of the district. Mr. Alwynn consequently seldom went there, but on the few occasions on which Ruth had accompanied him in his periodical visits, she had seen enough. Who cares for a recital of what she saw? Misery and want are so common. We can see them for ourselves any day. In Ruth's heart a great indignation had kindled against old Mr. Dare, of Vandon, who was inaccessible as a ghost in his own house, haunting the same rooms, but never to be found when Mr. Alwynn called upon him to "put things before him in their true light." And when Mr. Dare descended to the Vandon vault, all Mr. Alwynn's interest, and consequently a good deal of Ruth's, had centred in the new heir, who was so difficult to find, and who ultimately turned up from the other end of nowhere just when people were beginning to despair of his ever turning up at all.

And now that he had come, would he make the crooked straight? Would the new broom sweep clean? Ruth recalled the new broom's brown handsome face, with the eager eyes and raised eyebrows, and involuntarily shook her head. It is difficult to be an impartial judge of any one with a feeling for music, and a pathetic tenor voice; but the face she had

called to mind did not inspire her with confidence. It was kindly, amiable, pleasant; but was it strong? In other words, was it not a trifle weak?

She found herself comparing it with another, a thin, reserved face, with keen light eyes and a firm mouth; a mouth with a cigar in it at that moment on the lawn. The comparison, however, did not help her meditations much, being decidedly prejudicial to the "new broom;" and the faint chime of the clock on the dressing-table breaking in on them at the same moment, she dismissed them for the night, and proceeded to busy herself in putting to bed her various little articles of jewellery before betaking herself there also.

Any doubts entertained by Evelyn about Dare's religious views were completely set at rest the following morning, which happened to be a Sunday. He appeared at breakfast in a black frock coat, the splendor of which quite threw Ralph's ancient Sunday garment into the shade. He wore also a chastened, decorous aspect, which seemed unfamiliar to his mobile face, and rather ill suited to it. After breakfast, he inquired when service would be, and expressed a wish to attend it. He brought down a high hat and an enormous prayer-book, and figured with them in the garden.

"Who is going to Greenacre, and who is going to Slumberleigh?" called out Ralph from the smoking-room window. "Because, if any of you are going to foot it to Slumberleigh, you had better be starting. Which are you going to, Charles?"

"I am going where Molly goes. Which is it to be, Molly?"

"Slumberleigh," said Molly with decision, "because it's the shortest sermon, and I want to see the little foal in Brown's field."

"Slumberleigh be it," said Charles. "Now, Miss Deyncourt," as Ruth appeared, "which church are you going to support—Greenacre, which is close in more senses than one, where they never open the windows, and the clergyman preaches for an hour; or Slumberleigh, shady, airy, cool, lying past a meadow with a foal in it? If I may offer that as any inducement, Molly and I intend to patronize Slumberleigh."

Ruth said she would do the same.

"Now, Dare, *you* will be able to decide whether Greenacre, with a little fat tower, or Slumberleigh, with a beautiful tall steeple, suits your religious views best."

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"I will also go to Slumberleigh," said Dare, without a moment's hesitation.

"I thought so. I suppose"—to Ralph and Evelyn—"you are going to Greenacre with Aunt Mary? Tell her I have gone to church, will you? It will cheer her up. Sunday is a very depressing day with her, I know. She thinks of all she has done in the week, preparatory to doing a little more on Monday. Good-bye. Now, then, Molly, have you got your prayer-book? Miss Deyncourt, I don't see yours anywhere. Oh, there it is! No, don't let Dare carry it for you. Give it me. He will have enough to do, poor fellow, to travel with his own. Come, Molly! Is Vic chained up? Yes, I can hear him howl. The craving for church service of that dumb animal, Miss Deyncourt, is an example to us Christians. Molly, have you got your penny? Miss Deyncourt, can I accommodate you with a threepenny bit? Now, *are* we all ready to start?"

"When this outburst of eloquence has subsided," said Ruth, "the audience will be happy to move on."

And so they started across the fields, where the grass was already springing faint and green after the haymaking. There was a fresh wandering air, which fluttered the ribbons in Molly's hat, as she danced on ahead, frisking in her short white skirt beside her uncle, her hand in his. Charles was the essence of wit to Molly, with his grave face that so seldom smiled, and the twinkle in the kind eyes, that always went before those wonderful delightful jokes which he alone could make. Sometimes, as she laughed, she looked back at Ruth and Dare, half a field behind, in pity at what they were missing.

"Shall we wait and tell them that story, Uncle Charles?"

"No, Molly. I dare say he is telling her another which is just as good."

"I don't think that he knows any like yours."

"Some people like the old, old story best."

"Do I know the old, old one, Uncle Charles?"

"No, Molly."

"Can you tell it?"

"No. I have never been able to tell that particular story."

"And do you really think he is telling it to her now?" with a backward glance.

"Not at this moment. It's no good running back. He's only thinking about it now. He will tell her in about a month or six weeks' time."

"I hope I shall be there when he tells it."

"I hope you may; but I don't think it is likely. And now, Molly, set your hat straight, and leave off jumping. I never jump when I go to church with Aunt Mary. Quietly now, for there's the church, and Mr. Alwynn's looking out of the window."

Dare, meanwhile, walking with Ruth, caught sight of the church and lych-gate with heartfelt regret. The stretches of sunny meadow land, the faint clamor of church bells, the pale, refined face beside him, had each individually and all three together appealed to his imagination, always vivid when he himself was concerned. He suddenly felt as if a great gulf had fixed itself, without any will of his own, between his old easy-going life and the new existence that was opening out before him.

He had crossed from the old to the new without any perception of such a gulf, and now, as he looked back, it seemed to yawn between him and all that hitherto he had been. He did not care to look back, so he looked forward. He felt as if he were the central figure (when was he *not* a central figure?) in a new drama. He was fond of acting, on and off the stage, and now he seemed to be playing a new part, in which he was not yet thoroughly at ease, but which he rather suspected would become him exceedingly well. It amused him to see himself going to church — *to church!* to hear himself conversing on flowers and music with a young English girl. The idea that he was rapidly falling-in love was specially delightful. He called himself a *vieux scélérat*, and watched the progress of feelings which he felt did him credit with extreme satisfaction. He and Ruth arrived at the church porch all too soon for Dare; and though he had the pleasure of sitting on one side of her during the service, he would have preferred that Charles, of whom he felt a vague distrust, had not happened to be on the other.

announcement excited a flutter in the newspapers, many of whose readers had probably never heard of the Aryans before, while others of them had the vaguest possible idea of what was meant by the name.

Unfortunately it is a name which, unless carefully defined, is likely to mislead or confuse. It was first introduced by Professor Max Muller, and applied by him in a purely linguistic sense. The "discovery" of Sanskrit and the researches of the pioneers of comparative philology had shown that a great family of speech existed, comprising Sanskrit and Persian, Greek and Latin, Teutonic and Slav, all of them sister languages descended from a common parent, of which, however, no literary monuments survived. In place of the defective or cumbersome titles of Indo-German, Indo-European, and the like, which had been suggested for it, Professor Max Müller proposed to call it Aryan — a title derived from the Sanskrit *Arya*, interpreted "noble" in later Sanskrit, but used as a national name in the hymns of the Rig-Veda.

It is much to be regretted that the name has not been generally adopted. Such is the case, however, and it is to-day like a soul seeking a body in which to find a habitation. But the name is an excellent one, though the philologists of Germany, who govern us in such matters, have refused to accept it in the sense proposed by its author; and we are therefore at liberty to discover for it a new abode, and to give to it a new scientific meaning.

In the enthusiasm kindled by the sight of the fresh world that was opening out before them, the first disciples of the science of comparative philology believed that they had found the key to all the secrets of man's origin and earlier history. The parent speech of the Indo-European languages was entitled the *Ursprache*, or "primeval language," and its analysis, it was imagined, would disclose the elements of articulate speech and the process whereby they had developed into the manifold languages of the present world. But this was not enough. The students of language went even further. They claimed not only the domain of philology as their own, but the domain of ethnology as well. Language was confounded with race, and the relationship of tribe with tribe, of nation with nation, was determined by the languages they spoke. If the origin of a people was required, the question was summarily decided by tracing the origin

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THE PRIMITIVE HOME OF THE ARYANS.

IN my address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association in 1887, I stated that, in common with many other anthropologists and comparative philologists, I had come to the conclusion that the primitive home of the Aryans was to be sought in north-eastern Europe. The

of its language. English is on the whole a Teutonic language, and therefore the whole English people must have a Teutonic ancestry. The dark-skinned Bengali speaks languages akin to our own; therefore the blood which runs in his veins must be derived from the same source as that which runs in ours.

The dreams of universal conquest indulged in by a young science soon pass away as facts accumulate and the limit of its powers is more and more strictly determined. The *Ursprache* has become a language of comparatively late date in the history of linguistic development, which differed from Sanskrit or Greek only in its fuller inflexional character. The light its analysis was believed to cast on the origin of speech has proved to be the light of a will-o'-the-wisp, leading astray and perverting the energies of those who might have done more profitable work. The mechanism of primitive language often lies more clearly revealed in a modern Bushman's dialect or the grammar of Esquimaux, than in that much-vaunted *Ursprache* from which such great things were once expected by the philosophy of human speech.

Ethnology has avenged the invasion of its territory by linguistic science, and has in turn claimed a province which is not its own. It is no longer the comparative philologist, but the ethnologist, who now and again uses philological terms in an ethnological sense, or settles racial affinities by an appeal to language. The philologist first talked about an "Indo-European"; such an expression could now be heard only from the lips of a youthful ethnologist.

As soon as the discovery was made that the Indo-European languages were derived from a common mother, scholars began to ask where that common mother-tongue was spoken. But it was agreed on all hands that this must have been somewhere in Asia. Theology and history alike had taught that mankind came from the East, and from the East accordingly the *Ursprache* must have come too. Hitherto Hebrew had been generally regarded as the original language of humanity; now that the *Ursprache* had deprived Hebrew of its place of honor, it was natural, if not inevitable, that, like Hebrew, it should be accounted of Asiatic origin. Moreover it was the discovery of Sanskrit that had led to the discovery of the *Ursprache*. Had it not been for Sanskrit, with its copious grammar, its early literature, and the light

which it threw on the forms of Greek and Latin speech, comparative philology might never have been born. Sanskrit was the magician's wand which had called the new science into existence, and without the help of Sanskrit the philologist would not have advanced beyond the speculations and guesses of classical scholars. What wonder, then, if the language which had thus been a key to the mysteries of Greek and Latin, and which seemed to embody older forms of speech than they, should have been assumed to stand nearer to the *Ursprache* than the cognate languages of Europe? The assumption was aided by the extravagance assigned to the monuments of Sanskrit literature. The poems of Homer might be old, but the hymns of the Veda, it was alleged, mounted back to a primeval antiquity, while the Institutes of Manu represented the oldest code of laws existing in the world.

There was yet another reason which contributed to the belief that Sanskrit was the first-born of the Indo-European family. The founders of comparative philology had been preceded in their analytic work by the ancient grammarians of India. It was from Pāṇini and his predecessors that the followers of Bopp inherited their doctrine of roots and suffixes and their analysis of Indo-European words. The language of the Veda had been analyzed two thousand years ago as no other single language had ever been analyzed before or since. Its very sounds had been carefully probed and distinguished, and an alphabet of extraordinary completeness had been devised to represent them. It appeared as if the elements out of which the Sanskrit vocabulary and grammar had grown had been laid bare in a way that was possible in no other language, and in studying Sanskrit accordingly the scholars of Europe seemed to feel themselves near to the very beginnings of speech.

But it was soon perceived that if the primitive home of the Indo-European languages were Asia, they themselves ought to exhibit evidences of the fact. There are certain objects and certain phenomena which are peculiar to Asia, or at all events are not to be found in Europe, and words expressive of these ought to be met with in the scattered branches of the Indo-European family. If the parent language had been spoken in India, the climate in which they were born must have left its mark upon the face of its offspring.

But here a grave difficulty presented itself. Men have short memories, and the name of an object which ceases to come

before the senses is either forgotten or transferred to something else. The tiger may have been known to the speakers of the parent language, but the words that denoted it would have dropped out of the vocabulary of the derived languages which were spoken in Europe. The same word which signifies an oak in Greek signifies a beech in Latin. We cannot expect to find the European languages employing words with meanings which recall objects met with only in Asia.

How then are we to force the closed lips of our Indo-European languages, and compel them to reveal the secret of their birthplace? Attempts have been made to answer this question in two different ways.

On the one hand it has been assumed that the absence in a particular language, or group of languages, of a term which seems to have been possessed by the parent speech, is evidence that the object denoted by it was unknown to the speakers. But the assumption is contradicted by experience. Because the Latin *equus* has been replaced by *caballus* in the modern Romanic languages, we cannot conclude that the horse was unknown in western Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire. The native Basque word for a "knife," *haistoa*, has been found by Prince L.-L. Bonaparte in a single obscure village; elsewhere it has been replaced by terms borrowed from French or Spanish. Yet we cannot suppose that the Basques were unacquainted with instruments for cutting until they had been furnished with them by their French and Spanish neighbors. Greek and Latin have different words for "fire;" we cannot argue from this that the knowledge of fire was ever lost among any of the speakers of the Indo-European tongues. In short, we cannot infer from the absence of a word in any particular language that the word never existed in it; on the contrary, when a language is known to us only in its literary form it is safe to say that it must have employed many words besides those contained in its dictionary.

A good illustration of the impossibility of arriving at any certain results as long as we confine our attention to words which appear in one but not in another of two cognate languages is afforded by the Indo-European words which denote a sheet of water. There is no word of which it can be positively said that it is found in the Asiatic and the European branches of the family. Lake, ocean, even river and stream, go by different names. A

doubt hangs over the word for "sea;" it is possible, but only possible, that the Sanskrit *páthas* is the same word as the Greek *πῶρος*, the etymology of which is not yet settled. Nevertheless, we know that the speakers of the parent language must have been acquainted, if not with the sea, at all events with large rivers. *Naus*, "a ship," is the common heritage of Sanskrit and Greek, and must thus go back to the days when the speakers of the dialects which afterwards developed into Sanskrit and Greek still lived side by side. It survives, like a fossil in the rocks, to assure us that they were a water-faring people, and that the want of a common Indo-European word for lake or river is no proof that such a word may not have once existed.

The example I have just given illustrates the second way in which the attempt has been made to solve the riddle of the Indo-European birthplace. It is the only way in which the attempt can succeed. Where precisely the same word, with the same meaning, exists in both the Asiatic and the European members of the Indo-European family — always supposing, of course, that it has not been borrowed by either of them — we may conclude that it also existed in the parent speech. When we find the Sanskrit *as'was* and the Latin *equus*, the exact phonetic equivalents of one another, both alike signifying "horse," we are justified in believing that the horse was known in the country from which both languages derived their ancestry. Though the argument from a negative proves little or nothing, the argument from agreement proves a great deal.

The comparative philologist has by means of it succeeded in sketching in outline the state of culture possessed by the speakers of the parent language, and the objects which were known to them. They inhabited a cold country. Their seasons were three in number, perhaps four, and not two, as would have been the case had they lived south of the temperate zone. They were nomad herdsmen, dwelling in hovels, similar, it may be, to the low round huts of sticks and straw built by the Kabyles on the mountain slopes of Algeria. Such hovels could be erected in a few hours, and left again as the cattle moved into higher ground with the approach of spring, or descended into the valleys when the winter advanced. The art of grinding corn seems to have been unknown, and crushed spelt was eaten instead of bread. A rude sort of agriculture was, however, already practised;

and the skins worn by the community, with which to protect themselves against the rigors of the climate, were sewn together by means of needles of bone. It is even possible that the art of spinning had already been invented, though the art of weaving does not appear to have advanced beyond that of plaiting reeds and withies. The community still lived in the stone age. Their tools and weapons were made of stone or bone, and if they made use of gold or meteoric iron, it was of the unwrought pieces picked up from the ground, and employed as ornaments; of the working of metals they were entirely ignorant. As among savage tribes generally, the various degrees of relationship were minutely distinguished and named, even the wife of a husband's brother receiving a special title; but they could count at least as far as a hundred. They believed in a multitude of ghosts and goblins, making offerings to the dead, and seeing in the bright sky a potent deity. The birch, the pine, and the withy were known to them; so also were the bear and wolf, the hare, the mouse, and the snake, as well as the goose and raven, the quail and the owl. Cattle, sheep, goats, and swine were all kept; the dog had been domesticated, and in all probability also the horse. Last, but not least, boats were navigated by means of oars, the boats themselves being possibly the hollowed trunks of trees.

This account of the primitive community is necessarily imperfect. There must have been many words, like that for "river," which were once possessed by the parent speech, but afterwards lost in either the Eastern or Western branches of the family. Such words the comparative philologist has now no means of discovering, he must accordingly pass them over along with the objects or ideas which they represent. The picture he can give us of the speakers of the primeval Indo-European language can only be approximately complete. Moreover it is always open to correction. Some of the words we now believe to have been part of the original stock carried away by the derived dialects of Asia and Europe may hereafter turn out to have been borrowed by one of these dialects from another, and not to have been a heritage common to both. It is often very difficult to decide whether we are dealing with borrowed words or not. If a word has been borrowed by a language before the phonetic changes had set in which have given the language its peculiar complexion, or while they were in

the course of progress, it will undergo the same alteration as native words containing the same sounds. The phonetic changes which have marked off the High German dialects from their sister tongues do not seem to go back beyond the fall of the Roman Empire, and words borrowed from Latin before that date will accordingly have submitted to the same phonetic changes as words of native origin. Indeed, when once a word is borrowed by one language from another and has passed into common use, it soon becomes naturalized, and is assimilated in form and pronunciation to the words among which it has come to dwell. A curious example of this is to be found in certain Latin words which made their way into the Gaelic dialects in the fourth or fifth century. We often find a Gaelic *c* corresponding to a Welsh *p*, both being derived from a labialized guttural or *qu*, and the habit was accordingly formed of regarding a *c* as the natural and necessary representative of a foreign *p*. When, therefore, words like the Latin *pascha* and *purpura* were introduced by Christianity into the Gaelic branch of the Keltic family, they assumed the form of *caisg* and *corcur*.

It is clear that such borrowings can only take place where the speakers of two different languages have been brought into contact with one another. Before the age of commercial intercourse between Europe and India we cannot suppose that European words could have been borrowed by Sanskrit or Persian, or Sanskrit and Persian words by the European languages. But the case is quite otherwise if instead of comparing together the vocabularies of the Eastern and Western members of the Indo-European stock, we wish to compare only Western with Western, or Eastern with Eastern. There our difficulties begin, and we must look to history, or botany, or zoology for aid. From a purely philological point of view the English *hemp*, the Old High German *hanf*, the Old Norse *hanpr*, and the Latin *cannabis* might all be derived from a common source, and point to the fact that hemp was known to the first speakers of the Indo-European languages in north-western Europe. But the botanists tell us that this could not have been the case. Hemp is a product of the East which did not originally grow in Germany, and consequently both the plant itself and the name by which it was called must have come from abroad. So, again, the lion bears a similar name in Greek and Latin, in German, in Slavonic, and in Keltic.

But the only part of Europe in which the lion existed at a time when the speakers of an Indo-European language could have become acquainted with it were the mountains of Thrace, and it must, accordingly, have been from Greek that its name spread to the other cognate languages of the West.

It has been needful to enter into these details before we can approach the question, What was the original home of the parent Indo-European language? They have been too often ignored or forgotten by those who have set themselves to answer the question, and to this cause must be ascribed the larger part of the misunderstandings and false conclusions to which the inquiry has given birth.

Until a few years ago I shared the old belief that the parent speech had its home in Asia, probably on the slopes of the Hindu Kush. The fact that the languages of Europe and Asia alike possessed the same words for "winter" and "ice" and "snow," and that the only two trees whose names were preserved by both—the "birch" and the "pine"—were inhabitants of a cold region, proved that this home did not lie in the tropics. But the uplands of the Hindu Kush, or the barren steppes in the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea, or even the valleys of Siberia, would answer to the requirements presented by such words. Taken by themselves they were fully compatible with the view that the first speakers of the Indo-European tongues were an Asiatic people.

But when I came to ask myself what were the grounds for holding this view, I could find none that seemed to me satisfactory. There is much justice in Dr. Latham's remark that it is unreasonable to derive the majority of the Indo-European languages from a continent to which only two members of the group are known to belong, unless there is an imperative necessity for doing so. These languages have grown out of dialects once existing within the parent speech itself, and it certainly appears more probable that two of such dialects or languages should have made their way into a new world, across the bleak plains of Tartary, than that seven or eight should have done so. The argument, it is true, is not a strong one, but it raises at the outset a presumption in favor of Europe. Before the dialects had developed into languages, their speakers could not have lived far apart; there is, in fact, evidence of this in the case of Sanskrit and Persian; and a more widely

spread primitive community is implied by the numerous languages of Europe than by the two languages of Asia. A widely spread community, however, is less likely to wander far from its original seat than a community of less extent, more especially when it is a community of herdsmen, and the track to be traversed is long and barren.

Apart from the general prejudice in favor of an Asiatic origin due to old theological teaching and the effect of the discovery of Sanskrit, I can find only two arguments which have been supposed to be of sufficient weight to determine the choice of Asia rather than of Europe as the cradle of Indo-European speech. The first of these arguments is linguistic, the second is historical, or rather quasi-historical. On the one hand it has been laid down by eminent philologists that the less one of the derived languages has deflected from the parent speech, the more likely it is to be geographically nearer to its earliest home. The faithfulness of the record is a test of geographical proximity. As Sanskrit was held to be the most primitive of the Indo-European languages, to reflect most clearly the features of the parent speech, the conclusion was drawn that that parent speech had been spoken at no great distance from the country in which the hymns of the Rig-Veda were first composed. The conclusion was supported by the second argument, drawn from the sacred books of Parsaism. In the Vendidad the migrations of the Iranians were traced back through the successive creations of Ormazd to Airyanem Vaejō, "the Aryan Power," which Lassen localized near the sources of the Oxus and Jaxartes. But Bréal and De Harlez have shown that the legends of the Vendidad, in their present form, are late and untrustworthy—later, in fact, than the Christian era;* and even if we could attach any historical value to them, they would tell us only from whence the Iranians believed their own ancestors to have come, and would throw no light on the cradle of the Indo-European languages as a whole. The first argument is one which I think no student of language would any longer employ. As Professor Max Müller has said, it would suffice to prove that the Scandinavians emigrated from Iceland. But to those who would still urge it, I must re-

* Bréal, "Mélanges de Mythologie et de Linguistique" (1878), pp. 187-215; De Harlez, "Introduction à l'Étude de l'Avesta," pp. ccxlii, sgg. Compare Darmesteter's Introduction to the Zend-Avesta, pt. 1, in "The Sacred Books of the East."

peat what I have said elsewhere. Although in many respects Sanskrit has preserved more faithfully than the European languages the forms of primitive Indo-European grammar, in many other respects the converse is the case. In the latest researches into the history of Indo-European grammar, Greek holds the place once occupied by Sanskrit. The belief that Sanskrit was the elder sister of the family led to the assumption that the three short vowels *ā*, *ē*, and *ō* have all originated from an earlier *ā*. I was, I believe, the first to protest against this assumption in 1874, and to give reasons for thinking that the single monotonous *ā* of Sanskrit resulted from the coalescence of three distinct vowels. The analogy of other languages goes to show that the tendency of time is to reduce the number of vocalic sounds possessed by a language, not the contrary. In place of the numerous vowels possessed by ancient Greek, modern Greek can now show only five, and cultivated English is rapidly merging its vowel sounds into the so-called "neutral" *ə*. Since my protest the matter has been worked out by Italian, German, and French scholars, and we now know that it is the vocalic system of the European languages rather than of Sanskrit which most faithfully represents the oldest form of Indo-European speech. The result of the discovery, for discovery it must be called, has been a complete revolution in the study of Indo-European etymology, and still more of Indo-European grammar, and whereas ten years ago it was Sanskrit which was invoked to explain Greek, it is to Greek that the "new school" now turns to explain Sanskrit. The comparative philologist necessarily cannot do without the help of both; the greater the number of languages he has to compare the sounder will be his inductions; but the primacy which was once supposed to reside in Asia has been taken from her. It is Greek, and not Sanskrit, which has taught us what was the primitive vowel of the reduplicated syllable of the perfect and the augment of the aorist, and has thus narrowed the discussion into the origin of both.

Until quite recently, however, the advocates of the Asiatic home of the Indo-European languages found a support in the position of the Armenian language. Armenian stands midway, as it were, between Persia and Europe, and it was imagined to have very close relations with the old language of Persia. But we now know that its Persian affinities are illusory, and that it

must really be grouped with the languages of Europe. What is more, the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions of Van has cast a strong light on the date of its introduction into Armenia. These inscriptions are the records of kings whose capital was at Van, and who marched their armies in all directions during the ninth, eighth, and seventh centuries before our era. The latest date that can as yet be assigned to any of them is B. C. 640. At this time there were still no speakers of an Indo-European language in Armenia. The language of the inscriptions has no connection with those of the Indo-European family, and the personal and local names occurring in the countries immediately surrounding the dominions of the Vannic kings, and so abundantly mentioned in their texts, are of the same linguistic character as the Vannic names themselves.

The evidence of classical writers fully bears out the conclusions to be derived from the decipherment of the Vannic inscriptions. Herodotus* tells us that the Armenians were colonists from Phrygia, the Phrygians themselves having been a Thracian tribe which had migrated into Asia. The same testimony was borne by Eudoxos,† who further averred that the Armenian and Phrygian languages resembled one another. The tradition must have been recent in the time of Herodotus, and we shall probably not go far wrong if we assign the occupation of Armenia by the Phrygian tribes to the age of upheaval in western Asia which was ushered in by the fall of the Assyrian Empire. Professor Fick has shown that the scanty fragments of the Phrygian language that have survived to us belong to the European branch of the Indo-European family, and thus find their place by the side of Armenian.

Instead, therefore, of forming a bridge between Orient and Occident Armenian represents the furthestmost flow of Indo-European speech from West to East. And this flow belongs to a relatively late period. Apart from Armenian we can discover no traces of Indo-European occupation between Media and the Halys until the days when Iranian Ossetes settled in the Caucasus and the mountaineers of Kurdistan adopted Iranian dialects. I must reiterate here what I have said many years ago: if there is one fact which the Assyrian monuments make clear and indubitable, it

* VII. 73.

† According to Eustathios (in Dion. v. 694).

is that up to the closing days of the Assyrian monarchy no Indo-European languages were spoken in the vast tract of civilized country which lay between Kurdistan and western Asia Minor. South of the Caucasus they were unknown until the irruption of the Phrygians into Armenia. Among the multitudinous names of persons and localities belonging to this region which are recorded in the Assyrian inscriptions during a space of several centuries there is only one which bears upon it the Indo-European stamp. This is the name of the leader of the Kimmerians, a nomad tribe from the north-east which descended upon the frontiers of Assyria in the reign of Esar-haddon, and was driven by him into Asia Minor. The fact is made the more striking by the further fact that as soon as we clear the Kurdish ranges and enter Median territory, names of Indo-European origin meet us thick and fast. We can draw but one conclusion from these facts. Whether the Indo-European languages of Europe migrated from Asia, or whether the converse were the case, the line of march must have been northward of the Caspian, through the inhospitable steppes of Tartary and over the snow-covered heights of the Ural Mountains.

An ingenious suggestion has lately been put forward, which in this sight seems to tell in favor of the Asiatic origin of Indo-European speech. Dr. Penka has drawn attention to the fact that several of the European languages agree in possessing the same word for "eel," and that whereas the eel abounds in the rivers and lakes of Scandinavia, it is unknown in those cold regions of western Asia where, as we have seen, it has been proposed to place the cradle of the Indo-European family. But it is a curious fact that in Greek and Latin, and apparently also in Lithuanian, the word for "eel" is a diminutive derived from a word which denotes a snake or snake-like creature. This, it has been urged, may be interpreted to mean that the primeval habitat of the Indo-European languages was one where the snake was known, but the eel was not. The argument, however, cannot be pressed. We all agree that the first speakers of the Indo-European languages lived on the land, not on the water, and that they were herdsmen rather than fishermen. Naturally, therefore, they would become acquainted with the snake before they became acquainted with the eel, however much it might abound in the rivers near them, and its resemblance to the snake

would lend to it its name. In Keltic the eel is called a "water-snake," and to this day a prejudice against eating it on the ground that it is a snake exists in Keltic districts. All we can infer from the diminutives *anguilla*, *ἔγγελος*, is that the Italians and Greeks in the first instance gave the name to the fresh-water eel, and not to the huge conger.

I cannot now enter fully into the reasons which have led me gradually to give up my old belief in the Asiatic origin of the Indo-European tongues, and to subscribe to the views of those who would refer them to a northern European birth-place. The argument is a complicated one, and is necessarily of a cumulative character. The individual links in the chain may not be strong, but collectively they afford that amount of probability which is all we can hope to attain in historical research. Those who wish to study them may do so in Dr. Penka's work on the "Herkunft der Arier," published in 1886. His hypothesis that southern Scandinavia was the primitive "Aryan home" seems to me to have more in its favor than any other hypothesis on the subject which has as yet been put forward. It needs verification, it is true, but if it is sound the verification will not be long in coming. A more profound examination of Teutonic and Keltic mythology, a more exact knowledge of the words in the several Indo-European languages which are not of Indo-European origin, and the progress of archæological discovery, will furnish the verification we need.

Meanwhile, it must be allowed that the hypothesis has the countenance of history. Scandinavia, even before the sixth century, was characterized as "the manufactory of nations;"* and the voyages and settlements of the Norse vikings offer a historical illustration of what the prehistoric migrations and settlements of the speakers of the Indo-European languages must have been. They differed from the latter only in being conducted by sea, whereas the prehistoric migrations followed the valleys of the great rivers. It was not until the age of the Roman Empire that the northern nations became acquainted with the sailing boat; our English *sail* is the Latin *sagulum*, "the little cloak of the soldier," borrowed by the Teutons along with its name, and used to propel their boats in imitation of the sails of the Roman vessels. The introduction

* "Quasi officina gentium aut certe velut vagina nationum," Jordanes, *De Getarum sive Gothorum origine*, ed. Closs, c. 4.

of the sail allowed the inhabitants of the Scandinavian "hive" to push boldly out to sea, and ushered in the era of Saxon pirates and Danish invasions.

Dr. Penka's arguments are partly anthropological, partly archæological. He shows that the Kelts and Teutons of Roman antiquity were the tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired, dolicho-cephalic race which is now being fast absorbed in Keltic lands by the older inhabitants of them. The typical Frenchman of to-day has but little in common with the typical Gaul of the age of Cæsar. The typical Gaul was, in fact, as much a conqueror in Gallia as he was in Galatia, or, as modern researches have shown, as the typical Kelt was in Ireland. It seems to have been the same in Greece. Here, too, the golden-haired hero of art and song was a representative of the ruling class, of that military aristocracy which overthrew the early culture of the Peloponnese, and of whom tradition averred that it had come from the bleak north. Little trace of it now remains; it is rarely that the traveller can discover any longer the modern kinsfolk of the golden-haired Apollo or the blue-eyed Athênê.

If we would still find the ancient blonde race of northern Europe in its purity we must go to Scandinavia. Here the prevailing type of the population is still that of the broad-shouldered, long-headed blondes who served as models for the Dying Gladiator. And it is in southern Scandinavia alone that the prehistoric tumuli and burying-grounds yield hardly any other skeletons than those of the same tall, dolicho-cephalic race which still inhabits the country. Elsewhere such skeletons are either wanting or else mixed with the remains of other races. It is therefore reasonable to conclude that it was from southern Scandinavia that those bands of hardy warriors originally emerged, who made their way southward and westward and even eastward, the Kelts of Galatia penetrating like the Phrygians before them into the heart of Asia Minor. The Norse migrations in later times were even more extensive, and what the Norse vikings were able to achieve could have been achieved by their ancestors centuries before.

Now the Kelts and Teutons of the Roman age spoke Indo-European languages. It is more probable that the subject populations should have been compelled to learn the language of their conquerors than that the conquerors should have taken the trouble to learn the language

of their serfs. We know at any rate that it was so in Ireland. Here the old "Ivernian" population adopted the language of the small band of Keltic invaders that settled in its midst. It is only where the conquered possess a higher civilization than the conquerors, above all, where they have a literature and an organized form of religion, that Franks will adapt their tongues to Latin speech, or Manchus learn to speak Chinese. Moreover, in southern Scandinavia, where we have archæological evidence that the tall blonde race was scarcely at any time in close contact with other races, it is hardly possible for it to have borrowed its language from some other people. The Indo-European languages still spoken in the country must, it would seem, be descended from languages spoken there from the earliest period to which the evidence of human occupation reaches back. The conclusion is obvious; southern Scandinavia and the adjacent districts must be the first home and starting-point of the western branch of the Indo-European family.

If we turn to the eastern branch, we find that the further East we go the fainter become the traces of the tall blonde race and the greater is the resemblance between the speakers of Indo-European languages and the native tribes. In the highlands of Persia, tall long-headed blondes with blue eyes can still be met with, but as we approach the hot plains of India, the type grows rarer and rarer until it ceases altogether. An Indo-European dialect must be spoken in India by a dark-skinned people before it can endure to the third and fourth generation. As we leave the frontiers of Europe behind us we lose sight of the race with which Dr. Penka's arguments would tend to connect the parent speech of the Indo-European family.

I cannot now follow him in the interesting comparison he draws between the social condition of the southern Scandinavians as disclosed by the contents of the prehistoric "kitchen-middens," and the social condition of the speakers of the Indo-European parent speech according to the sobered estimate of recent linguistic research. The resemblance is certainly very striking, though, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that archæological science is still in its infancy, and that Dr. Penka too often assumes that a word common to the European languages belonged to the parent speech, an assumption which will not, of course, be admitted by his opponents.

What more nearly concerns us here, however, is the name we should give to the race of people who spoke the parent language. We cannot call them Indo-Europeans; that would lead to endless ambiguities, while the term itself has already been appropriated in a linguistic sense. Dr. Penka has called them Aryans, and I can see no better title with which to endow them. The name is short; it has already been used in an ethnological as well as in a linguistic sense, and since our German friends have rejected it in its linguistic application, it is open to every one to confine it to a purely ethnological meaning. I know that the author has protested against such an application of the term; but it is not the first time that a father has been robbed of his offspring, and he cannot object to the robbery when it is committed in the cause of science. For some time past the name of Aryan has been without a definition, while the first speakers of the Indo-European parent speech have been vainly demanding a name; and the priests of anthropology cannot do better than lead them to the font of science, and there baptize them with the name of Aryan.

A. H. SAYCE.

From The Nineteenth Century.

MR. DANDELOW: A STORY HALF TOLD.

"THERE! I have much respect for you, Monsieur le Pasteur, too much respect to attempt to deceive you. I will make no pretence, but you have heard my last word on this subject, and, I pray you, do not touch upon it again. I shall resent it as an intrusion. I promised her to continue family prayers night and morning, and I mean to keep that promise. I shall read one of the lessons every day till I die—I shall, you may rely upon it. But I've done with what you call the Lord's Prayer, which we used to call the *Pater Noster*. I'll have no more of *that*. I've lost my Nancy, the only good woman—a real good woman—I ever knew. That boy's *snooks* killed her—broke her heart." The deep voice trembled and stopped, and the quivering face turned away from my gaze. "Yes! that boy killed her, and I never want to forgive him. I wouldn't if I could. Forgiving him *his* trespasses! I tell you I'm not capable of it, and I am no more for trying. If you will come and look in as usual——" He shuddered and stopped again; then he humbly held out his vast

hand, grasped mine, and bowed his head in silence. "Only no more of that Lord's Prayer—that must be the bargain!"

I did not know Mr. Dandelow, when he spoke those words, quite so intimately as I got to know him afterwards; we had during the last six weeks been drawn together rather closely by the illness of his wife, who, less than sixty years of age, had suddenly "broken down," as we say, with no symptom of disease—no symptom, in fact, of anything but senile decay. She had faded and *whimpered* out of life, and she had just been laid in her grave. I had a great admiration for Mr. Dandelow. He stood at least six feet two inches high, and, though as upright as a bulrush, he must have been at one time much taller—for he was now nearly eighty years old. There was a mystery about the man. No one could doubt that there were generations of gentle blood in his veins. Every now and then he startled you by his delicacy of feeling or by an outburst of wrath against meanness and vulgar baseness. And yet he certainly had passed his life for the most part among horse-dealers and grooms. Nay! I found out at last that there had been a period—I do not think it had lasted long—when he had haunted gipsy encampments, racecourses, and prize-fights. He expressed himself well in English, yet he now and then dropped into decided provincialisms; and when he did so he seemed to enjoy the fun and to be drawing upon his memory,—a memory which was fetching back words and phrases from a distant past—a past for which he could not always conceal his dread.

He had lived for nearly fifty years in some situation on the Continent, and was a perfect Frenchman at times when he was surprised into forgetfulness of the English personality which he tenaciously clung to after his return to his native country. I first made his acquaintance under somewhat comical circumstances. A beautiful little pony—he never could help dealing in horseflesh—which he had turned out for a run in a small paddock in front of his house, was showing a decided reluctance to return to the stable, or to be captured by Sam—Mr. Dandelow's "boy"—though aided by the lure of a sievelful of tempting oats. The beautiful creature galloped round the field—stood, stared, snorted—looked with bright eyes and ears erect, as if mocking master and man—trotted off again, lifting up his feet as if he were defying the world to produce such *action* among all the studs

that ever were; then he would let Sam approach within a yard of him, playing at being weary and submissive, and was off again like the wind. Mr. Dandelow, leaning over the gate, was, as he would have said, "ravished" with delight at the beauty of his favorite. But after a while he manifestly was growing impatient. I was standing some twenty yards from him, watching the game from the roadside, and interested in seeing how it would end. Mr. Dandelow's voice grew louder—he went on to call Sam a fool—he shouted to him in wrath. At last, provoked by some awkwardness of the human or some waywardness of the equine animal, he burst out in tones of thunder, "*Sac-r-r-r-r-ée bête! peste de gr-r-r-igou!*" and one or two other choice expletives with whose meaning I was not acquainted, but which I guessed to be more forcible than pious. I don't know what possessed me; but, walking leisurely down to the gate, I leant over it, still watching the game. Mr. Dandelow, his brow darkening as he watched Sam and the pony, took no more notice of me than if I had been the gatepost. Just then Sam caught hold of the pony's forelock, but the little creature was too quick for his antagonist, and sent him sprawling on the ground, sieve and all. Before Dandelow could speak, I shouted out as loud as I could bawl, "*Sabr-r-r-re de bois! Pisto-let de paille! Gr-r-r-r-renadier de papier!*" Mr. Dandelow was betrayed into a look of surprise; for three seconds he stared full at me as if he were trying to make me out. Then he took off his hat in the most ceremonious Paris fashion and made me a profound bow. "Tiens! C'est Monsieur le Pasteur!" I lifted my hat and bowed low. We became friends from that hour.

I never read a novel of Mr. Besant's—and what wise man misses reading one of Mr. Besant's novel's whenever he has a chance?—never without thinking and sometimes saying to himself, "If I had but this writer's gift of romance, or could acquire the skill he has in the art of fiction, I could really make a sensation by working up into a story the incidents in Mr. Dandelow's life that have come to my knowledge." Alas! I have none of that sort of imagination and delineative ability which Mr. Oscar Wilde seems to regard as amongst the highest of all gifts—the gift of lying. Whenever I have feebly tried my hand at writing a story, I find that my readers invariably declare that it is all as true as the evidence in a blue-book,

and it is only when I tell a plain, unvarnished tale, every detail of which is true to the letter, that the critics shake their pens and say, "This man is really presuming too far upon the credulity of the public." This morning, as I sit down to put on record some episodes in the career of Mr. Dandelow, I do so with hesitation and reluctance. I only do so at all because I have been strongly urged to write the curious narrative.

Mr. Dandelow had a mother—most men have. She had lived in the house she occupied for nearly seventy years when her summons came. She had survived all who knew her story, whatever it was. There were vague rumors among the older people of how, as a mere girl, she had taken possession of the house, "the winter after Admiral Nelson got shot aboard ship—you mind," said one. "Why, Jack!" said another warmly, "that warn't winter at all! That were May month, I gnaw't. I was a little 'un, and I was set a-crow-keeping for Farmer Dawson, and the foxhounds they come acrost by yon medder, and there was a fox with a cub in her mouth a'most finished, and Farmer Dawson he holloa'd to the huntsmen and he says, 'Yow ain't a'going to see the kid in its mother's milk, are ye?' says he—for he was that strong in scriptur' you could never find him w'rout it. 'What do you mean, ye old saint?' says th' huntsman. 'What do I mean?' says old Dawson, 'I mean that's a shame—that's what I mean, to go and hunt a poor wixen wi' a cub in her mouth.' So they whipt off. And as I came by there was Mrs. Dandelow standing by the winder. She lookt as wild as a witch, and her two fists was doubled that tight they looked like wood, and she was white as death, and blest if I didn't think as she'd ha' flown at 'em all. I was on'y a little 'un, as you may say, but I was that scared that I warn't likely to forget *that*. I tell you that was May month. That warn't winter!"

For five or six years she lived there with her boy. The tradition is, she never spoke to any one. She kept a maidservant, a brawny female of forbidding aspect, and a man who "did" the garden and managed the paddock after a certain rule of his own. One year he took in stock to feed off the grass, and the next year he put it up for hay, and sold it for money down, before a scythe was allowed to be swung. The hay crop, it is said, made enough to pay for two years' straw,

and as long as the straw lasted, he kept pigs for the sake of the manure. The maidservant used to be the joke of the neighborhood. She had a fierce hatred of half the human race, for to a man she could never be civil. Her mistress she worshipped, as an awful goddess, with fear and reverential wonder. She told no tales. The people only remember her by the name of Towzer. The man was as sullen and morose as man could be. He hated the people—he hated the place. He was afflicted with a bad impediment of speech, and he never could bring out his words except when he was in a passion, and then he swore with fluency. On Sunday morning Mrs. Dandelow marched off to church, nearly a mile off, as regular as the parson. She had a pew to herself. She brought with her a large prayer-book bound in scarlet morocco. They say that at church, and going and coming, she never uttered a sound, and never lifted her eyes from the ground. One day she disappeared, taking Towzer and her boy with her, leaving old Blub to garrison the fortress.

Blub somehow found himself married one day to a widow whose children were off her hands. Fourteen years went by. Mrs. Blub died. Mrs. Dandelow and Towzer returned, and the old life went on exactly as before, except that there was no "young master Jack." What had become of him? That no one knew—he was never heard of. There were strange rumors: he had grown up a giant; he had been too free with his money; had, as a boy, thrown George Borrow easily in a wrestling-match; had stood up against Thurtell like a young lion, and denounced him as a cheat on Newmarket Heath, though fifty ruffians were round him, snarling, threatening, blaspheming; had lost his heart wholly, absolutely, irrecoverably; had been set upon by three big gipsies one night; had literally broken the neck of one of them by clutching the fellow's chin in those terrible hands, and "bending his head back till the spine crackt;" finally, that there had been a warrant out against him.

Forty—ay, and nearly fifty years went by. Many Blubs came and vanished—they all came "from the shires, up-country somewheres. *She'd* never have none from these parts. There was a Frenchy came once, but *he* didn't stay long—he talked too much." Towzer grew old and rheumatic; she had a girl to train and to help her—a bright, intelligent, saucy lass, who, as the years went by, grew to be a

very serviceable young woman, and adored her mistress with immeasurably more tenderness and demonstrative affection than old Towzer had ever condescended to exhibit. Then Towzer died. By this time the railroad had invaded us, and a prim and precise old gentleman, with a shirt-frill, came down from "t'other side London," and carried off Towzer as she lay in her coffin, and took her away by train. "That warn't no use asking him where he was a-going, 'twasn't likely he'd 'a told."

The household went on as before. To Towzer had succeeded Polly—Polly Battle—who grew to be mistress over everything. She was a masterful—an irresistibly masterful young woman. She had a pretty, delicate face, with frank brown eyes and great masses of hair that she was proud of, and turned round and round her head in heavy coils. There was only one point which she never could carry against Mrs. Dandelow—a cap the old lady insisted that Polly should wear. Polly fretted, shed streams of tears, was saucy, rude, penitent, rebellious; gave notice; begged for forgiveness in a most abject way; and ended by submitting unconditionally, and got to like the cap at last, and to believe that it was a most becoming headdress.

During all those forty or fifty years Mrs. Dandelow went on in the old routine—monotonous, uneventful; letters came periodically, for the most part from across the Channel. One day it was whispered that somebody had died and left Mrs. Dandelow, then between sixty and seventy, as I gather, a lump sum. By this time a bank had been opened at Croton, the market town, only some three miles off. Another "gentleman from London" came down with papers to sign; and the parson and a neighboring magistrate had to be called in. Then every quarter there was need of a certificate that Mrs. Dandelow was really alive, and it was noticed that the quarterly sum she received was always odd money—a few shillings and pence under 60*l.*, the shillings and pence varied from time to time.

Little by little kind people timidly made approaches to Mrs. Dandelow. Towzer's long illness brought the doctor. The doctor's wife offered some gentle help. Might she call again? Mrs. Dandelow hesitated. "I suppose I am not worth spying at now, I'm past that. Yes! you may come!" "Spying at, Mrs. Dandelow! I thought you were too proud to utter such a cruel speech as that. I too

have lost my only boy," and the good woman's eyes filled and she moved to the door. "Child!" cried Mrs. Dandelow. "Child! If you think that anything can cure me of being bitter, you know less of the world than I do, and that's not much. Such as I keep hard and get to be cruel as we keep alive and grow grey. Don't cry! Don't cry! Come, and be cruel to me. That'll ease the pain. Yes, you may come!" So she came and would sit with the old lady by the hour. But she too dropped off at last.

Mrs. Dandelow seemed as if she would never die. She was at least eighty-seven years old. For some time she had walked to church leaning on a crutch staff. One day the parish clergyman received a message: Mrs. Dandelow was seriously ill. The worthy parson was a delicate man, in weak health, and anything suspected of weakness Mrs. Dandelow abhorred. She never could bear the sight of feebleness. Good Mr. Lambert (that name will do as well as another) found his parishioner propped up by pillows, perfectly conscious, her speech unaffected, but unable to use her right hand. She bowed her head slightly. "I have sent for you, sir, to write a letter for me. Polly has put out the desk for you. Please to write." He meekly sat down and wrote announcing to some unknown and unnamed person that Mrs. Dandelow was dying, and peremptorily summoning him to her bedside. "To whom shall I address it?" "There is no need; Polly will post it; I knew this was coming, and provided envelopes accordingly." He began to talk professionally, for he was a devout and high-minded clergyman. Polly saw her mistress's lips compress. There was a stubborn and determined silence. A man can't continue talking to a couple of women who make not the smallest response, and whose stony eyes, if they are turned in his direction at all, are levelled along a line just half an inch above his head. The parson rose, was drawing near the bed, when Polly interposed in her free-and-easy way. "Why! He don't know where he came in! There's the door, sir!" Without knowing how, he found himself in the passage and let himself out.

Two days later appeared Mr. Dandelow. The old lady died; the son remained and seemed to have an intention of keeping up the establishment precisely on the same footing as before, except that Polly was promoted to be housekeeper with a girl under her, and Blub's representative was soon dismissed with ignominy and some

rancor, Mr. Dandelow declaring in forcible language that the man was a born fool, who couldn't rub down a horse or fold a coat. For Mr. Dandelow was inordinately particular about his dress; and, when he was not within hearing, his neighbors used to call him "Dandy Jack." Only one or two very old people had even the faintest recollection of him. It was sixty years since as a boy he had left the parish; the very stories and traditions which concerned him had almost passed away and become forgotten. To the surprise of some gossips, the annuity which the mother had enjoyed so long continued to be paid to the son, and Mr. Dandelow evidently had a comfortable income. He began to make acquaintances. The neighboring farmers, who were then prospering hugely and "the best of company," would drop in to spend the evening with Mr. Dandelow; but it was noticed that, if any one tried to find out his antecedents, he would throw away his cigar—he always smoked cigars, and good ones, too—get up from his chair, yawn, and either leave the room or look out at the window. There was a grand air about him which kept people at a distance. Familiarities with him were impossible.

Within six months of his coming among us Mr. Dandelow married a wife. "Nancy Brown" was—take her all in all—the very best and truest and most right-thinking woman of her class I ever knew. Her brother, a well-to-do farmer, had lost his wife about twenty years before the time I am speaking of, and his sister Narcissa had thereupon gone to keep his house and be a mother to his four little children. Everything went well under her sagacious and devout management. But in one of those unaccountable freaks of folly to which all men are liable—and especially so in middle life—Brown "got let in," as his neighbors called it, and was idiot enough to marry again. The second wife was young enough to be his daughter, and his sister no longer found her brother's home a fit one for herself. Mr. Dandelow, as she told me, went to her; he had been watching her for some time. When he came to the point his advances were characteristically straightforward. He had promised his mother he would marry; he wanted no *dot*. [She did not know what he meant by that.] "The Dandelows, Miss Brown, love only once; *but*, what they promise, that they stand to. If you will be my wife I will be a true husband to you, so help me God!" She believed him. She asked for a week to think over

it. He returned at the day and hour appointed. "Yes!" "Have you told any one?" "Not a living soul. How should I? The secret was yours as much as mine. I prayed God to help me. That was best." "Can you keep another secret now — *ours*?" "Ours is yours, Mr. Dandelow; what you bid me keep I shall keep at your bidding."

That day month the parson married them; she had with her her two nieces, one married and the other single. Dandelow walked to church with the license in his pocket. Polly followed in a fly hired from Croton, and, when the ceremony was over, Mr. and Mrs. Dandelow drove off in one direction and Polly and the two younger ones went back to dinner, and, under strict orders from Mr. Dandelow, and by the help of Sarah the housemaid, finished a whole bottle of champagne which had been provided for them; while Angus the groom and his slatternly wife consumed another without reluctance. In three days the bride and bridegroom came back, and the old regularity began again and continued as before. Miss Brown had asked for one concession, and one only, and Mr. Dandelow had pledged himself to have and to conduct family prayers. He seems to have agreed to this without an effort; every night and every morning his mother's red morocco prayer-book was laid upon the table, and the three servants (for Angus lived in a cottage in the stable yard) marched in, and the act of worship was joined in by all. Once it chanced that I was at the house during a furious thunderstorm; the clock struck ten, and at the last stroke in came Polly, followed by her satellites, and laid the book before her master. He did not even look at me, but began. One of the prayers he used was for the Church militant; he made a strange alteration in the wording of one clause, praying "for *Dooks* and for all in authority under them." I did not know the real significance of these odd words till some years later.

Mrs. Nancy Dandelow had one deep and continuous sorrow — the word is not too strong — which began upon her wedding day. The clergyman, in reading the marriage service, omitted one prayer, which is left to the discretion of the minister to offer up or not, as he sees fit. Mrs. Dandelow was nearer fifty than forty; she had a passionate love for children; she hoped still that she might have one — if only one — of her own. The omission of that prayer came to her as if the parson had pronounced upon her a curse. She

saddened, she wept, she moaned inwardly. She would come and lay her head against her husband's arm as he stopped in his work, and smile in his face tenderly, and then go her way and pine. He saw it, understood it. He would watch for the children on their way from school and ask them into the house, and give them gingerbread. The sight of them cheered Nancy, but the craving rather grew than lessened. One day he said gaily, "What should we do with little 'uns, my lass? I'm very nearly an old man, though I don't feel like one. And you, you're not up to a nursery neither. But I tell you what, if you can find a likely boy, we'll take him up, only he must be more than a toddler." She felt her heart stop. "May I?" "Haven't I said so? Anything so that you don't fret about what can't be!"

Marriage had made Mr. Dandelow quite a new man. He was almost jovial. He built himself a workshop near the stable and put up a forge and an anvil. He was always making jobs for himself; he was a skilful turner and handled tools as if he had been born to them. He shod his own horses, for he was always dealing in them in a small way. Nothing pleased him better than when there was something to mend. He actually would break forth into singing snatches of French songs at times, as he sprawled his vast length on the lawn in the sunshine.

O qu'il est beau! qu'il est beau! qu'il est beau!

Le postillon de Longjumeau!

he was shouting out one day at the top of his stentorian voice, and throwing his whole force into emphasizing the "postillon," when a surly tramp, with his dirty head just rising above the palings, snarled out at him: "A pretty little postillion *you'd* make, you would, master, and a nice light weight for a pony!" Dandelow laughed loudly, called to Polly to give the fellow twopence, and thought no more about the man. "Do you know, master, that was Gipsy Dick?" she said a little later; "there hasn't been a gipsy camp about here for years. He *did* look bad!" Dandelow's face changed — a dark cloud passed over it: "Who's he?" "Lawk, sir! he's Drinking Dick as they wouldn't take with 'em when mistress sent off the pack of them to America. They do say them gipsies never get drunk; *he* did, though, whenever he got a chance — the black!" Polly noticed that something had come over Mr. Dandelow. There was no more singing; he looked fierce and

dangerous. The good wife was anxious, but was wise enough to make no remark. A week or so after this a neighbour called and begged Mr. Dandelow to come with him and help him to buy a horse. It was late when he got home again; he was tired and famished; the supply of creature comforts was abundant as usual. Fastidious almost to daintiness as he was, the bulk of food he would consume at a sitting was prodigious. At last he was satisfied and drew back his chair. "What's the news, my lass?" he said; for his quick eye read every expression in his wife's face. "John, I've found a little boy! he's coming for you to look at to-morrow morning—he and his mother. Oh, John, he is so beautiful!"

Next morning, while they were at breakfast, Polly came in, not in the best of humors. "Here's the woman Keomi and the dirty little ragged boy with her!" Husband and wife looked at one another queerly. Polly stood silent and square with a defiant stare as if she would have said, "What next?" "Bring him in, Polly," said Mr. Dandelow. "What! both of 'em?" There was an ostentatious disgust and contempt in her face and the tone of her voice. Mrs. Dandelow kept her eyes fixed on her husband—her color went and came—she was in great agitation. He seemed as if he would not notice her. "We don't want the woman yet; bring in the boy!" Polly went out slowly; when she came back she dragged in "by the scruff of his neck" a ragged little savage of some five years old, with a mat of tangled black hair that hung over his brow, and an eye like a hawk's, that stared at you wildly, but had no more "speculation" in its orb than a hawk's has. It was a burning, glaring stare; as you moved, it followed you. Nay! it followed everybody as anybody moved, like an eye in a picture. The child showed no more curiosity, interest, fear, surprise, or any other emotion than if he had been cut out of wood or stone. He was dirty and ragged, but he was undeniably a very striking-looking child. Dandelow surveyed him as he would have done a young colt, speaking never a word. For a full minute there was a dead silence. "Trot him out, Polly!" Mr. Dandelow evidently for a moment had fallen into a dream that he was buying a pony. Polly led the little animal to the other end of the room, Dandelow signalling to her to place him near the window where the light was best. "Turn him round!" Polly obeyed. "Give him his head." She took her hand

off his collar. The child grinned at her and showed his white teeth. It was an impish, mocking grin, and Polly returned it by smacking her hands together as if to get rid of the filth of the touch of such as he, and by a loud "Phew!" Mr. Dandelow got up from his chair, went to the window, and turned the child round; then, looking down upon him not unkindly, said, "What's your name, boy?" "Lorry." "Lorry what!" "Lorry!" "What's your father's name?" "Dick!" "Where have you been living, boy?" "I ain't a been living nowhere—no more than you have!" Mr. Dandelow was brought to a stand by this unexpected retort. Was life really such a very suspicious condition of affairs? He did not know what to say next. At this point Mrs. Dandelow took heart of grace to interpose. "My dear," she said timidly, "do you know your letters yet? can you read?" "I ain't such a—little fool as that, missus!" "Oh, John, dear! mightn't we rescue him? Poor child! Poor child! It makes my heart bleed. Oh, John!" But Dandelow looked very grave.

There was a high-backed, cane-bottomed chair standing apart at the other end of the room. Suddenly, without the least warning, the dirty little imp made a dash at it. One moment his shock head was upon the cane seat, the next he had thrown himself over the tall back of the chair, and, lighting on his feet, stood mischievously grinning at the pair with arms akimbo. As he stood up a yard behind it, the chair was a good six inches higher than the top of his head. Mrs. Dandelow uttered a cry of alarm. Dandelow himself was struck with irrepressible admiration; he had a passion for all feats of dexterity and agility; his idolatry of physical strength he had inherited from his mother. "A weedy animal" in his vocabulary meant a man or brute who was under-sized and puny, and the sight of such awoke the same feeling of disgust and aversion as is aroused in other men by the sight of foulness or leprosy. The cunning child, sly as a fox, saw he had produced an impression. "Do it again, guv'nor?" The old man's face relaxed. "Polly!" he called, "take out this rat!" The child was removed and in came the mother. She was a manifest gipsy, and manifestly she was very much down on her luck. She had had seven children; five were dead; one was "across the water;" this one was the last.

She looked a worn and battered old woman—she was really hardly thirty.

She and her rascal husband were in a wretched state of poverty. "The tribe," as she called them, had gone off "across the water," and left this pair behind to shift for themselves. They had sunk lower and lower — sunk to a wretched old donkey and a mean cart. The woman earned the scanty livelihood; the man sprawled, and cursed, and loafed, and pilfered, and lived — well! it was no wonder young Lorry repudiated the suspicion of being alive! The woman answered to the name of Keomi — she said they were *Smiths*. "Of course you're Smiths!" said Dandelow; "they're all Smiths — I've known enough of your people in my time; you're all Smiths, you Romanays." He spoke to her in a hard, harsh, bitter tone. "What's brought you down, eh?" She cringed and drawled out the usual whine; the county police had hunted them down; they were forced to move on; they were worried from place to place. Now they'd tramped along out of Dorsetshire; they'd come to see if the kind lady would help them across the water. They'd go, and gladly, if they could get the means. She'd thought that if the kind lady would take Lorry and give them a trifle, they'd leave the child with her and go — and so on, and so on. Dandelow kept his eye on her all the while with a sneer upon his face. How much did they want? "If your honor would give me a sovereign, maybe, to begin with!" "What would you do with it?" "Sew it up in halves, your honor, and come for another by-and-by! You see, if my man saw me without Lorry, he'd know I wouldn't ha' let him go for nothing. And then, your honor, he'd have it all, if there weren't two of 'em. But I could put him off with one of 'em, if there was two. It's tatty-pawny (spirits) he's wild for, that's where it is!" To make a short story of a long one, it ended by Dandelow's giving way. The Smiths disappeared, and the story went that, by some trickery of his own devising, Dandelow got the wretched pair off. Dick was carried, dead drunk, on board an emigrant vessel that sailed from Liverpool, and Keomi went with him. What became of them, nobody knew or cared.

Lorry, for all his precocious readiness of speech, was a child notwithstanding, and Mrs. Dandelow was infatuated. Her husband would look moodily at the boy from time to time and growl out, "I like quality, my lass! quality in man and beast. You can't trust to anything but quality! I don't like that breed! That's a stake that'll run into your hand some day and draw blood

—heart's blood. But you *would* have him, and I suppose you must!"

The boy improved with astonishing rapidity. Polly took him in hand as a keeper in a menagerie takes in hand a lion's cub. She didn't care for him, and there was no love lost between them. The truth is, he had no more heart than a hoop, and no more conscience than a snake; but he was infinitely guileful, impish, and treacherous. He was absolutely without fear. The nearest approach to it was the submission which he showed to Polly. His instinct recognized that with her he could never hope to have his way. When first she washed him from head to foot, he kicked and tore at her with teeth and *claws*, for he scratched viciously at her face. In her brisk, determined way she smacked him till he roared. Mrs. Dandelow's soft heart was moved, and she bade Polly let him go. Polly went on with her task notwithstanding. Polly was deputed to take him to a ready-made clothes-shop. Lorry was really pleased and proud. Next morning the washing began again, and the same scene began too. The child was furious as a wild beast. Polly bolted the door of the bedroom inside, and produced a piece of whipcord from her pocket, with which she proceeded to fasten Lorry's hands behind his back by tying his two little fingers tightly together. "I'll give in, you bawler!" (pig) he called to her. She cut the cord, and he was tamed from that moment.

After a while they took him to church and he was baptized by the name of Lawrence. Mrs. Dandelow coaxed and petted and indulged him in the silliest way. She began to teach him his letters. At the end of a week she whimpered and wept and surrendered him to Polly. The child again "gave in," and he learnt to read fairly well. But Polly could only just write her name, or very little more, so Lorry had to be sent to the village school. It was a good school, and the master was a firm and sensible man. The first day he was attracted by a sudden roar of laughter from all the children. Lorry had swarmed up to the open timbers of the roof like a monkey, and was running about along the beams like the rat that Dandelow had called him the first day he saw him. Mr. Jopling was a particularly calm and phlegmatic personage; he quietly tapped his desk. "Silence! Go on with your work there, children!" He went on as if nothing had happened. Seizing the situation at a glance, he walked round the desks, looking over the children's shoul-

ders, correcting their mistakes, marshalling some for the next lesson, keeping his eye upon the pupil teachers, looking perfectly unconcerned and grave, and betraying not the smallest interest in Lorry or his antics. After a few minutes Lorry slipped down in some unexplained way and dropped into his seat. There was, of course, a good deal of giggling and fidgeting which had to be repressed. Lorry bent over his pothooks, puzzled. When twelve o'clock came, the children filed out bench by bench. "Lawrence Smith, keep your seat," said the master in his usual tone. The child sat still and impassive. "Martha Doyle, ask Mrs. Jopling for the newspaper!" It was brought. "Now lock the doors and take the key in to Mrs. Jopling; she'll let you out." He opened his newspaper and took his seat at a desk immediately behind Lorry, and began leisurely reading the news. Only once was a single word spoken; Lorry began to loll about. "Sit up, boy! Do you hear? Sit up!" Lorry straightened his back and moved no more. One o'clock struck. Jopling doubled up his paper and rose. "It's dinner time. If you move an inch from where you are before I come back, I'll keep you there another hour." He returned a minute later with the key of the school, unlocked the door, and let the young urchin out without a word.

Lorry never told any one at home about this little escapade. It soon leaked out, however. When it got to be talked of, and Lorry heard Angus and Polly laughing at the story, he turned viciously upon Polly: "You bawler! you told him what to do; you're a blab; you told him I gave in; I'll be even with you some day when I'm strong enough!" The little monster was about seven years old at this time; he had been starved in infancy, and gave no signs of ever becoming big-built or muscular; but the suppleness of his whole frame was wonderful. "Blab! you double-jointed little clown!" she answered angrily; "I a blab? If I told secrets, you wouldn't be here; I tell tales? There's secrets here you'll never know, nor no one else, till day of judgment!" He stood and looked at her with quite a new intentness, and his face grew old as he stared. Polly was startled — frightened. "You're a devil, and no boy!" she gasped; "you're a devil! Why do you look like my old mistress?"

Lorry was, of course, wayward, fitful, troublesome at school; but he managed to learn some scraps of arithmetic with great difficulty, and to write a fierce,

blotchy scrawl. It was noticed that he had a formed hand almost as soon as he could write at all. His spelling was his own — he spelled as he liked. He played truant spasmodically — never, however, in bad weather. Sunshine acted upon him with a kind of intoxication. Other boys never liked him; they called him *Rat*, and there were moments when he resented being called by the name with a steady, malignant scowl, and sometimes a fight followed. But he never seemed to care for pain, and only thought of savagely mauling his opponent. He was careless about victory, so only that he could draw blood and leave his mark. He could climb any tree in the woods, would dash into the river in flood at a word, with his clothes on as often as not; but he had no pride, and was as utterly indifferent to praise or applause as he was to reproof or remonstrance. He had just entered his tenth year (as far as any one knew) when a travelling circus came to Croton. Mr. Dandelow had a child's love for a circus. Lorry should go — oh! that he should, and see the horse-riders and the clown and the trapeze! They talked about it all day long.

One odd fancy of Lorry's had sent old Dandelow into shouts of laughter a week after he had been "adopted" by the old couple. He called Mrs. Dandelow "Nancy." There was something so comical in it, that they both laughed, and could not recover their gravity. Lorry was sly enough to see they were tickled, and from that day he called the one "Nancy," and the other "John," and never could be brought to address them in any other way. Mr. Dandelow evidently did not like it when the novelty had passed; but though he "looked glum" now and then, he kept his own counsel. This wild creature was a fate to him — it had come upon him — chafing against it was useless; he submitted not always with a good grace, but he did submit. The circus came. Part of the attraction was the performance of two boys on the trapeze and other gymnastic displays. Lorry had been excited, even to shouts and continuous clappings by the horse-riding; but when the boys with their trainer came in, he sat bolt upright with parted lips and clenched fists, staring fixedly, watching their every movement; and as this or that feat came off, he gasped out a low "Hah!" as if relieved. The trainer was a middle-sized, brawny man, with a heavy, animal face, a deep chest, and long arms; the muscles, as usual

standing out in great lumps as he moved and tossed the boys about like playthings. The performance came to an end with the acrobatic display. Lorry was speechless — made no sign of applause — and, much to the alarm of Mrs. Dandelow, would take no supper, and sullenly slunk off to bed. Next morning was a holiday at school; Dandelow was at work at his bench and his lathe. Lorry stood by, watching him. Raising his eyes at a pause in his work, the old gentleman — of late his face had fallen a trifle, and the crow's-feet had deepened round the eyes, though there were no other indications of wear or incipient decay — noticed a peculiar expression upon the boy's face. "John!" he said, catching his breath, "won't you make me a trapeze?" The proposal squared with the whim that was passing in Mr. Dandelow's mind. Yes! Lorry should have a trapeze, and it should be set up in the barn that was never used except for storing fagots and lumber; but he must get a hint from "Signor Foscini and his gifted pupils," as the scamp was called in the advertisement; and as the circus was going to stay over another night, Dandelow put the pony in the trap, Lorry jumped up beside him, and in twenty minutes they had made a bargain with the acrobat to superintend the trapeze and bring "his gifted pupils" to give a private performance in the barn.

It will be enough to say that this fellow Fox — for that was his real name — was a low and brutal rogue, but a very shrewd one, with a remarkable gift of keeping out of scrapes and of leading other people into them. He had been for many years "engaged in the acrobatic profession, sir!" and boasted of having made the fortune of more performers on the tight-rope and trapeze than any other man in England. "You see, Mr. Dandelow," he said, as he was sipping his seventh tumbler, "Providence has bestowed upon me the gift of an eye! When a young gentleman has got a career before him, I see it at a glance. I make no doubt that that young gentleman there —" "Hold your tongue, man!" thundered Mr. Dandelow, as he brought down his flat hand upon the table. "Hold your tongue! Finish your drink and get out, all the pack of you! Polly, take the boy! Look sharp!" Lorry found himself in Polly's grip in a moment. Since the day of the whipcord he had never ventured to show the least resistance to her authority. Now he turned upon her like a wild cat and fastened his teeth in her arm. She grasped him by the throat

and pressed his windpipe; he was black in the face before he let go. It was all over in a minute — the house clear and the doors barred.

Five weeks or so after this scene Lorry vanished. Mrs. Dandelow was inconsolable. She would have the river dragged; she would set the county police at work; she would stir heaven and earth to find him, alive or dead. She sat rocking herself in her chair by the hour; all her good sense had left her. The neighbors round had not the smallest doubt but that she was bewitched. Dandelow for the first week or so showed a strange indifference. "Don't take on so, Nancy," he would say to her, "Lorry'll turn up again. He knows which side his bread's buttered. Don't you be afraid!" But week after week passed, and no Lorry — not a sign of him, not a trace of him. At last, worried and teased by his wife beyond endurance, he advertised and offered first twenty, then fifty pounds reward for the producing of Lorry. It must be admitted that there was only a single insertion of each of these advertisements; he would not be persuaded to do more. A year went by; the second spring had come. There were no tidings. At the Dandelows' things went on the same. There was just a shadow of disappointment that seemed to have fallen upon the pair. In his case I cannot help thinking that he found his wife had not proved all he expected. Then he was troubled by what may seem to many a very trifling matter, but which to him seemed a crisis in his life: he had to go to the dentist, and lost his first tooth. I dropped in to ask how he was; he was almost as ceremonious as usual, but his cordiality, I thought, was a little forced. When I expressed surprise at his never having had the tooth-ache before, a flash of the old pride and defiance came from him: "Dent de lion, mon cher! dent de lion! N'est-ce pas? I've cracked a peach-stone with my teeth before you were born, and eaten the kernel!"

But when the two appeared in church on Sunday, neighbors noticed that the years were telling upon him. "It's the mind as does it, you see. It's the mind as pulls you down, for all you hold your head up!" was the mysterious sentence of some village sage, and everybody took it up and repeated it. Before many days were over, everybody in the parish believed that the oracular dictum had proceeded from himself in the first instance. Polly was as silent as the grave. Though now a woman of five or six and thirty at

least, she had her suitors. For twenty years the lads had been running after her, but her lovers were always a great deal younger than herself. I have noticed that these masterful women, especially if their physical strength is conspicuous, have an overpowering attraction for boys and very young men. As Polly grew older, so did the age of her adorers; but she kept them all at a distance — she told them plainly she didn't care a straw for any man without an independence. The young fellows flitted about her, and, by way of making an excuse for conversation, put leading questions as to what was going on. Polly laughed them to scorn — told them all sorts of wonderful tales, and threw up her chin in derision when they presumed to "bring her to book" as she called it. Angus was more easily pumped, but he had little to tell; his daughter, a girl of fifteen, was "Polly's maid" as the people called her, and she slept at her father's cottage near the stable. Polly wouldn't be bothered with having another bedroom in the house to think about.

March set in "with its usual severity;" there was a bitter, cruel north-easter, then a fall of snow; then a change for a day or two; then the north-easter again: then the snow again. Was there ever a more bitter time?

Shortly after his marriage Dandelow had knocked down a party wall, and thrown two small rooms into one, thus making a long, narrow, low bedroom, which was very warm and comfortably furnished. The bed was an enormous four-poster, as big as the great bed of Ware, and profusely draped, with a pile of mattresses and feather beds upon it, so high that they were dreadful. Half filling one end of the room stood a stained deal "press," as Mr. Dandelow called it. It was a vast receptacle, and Dandelow had made it with his own hands, and ornamented it with knobs and bobs and protuberances, which he had turned on his own lathe. There was a large collection of garments hanging in the press, which had four doors, and it was a fearful sight to see them thrown open, as Nancy was known to have done more than once in the pride of her heart, as she showed some neighbor over the house and, as if by chance, displayed the wealth of dresses hanging by the pegs, and the coats that John kept there, too, to put on spick and span at a moment's notice.

John Dandelow was a great deal fonder of creature comforts than he would have confessed. He would turn pityingly to

his wife, and say: "You see, she must have her tea good. Why shouldn't she, eh, Nancy? And she's a chilly soul, aren't you, Nancy? And there's no need to save coals, is there, Nancy?" Accordingly, there was a good fire kept burning in the Dandelows' bedroom for quite seven months in the year, and very warm, not to say close, it must have been for them. "It's a slow-combustion stove, you see," said Dandelow to me apologetically. "Which means," I replied, "that it will burn as much as you like to put upon it, if you give it time, eh?" He laughed, and began to talk French, as he was wont to do when he was pleased. Lately, as Mrs. Dandelow had been ailing — out of heart as she was, and desolate — the family prayers had been put on half an hour. The red prayer-book was brought in punctually at half past nine. "You wouldn't ha' thought that master would ha' done it, for *he* know'd better; but we'd always used to have a prayer for what master called 'the lost and the missing, and specially him.' That was all missus's doing. Whe-e-e-w! I warn't for saying Amen to that, any ways!"

One night, the snow still lying upon the ground, while they were at prayers, there was a sound of stealthy footsteps overhead. When they got up from their knees, Dandelow and his wife looked at one another. She was for going up-stairs at once. He, as if he had noticed nothing, gently held her back. "Come, lass, wait a bit to-night, and sit by me while I have my smoke. Another half-hour, for once, won't tire you. Come, let's have your company, do!" The good woman was in a tremor of joy at the invitation. "Oh, John! I'll stay till the end of the world, if you'll let me! But what was that strange noise up-stairs?" "Noise? What noise? Those plaguy rats are always at it; there's nothing for it but to poison 'em, and go away till the stink's all gone." She was so very happy at the moment that she accepted the interpretation without a remark. He went up-stairs, and came back in slippers and an old velvet shooting-jacket, all buttons and pockets. They chatted pleasantly; his cigar went out more than once. It was past eleven when he threw the end into the smouldering fire, and rose. "Why, John, it's like when we were first married, this is!"

Mr. Dandelow always went to the front door before going to bed, to take a look at the weather. "Why, what the mischief's this?" he shouted. Mrs. Dandelow ran out to him. The house had a

small hall, and a little vestibule serving as an entrance porch. His wife found him in the vestibule, staring with wondering eyes at a pole seven or eight feet long; it was painted white—at any rate, the two ends were; over about three feet of the middle of the pole some one had daubed a flaring pattern in all the colors of the rainbow. Dandelow took it up, stared, looked at his wife, opened the door again, and searched for footsteps. There was nothing. "How did this thing come here? It'd serve that hussy, Polly, right if I called her up, for she never locked the door to-night! What's the meaning of it?" No explanation being forthcoming, and the open door and the north-easter blowing across the snow having by this time made them both shudder with the cold, they went to bed like sensible people. The bedroom fire was very low; Dandelow emptied the scuttle into the grate, then poured some oil from an extinguished hand-lamp upon the coals, and drew down the blower. In a few moments there was a roar of flame. He watched it till he was sure the fire was going to burn, then hung his wife's dress and his own jacket upon their appointed pegs in his favorite press. It was close upon midnight before they were asleep. But, as he used to say of himself and Nancy, "We're a pair of us, we are; when we do go to sleep, we mean it!" The windows of the room were heavily curtained, and till they were undrawn the room was quite dark.

It was about six o'clock and the sun had not yet risen. Mrs. Dandelow began to be sleepily wakeful—if you know what that means. "John! are you awake?" "Well, suppose I am?" "John, I've had such an odd dream. I dreamed three times in the night that there was somebody snoring on purpose to vex you. Hark! John! Do draw up the blinds!" The fire had burnt itself out; there was no light coming from that. Dandelow, rubbing his eyes, slowly got himself out of bed, drew back the curtains, drew up the blinds; the twilight of the dawn streamed in upon the room. "What's that, John?" almost screamed his terrified wife. He made a dash at the door; it was locked as usual. He tore out the key, and, holding it in his hand, bent over what seemed a heap of his own clothes piled upon the hearthrug. "Why, the devil's in it!" he shouted. Rising as if by magic out of the heap of garments rose a head, covered with close-cropped red hair. It was the face of a boy of

twelve or thirteen, with nothing on but a set of soiled flesh-colored "tights" and a tawdry waistband covered with tinsel and spangles. At the same moment another head emerged from under the bed. It was the head of another boy. Dandelow stood facing the first with his back to the second; he had not seen the second, and the first intimation of its presence was by hearing behind him a voice calling out cheerily, "Billy! here's a rum go; oh! my golly!" Billy sat up, his eyes fixed on Dandelow, and broke out into peals of laughter. Then his eyes wandered to Mrs. Dandelow, who, with a voluminous nightcap on her head, was now sitting up in bed, the victim of half-a-dozen bewildering emotions. "Oh, my eye!" screamed Billy, "you are a rum old gal! Oh, my eye! there's a bonnet!" and he roared again. It all was the work of a moment; the next, Dandelow grimly bent over the boy Billy, and was proceeding to take away his *bed-clothes* from him, when the other boy crawled out from under the bed, turned a somersault, and stood before the old man in a theatrical attitude. "Morning, guv'nor! Have you forgot me, John?" It was Lorry.

He was dressed—if dressed at all—exactly as the other boy; he looked thin, haggard, and sallow, and had scarcely grown at all. Turning round to the bed, he arched one arm over his head and planted the other behind his back, and, bowing profoundly, cried in theatrical fashion, "My Nancy!" The poor woman fell back sobbing, and covered her face in the bed-clothes. Meanwhile Dandelow had rung the bell violently. Polly, rushing up-stairs at the summons, heard her master's voice calling out sternly, "Tell Angus to bring the trap round; look sharp!" "You won't send us off without breakfast, guv'nor?" whined the boy Billy. "Me and Lorry are a'most clem; look here!" He plucked off his girdle and displayed a dreadful hollow below the ribs. It was a gymnastic trick of the boy's. Polly was back again at the door. Dandelow had rapidly put on some clothes. Taking up a vast dressing-gown, he threw it over Billy, and the old shooting-jacket of the night before was tossed to Lorry. Then he opened the door. "Polly, give them as much as they can eat. Look out!"

The house was a two-storied house, with two large attics in the roof lighted with dormer windows; a low parapet was carried along the roof, and between this and the attic windows was a broad leaden

gutter, where the snow was apt to lodge in bad seasons, and whence it could be easily thrown over the parapet on to the ground outside. The *drop* was about five-and-twenty feet. Into one of the attics Polly conducted her prisoners; they seemed glad enough to follow her. They were no doubt hungry enough, and not much was said. Muffled up in Mr. Dandelow's garments, and with the delicious prospect of what Lorry called "a jolly blow-out," they did as they were told. There was little in the attic in the way of furniture—an iron bedstead, a washstand, a deal table, and a single chair. Lorry took the chair. Billy seated himself on the table.

What passed between Dandelow and his wife will never be known. He was in no hurry to dress himself, and when he appeared he was clean-shaven and as scrupulously neat as ever in his attire. While he was dressing, Polly had a fire lit in the attic, and sent her "maid" to get breakfast for the boys. Mrs. Dandelow came down very tearful and nervous. Just as she got into the back parlor, Angus drove out of the gate, and the pony dashed off at ten miles an hour. A horror came over her. "Where's he gone, John?" "Gone? Gone to Croton!"

Sounds of boisterous merriment reached them from the attic; the girl came down, giggling irrepressibly. The boys had been feasting till their spirits had quite returned. Polly had calculated on their not escaping as long as they were empty. Now she ran up-stairs to keep guard. There was a thin crust of snow upon the ground; it was very cold. The attics looked out on the front of the house. Mr. Dandelow was going through the ceremony of breakfast in the back parlor.

Suddenly a Pan-pipe, accompanied by a big drum, was heard. Tootle! tootle! tootle! Bomb! bomb! bomb! Everybody in the house that could get at a window was speedily looking out—even Mr. and Mrs. Dandelow. On the gravel in front a square of carpet had been spread, and upon it were five miserable dogs performing. Behind them was a burly fellow, well wrapped-up, a red comforter round his neck, working his head vigorously as he blew into his Pan-pipe, and flourishing his drumsticks, banging at his big drum with excessive energy. Dandelow was making his way to the door, when Polly uttered a cry. The next moment the boy Lorry was seen letting himself down by the creepers that grew up to the top of the house; in another moment he was off, and

the drummer was rapidly gathering up his dogs and his carpet, and preparing to go too. "Stop, you scoundrel!" cried Dandelow, and put his great foot down upon the carpet. The fellow glared at him defiantly. It was Signor Foscini, but a broken-down signor this time. "Who's a scoundrel? You go and slock away my 'prentices, do you? I'll have the law on you, see if I don't. You call yourself a gentleman, do you?" etc.

"Hook it, Billy! hook it!" screamed the voice of Lorry. He had swarmed up the old elm that grew by the gate—he knew every bough of it—and in mere excitement he was bounding from branch to branch like a squirrel. But Billy evidently funk'd that perilous descent—indeed, Polly had got him in her grip. Dandelow disdained to barter words with the showman. "Let that boy out of your clutches, man, and you may have the other. I'll let him off."

Foscini saw the chance of a deal. "Look ye here, master; I could have the law on you if I liked; you've been a-harboring of stolen property, that's what you've been a-doing, and consortin' with thieves. That there's my pole; I'll sue you for damages in the exercise of my profession—leastways I could!" Dandelow had left the door wide open, and there stood the painted pole. Foscini's eye was fixed upon it. "Pole? take your pole, man!" Dandelow hurled it as if it had been a javelin. "You've got something left in that arm of yours yet, master, for all you are so old. Come down, Lorry! D'ye hear?" Bomb! bomb! bomb! The imp dropped from branch to branch, and stood up a yard from his master, perched on one leg and shouldering the other as if it had been a musket.

"Come back, Lorry! Come back! we'll forgive you everything. O Lord God, have pity on him! Come back, Lorry, come back!" Mrs. Dandelow was sobbing and wringing her hands; she made as if she would have rushed to him; her husband held her, looking, as Polly told me, "like thunder and lightning and rain and all."

"Beg pardin, missus, I'm that reasonable I'm willing to sacrifice my own interest and the career of the young *deebutant* to oblige you. If that young woman"—by this time Polly too was at the door, keeping her hold upon the boy Billy—will let that other young gentlemen alone, you may have *Master* Lorry—if you can get him. Of course you'll not let me lose? That ain't fair!"

"Come back, Lorry! oh, come back!"

The cry of utmost agony would have touched the heart of a tiger. As far as that wild boy was concerned, the wail reached his ears; but as to his heart, it pierced vacuity. "We'll forgive you, Lorry! We'll take you back! Come home!" It was Dandelow's deep voice that spoke this time. This time there was no tenderness, only serious resolve that sounded like the solemn oath of a great promise.

Lorry returned to the attitude of "attention." Then he capered round the silent drum, postured and danced fantastically, seemed as if he were really going to throw himself into Mrs. Dandelow's arms, stopped dead within two yards of her, then proceeded to smack himself all over, ended by putting his left thumb to his nose and extending his fingers, then he put the other thumb to the little finger of his left hand. "Hook it, Billy!" he screamed. He sprang back and was gone.

Mrs. Dandelow faded away and we laid her in her grave. Dandelow proudly held up his head. Polly got to look savagely at people who seemed to be touching on the edge of what was a forbidden subject in the house, and was being forever talked of in every other house for miles round. Nearly three months had passed since Nancy's death, and her husband had not been seen outside his gate except on Sunday. Following his mother's example and carrying out his wife's wishes, he was always regularly at church. He would bow ceremoniously still, taking off his hat with a sweep as he left the churchyard, as though saluting people in general. To the wonder of all, one day, after walking to the morning service as usual, he drove to church in the afternoon with Angus at his side. In the course of the week I called to see him. There was a stranger sitting with him, a "gentleman from London" as our rustics would say, "the family solicitor," as Mr. Dandelow described him when he introduced us. "Ah! mais c'est drôle. Voici le bienvenu." It was a long time since I had heard him speak French. It was explained that two signatures were wanted. Angus's would do. Who should be the second witness? "This gentleman cannot sign, as I have explained to you," said the solicitor. There was an awkwardness. "Tush! Mr. Dandelow!" I cried laughingly, "I'll risk the loss, whatever it is; I'll sign!" The solicitor shook his head. "There's no risk in trusting Mr. Norton," said Dandelow. "Ah! but for Miss Battle?" "What,

doubt Polly?" I cried. The will was executed, and I signed as witness.

A few weeks later Mr. Dandelow tripped against the carpet in his bedroom and fell forward; he held a small paraffin lamp in his hand, the glass broke, there was an explosion, and Dandelow was severely burnt about the throat and chest. Things took a serious turn. Meeting the doctor at the gate one afternoon, and seeing his anxious look, I asked what he was afraid of. "There's been a great shock to the system, and I'm afraid of erysipelas setting in." Incredible as it may seem, Polly had actually taken the old giant in her arms that afternoon and carried him to his bed. She had undressed him as if he had been a baby; he looked like the ghost of his old self.

He saw how grave I was. "Yes," he said, "I shall not be long before I know all about it—all about it—all about it." Was he wandering? No! "I've been a coward and a thief. I never thought that could be said of me, but it's true. Nancy'd have been ashamed of me if she'd known!" I signalled to Polly to leave the room. By this time we two perfectly understood one another. Left alone with Mr. Dandelow, he became much agitated. At last he said abruptly to me, "Open that little drawer! The chain had broken two or three times before; it was worn so bad; the last time I tied it together with thread; it was burnt off my neck the other day, and dropped on the ground. Polly never saw it. Take it out!" It was a large golden locket in the shape of a heart, to which was attached a light gold chain of peculiar workmanship. Both locket and chain were much worn, inasmuch that the inscription which had once been carved on it was entirely undecipherable. On the other side there were traces of a foreign coronet. Mr. Dandelow placed it in my hands.

"There! I stole it! When I came back to my mother, she told me it was to be buried with her; she had worn it round her neck night and day for nearly seventy years. I didn't promise. I wanted to find it all out. She thought I'd promised. I thought—though there was no picture of him—his hair might help me to find out something. She never would tell me about my father. Sometimes it was as if the Dukkerim, that the Romaney thieves used to talk about, had got hold of me. I swore I'd wear the thing as she did, now I'd got it. When the flame burnt it off my throat, I knew what that meant. He wouldn't rise from the dead for all

my hankering, and she, if she had risen up too, she wouldn't have told me. I'm going to set myself straight with them soon. Put the thing in my coffin with your own hands. Will you? Let me hear you say you will!"

I spoke gently and tenderly to him — was for leaving him, dreading the effect of his emotion — but he held me back. "There's another thing! She told me to keep the letter-box — there were tidings there, she said. She would have me read them all, and then burn them." He paused, and could not bring himself to go on. I endeavored to reassure him — told him I would do whatever he enjoined; said he might live for years yet; advised him to wait till he got better, then he might nerve himself to do as his mother had asked him to do. I fear I relapsed into platitudes. He shook his head again and again. "I've never dared — I've never had the heart to open the box. I was afraid. I couldn't open it now — I daren't. Take them! Read them for me, then come and tell me what they say, and set me straight with —" He stopped again, and went on shaking his head, quite unmanned.

"Friend!" I said, "do you remember our bargain when Mrs. Dandelow was buried?" He looked full at me and then dropped his eyes. There was a wonderful dignity and nobility about his expression when he spoke again. "I was coming to that last," he said firmly. "As to Lorry, I'm sure of this — that boy hadn't a soul. I hated him like hell till that came into my mind — I'm sure it's true; I'm as sure as I am lying here. And I've no grudge against him now, — poor boy! poor boy! What's come of him? But if he stood where you sit now, I'd kiss him to show him I'd help him if I could. Our bargain's off. You may call in Polly, if you will, and we'll have the *Pater Noster*." He followed me aloud, clause by clause, Polly responding too, tremulously: "As we forgive them that trespass against us." His voice rose to emphasize the words; he ended with a deep "Amen." He showed Polly where the precious box was; a rusty key was in it, which he had never had the courage to turn. I carried it away with me. It was a box of foreign make, about nine inches long and six wide, and perhaps six inches deep. It was made of the stained pearwood, so common in Swiss ware.

It was late before I found myself alone. I set the box before me on the table. I had to struggle with myself for some minutes before I could overcome my reluc-

tance to turn the rusty key; the lid moved stiffly on the hinges. The box was quite full of letters; lying on the top of them was a sheet of note-paper of modern make. It was unfolded. On it was written, in a woman's hand, the following lines: —

It was false that Mahalia and her baby died of small-pox. She lived more than twenty years after you left me. Your son is now in Pittsburg. He has prospered. I sent him away with all his gipsy kindred eleven years ago. His eldest daughter, Keomi, alone remains behind. She would not leave her husband, and your son would not have him. It was not I who deceived you; I was myself deceived. When the truth came to me, there was nothing that you could do. I did my best to spare you.

There was no date and no signature. I took out the letters and laid them in a heap upon the table. They were written on foreign paper and all written in French. Very few of them were dated, so far as to specify the year, but one had come from the Hague in 1803, and far the larger number had been sent from Java a year or two later. I think there were none sent after 1805. About that year I believe the writer had died. The letters were all signed D., and always sealed with a water. There was hardly anything in the whole correspondence which threw any light upon Mrs. Dandelow's story. It was clear that the writer had never seen his and her child when — for some unexplained reason — he had been separated from her; clear too that he felt a deep resentment against some one who had compassed his exile because he would not give up the woman he had loved so passionately; clear that he was consumed by a fierce and continual longing to return to her and to see his boy, whom he mentioned again and again. I cannot doubt that he died at his post, wherever that was, and I infer from one allusion in the letters that the provision made for Mrs. Dandelow and her son came from him, whoever he may have been. I have a strong suspicion — which, however, must be taken for no more than its worth — that the writer of the letters was a scion of some Dutch or Flemish family of position, and perhaps of high rank.

Under all the letters there lay a small packet wrapped up in tissue paper, and tied round with a piece of black ribbon. On it was written, in what I believe was Mrs. Dandelow's hand, "*These I got from your son before he sailed to America.*"

The packet contained two documents. One was a copy of the "marriage lines" of

John Dandelow and Mahalia Hodge, which had been celebrated on the 6th of June, 1821; there is no need to say where. The other was a warrant dated two months later, and signed by a magistrate for the county of A., for the apprehension of John Dandelow on a charge of causing the death of Mike Hodge.

The certificate of marriage was enclosed in a small bag; it was much creased and soiled, and had evidently been carried on some one's person for years. The warrant I think must have been kept in a pocketbook; the constable, or whoever it was to whom it had been issued in the first instance, had guarded it vigilantly; and, as I conjecture, biding his time till he could get a chance of serving it; using it in the mean while as an instrument by means of which he might levy blackmail upon Mrs. Dandelow.

I had been reading the letters for six consecutive hours before I came to the end of my task, though they were fairly legible and not more than twenty or thirty in number. I replaced them in the box. The lid stood open. The sun had risen. I threw myself back in my chair and stared vacantly at the table before me, trying to think, then I fell asleep from sheer weariness.

The servant coming in to open the shutters awoke me. I shut the box, took out the key, and went to bed. They let me sleep on heavily for hours. It was ten o'clock before I came down. One whose tact and wisdom never fails asked me no questions. Only once she placed her hand gently on my shoulder, and looked inquiringly into my face. I felt, and I was, stupefied. Had I any right to conceal this thing from Dandelow? How could I tell him? What good could come of it? The hours went by. At last I took my hat and walked rapidly along the road, utterly incapable of seeing what the right course was for me to pursue. When I reached Mr. Dandelow's, Polly had already opened the door for me. She looked as dazed as I felt myself to be. In a tone of reproach she said to me, "You should have come before, sir; he wanted you. You're too late now—he's dead!"

By Mr. Dandelow's will everything was left to Polly with the exception of some few bequests to friends whose very names were strange to us, and who were found out only by the help of Mr. Norton. There was one legacy of fifty pounds "to the boy Lawrence Smith, whom God sent

to my late wife to vex her." The money was left in the hands of Polly to be used for the boy's advantage or furtherance in life, but absolutely at her discretion. The legacy proved to be a lapsed legacy. When inquiry was made as to what had become of Lorry, it turned out that he had died in the accident-ward of a certain hospital on the very day and almost at the very hour when the will was executed. He had received some internal injuries from a dreadful fall during a performance, and never rallied. Polly handed the money to Angus: "It'll do you no good, I'm thinking. But you may have it—phew!"

Polly Battle has changed her name, but not for that of her husband. She has no husband, and vows she never will have. "Bless you! I don't want any one to take care of me. I can take care of myself, I suppose," she said to me the last time we met, when I was staying at her very well-managed hotel, where I dare say some of my readers will be staying when they read this half-told story.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

From Temple Bar.

HANDEL:

HIS EARLY YEARS.

FAIRY tales are bound to begin with: There was once upon a time a fair princess with golden hair and violet eyes, etc. And if you do not begin in this strain you revolt against the tyrant of life, habit. Children will not be told a story unless it is told in this fashion. Big children will not be told a biography or even a sketch of a great man's life unless it begins thus: George Frederic Handel was born in the year 1685, on February 23. He would therefore be two hundred and four years old if he were now alive. Unfortunately, however great a man may be, he sometimes dies before such an age can be attained. His birthplace was Halle in Saxony; his father, a surgeon, was sixty-three years old when he was blessed by the birth of our hero. Strange to say, nothing was more distasteful to the old gentleman than music, and he, terrified to discover that his little boy as he grew up showed a strong inclination for music, resolved to resort to the most stringent measures to keep all music and musical instruments out of his son's way, and kept him even from school, that he should not be taught music there. The

unusual energy and inflexible will for which Handel was well known in after life showed themselves, however, in his childhood, for, when he was but seven years old, he contrived, by the help of his mother and a friendly nurse, to get a little harpsichord up a garret in his father's house there to practise all to himself. Again, when his father refused to take the child with him on a journey to a son of a previous marriage, the little boy watched for the departure of the carriage, and running by a short cut, contrived to overtake the vehicle, and so earnestly begged his father would allow him to share his company, that he gained his object and was permitted to journey with his parent. The relative they were going to see being in the service of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, little George was admitted to the service in the private chapel, where he found means to creep up to the organ and in his own fashion to play so originally that the duke's attention was drawn to him, and so amazed was he to see a mere child organist that he sent for the father, and there and then overcame the surgeon's determination to make a lawyer and not a musician of his son, and from that moment Handel's regular musical studies began.

I need not tell the intelligent reader that there is nothing new to be said about so well-known a name as Handel, but since an attempt has been made in so many languages to write his biography, I hope that taking the most interesting parts of each of them, I may be able to give some facts as yet unknown to him. I cannot suppress the remark that, while the Germans are dreadfully particular as to completeness, and for that purpose cram their books with innumerable and often quite uninteresting details, yet it must be conceded to them that what they do state as a fact is a fact; and though they go into unnecessary depth and expand into unnecessary breath, you can rely upon what they say. Not so with French people, less still with Belgians. I have seen a work on Handel by a Frenchman, published only a very few years ago, where in the most innocent manner the author declares that he writes a life of Handel, because "there is none to be found in French, English, or German"! And he calls his hero Frideric, probably to show that he will not use the French name Frédéric, but the German, which by the bye, is Friedrich, so that Frideric is entirely the work of his florid imagination.

It is curious that Handel's father, after

having married a widow more than ten years older than himself, a year after her death, when he was sixty-one years old, married again. This second wife was twenty-eight years younger than he (she was thirty-three). Two years later she became the mother of George Frederic Handel.

The first works mentioned of Handel are ten sonatas for two hautboys and a bassoon. He was then ten years old, and one year after this his master, Zachau, declared to his father that, although only eleven years old, he knew as much as his master and that he could teach him no more. Handel nevertheless continued studying and writing, copying old masters' works and learning from that exercise. He was then sent to Berlin, where he made the acquaintance of Buononcini, whom in later days he was to meet again in London; and with whom he had the same troubles of competition, the same excitement in public, and the same division of parties, *pro* and *con*, as in Paris had the Gluckists and Piccinists. This musical strife so enraged Addison that he ridiculed "Rinaldo," Handel's first opera given in London, on February 24th, 1711, Handel being then in his twenty-sixth year and having written the opera in *fourteen days*. Dean Swift's epigram anent the contentions between the two composers is well known:—

Some say that Signor Bononcini
Compared to Handel is a ninny,
Whilst others say that to him Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle;
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

Is it not very strange that about the same time Lessing, the great German poet (1729–1781), should have written very nearly the same kind of verses?—

Hilf Himmel welche Zänkerei
Um Didldum und Didldel!

Regret has been expressed by some of Handel's biographers that as a boy he was not sent to some Jesuit gymnasium in Austria. They are useful institutions. People say that Jesuits are the very picture of the self-sacrificing abnegation of the true priest. Any one who knows them, and, for the matter of that, other priests in Rome, will judge for himself how far they are entitled to such praise. It always struck me that priests, like every mortal being, live in abstinence when they are so poor that misery is less their choice than their unavoidable fate. When they are rich, cardinals or arch-

bishops, you will perhaps see them practise abstinence and abnegation a little more in words than in fact. So far as I could judge *de visu*, a rich cardinal has the same palace, show of servants, quantity of rich *objets de vertu*, as many and as tasteful as Sir Richard Wallace, who does not pose exactly for misery. I must say that all the Jesuits whom I have known are the most deeply instructed, most diplomatically courteous and amiable people one can wish to meet with. That abnegation is not invariably their guiding principle, the instance of young Gluck may show: who, when he could not pay his fees, was very simply and unceremoniously told, "Pas d'argent, pas de Suisse."

Having mentioned the opera "Rinaldo," which was sketched from Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," by Aaron Hill, director of the Haymarket Theatre, and re-translated into Italian by Rossi, I may as well say that the financial success of the opera was such, that Walsh, the music publisher, made £1,500 by the sale of it. When he wrote to Handel to be sure and let him have his next opera. Handel sent him the following witty reply: "As it is only right that we should be upon an equal footing, *you* shall compose the next opera, and *I* will sell it."

Handel's father died when his son was twelve years old (1696), leaving twenty-eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. In remembrance of his father's wish young Frederic studied law until his seventeenth year, when suddenly he took to travelling, saw Italy, composed there opera after opera, until, as we have seen, he arrived in London, and wrote his successful opera "Rinaldo" here. That, after the great sensation this work created, many friends should have advised him to stay in England, is not surprising, but being under an engagement with the elector of Hanover (afterwards George I.), he left, after having been received in audience by Queen Anne, who gave him valuable presents, and expressed a wish to see him again.

So, in 1712, Handel returned to England. The Peace of Utrecht being concluded, Queen Anne commanded Handel to compose a Te Deum and Jubilate, and settled upon him an annual pension of £200. She died in August, 1714, and in September of the same year the king arrived in London, very cross with Handel for not keeping his word to return to Hanover after a "reasonable stay" in England, for such had been his permission

of leave. But what is reasonable? You allow a man a reasonable income, and you may think that on five pounds a week a man need not starve. But there are people who consider it reasonable to take a daily drive in a carriage with four springs and two thoroughbred horses; and those will perhaps not go very far on five pounds a week. Handel thought it reasonable to stay as long as he liked, but being of very different opinion the king would perhaps never have forgiven him, had not Baron Kilmansegg, a personal friend, undertaken through a clever expedient to bring about a reconciliation. He caused Handel to write some music to be executed during a water-party in a barge following that of the king himself, which so enchanted the king, that he allowed the baron on a subsequent occasion to bring Handel to court to accompany the great violinist, Geminiani, when he not only forgave Handel, but settled upon him a pension of £200 in addition to the pension granted by Queen Anne.

Rossini, who had always *le mot pour rire*, used to say: "In olden time they used to compose music for the brain and for the ears; but it seems to me that, nowadays, people are quite content when the thing *looks* well." This, I feel confident, was often his guiding opinion. For instance, when Meyerbeer gave "The Huguenots," his lawyer and *cordellionnaire* Crémieux gave a luncheon, where he invited some influential friends to meet Meyerbeer. Rossini, one of the guests, ate nothing. Madame Crémieux, with the lynx eye of any hostess who has people round her table invited for a meal, suddenly pounced upon her abstemious guest with that question which every lady imagines must go straight to the heart of her guests: "I am sure, Monsieur Rossini, you don't like that dish; one cannot easily please such a fine *connoisseur* as you are." "Pardon, madame, that is not at all the reason, but I never eat between my breakfast and my dinner. Of course you will ask me why then did I come to a luncheon party? I will tell you. The other day I was invited to hear a performance of my 'William Tell' overture. At the moment where the allegro begins, I saw two men in the band putting their trumpets up, but I could not, for the life of me, hear one note; so I asked the manager why they did not play. 'Oh, that is very simple,' he said; 'I could not get two trumpeters, but I thought I'd get some men to hold up the trumpet. It always looks well to see trumpets in an orchestra; but, of course,

as they can't play, you can't hear them.' Now, I can't eat any more than they could play; but as Meyerbeer, who is so superstitious, would have taken it for a bad omen if I had sent an excuse, I thought I would just sit behind my plate, because it *looks* well to have old friends sit round one's table."

It is true that Handel only wrote one work in German, but not, as has been alleged, that he wrote only one work in Germany, "Die Passion." He wrote two operas, "Almira" and "Nero," both performed in Hamburg in 1705, when he was twenty years old. He was so independent that when his mother, who lived in Halle, thinking that her boy (in 1703 eighteen years old) might be in rather straitened circumstances, sent him, for Christmas, a little money, he by return of post sent it back, adding even a little present to show that he was quite able to support himself. I think I should have mentioned that Handel called "Almira" and "Nero" *Singspiele*, not operas; the German expression just quoted corresponding with what the French call *opéra comique*, which is by no means necessarily a comic opera. Great composers were at that time not overpaid, and Handel in 1705, and in both the preceding and the following year, gave piano and harmony lessons for one pound (sometimes for sixteen shillings) per *month*. And from this scanty income he accumulated economies to the tune of one thousand francs (£40) in three years; and thus was enabled to make the journey to Italy and hear what the musicians there could do. It was during his sojourn in "that blessed garden of Europe" that his double opera, "Florimond and Daphne," was given at Hamburg by the new manager Sauerbrey. Handel's journey to Italy was another proof of his independence, for Prince Gaston dei Medici, brother to the famous Prince Ferdinando, offered to take him free of expense, but Handel refused, preferring to be his own master. I only just mention his quarrel with Matheson, which led to a duel with a harmless ending and reconciliation of the two friends, because it has been exaggerated into an attempted assassination. It was the same Matheson who travelled with him to Lubeck, where they competed for the place of organist; but when they heard that one of the conditions was that the successful organist should espouse the daughter of the old organist they both fled, a sad compliment to the lady's charms.

Power of will is one of the principal

qualities we have to look for in Handel. Is power beauty, as strength is grace? It may be in some sense, but certainly not always. For instance, Gilbert Duprez, the great French tenor, was in his voice as well as in his appearance a very model of power; short, thick-set, as tenors so often are, he was created for the part of Samson, but as to his beauty, the following little story will enlighten the reader. Duprez once walked away from the Grand Opéra with the baritone, Baroilhet, who was not an Apollo either. Whom should they happen to meet but Perrot, the dancer, a man of very great ability, but short and thin, and ugly to such an extent that a manager, whom I do not wish to name, said to him he could never engage him unless for the Jardin des Plantes (zoological garden), as he engaged no monkeys. Perrot told them the story, and when Duprez laughed at him, Perrot said, "Why, surely you need not laugh; if I am ugly, I am certainly not so ugly as either of you." "You monkey," said Duprez, "this difference shall soon be settled," and seeing a gentleman pass whom he had never known, but who appeared to be a well-bred man, "Monsieur," said he, "will you be so good as to make the umpire in a little difference of opinion between us?" "With pleasure," said the stranger, "if I can." "Well," said Duprez, "just look at us, and say whom you consider to be the plainest of the three?" The gentleman looked quietly and pensively for some time from one to the other, and then he said, "Gentlemen, I give it up; I cannot possibly decide;" and he went off roaring with laughter.

Handel's fame as an improvisator and clavecinist was such, that when he arrived in Italy and went *incognito* to Venice, that is, masked and disguised, to a fancy ball, the moment he played on the harpsichord, and Scarlatti heard him, he exclaimed, "This must be either the famous Saxon, or the devil himself." If improvising is composing, composing is with some masters of a genius comparable to that of Handel improvising; at any rate, we cannot call composing in such rapidity otherwise. I mentioned "Rinaldo," but it is still more astonishing to learn that he wrote "Israel in Egypt," in my humble opinion his finest oratorio, which is tantamount to saying the finest oratorio ever written, in twenty-seven days, and the "Messiah," the world-famed "Messiah," in twenty-three days. Taking into account the number of choruses in the first-named oratorio, the mere rapidity of

committing so many notes to paper in the time, is stupefying. And, will it be believed? "Israel in Egypt" *failed entirely* when first performed.

It is well known that Handel wrote the first part of the "Messiah" in seven days, the second in nine days; and the third in six days; taking another day for touching up the scoring; and he was then fifty-six years old.

The beginning of the last century was the time when Italy was thought the acme of civilization, the country where alone you could study art in its highest cultivation — music, poetry, painting, sculpture. Handel went in the beginning of 1707 to Rome — he was then twenty-two years old — to hear, just as young Mozart did when a mere child, the famous "Miserere of Allegri," in the Sistine Chapel, performed by the private singers of the pope. I do not know whether the ideas of people in olden times were more restricted, and they were therefore much less exacting and easier satisfied than our contemporaries, but I am bound to say that if the composition of Allegri and the singing of the castrati could give them pleasure, they were not spoiled indeed. It does not appear that Handel was very deeply impressed or inspired either by that music, for what he composed during his sojourn in Rome belongs to the most ineffectual of his work. He was driven from Rome, where he was imprudent enough to stay until the month of July, by the malaria and fear of fever.

He went to Florence, and this epoch of his life offers not only the interest that he there wrote his opera, "Rodrigo," but he seems to have made a most passionate impression on the heart of one of the most talented, amiable, and handsome singers, Vittoria Tesi. Whether he responded in any measure whatever to that passion is not known, but it is certain that he had no serious thought in the matter, because he soon left for Venice, where he wrote "Agrippina," and when slyly questioned with regard to his "Vittoria" (victory), he simply answered that the only woman he loved in this world was his Muse. This opera, "Agrippina," which had what at the time was considered great success, viz., twenty-seven performances, was by some esteemed a noisy innovation, whereas the recent publisher of Handel's works in this city perpetually adds brass to his scores. Mozart did this for Handel in the last century, though he had been judged noisy already. So was Rossini called *Il Signor Vacarmini*. What would

those good people have said could they have heard an opera of Verdi or Wagner? For at a rehearsal of a Verdi opera it once happened that they had to stop a moment because the big drum could not go on without a little rest, whereas Wagner had a series of new brass instruments especially manufactured for his operas.

Handel returned after his Venice triumph to Rome, where he lived at the Marquis Ruspoli's house, and there composed an oratorio, to which I wish to draw the reader's attention, for a particular reason. The name is "La Resurrezione," containing two superb choruses and arias, taken — where from do you think? From his *opera* "Agrippina." Rossini said, "With regard to music, I know only two kinds: *La bonne et la mauvaise*." Of this opinion Handel must have been too, when you take into consideration the use he made of his "Agrippina" airs.

Having for his librettists the cardinals Ottoboni and Pamphili, it will readily be understood that he gained without difficulty the ear of the public. In that time too, he wrote "*Il Trionfo del Tempo*," which is more a work of curiosity and interesting instrumentation than of commanding grandeur, and I only mention it because it is now understood to belong to his oratorios, whereas at the time it was called "Serenata," as it had not Biblical words.

Beethoven — and it must be conceded that he had every right to be vain, conceited, and what not — never took the trouble to hide his feelings, and when his ire was aroused — and that is with men of genius more easily done than to allay it — he expressed himself very clearly indeed. Thus you may see at Heiligenstadt, near Vienna, where they are now forming a sort of Beethoven Museum like the Mozarteum at Salzburg, a sketch of a *château* in nether Austria, where a few years before his death Beethoven used to compose. It belonged to Beethoven's brother, a chemist, who had made some money, and was rather fond of displaying his wealth. This brother called upon Beethoven and left a card, upon which he had engraved his name, "Jean von Beethoven, landed proprietor." This innocent vanity so enraged Beethoven that he returned the call upon his brother when he knew he would not be at home, and left his card: "Louis von Beethoven, brain-proprietor."

The French writer whom I have quoted in the beginning of this sketch mentions a great *embarras* into which he fell whilst reading an English book. He says that

he cannot make out the name of the pope to whom Handel was introduced, as there is to his knowledge no Pope Gay in the world. The joke is that what the book says is that Handel lived for three years with Lord Burlington, and was there introduced to Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot.

The unfortunate idea which has ruined so many people during both the last and this century, the ambition to be appointed director of the Italian Opera, seized hold of Handel, and it swallowed a fortune. To help him, the king was the first to contribute £1,000, but it cost Handel not only £10,000 (all his savings), but in order not to remain behind with the artists' salaries, he gave them bonds which afterwards were duly and honorably paid. Care and excitement led to a paralytic stroke, and he temporarily lost the use of one side. This is not surprising in a man of his fiery temperament and overheated blood.

Signora Cuzzoni, the great prima-donna of his opera troupe, once sent him back an air which he had written for her, saying that she could make no effect with it. Handel, instantly enraged, is said to have run to her house with the manuscript in his hand, and — I will not vouch for the words — to have said to her, "You too, you will not sing my air — do I not know better what is good for you — you are the devil, but I am Beelzebub, the prince of devils, and I will vanquish you." Which saying, he caught Madame Cuzzoni round the waist, and, being of proverbial Herculean strength, carried her to the window and shouted in infuriated tones, "You want a fresh air? I will give you fresh air, for if you will not sing my air as I wrote it, I will throw you out in the street from this window. Will you swear or not, you will sing?" I don't know whether prima-donnas were spoiled at that time as they are now, but I scarcely imagine that to have been the right way to conciliate this one's friendship, for, at the first opportunity, when enemies and rivals of Handel's theatre founded another opera in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Signora Cuzzoni, remembering the fresh air he had made her take at the window, seceded and passed over to the enemy.

Without being overbearing, Handel knew his own value quite well. But as to proud self-confidence other great men, such as Beethoven and Victor Hugo, met in a certain sense on the same path. The former committed somewhere what a small soul of a pedant pointed out as a harmony mistake — consecutive fifths. "What of

it?" said Beethoven. "Fifths are forbidden? Well, then, I permit them." In the same way Victor Hugo, when reading a piece before the committee of the Comédie Française, indulged in a phrase of not exactly strict grammar. One of those insects whom nothing makes so happy as to discover a mote in a friend's eye, busily got up and said: "Would you mind one humble observation, sir?" "What is it?" asked Victor Hugo, with majestic superiority. "This phrase seems to me not entirely French." "*Elle le sera*," replied Victor Hugo, with the same pride as Beethoven.

Handel was what was then called a pianist, the condition of the instrument a hundred and thirty years ago being rather restricted, and he was a great organist. His proficiency on the organ must have been undoubtedly very great, because Domenico Scarlatti, the son of the great Alessandro Scarlatti, when asked by Cardinal Ottoboni to play against Handel a sort of musical duel, confessed that "he had not imagined that it was possible for any man to play the organ as Handel did." It is even said that whenever anybody complimented Scarlatti on his organ-playing he invariably replied: "What am I compared with Handel?" And devoutly he crossed himself whenever he pronounced the name of the *gran Sassone*.

I beg permission to diverge for a moment. We are continually comparing our singers with those of the grand old times, and we find that the eagerness to make money, and to get that with all possible speed, prevents our singers from studying so much as they did in the last and in the beginning of this century. But without undertaking to explain the cause, the fact is that voices such as they existed at Handel's time cannot easily be found now. Handel wrote in the well-known "Acis and Galatea" for a singer who undertook the part of Polifemo an aria with an extent of *two octaves and a fifth*; and another air ("Nell' Africane selve") had an extent of one whole tone more. When Handel gave his opera "Rinaldo" here, he inserted this grand air of Polifemo, note for note, and made Signor Boschi, for whom it was composed, come here from Naples and sing it in the opera.

Various opinions have been expressed at all times about great men's works, but were they always opinions of real judges? A Chevalier de Castellux, a perfect ignoramus, pretended to discuss the merits of Gluck and Piccini with the Marquis de Clermont, a great friend and admirer of

Gluck's Muse, but the latter replied: "I will sing you an air, and if you are capable of beating correct time to it, I will discuss Gluck with you."

It has often been asserted that Handel took other people's melodies and gave them out for his own. Apart from the slight objection to this assertion, viz., that it is not true, there are some melodies which he has avowedly taken, and those he has himself freely designated. "The Harmonious Blacksmith," a series of variations on a very simple *motif*, which he pretended to have heard a blacksmith singing when rain obliged Handel to seek shelter in the workshop; and the "Pastoral Symphony" which he put in his "Messiah," and which is a repetition of a melody played on Italian bagpipes about Christmas time, and which he indicated by writing over the melody "Pifa," which means Pifferari, are among these.

Thomas Britton, a man to whom Handel was in the habit of going to play the harpsichord and the organ, before the famous beauty, the Duchess of Queensberry, and a select circle of distinguished people, was a man who carried on his back small coal which he sold in the street; he by degrees increased his trade, and taught himself without any help to play the viol di gamba and the piano so well that people ran to hear him; by-and-by several musical artists joined him, Handel among others. He established a music-room over his coal-cellar, by dividing it horizontally, leaving the lower part for his trade and making the new ceiling serve as the floor of his music-room, which was so low that one could barely stand upright therein, and in that locality the best society of London met the most distinguished performers of the day, and there it was that the best music was heard. When the "small-coal man" died, he left a superb collection of MSS. and the two instruments above mentioned. One of the most remarkable circumstances concerning this remarkable man, was, that he, whose only portrait represents him with a soft hat and a blouse, had numbers of friends and not an enemy. How many patrons of art of the present day can say as much?

In a work published in 1799 a remark occurs which we might copy to-day with equal propriety. "Italian opera," says the author of "Anecdotes of Handel's Life," "it is clearly ascertained, without considerable subscriptions and strenuous exertions, can never be advantageously maintained in London." This remark was made when Handel was ruined the moment

a rival opera-house was opened, while the other house did no good business either. It has happened in London year after year that the struggle of two, once even three, Italian operas, led only to the disaster of all concerned. It is therefore not to be wondered at that Handel left opera composing altogether, and began the grand career in which he won immortal fame and glory—the oratorio. And although he wrote his first oratorio in 1720, when he was thirty-five years old, and had already composed no less than forty-one operas, he wrote on to his sixty-sixth year, composing sixteen oratorios, which, after nearly a hundred and fifty years, still possess the greatest drawing power in our concert-rooms.

It is a well-known fact that Gluck wrote his best operas after he was sixty years old, so that the last years of his life saw his most glorious works. If Rossini had not stopped writing after producing "William Tell," when he was thirty-seven years old, what masterpieces might he not have given to the world! But he would not be persuaded into leaving his adored idleness. Count Aguado, the distinguished Spanish banker and amateur, a short time after the success of "William Tell," wrote to Rossini, who then lived in Bologna, asking him to compose a new work, and to allow the count to send him a libretto; Rossini to fill out a blank cheque, which Count Aguado would be happy to sign the moment his score was written. For two weeks no answer came, but then a letter arrived marked "Immediate," in which Rossini announced a parcel to be on its way to Paris, which the Count fully expected to be the warmly desired score. Great was his surprise when he read the following lines: "Monsieur le Comte, I have the honor to announce to you that by this day's post I have forwarded to your address in Paris a parcel containing what cost me much reflection and care, a mortadella of the finest description, together with one of the best Bolognese sausages. There is only just a *soupeçon* of garlic in it, and I hope you will find it to your taste, and remember your ever devoted friend, Gioachino Rossini." Of the demanded score not a word was said then or ever after.

I mentioned that Handel said he loved no female but the Muse. I am enabled, in the interest of truth, to mention this because, being a handsome man (usually the most important factor with marriageable ladies), and celebrated even in his youth, he came twice very near the sacred bond of marriage. Once a young lady,

madly in love with him, told her father that, come what may, she would marry this man only and no other. Unfortunately, the father in Handel's hearing declared that, so long as he lived, his daughter should not marry a fiddler. This word so exasperated Handel, that soon afterwards, when the father died and the mother, who saw her daughter pine away, told Handel that all obstacles were now got rid of, he replied that all was over between her daughter and him, and he, "a fiddler," would have nothing to say to her. The poor girl died from a broken heart — a fact as rare as the phrase is frequent. The second opportunity was thrown in his way by a very rich lady, handsome and accomplished in every way — in fact, a most desirable person; but her family, although they had no objection to the man, insisted that he should give up his profession, a request which he proudly refused, preferring to live on his own earnings rather than on the wealth of a bride.

Perhaps I may be allowed here to allude to an absurd habit which consists in the title of Mus. Doc. being taken for a guarantee that the man on whom it has been conferred must, besides a learned musician, be a great composer. A great composer must be a great musician, but it does not follow that a great musician must be a great composer; for a great musician is he who has learned all you can learn — thorough-bass, harmony, counterpoint, composition. He will be pronounced a great musician if he offends against no rule, if, for instance, he can write an orchestral score and make no mistake, giving no instrument either notes or passages which it cannot play, and violating no rule of harmony; but just as a man can learn grammar, syntax, style, and, without offending against any rule, may not be able to write an interesting book unless he have ideas of his own or an original way of representing things as distinguished from the ordinary claptrap, so will no man write a great composition without new ideas of his own, or a style of his own. Being a musician is, in fact, a negative quality, not to make unallowed mistakes, just as a well-educated man will not offend against good manners; but being a great composer is an absolute merit. You must not only show what you don't do, but what you can do; you must create, you must give something that nobody before you has given; and though a doctor's diploma may prove that you have written a faultless MS., no title on

earth can give you genius and make you a composer. A Welch paper once distinctly stated that Dr. P. stands higher than Beethoven, since the latter was no doctor of music, and the former was. I was led to this digression on account of the difficulty Handel encountered with his "Te Deum," which could not be given in any church where the works of doctors of music only were admitted. There were five or six then; what has become of their names and their work, and where are they by the side of the name of the immortal "Sassone," who was a genius and no doctor? It is as Dumas once said to a young gentleman who was invited to a Russian *soirée*, and was dazzled with the stars and ribands of the gentlemen present. "Vous êtes l'homme le plus distingué de la soirée," said Dumas to him; "vous êtes le seul qui ne soit pas décoré." And Frenchmen, who are so often ridiculed for this eager craving after the riband instituted by Napoleon I., attach not less value to that distinction than Englishmen do to the title of Mus. Doc.

I mentioned King George I. as being angry with Handel because he preferred the pleasant and luxurious life at Lord Burlington's, who had received Handel in his mansion in Piccadilly, to his previous tedious life in Hanover. It is interesting to know that Lord Burlington, when asked why he had built his residence *so far out of town*, where it was "quite a journey for his friends to visit him," replied, "Well, I like a solitary life," and he had therefore chosen a site where he was certain nobody would build near him. What would he say to the fields round Piccadilly now?

We are continually crowing over the great progress which music has made in this country, and in consequence the heightened position of musicians and the respect with which they are received in society. Handel, who after having lived with Lord Burlington, was engaged by the Duke of Chandos as conductor of his "chapel," composed there his first oratorio "Esther," and the duke was so enchanted with it, that he at once gave Handel, besides his appointment, the sum of a thousand pounds. Has the progress of our days led any duke, however rich, to a similar liberality?

Handel spoke and wrote several languages, although perhaps not exactly to perfection. In his French correspondence — and French was at that time the language used in the correspondence of distinguished society, just as it is now in

Russia — there occur sometimes expressions which might not receive the indulgence of the Académie Française. In a letter to his brother-in-law he promises to give him explanation, "verbally," which he styles *de bouche*, of course a verbal translation of the German *mündlich*. This same letter he signs, "Avec une passion inviolable." Imagine a man to remain his brother-in-law's obedient servant, with "inviolable passion"!

The great friendship which the famous Salieri had for Gluck led to the following polyglot leave-taking so often resorted to by Italians, who know a little of every language. This is, when Gluck left for Paris, how Salieri addressed him: "Ainsi, mon cher ami, lei parte domani per Parigi. Je vous souhaite di cuore un bon voyage. Sie gehen in eine Stadt wo man die frem-

den Künstler schätzt, e lei ci farà onore, ich zweifle nicht (embracing him). Ci scriva, mais bien souvent!"

The birthday of Handel and the year of his birth are often incorrectly given, and by whom of all authorities should you think? By no less a man than Dr. Burney, who copied it from Handel's monument in Westminster Abbey, where February 24, 1684, is falsely given, which, after minute inquiry and authenticated copy from the church register, has been authoritatively ascertained. The incorrect information coming from such high quarter, it is worth giving here the exact translation of his christening certificate, it being understood that, according to the use of those times in Germany, the child was christened the day after its birth.

1685.

THE WEEK SEXAGESIMA.

<i>Feb.</i>	<i>Father.</i>	<i>Baptized.</i>	<i>Godfathers and Mothers.</i>	Baptism Register.
* ♂ 24th.	Herr Georg Handel, valet and official surgeon, Amts-Chirurgus.	George Frederic.	Herr Philip Fehrsdorff, Saxon intendant at Langendorff, Maid Anna, daughter of G. Taustens, ex-curate at Giebichstein, and Herr Zacharias Kleinhempel, barber in the market here.	Of the Oberpfarrkirche (Church of the Holy Virgin), zu Unser Lieben Frauen at Halle, anno 1667-1686, p. 663.

This is clear and indisputable evidence. Handel's father, valet and surgeon, was not what we call a surgeon, but according to the German designation, *Bader*, he was a barber of the sort who used to put on leeches, cut a vein when ordered by the physician, draw teeth, often very badly, and — shave.

Those barbers who even now exist in small German towns and villages proceed from selling leeches to ordering them, and call themselves surgeons because they meddle with surgical operations of the lowest kind. It is possible that great admirers of Handel imagine that they elevate the man by making him the son of a surgeon. But, first of all, the statement is untrue, and what is of more importance in history than truth? and then it seems even more like self-creating genius to have himself only to thank for all he achieved, "his low birth."

It is said that he was born while he en-

joyed the hospitality of Lord Burlington, he perfected himself not only in the art of composition, but in the art of gastronomy. Indeed, the science of eating, and more so of drinking, was cultivated in those times to such an extent that the queen is credited with having said that she was herself very proficient in this branch of human science, but that she was compelled to dismiss her faithful minister, Harley, Earl of Oxford, because he came too often drunk into the Council chamber. Handel had therefore the highest authorities as models from which to copy.

An impartial observer, looking at the publications of the time, will be somewhat startled on finding a score by Handel announced thus: "The Opera of Richard I., for the flute. Ye aires (*sic*) with their symphonies for a single flute, etc. Walsh, 1728. Also may be had where these are sold, all Mr. Handel's operas for a single flute"! Another publication was made by Signor Buononcini, who, from jealousy of Handel's overwhelming successes, published, both in English and Italian. a

* This sign ♂ means Monday, and shows that Handel was born on Monday 23rd.

pamphlet, entitled: "Advice to Composers and performers of Vocal Musick which is *given gratis*, up one pair of stairs in Suffolk Street;" in which he tried to prove that all Handel's vocal compositions were so overloaded with instrumental accompaniments, that the voice became quite covered, and that instead of being arias they were sonatas. He did distribute this pamphlet gratis as promised, but is it not remarkable that no number is mentioned—"one pair of stairs in Suffolk Street"? Rightly to understand why the Italian opera under Handel had at last to give up the ghost, I should require space to show the intrigues, among many other intriguers, of two lady singers, La Faustina and La Cuzzoni. Those who know what vanity, jealousy, and envy can accomplish among ladies will understand what the effect of putting both these prima-donnas into the same opera must have been. But the advent and unprecedented success of "The Beggar's Opera" put even these ladies in the background, and Polly Peachum (Miss Fennell—Notte Beswick was her real name) was more adulated, flowered, praised than any of the others. That charming damsel, however, ran away—I should say, bolted—with the Duke of Bolton, and everybody thought how very soon she would have to return to her bread-earning profession. But she was clever enough to become Duchess of Bolton. "The Beggar's Opera," written by Gay and produced by Rich, was such a financial success, that it was said, it made Rich gay, and Gay rich.

Of course Handel got tired of the Italian opera where the ladies above mentioned came to blows on the open stage, where they tore each other's hair, which was all the more unfair as one of the combatants had less to suffer than the other, her hair not growing on her head. Remarkable is a letter written about the "differences" between these two ladies, by the Countess Pembroke to the mistress of the robes of Queen Caroline, the Viscountess Sundon.*

In "a letter from a gentleman in town to a friend in the country," London, 1727, the rage of the audience for worn-out Italian reputations in preference to fresh English voices is deplored, and the question is asked whether it is not downright ridiculous that a person should buy from a pawnbroker worn-out second-hand

clothes, who can well afford to buy from any shop a fresh new suit?

The world-renowned "Acis and Galatea" was given in the little theatre in the Haymarket, with the announcement that "tickets may be had and places taken at Mr. Fribourg's, maker of Rappee snuff, at the Play-house gates. Prices 5s. and 2s. 6d." Handel's glorious oratorio career began with "Esther," 1732 (first written in January for the Duke of Chandos).

On July 10th, 1733, "Athalia" was given in Oxford before thirty-seven hundred hearers, when before Dr. Arne, M. Charles Floting, and other celebrities, he improvised on the organ so, that they declared such extempore playing had never been heard before on the organ or any other instrument, and from this moment Handel was considered the greatest man of his time.

I have before said that it was in his advanced years that Handel wrote those oratorios which have since formed a model for students, the admiration of the world, an ever-fresh monument of the activity and fertility of an indefatigable genius, whose works, after one hundred and fifty years, are as fresh and as universally admired as they were when first created. His works must be considered as truly immortal music. I have not the space now to speak of this period of his time, but must leave the consideration of this part of his life and work to another paper. Being one of the most colossal giants of the last century, that century so rich in great men, Handel's life exacts a more than ordinary share of attention, with which less celebrated men may dispense, but to which such a Titan as Handel is fully entitled.

L. E.

From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.
THE GREAT INDIAN DESERT.

ON some of the older maps of India there appears on the eastern side of the Indus River an almost blank space, on which is written "Great Indian Desert." The map-makers give us a few names, perhaps to save appearances of total ignorance, such as Bikanir, Jeysulmir, Barmir; but these only serve to intensify the contrast between this part and the rest of the peninsula, and to rouse the suspicion in most minds that the tale was not all told. The fact that nearly the whole of this area is in native States accounts in great measure for the com-

* The title of the pamphlet relating this notorious affair is: "The Devil to pay at St. James's, a full and true account of a most horrid and bloody battle between Madame Faustina and Madame Cuzzoni.

parative ignorance of its physical features, and it is indeed only of late years that its topographical survey has been undertaken by the government of India. In a few years more its wastes will have been explored and mapped; already it can boast of its "Gazetteer," and if it can only be gradually, and even partially, opened out by railway communication, it may earn, as it deserves, a character less forbidding than it has borne hitherto.

During the last cold season of 1888-89 I was able in some degree to satisfy my own curiosity about this country by having to conduct a reconnaissance for a proposed railway between Delhi and Katri, in Sind, passing through Bikanir and Jeysulmir, which was to form a direct commercial strategic route between Kurachi and upper India. The great improvements of late years in the harbor and in the loading facilities at Kurachi have resulted in great strides being made in the trade of this port, and it is claimed that it must ere long become the main inlet and outlet for the trade of northern and western India.

The country commonly referred to as the "desert" is in fact very far from being so in reality, for though the surface is largely covered with sand or sand-hills, and the soil is so poor that it is a marvel how any crop at all can be grown on it, it can boast, nevertheless, of many old and interesting towns, and of being the present home of one of the most martial and vigorous races—the Rajputs. Taking the Luni River, which falls into the Runn of Cutch, as the eastern boundary, the Varra, the old channel of the Indus, as the western, and the Runn of Cutch as the southern limit, the whole country to the north as far, say, as the old bed of the Guggur River, now buried in sand, is an undulating sandy country with varying heights above sea-level. Bikanir is, for instance, nearly five hundred feet above the level of the plain of the Indus at Bhawalpore, while Jeysulmir is about six hundred and fifty feet above the same plain at or near Sukkur. The southern end of this great area is known as the Sind Desert, and may be considered to be the initial boundary of the sand, and the extreme type of the whole; where the sand-hills run to mountainous heights, and where, except in seasons when the rainfall is exceptionally good, say from four to six inches, there is practically no cultivated land over an area of some four thousand square miles.

No better description of the Sind Desert

could be given than to say that its surface resembles the Atlantic in a severe storm, but that the height and length of the waves are enlarged threefold. The hills or ridges do not, however, as is the case with sea-waves, run with the line of their crests at right angles to the direction of the wind; but, curiously and inexplicably, run roughly *parallel* to it. The distances from centre to centre of these ridges vary between three hundred yards and three-quarters of a mile, and are joined up at intervals of from one to two miles, by long slopes on the windward side, into deep basins in which there is a subsiding system of sand-ridges of less height running roughly in the same direction as the main ridges. The crests of these latter were found to be frequently one hundred and twenty or even one hundred and fifty feet above the bottom of the hollows, and some isolated points to be seen here and there must have been considerably higher. As a general rule, the slopes of these sand-hills were very abrupt on the north-west flanks, being often as steep as forty-five degrees, while on the south-east flanks the slope was much easier. The actual surface of this country is a dirty sand, filled, in the course of centuries, with dust and fragments of vegetation; but below this is clean and rather fine quartz sand, the particles being rounded off into almost complete spheres by the action of either wind or water, or both. Yet, notwithstanding this most unpromising "soil," the country is clothed, though sparsely, with tufts of coarse grass, cactus bushes, and prickly shrubs, and even dwarfed trees, though few and far between, are dotted over the hills and hollows, while, in good rainy seasons, the sandy bottoms produce patches of *bājri*, a small millet, and the staple food of the people over the whole of the desert country. The cultivation is primevally simple—the sand is worked into furrows by a camel drawing a rough, light plough, the seed is put in deep and left to do its best in the showers and sunshine of the rainy season. Judging by the stubble in these patches, it would seem that perhaps one seed only in thirty, or even fifty, germinates and comes to maturity; but when one finds that a good handful of the sand when stirred in a tumbler full of water can barely do more than seriously discolor it, one marvels why any should get beyond the stage of mustard and cress grown on damp flannel.

A strong wind from the south-west and west-south-west blows over the Sind Desert and runs up over Raiputana in the

months of March, April, May, and June. At the end of April, or in May, when the wind is most violent, or in what the natives call the *chālisa*, or forty days, the wind has at times a probable velocity of forty miles an hour, and is apparently hardly less violent at night. The whole atmosphere is charged with dust and fine sand, the crests of the ridges are all in motion, and scarfs of drift-sand form on their north-east ends. The people who live in this desert describe this time of the year as almost intolerable; and, indeed, with the fearful heat day and night, the sand in their mouths, eyes, food, and clothing, the want of water, and the almost sleepless nights, it must be as near a realization of the infernal regions as they can expect to find in this world. They are, however, rewarded by their winter season, which affords them a dry, bracing cold, and by an almost complete immunity from cholera, small-pox, or other diseases which in the hot season occasionally decimate villages in other parts of India.

The origin of this immense volume of sand is a geological mystery. In character it differs inappreciably in the sand-hills about Omercote, from those near Bikanir, a distance of something like three hundred and twenty miles, and at Omercote I ascertained that the sand dips below the alluvium of the Indus valley, while under the sand, at varying depths, a pebbly, silicious conglomerate is found both towards Hyderabad and eastward into the desert. Outcrops of this conglomerate, altered near Barmir by contact with plutonic rocks, are found all over the desert, and the city of Bikanir itself is built on an extensive ridge of it. It has been suggested, I believe, by our geologists that the whole of this great desert was at one time the bed of the sea, and the brackish water in the wells, and the numerous salt-pans, or depressions, lend some color to the idea. If this was the case we may imagine central and southern India as a great island with the Indian Ocean flowing round the present basins of the Indus and the Ganges up to the foot of the Himalayas. It would, I think, be clear to any one who studied this country that the immense sand hills and ridges of the Sind Desert, and even those further inland, have been formed under forces and conditions which no longer exist; that, geologically, they are very old, and from the point of view of sand-hills "have seen better days." Near Barmir, for example, there are high ranges of metamorphic sandstone and conglomerate running across the line

of the sand-hills, and seeming to have been upheaved through them, in so far that the sand-ridges run up on to their flanks on the weather side, and on the *lee side* are formed of the same even section with the ridges tilted up slightly towards the rocky range. The sand could not well have been blown over ranges one thousand two hundred feet high above the average level of the country, and even if this was assumed, it is hard to imagine that it should fall again on the lee side to the same section and lie symmetrically on the rock. I tried, but failed, to find any indications of alteration in the sand where it joined on to the rock, but I had no sufficient appliances or labor to make a satisfactory inquiry. The general parallelism of the sand-ridges in the Sind desert with the direction of the prevailing wind is, as I have already noted, difficult to account for, more especially as about the latitude of Jodhpore the sand-hills take what may be called their normal shape, viz., that of huge sea-waves with a long slope on the windward side, a steep slope to leeward, and the line of their crests at right angles to the wind — as, in fact, a sea-wave would run. In the triangle between Jeysulmir, Bikanir, and Jodhpore, such sand-hills are dotted all over the country in the most irregular way, and rise to heights of eighty or even one hundred feet above the general level of the ground; but no sand-hills, except small drifts, are now being formed, and it is only in places where the surface has been disturbed by cattle or by cultivation that this action is seen at work on anything like a large scale.

The population of the Sind Desert might be put, and very liberally, at an average of one to the square mile. Between Omercote and Barmir, a distance of some one hundred and twenty miles, there is only one place that can be called a village. Any other indications of human habitation consist of collections of from two to half-a-dozen round huts built of twigs, and as much like American "wigwams" as can be. These are the abode of cattle and goat herds, and seem to be moved or abandoned at short notice. They are generally found near some hollow where shallow wells about two to three feet in diameter have been sunk through the sand, the sides of which are kept up by ropes and bundles of grass and twigs. Day and night the wells are at work, and it is very astonishing to see what considerable numbers of animals come to be watered, and to think that they have to find their daily meal in such

a country. Bullocks, cows, goats, camels, and donkeys, come in, untended very often, drink their fill, and go away stolidly again into the desert to "graze" on the hideous "pasture"-ground, the very look of which would be enough to demoralize a proper-minded English cow. These wells were the only source of interest in camp, though the scene was always the same. The camel's patience under thirst was here seen to be illusory, or at any rate that if he can bear it, he does not like it. That a camel can go a long while without water is a well-established fact; but the people in this desert told me that the animals came in of their own accord somewhat as follows: Goats every day, donkeys every other day, camels the same, while cows and bullocks would go for three or four days without water. And such water as it is!—very salt, very dirty, and very warm; so salt that soap will not lather in it, and to a European stomach it is simply poison; yet both the people of the country and the cattle seem to be quite happy with it, and even prefer it to sweet water, or say they do, and the cows' milk is certainly excellent, though the yield is very small. Away from the wells the outlook is horribly monotonous, and it is difficult to repress a constant feeling of sadness that so much dry land, of which we have none too much anywhere, should be so comparatively useless and unprofitable. At the best we may regard it as a vast area where climates or "samples of weather" are made for other places, a great drying-ground for the westerly currents that sweep for more than half the year from this corner of the peninsula over northern and central India, and form an important factor in the phenomenon of the monsoon.

The rainfall of the "Great Desert" is terribly uncertain. In Sind it may be six inches and is often nil, and in the Jeysulmir and Bikanir States scarcely a year passes without considerable areas suffering either from severe scarcity or even actual famine. So frequently, indeed, is the failure of the rains before the people, that it is a well-recognized custom for them to march away with their families and cattle in bodies of thirty or forty in number, into the irrigated plains of Sind. They make little or no fuss about it. Their few simple implements are shut up or buried in the floor of their huts, and putting the women and children on camels, and driving before them a few half-starved cattle, they set off in quest of harvest or other work, and await the setting-in of

the next rainy season, when, as soon as the clouds begin to gather, they toil back over the burnt-up wilderness to their abandoned fields, their *wultun*, to begin life again with arrears of rent to face as perhaps the sole result, save that of the preservation of their own lives, of their long journey and exile. We met many hundreds of these poor people coming from Jeysulmir and Mullani, and often as I asked them why they did not settle for good in Sind, and leave their wretched desert land, the invariable reply was that they must return to their *wultun* when better times come; and I suppose that of the thousands who go every year into Sind, not one per cent. remains permanently. It is impossible for any one who has not lived in India to understand how much is meant by the term *wultun* to a native, and it is difficult for any European to realize that even in this desert the force of this sentiment is unimpaired. It may mean actually no more than the recognized right to cultivate some small plat of almost uncultivable soil, a share only in a mean, but hereditary employment, or even the right to village charity; but it is none the less a *wultun*—a recognized position in the village community, a status or a means of livelihood which, however humble, is the birthright of his family, and a position which perhaps no money can buy, while to abandon it is to make a man, according to his light, a waif and stray. To the Englishman, whose home is everywhere and anywhere, this would seem but a feeble tie; but to the native of India it means pretty nearly his only stock of sentiment or feeling.

It is curious that the accounts of the poorer people in this desert are kept in "legs" of animals. A man's property consists of so many "legs" of cattle or camels, he is indebted in "legs," and the security of money-lenders is in one or more "legs" of a herd, and a proportionate share in their offspring and produce. Most of the people are *Sodas*, a race of poor degenerate Rajputs, but who in years gone by were a powerful class. They consider Omercote as the centre of the universe, and look to it mainly for their food supply. It boasts of a rather imposing mud fort, and of being the birthplace, or nearly so, of the great Akbar, who was born close by while his mother was flying from Jodhpore. The fort being built on the very edge of the desert, on the west side one looks over gardens and the irrigated plain of Sind, while on the east is sand immediately under the walls, and

sand-hills are seen as far as the eye can reach. The town is an irregular mass of some six hundred or seven hundred mud-built houses with flat roofs, hardly any of them having windows, and coolness and ventilation are obtained by huge cowls on the roofs. It is the headquarters of a desert district which may claim, perhaps, to be the hottest and most uninteresting in British India.

On nearing Barmir, an old robber stronghold perched on a precipitous hillside, the character of the desert changes from monotonous sand-hills to low ranges of bare rock interspersed with sand-drifts, and with occasional patches of cultivation in the hollows. The rocks show basalt, or black porphyry, schists, and metamorphic sandstones, and the crests of the hills run up to thirteen or fourteen hundred feet above sea-level. Going further east, towards Jodhpore or Bikanir, the outcrops of rock are frequent, and the country generally undulating, but sand-hills show everywhere in detached masses, except near Jodhpore itself, and about Nagore, where the soil is good, and the annual rainfall reaches sometimes to seventeen inches. Jodhpore itself has already a good water supply from large tanks, and this is being much improved. The town and fortress of Jodhpore make certainly one of the most picturesque and striking-looking places in India. Every house is built of stone, most of them being gems of native design, both in their outlines and in the minute and beautiful carving of the stone. The stone slabs, pierced into network screens for the balconies, are of exquisite design and workmanship, and are peculiar to this part of India, being found in Bikanir, Jeysulmir, and Jeypore.

The general aspect of nearly the whole of this country perhaps justifies its old designation of the "Great Desert"—at any rate for at least eight months in the year. In the rainy season, if there is rain, the fields and even the sand-hills are sparsely clothed with green, the air is cool, and the sky clouded over; but as soon as the crops are cut, say in October, the grass has withered to a dull yellow, or has been grazed down to the level of the ground; the salsifer, the camel thorn, and wild-capsicum bushes, and the dwarf *ber*, or jujube, are the only signs of life, and these at long intervals, with a glaring, undulating plain of sand or sandy earth. How cattle manage to get through the hot season in this country is a standing marvel—and, in fact, a large proportion die of what is simple

starvation. But sterile and even hideous as this country is to the eye of the European, it has long been the home of the Rajputs and of the well-known *Morwari* traders, whose banking and commercial agencies are to be found in every large city in India. Marching over the country with seemingly nothing but a wilderness of desert in front, as far as the horizon, one comes almost suddenly, in some hollow, on a little town of well-built, whitewashed houses, glistening and grilling in the sun, and with the sand-hills perhaps close up to their walls. The signs of life about such places are few indeed, even in the daytime—literal "sleepy hollows," where the sleek merchant, who has made his money in India, comes back to rest and idleness, and to "fight his battles over again" with old comrades and eager listeners. In the sanctum of one of these men whose house of business was quite a thousand miles away on the other side of India, and who had seen a good deal of "life," I was astonished to find how absolutely childish were the ornaments and pictures hung round the room, and how utterly incongruous was their mixture. I can recall that an old and nearly obliterated line engraving of St. Sebastian was cheek by jowl with a florid-colored German picture of a young lady in very *décolleté* dress, and the central one, curiously enough, was a dauby, red-colored print of George the Third and his queen, on one side of which was a picture of the Virgin and child, and on the other a framed advertisement of somebody's brandy.

I am inclined to think, though I see no sign of the idea in our gazetteers, that the Rajputs are a decaying race. They have few, if any, of the difficulties about food which the Hindu has, and will eat meat freely, but excluding pork, especially that of the wild pig. They drink heavily when they get the chance, and both eat opium and smoke tobacco, and generally the better off a Rajput is the more dissipated and body-worn he looks. The difficulties that surround marriage, both on the score of expense and in the restrictions of exogamy which is rigorously adhered to, are, moreover, telling on the reproduction of the population. I estimated the average family in the villages I passed through to be less than three in number, and among the Rajputs only the average was much lower. The paucity of male heirs among the better class of them is notorious, and the system of exogamous marriage must surround it with temptation to avoid its difficulties by recourse to female infants

cide. The term *bēti-ke-bāp*, or "father of daughters," is a well-known term of reproach in Rajputana, which has not yet lost its zest, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of our political officers to arouse a better feeling on this point. The moral decay of the Rajput is indeed acknowledged by themselves, and is, curiously enough, attributed by them to the action of the British government. They say, "We are now all getting 'soft.' In former days we could settle our disputes with the sword, and keep our hands in, between whiles, by raiding a village or a herd of cattle; but now you won't let us do this, and we have to sit in our houses and twiddle our thumbs." This is no new story in the records of our Indian empire. The "reign of law" spreads steadily and inexorably, and far in advance of the comprehension of its purpose and value. The great bulk of the population of the desert is composed of races who have been driven into it by the conquest of their former homes, and the oppression of the conquerors. What but severe pressure could induce men to come to such a country, where the soil is sand, and water, the crying need of man in a tropical climate, is hundreds of feet below the surface in wells sunk through sand and hard rocks? In the hot weather the water from good wells is sold at a high price, and all the deep ones are covered and locked at night when not in use. In other places the water that runs from the roof in the scanty showers of the monsoon is carefully led into underground cisterns, and is doled out much as we should do with a rare and costly wine. It is, in fact, the water difficulty that has, in a great degree, led to the villages and towns being placed in the lowest hollows.

The cultivating class live generally in circular "wigwam" huts, made of the branches of trees and shrubs, the sides of which are plastered inside and out with a mixture of mud and cow-dung. Round each family group is a fence of dried thorn bushes stuck in the ground, against which the sand has generally drifted up on the windward side. In the Sind Desert many of the villages get sanded up in a few years, and are moved away to windward, and even in the towns the labyrinthine tracks among the houses are full of loose sand-drifts. In Jeysulmir the sand has been blown up against the west side of the city walls to the extent that a horseman can ride over them, and everywhere it would seem to be the recognized duty of the householder to make periodical clear-

ances of his enclosures. In the hot season, between the months of March and July, when the wind blows strongly night and day, and the air is laden with dust and fine sand, and the coarser particles are drifting along the surface, it must seem as if it were only a question of a few days to see a village entirely overwhelmed, but a good deal of what is blown in is blown out again, and it evidently takes a long time to produce any serious inconvenience. This "blowing" or drift sand, would be the great difficulty with any railway project through this desert, as we know that three inches of sand over the rails will put an engine off the line as certainly as a log of wood, so that when it is a matter of keeping the road clear of drift night and day, the expense of constant watching and clearance, and the great risk involved in this being neglected, will certainly tend to postpone, if not prevent, railway extension through this country, unless on conditions involving unusual cost in construction and in maintenance. On a small metre gauge line in the Jodhpore State, which at one place touches the edge of the sandy tract, a train has been blocked in front by sand, and, while detained by this, blocked also behind in the same way. The expense of dealing with the drifts on a section of not more than three or four miles in length, has been indeed as serious as it was unexpected. It is almost needless to say that the camel is at present the principal means of transport and travel in the desert, and does also a fair amount of work at ploughing and dragging water out of the deep wells. As a beast of burden I have no allegation to make against it; but as a means of locomotion for the human body, I unhesitatingly condemn it, and I cannot suppose that an Indian camel is worse in this respect than an Egyptian one or any other. Riding day after day at a jog-trot for four and five hours together on one of these animals, with an occasional spell of double this time, is eminently calculated to impress one with the wonderful adaptability of a man's "internal economy," and why the entire viscera do not become a jumbled mass under such a trial, is to me a standing testimony to the excellence of its design to meet every conceivable villainy and maltreatment. To take the front seat and drive the animal yourself is the only possible method in going at speed. To take the hind seat means passing hours, that seem days, of unmitigated torture. The boasted excellence of the Bikanir or Jeysulmir riding-camel is, in my

experience, a delusive flight of the imagination. I sought such animals in vain, and the only satisfaction I could get was that such excellence is now very rare, as the "fire horse" makes them no longer asked for, and that the days when robber bands wanted them for night rides of eighty or one hundred miles, have passed away. On this latter point one old man, whom I suspected of knowing more about it than by hearsay, told me that a camel for such purposes was fed for a day with *ghee* (clarified butter), as much as could be got into him, and was then left for two or three days without any food or water. If after this ordeal he was still alive, he could be reckoned on for a night *chappar* of any distance, and was worth his weight in silver.

Beyond a small amount of sheep's wool and of oil-seed (*til*) the desert produces practically nothing for European markets, and the former is so loaded with sand, and so spoiled by burrs from the *burroot* grass, that it can have but little reputation with wool-buyers. These burrs cover the sheep almost like a garment, and so tenacious are they that if the wool is pressed for easy transport they are extracted with the greatest difficulty, and I suspect that the scratchy things one too often finds in one's woollen underclothing are remnants of these detestable natural plagues. Camping in the desert is, in fact, made doubly horrible by this pest. The burrs get on to one's clothes, tents, bedding, and towels, and a "real treat" is to get one on a camel-saddle or to rub one's self with one on a bath-towel. Oil-seeds would become a considerable item of export if the cost of transit to the railways was not so heavy. For this reason the imports of English goods are very small, and both cotton and woollen clothing are made locally from indigenous material. The woollen blankets woven by the village women are excellent samples of solid good work, and the patterns on them are singularly neat and symmetrical. The *serin*, or woman's gala-cloth for the head and shoulders, is, for such an out-of-the-way place, an extraordinary piece of hand-work embroidery, in excellent taste both as to color and design, and the stamped cotton cloths are equally good in this respect and in their substantial texture.

The greater portion of this immense tract of country seems doomed by its physical characteristics and by mal-administration to comparative, if not complete, isolation from the civilizing influences

which are now at work in the rest of the peninsula. The schools, the metalled roads, railways, telegraphs, and, above all, the enforcement of law, are slowly but surely doing their work in other parts of India, and are converting the masses from being mere cultivating machines into thinking, reasoning beings; but in this desert country, which is almost wholly under native rule, these changes are spreading slowly and fitfully. The upper classes and, with some exceptions, the rulers are unfortunately men but little superior in aims and culture to the smallest landholder; their lives are passed in a continued round of the lowest pleasures, and it is only by the persistent and unselfish efforts of our political officers that the administration of these States is saved from being a scandalous contrast to that in our own territories. The construction, or even the maintenance, of existing public works of utility is carried out only under pressure, and even then more for the honor and glory of the ruler than for the benefit of the people. For a new palace money can always be found; for a bridge or a new road there is none. We consider in British India the Bengali *zamindar* to be the extreme type of the landlord incubus; but I think the normal Rajput *thakoor* would beat him easily in his absolute ignorance of the duties he owes to his cultivation, in his profligacy, and in his selfish, wasted life. We must, however, be prepared to excuse him to the extent that, unlike the Bengali, he has little or no chance of ever hearing of better things, and he sees too little of the very few Englishmen who travel through the desert, for this influence to have any effect. The Morwari traders, the Jews of India, who are constantly going to and fro between this country and British India, might be expected to set an example and bring some better influences to bear on the ruling class. But beyond building palatial houses and spending ruinous sums on the marriage of their children (one of them lately spent over £12,000 on a marriage), they seem to be absolutely inert. The best indication of the barbarous condition of this country is in the institution of domestic slavery. Our Exeter Hall friends think that this is extinct under the British Empire. They should make some inquiries in the desert. That the slaves are well treated as a rule, and would probably resent any proposals for emancipation, is, I believe, beyond a doubt; but the system exists all the same.

HORACE BELL.

From The National Review.

GEORGE SAND AT AN ENGLISH SCHOOL.

A LADY named Catherine Dormer, who died three years ago in London at the age of eighty-five, was probably the last survivor of George Sand's English school-fellows, and the Dowager Duchess de Noailles, née Alicia de Rochechouart, who expired twelve months since at Paris, in her eighty-eighth year, was the last of her French comrades. The former was a granddaughter of Lord Dormer; the latter was a daughter of the Duc de Mortemart et de Rochechouart, which family claims, along with that of Lévi-Mirepoix, descent from the Levi of St. Luke iii. 24, and for centuries asserted a right of sitting in the Virgin's chapels as her kinsmen.

Before, however, describing George Sand's school-days, her own vivid relation of which we are able to correct and supplement by private information, let us briefly give the history of the Austin Nunnery, which was a bit of England embedded in the centre of Paris. She speaks of it as founded during the Commonwealth, but, in reality, it went rather farther back. It was established in 1634 by Lady Letitia Tredway, of Northamptonshire, under the direction of Bishop Richard Smith and Thomas Carr, and after two temporary locations, settled in 1640 in what was then the suburb of St. Marceau, just outside the city walls.

A Roman arena, portions of which a short distance off are now being cleared for preservation, long ago occupied the site, which then, for nearly a thousand years, became a field, known in the thirteenth century as the Enclos des Arènes. Baif bought or built a house upon it, and from 1570 to 1589 held musical and poetical gatherings which, under royal patronage, developed into the Académie du Palais, the precursor of the present Academy. It is not unlikely that Baif's house, or part of it, was preserved when the English nuns settled there, for during a century and a half they altered and enlarged their convent, utilizing old constructions rather than rearing new ones, and even leaving intact portions which had ceased to be of any use. The Scotch College, founded in the fourteenth century, became their next-door neighbor about 1660, and the Christian Brothers had installed themselves in 1627 just round the corner of the street, their back garden adjoining the spacious nunnery grounds. About the end of the seventeenth century, the steep hill called St. Geneviève's, up

which the Rue des Fossés St. Victor ran, was partially levelled, and the convent, like its Scotch neighbor, was put to considerable expense in making a new ground floor, and in underpinning the building during the operation; but for which the house would have been perched high above the road without any access. The Scotch College, with its chapel now apparently on the first story, but really on the original level of the street, as shown by a small back yard which has not been lowered, gives an idea of the trouble and cost of this process.

Charles I.'s widowed queen, with her son James, used to visit the convent, and, according to a tradition repeated by George Sand, touched for scrofula. What is more certain, for it rests on documentary evidence, is that James, after his abdication, occasionally went to the convent. On his death a bit of the flesh of his right arm, wrapped in a rag soaked with his blood, was presented to the nuns, and encased in the wall of the choir with an inscription. This relic escaped destruction in the great Revolution, but disappeared in 1871, when the Commune converted into barracks the newly erected convent at Neuilly, to which it, with other heirlooms, had been removed.

Pope's housekeeper, Martha Blount, and her sisters were educated at the convent, and in 1774 Dr. Johnson, visiting Paris with the Thrales, called there to see Frances Fermor, niece of the Arabella Fermor who was the Belinda of "The Rape of the Lock." Frances herself remembered Pope, whom she described to Johnson as "a disagreeable man," and she told Mrs. Thrale (then Madame Piozzi) nine years later that Pope's praises made her aunt very troublesome and conceited, and that his numberless caprices would have employed ten servants in waiting on him. Mrs. Thrale, who made some satirical comments on the easy life of the nuns, little imagined what tribulations were in store for them. In 1790 they were interrogated by revolutionary commissaries, and invited to choose between re-entering the world and relegation to some general asylum for recusants. Mrs. Lancaster, the superior, who had been an inmate for forty-one years, and superior for eleven — she survived till 1808, to the age of seventy-six — urged the injustice of interfering with foreigners and foreign endowments, and expressed her wish to live and die there. All the other nuns echoed the sentiment; one of them, of whom we shall presently hear, being Mary Anne Can-

ning, daughter of Francis Canning of Foxcote, and cousin of the English statesman.

We must pass over the domiciliary visits of 1793, the plunder and mutilation of furniture and monuments, the detention of the nuns as hostages for Toulon, and the conversion of the nunnery into a political prison — Carmelites, actresses, fashionable ladies, and English residents being crowded into it, and some leaving it only for the guillotine. We must, however, mention that among these prisoners were Madame Dupin and Antoinette (after the Revolution she was called Victoire) Delaborde, George Sand's grandmother and mother, then unknown to each other. Young Dupin, when debarred from visiting his mother, arranged with her that she, from the convent, and he from the other side of Paris, at Passy, should gaze, at a fixed hour in the day, on the dome of the Pantheon. He little imagined that the captives included the birdseller's daughter, destined to be his wife.

After the Reign of Terror, the nuns were on the point of returning to England, but a gleam of hope of the recovery of their property induced them to remain, and partial restitution having been made, they re-opened their school. It flourished more than at any previous period; for, though the war stopped the supply of English pupils, French parents, particularly generals and officers, sent their daughters to it. After Waterloo English girls came again, and the Duke of Wellington heard them sing the National Anthem and "Rule Britannia." When George Sand, or rather Aurore Dupin, was placed there in 1817, at the age of thirteen, all the nuns and two-thirds of the pupils were English.

Aurore had been brought up by her grandmother at Nohant, had been taught by an eccentric factotum, and had had no companion except an elder and illegitimate step-brother. The old lady, daughter of one of Marshal Saxe's natural children, had never really acknowledged her son's wife, though the son's death by a fall from his horse had produced a temporary reconciliation. Disputes as to which should bring up the child caused a separation. Victoire consequently lived at Paris with an elder daughter, not a Dupin, and for four years had had no intercourse with Aurore. The latter, left almost to nature, proved at length unmanageable, and the grandmother, remembering her own captivity with the English nuns, and hearing a good report of their school, resolved on sending thither the unpolished and refractory

child. From the fields and woods of a village in Berri to a Paris cloister was an amazing change. Convent school-life has never been more fully or favorably described than by George Sand, as she looked back nearly forty years on it. Her graphic description of the building is confirmed by nuns still living, who were inmates of it till 1860, when bricks and mortar swallowed up this oasis of verdure, the Rue Monge being made through what had been its grounds. The convent was almost a village in itself, being a collection of buildings of all styles and ages, abounding in corridors and winding staircases, some of which led nowhere. It had about one hundred and twenty inhabitants, nuns, boarders, teachers, pupils, chaplain, and servants. On entering it you seemed to have crossed the Channel, for the nuns retained their English habits, drank tea, allowing well-behaved pupils to drink it with them, commonly spoke to the girls in English, and at certain hours of the day made that language obligatory. Portraits of the Stuarts in the parlor, English epitaphs in the cloisters, all suggested England.

Madame Dupin took Aurore to the establishment where she was to spend three years, not going home for the holidays, nor passing outside the gate more than twice a month. She first, of course, made acquaintance with the superior, Mrs. Canning, who had entered the convent in 1772, at the age of twenty-four. Daughter of Mary Petre, a descendant of Lord Petre, Mrs. Canning had stately manners, prided herself on being a woman of the world, talked French fluently, though with a decided accent, and was generally respected; yet Aurore, who took an immediate dislike to her, thought her harsh, sarcastic, and wily. The grandmother proudly declared the girl fit for the upper class; but, not having been confirmed, she was consigned to the lower form, consisting of about thirty girls between six and fourteen years of age. One of these was accordingly sent for to usher her into the playground, where Aurore, not in the least shy or uneasy under the gaze of the whole school, began inspecting her corner, like a bird, as she says, seeking a spot for its nest. Yet she saw at once that the girls had more polish than herself, who had run wild with peasant children, and she noticed that the elder ones, too proud to play, paced up and down in pairs, arm-in-arm and talking. A game of prisoners' base was going on, and Aurore, ignorant of the rules but expert in running, at once

joined in. Her grandmother came with the superior to look on, and was pleased to find her already at home; but on leading her into the cloister to say farewell was very irate at her stoicism. The old lady burst into tears as she kissed her, whereas Aurore, though a little affected, fancied herself bound to repress her emotion. Upon this the grandmother pushed her away, exclaimed, "Unfeeling child! I can plainly see you part from me without regret," and, covering her own face with her hands, withdrew.

Aurore was stupefied, having fully expected to please her grandmother by her courage or resignation. She was consoled, however, by the housekeeper, Sister Alippia, a little plump old woman, who assured her that if she was good all would love her. The offended grandmother, instead of returning next day as promised, waited a whole week in Paris before coming again, but the mother came and explained the cause of her displeasure, and naturally sided with her child.

So far from being homesick, Aurore passed three years without regretting the past, or looking forward to the future, whereas her comrades, without exception, felt not only the separation from parents, but the loss of liberty and comforts. Yet she suffered physically from the monotony and confinement, from cold dormitories and a low, gloomy class-room, odorous of the adjoining poultry yard. There was, however, the set-off of a spacious garden, in which every pupil might have a separate allotment. Not allowed by her grandmother to be taken out by her mother, Aurore declined to go out with her cousins, the Villeneuves, and the grandmother paid her only two visits. The girls were fond of descending three or four of the seventeen steps which led down to the ground-floor court, of catching sight through the gate of a passing carriage, and of peering through the curtained windows facing the street; but this was merely a childish demonstration against the precautions taken for their safe custody. The street was dingy and uninviting, and when taken out once a fortnight by their friends the girls had no enjoyment in the promenade, or in staring at the people they passed. It was only the forbidden fruit that was tempting. Aurore speaks in high terms of the polish and kindness of the nuns, and regrets that they assigned most of the teaching to lay governesses. She draws no flattering picture of a Mademoiselle D., who had charge of the lower class, yet by her own confession she herself was

anything but a docile pupil. Her grandmother, one of the old free-thinking school, had given her no religious instruction, and the very first day in class revealed her dense ignorance. She was asked what became of the souls of unbaptized children. She had never heard a syllable about their fate, and answered, at a venture, that they went to heaven. The girl next her whispered "*Aux limbes*" (To limbo), but Aurore caught only the last syllable, and suspected a joke. "*Olympe?*" (Olympus?) she exclaimed, turning round and laughing. Sister Alippia Bishop, who was the schoolmistress, was scandalized at her laughing during the catechism, but on Aurore pleading absence of ill intention, excused her from kissing the floor. This was one of her regular punishments, the nuns, however, being satisfied with a mere pretence of kissing, whereas Mademoiselle D. insisted on literal performance. Told to cross herself, Aurore was again at fault. The Nohant maidservant had taught her to touch the right shoulder before the left, and the village priest had not corrected the blunder. "Is that how you always do it?" asked the sister. "*Mon Dieu, oui.*" "*Mon Dieu!* Why, that is swearing."

A desire to aggravate Mademoiselle D., as well as natural proclivities, led Aurore to join what was called the *camp des diables*, the tomboy troop, for there were three categories in the school, the good, the stupid (*les bêtes*), and the tomboys. The head of these last was a girl of eleven, Mary G., who, seeing the good humor with which Aurore took the fun she made of her name — "Mademoiselle Du Pain (Dupin) Miss Bread; what an odd name! Aurore, rising sun, I will be the sun-flower to salute your first rays" — formed an immediate friendship with her. The favorite diversion of the tomboys was at dusk, when there was indoor recreation, to slip out into the grounds and play the game of "releasing the victim." This was a traditional legend of a prisoner in the cellars, and the tomboys used to descend there, seeking for subterranean passages supposed to lead far away into Paris, and battering the plaster walls to find the secret opening. When the bell rang for prayers, they hastily brushed the dust off their dresses and rejoined their class, but sometimes Mademoiselle D., short-sighted though she was, had espied their absence, and they had to wear a nightcap all next day, which made the nuns exclaim "For shame!" as they passed. Another unlawful game was

ascent on the roof, which once ended in the breaking of a window (artfully attributed to Sister Alippia's cat Whisky), the grazing of Aurore's knees, and the dropping of her shoe, which she managed to recover unobserved.

Her first winter was full of discomforts. Roused up at six, instead of sleeping *ad libitum* as at home, forced to break the ice in the water-jug before she could wash, she did not fairly thaw till towards noon. She was anything but studious, and the nightcap was a frequent decoration. A piece of naughtiness, however, alleviated her position. Trusting to the understanding or promise that letters home were never examined, she sent her grandmother satirical accounts of Mademoiselle D. It was the future novelist's first attempt at delineating character. The superior, perhaps putting a strained construction on the term "parents," perused the letters, showed them to Mademoiselle D., and a terrible scene ensued. Aurore stuck to her guns, declined to renounce intimacy with Mary G., and fully expected to have to leave the school; but her grandmother came, was closeted with the superior, and sided, as Aurore imagined, with her granddaughter. Anyhow the latter was merely removed to the upper class, which introduced her to a light, cheerful room, and eventually to a separate bedroom at the top of the house, commanding an extensive view, though scorching in summer and freezing in winter. "Madcap" and "Mischievous," as the lay sister Theresa had nicknamed her, was thus not punished but promoted. Naughty, too, as she was, she managed to ingratiate herself with some of the nuns, helped one to distil mint—mint was grown and distilled on the premises for sale—and got herself adopted by Sister Mary Alicia Spiring—English on the father's, French on the mother's side. Each nun had the option of adopting a pupil; a kind of motherhood which consisted in scolding and caressing the favored girl, who had access at all times to her neat and beautifully clean cell, decked with religious emblems. The archness with which Aurore forced herself on a good sister whose "daughter" had just left, is amusingly related in the "*Histoire de ma Vie*," and shows that the convent, if in some respects a prison, was in others a nursery and a home.

Before passing to the second, or devotee, stage of George Sand's school-days, let us glance at some of her companions and the nuns. We can correct some of

her misspelt names, and fill up some of her initials. The younger girls included Mary Eyre, whom she represents as persecuted by Mademoiselle D., and three Kellys, Mary, Henrietta, and Helen. The upper class comprised Isabella Clifford, clever at drawing caricatures; Sophia Cary (of Torr Abbey, Devonshire), with the finest head of hair in the convent; * her sisters Fanny and Susan; Maria Gordon; Eliza and Lavinia Anster, grandnieces of the superior, their mother a Hindoo, who had lost all the rest of a large family (Eliza became the superior of a convent at Cork, Lavinia married a Stapleton, of Richmond, Yorkshire); Lucy Masterson, and two O'Mullanes, creoles.† Catherine Dormer has been already mentioned, and she had a younger sister, Mary, who married a Mr. Henry Williams, and died in 1853. Mary G., the leader in all mischief, was not, as George Sand supposed, Irish, but was a Lancashire lass, a Gillibrand "of that ilk," a family resident for at least three centuries at Gillibrand Hall, near Chorley, but now apparently extinct. Her father, a military man, was then living at Paris, and she had two sisters in the school, one of whom, Henrietta, married Alexandre Vivien, an estimable jurist. He was a friend of Jeremy Bentham, was minister of justice in 1840, and of public works in 1848, and died in straitened circumstances in 1854. What became of the lively Mary we cannot ascertain. Probably other English girls had also parents in Paris, which was then full of wealthy English. As for the French pupils, we have already spoken of Alicia de Rochechouart, who married, in 1823, the Duc de Noailles. He became an Academician, and held literary and Legitimist receptions, and the duchess was very charitable. There was also a Montmorency—either Sidonie, born in 1799, or Aurélie, four years younger. Sidonie Macdonald, daughter of Napoleon's marshal, of Scotch Jacobite extraction, was also there, as likewise Louise de la Rochejaquelein, a daughter of the Vendée heroine. Bulwer, at Paris in 1825, made the acquaintance of Madame de la Rochejaquelein, and her two daughters. "Both," he says, "very pleasant; and one, to my taste, very good-looking. They spoke English perfectly, which was a great aid to our friendly intercourse, as I then spoke French very ill." An Irish priest, Kinsela, Madame de Polignac's confessor, had introduced

* She married Charles Stonor.

† Probably of Whitechurch, County Cork, related to the O'Connells.

him, and indeed wanted him to marry one of the young ladies, "who had passed her childhood in England, and had a marked preference for English ways and literature," but his mother objected to a Catholic wife, and he left off going to the house. Ida d'Orsay, afterwards Comtesse de Guiche and Duchesse de Grammont, had left the school before George Sand entered it, but she occasionally saw the brother, *le beau d'Orsay*, singing in the choir on great festivals. The D'Orsays' grandmother, then wife of Quintin Crawford, and previously of a Sullivan, was said to have been secretly married, before his accession, to the king of Wurtemberg.

George Sand's English teacher was Elizabeth Mary Winifred Hurst, of Lancashire, not yet a nun, but who took the veil in 1819, and lived till 1874, to the age of eighty-two. George Sand in after life never read Shakespeare or Byron without thinking of and thanking her. Sister Hurst had an aunt in the convent, Helen Maria Monica Finchet, of Liverpool. She was niece of William Hurst, chaplain at the nunnery during the Revolution, was eventually superior, resigned on account of blindness, and died in 1847, aged eighty-two. The head teacher of the junior class was Mary Eugenia Stonor, who, on Mrs. Canning's death in 1820, succeeded her. Frances Mary Austin Bishop, nicknamed "Poulette," was sister to Alippia, and sold the girls sweetmeats, but gave them or allowed credit to those without pocket-money. She quitted the convent in 1836, being then seventy-three. Jane Mary Frances Fairbairn was superior 1840-1852, and died in 1879 at the age of eighty-three. There was also a sister Anne Augustine, surname unknown, entirely ignorant of French. Mary Xavier, supposed to have had a disappointment in love, was the only inmate who regretted taking the veil, and ultimately left. Miss Croft, a postulant, also left. Mary Alippia Bishop, of Warwick, strict but just, and thirty-seven years mistress of the school, died before George Sand quitted the establishment. Alicia Spiring, who died in 1855, was wont to say, when her old favorite's heresies were reprobated, "Pooh, pooh! I am quite sure she loves God."

In August, 1818, Aurore underwent a sudden conversion. Fourteen years of age, she had by this time got tired of romps, of putting ink into the holy water, of fastening the cat by the tail to the bell-rope, and similar tricks. She required an ardent passion, and even her love for

Sister Alippia did not fill the void. Some days previously, during the afternoon half-hour in the chapel assigned to meditation or religious reading, but spent by some in dozing, or even in whispering, she had casually opened the "Lives of the Saints," and been struck by an account of St. Simon Stylites; she at first smiled, and was then interested. The next day she read another life, the third day she devoured the book; for though taught by her grandmother to ridicule miracles, she was impressed by the courage and constancy of the martyrs. She had before this puzzled out and been fascinated by Titian's "Jesus on the Mount of Olives," leaning on the breast of an angel, a picture hung in a dark corner so that only just at sunset in the winter did a ray of light fall upon it. Another painting, in a better light, but less worthy of it, represented St. Augustine—the patron saint of the order, and consequently held in peculiar veneration—hearing the supernatural message, *Tolle, lege*, which made him read St. Paul. From the "Lives of the Saints," while reading which her gaze had been frequently fixed on the Titian, though the sun did not then fall on it, Aurore turned to the Gospels. She was already familiar with them, but, incredulous of miracles, had been little moved by the story of the Passion. That evening, however, she felt melancholy, and, after walking alone in the cloister, resolved on a second act of disobedience, by going into the chapel to watch the more zealous of the nuns at their private devotions. The nuns, so closely veiled as to be wholly unrecognizable, impressed her, as on leaving they literally prostrated themselves. Suddenly she felt enveloped in a white light, fancied she, too, heard a voice saying *Tolle, lege*, and turned round, thinking it was Sister Alicia, but saw no one. Without deeming this miraculous she felt that faith had entered her soul, and that she loved God. She went up to her room, having missed prayers, which were now over, and fell asleep, physically exhausted, but in a state of indescribable blessedness.

Her companions noticed the difference in her, but did not banter her, with the exception of Mary Gillibrand, who ridiculed her, though good-humoredly, tried to revive the romps, which in her own temporary absence had languished for want of a leader, and was so boisterous that in a few months she was taken from the school. She and Aurore did not meet again till more than twenty years later. Aurore went to the chaplain, the Abbé de

Prémond, made her first real confession, for till now confession had been a mere form, and next day, the Feast of the Assumption, received the sacrament for the first time since her confirmation. She became a regular communicant, and was tractable, albeit still not studious. The nuns remarked the change with satisfaction, but without inciting her to increased austerity, and Sister Eugenia became even stricter with her now that her failings could no longer be attributed to high spirits. One day, indeed, to the amazement of the class, Saint Aurore, as she was styled, having in a reverie failed to hear a command, was invested with the nightcap. She found a congenial mind in a humble lay sister, Helen Whitehead, a Scotch-woman, who had given up kindred and country for the sake of an irresistible vocation, who did the most menial duties, and who had consequently been despised, if not loathed, by Aurore as by the other pupils. Helen's example and conversation, though she was ignorant of French, and spoke English incorrectly, made Aurore resolve on becoming a nun. Sister Alicia, made a confidant of this determination, merely smiled, told her she did not know her own mind, was sure her grandmother would not consent, insisted that a good wife and mother made as many daily sacrifices as a nun, and assured her that if she desired trials life would give her plenty of them. But for these wise counsels Aurore, like some girls in a similar state of mind, would have made a tacit vow. They counteracted Helen's encouragements and assurances that the difficulty of admitting a French girl into an English nunnery might be overcome. Sister Alippia's sudden death, and the natural reaction from this state of exaltation, brought on religious melancholy, till the chaplain roused her by some sound advice, and bade her join again in her comrades' games.

A happy year followed. The three categories fused, the romps sobered down, the staid were enlivened. Charades were acted, and then plays, of which Aurore's recollections of the nuns, and even the superior, being amused by these amateur theatricals. Aurore thinks that, Molière being a forbidden book, the nuns credited her with the authorship of these plays; but they were probably wiser, though more reticent, than she supposed. Meanwhile, her grandmother had indirectly learnt of her still fixed intention of taking the veil, and at a month's notice fetched her home. Aurore remained just

long enough to witness Mrs. Canning's death, and Sister Eugenia's election as superior. She witnessed also the most flourishing period of the school. The presence of girls bearing great historic names had swelled the number of pupils to seventy or eighty, by attracting the daughters of manufacturers and tradesmen, whose mothers set store on contact with patricians. These plebeians were equally polished, and cleverer or more studious; but the grand ladies took alarm, and began to transfer their girls to the Sacred Heart, or the Abbaye-aux-Bois.

It is beyond our present purpose to relate how Aurore gradually renounced Catholicism, and how she made an unhappy marriage. Five years later, the mother of two little children, but jaded in mind and body, she consulted the chaplain, who advised her to spend a short time at the convent, and obtained the new superior's permission. She was warmly welcomed, found some old schoolfellows, though so grown that she had to be told who they were, and was tempted to regret that she had ever left. Sister Alicia consoled her, urging that, with her children, she ought to be happy. The kind nuns even allowed her infant, Maurice, to be brought for the day to the convent, where so unusual a visitor was caressed and spoiled by all. Sister Helen, however, struck a discordant note, reproaching Aurore with her fall from grace and her contentment with merely temporal happiness. When Baroness Dudevant, as she now was, pointed proudly to her ruddy-cheeked boy, Helen had even the cruelty to suggest that the flush was that of consumption. Aurore, in alarm, took a cab, passed the night with the child, and sent for a doctor. He laughed at her fears; but the maternal instinct was now irrepressible. She would not sleep under a different roof from her children, and went back to the convent, only to say farewell. The school had now dwindled down to seven or eight pupils, but gradually revived, and four years ago celebrated its fifth jubilee at Neuilly. Although Aurore never visited it after 1825, and but rarely met in society any of her old companions, she retained a liking for English education, and sent her daughter to an English lay school in Paris. The nuns, too, cherished an interest in her, widely as she had diverged from their standard of faith and morals. Sister Alicia's remark we have already quoted, and George Sand herself wrote:—

"My religion has never varied at bot

tom. The forms of the past have vanished, for me as for the age, by the light of reflection; but the everlasting doctrine of believers—the good God, the immortal soul, and the hopes of a future state—behold what has resisted all scrutiny, all discussion, and even intervals of despairing doubt.”

Aurore, indeed, held fast to theism, though some of her political associates became materialists. So good a judge as Flaubert declared her school-day chapters the best part of the autobiography published in 1854, and it is interesting for us to reflect that this great, though unequal and too prolific novelist, this virtual sub-minister of the interior in 1848, spent three of her most plastic years under English training. J. G. ALGER.

DISCOVERY OF AN ASSYRIAN LIBRARY 3,500 YEARS OLD.

PROFESSOR SAYCE'S DESCRIPTION OF IT.

THE Victoria Institute of London held its annual meeting at Adelphi Terrace on July 1st. An immense audience crowded the hall in every part, the president, Sir George Stokes, Bart., president of the Royal Society, took the chair. The proceedings were commenced by mentioning that the emperor of Brazil had sent a message expressing special interest in the Institute's Journal, and desiring to obtain it regularly for translation. The report for the past year was then read by Captain Francis Petrie, the honorary secretary, by which it appeared that the number of home, foreign, and colonial members had increased to over thirteen hundred, and there had been an important advance in the practical work of the Institute in investigating philosophical and scientific questions, especially any questions used by those who unhappily sought to attack religion in the name of science.

The adoption of the report was moved by Sir Henry Barkly, G.C.B., F.R.S., and seconded by Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, F.R.S., after which it was announced that family matters, consequent on the death of his father, prevented Professor Sayce's presence, and he had chosen the Rev. Dr. Wright, author of "The Hittites," to read the address. It gave an historical description of what has become known in regard to the conquests of Amenophis III., as shown by the archives of his palace, which have only lately been discovered, and which the pro-

fessor went last winter to investigate on the spot before writing the address for the Victoria Institute. Of the tablets and inscriptions, he said: "From them we learn that in the fifteenth century before our era,—a century before the Exodus,—active literary intercourse was going on throughout the civilized world of western Asia, between Babylon and Egypt, and the smaller states of Palestine, of Syria, of Mesopotamia, and even of eastern Kappadokia. And this intercourse was carried on by means of the Babylonian language, and the complicated Babylonian script. This implies that, all over the civilized East, there were libraries and schools where the Babylonian language and literature were taught and learned. Babylonian appeared to have been as much the language of diplomacy and cultivated society as French has become in modern times, with the difference that, whereas it does not take long to learn to read French, the cuneiform syllabary required years of hard labor and attention before it could be acquired. We can now understand the meaning of the name of the Canaanitish city which stood near Hebron, and which seems to have been one of the most important of the towns of southern Palestine. Kirjath-Sepher, or 'Book-town,' must have been the seat of a famous library, consisting mainly, if not altogether, as the Tel el-Amarna tablets inform us, of clay tablets inscribed with cuneiform characters. As the city also bore the name of Debir, or 'Sanctuary,' we may conclude that the tablets were stored in its chief temple, like the libraries of Assyria and Babylonia. It may be that they are still lying under the soil, awaiting the day when the spade of the excavator shall restore them to the light. The literary influence of Babylonia in the age before the Israelitish conquest of Palestine explains the occurrence of the names of Babylonian deities among the inhabitants of the west. Moses died on the summit of Mount Nebo, which received its name from the Babylonian god of literature, to whom the great temple of Borsippa was dedicated; and Sinai itself, the mountain of Sin, testifies to a worship of the Babylonian moon-god, Sin, amid the solitudes of the desert. Moloch or Malik, was a Babylonian divinity like Rimmon, the air-god, after whom more than one locality in Palestine was named, and Anat, the wife of Anu, the sky-god, gave her name to the Palestinian Anah, as well as to Anathoth, the city of the 'Anat goddesses.'"

In a careful reading of the tablets Canon

Sayce came upon many ancient names and incidents known up to the present only from their appearance in the Bible. All these he carefully described, as well as several references in the tablets to the Hittites.

In regard to another point, he said : —
 "Ever since the progress of Egyptology made it clear that Rameses II. was the Pharaoh of the oppression, it was difficult to understand how so long an interval of time as the whole period of the eighteenth dynasty could lie between him and the 'new king' whose rise seems to have been followed almost immediately by the servitude and oppression of the Hebrews. The tablets of Tel el-Amarna now show that the difficulty does not exist. Up to the death of Khu-en-Aten, the Semite had greater influence than the native in the land of Mizraim."

Referring to those who have formed opinions as to the non-historical character of the Pentateuch, Professor Sayce said : "The Tel el-Amarna tablets have already overthrown the primary foundation on which much of this criticism has been built."

Professor Sayce closed his paper with a peroration of passing eloquence as to the duty of searching for the rich libraries that must lie buried beneath the sands of Syria and Palestine, a matter the importance of which has been urged in the Victoria Institute's Journal more than once, especially in the last volume, presented to all its supporters. A vote of thanks was passed to Professor Sayce for his splendid address, and to Dr. Wright for reading it. This was moved by the lord chancellor in a speech of great interest, in which he said there was nothing more interesting in the literary history of mankind than such discoveries as those alluded to in the address, which he considered a perfect mine of wealth. M. Naville, the Egyptian discoverer, having expressed his admiration of the labors of Professor Sayce, and declared the discovery the greatest one of the present century, a vote of thanks to the president was then moved by Sir Risdon Bennett, F.R.S., seconded by Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, F.R.S., and conveyed to the president by Captain Creak, F.R.S. This closed the proceedings, and the members and their guests adjourned to the Museum, where refreshments were served.

From The Month.

FUNGI.

IN admitting that the odor of the majority of fungi is far from pleasing, and that some are so offensive as to be unbearable even to the most powerful olfactory nerves, still a disgusting smell must not be set down as a universal mark of fungi. On the contrary, some emit the agreeable fragrance of mellilot, anise, violets, and cinnamon. The author of "British Fungi" informs us of a lady who had found a beautiful, as well as rare, specimen of the latticed stinkhorn, which she wished to sketch. But the lady's determination, combined with the beauty of the specimen, was no match for its offensive odor, and the rarity was ordered away before the sketch was completed. The same writer tells us of a gentleman who cleared a railway carriage of its occupants by having in his sandwich-box a specimen of the common stinkhorn, and nothing but a resolute determination to make a drawing of the fungus could have prevented this enthusiast in the cause of science from throwing plant and sandwich-box out of the window.

Considering what has been said, it will no doubt seem very illogical to say that mankind is benefited more by fungi than by any other species of the cryptogamic family. The devastation of dry-rot, of ubiquitous mildew, are very generally known; yet the benefits conferred by the fungi far outweigh their destructive propensities. This is a fact that we too easily pass over because we will look at the dark side of things, and altogether forget, or at least fail to appreciate, the good which is on the other side. To them may be rightly given the expressive name which has been applied to insects, that of the "scavengers of nature," for their work is similar to that of insects, viz., the removal — and that, too, with a marvellous rapidity — of what is not merely a useless tenant of the earth, but an injurious neighbor, such as refuse and decaying organic matter. We have no idea of the numberless diseases that arise from the noxious exhalations of decomposing matter, from which we are freed by the help of these little plants. It is true their germs fill the air, but they are then the "unemployed," and are only waiting for the desired material. As soon as such a substance is exposed, the "scavengers" fall upon and cover the unsightly object with a variety of fungoid growths which multiply and develop themselves with an astonishing fertility.

The fungi have therefore a right to share in the praises accorded by naturalists to insects, and what has been said of the work these tiny animals perform for man's benefit, is equally applicable to their representatives in the vegetable world. The peculiarity of their agency consists in their power of suddenly multiplying their numbers to a degree which could only be accomplished in a considerable lapse of time by any larger beings; and then as instantaneously relapsing, without the intervention of any violent disturbing cause, to their former insignificance. If for the sake of employing on different but rare occasions a power of many hundreds or thousands of horses, we were under the necessity of feeding all these animals at a great cost in the intervals when their services were not required, we should greatly admire the invention of a machine, such as the steam-engine, which should be capable at any moment of exerting the same degree of strength without any consumption of food during the periods of inaction; and the same kind of admiration is strongly excited when we contemplate the powers of

insect and fungous life, in the creation of which nature has been so prodigal. A scanty number of minute individuals, only to be detected by careful research, are ready in a few days or weeks to give birth to myriads which may check or remove the nuisances referred to. But no sooner has the commission been executed than the gigantic power becomes dormant; each of the mighty host soon reaches the term of its transient existence; and when the fitting food lessens in quantity, when the offal to be removed diminishes, then fewer of the spores find soil on which to germinate; and when the whole has been consumed, the legions, before so active, all return to their latent state—ready however, at a moment's warning, again to be developed, and when labor is to be done again, again to commence their work. In almost every season there are some species, but especially in autumn there are many which in this manner put forth their strength, and then, like the spirits of the poet which thronged the spacious hall, "reduce to smallest forms their shapes immense."

A RIVAL TO DELAGOA BAY.—While Portugal is greedily seizing upon the results created by British capital at Delagoa Bay, the Boers are striving to break through Swaziland to a port on native territory, outside the Portuguese limits, which has just been the scene of surveys by English engineers. The Delagoa Bay Railway, as is well known, has to traverse an extremely difficult mountain range before it can enter the Transvaal, which is one of the chief reasons for the delay in extending it, while the coast on which its sea outlet is situated is ravaged by malarial fever. This has led the Boers to seek some other route, with the result that they have secured from the king of Swaziland a concession for a monopoly of the railways in his country, and are now striving to bring it completely under their rule. From Swaziland there is an easy pass over the Lebomba range into a strip of flat littoral country, controlled by native chiefs, fifty miles wide, having in Sordwana Bay a port which would prove a dangerous rival to Delagoa Bay, if properly developed. The government has recently had a survey made of this port, and it is probably to prevent the Boers getting down to it that a British commissioner has been sent to examine affairs in Swaziland. No fever-haunted mangrove swamp exists within thirty miles of Sordwana Bay. Protected by a bluff and a coral reef, a channel communicates with a lake or lagoon capable of giving accommodation to all the

shipping commerce might attract to that quarter, if the channel be enlarged for a short distance where it traverses a sandy spit. This would not be a work of very great magnitude, from the engineering point of view, and even if it were, the minimum of obstacles existing along the whole railway route to the Transvaal from Sordwana would justify a large expenditure, to say nothing of the line passing through country outside the limits of Portuguese rule. Such a line would traverse flat country as far as the Lebomba Mountains, where it would penetrate to Swaziland by the easy Umgovuma Gorge, the ascent being of a very gradual character. From the king's kraal in Swaziland the line would follow, by easy gradients, the course of the little Usutu to the high plateau of the Transvaal. Great expectations have been formed at the Cape of this route, and politicians are anxiously watching whether the Boers, who have found out its advantages, will be allowed to appropriate it, or whether England, leaving Delagoa Bay to the Portuguese, will annex and open it up herself. Such a result would be rather a surprise for the Portuguese and might prove a simpler solution of the present difficulty than is commonly imagined to be possible. If England had a railway of her own to the Transvaal, within seventy-five miles of Delagoa Bay, the competition would be of a character that no Portuguese line could stand.

Engineering.

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YOUNG WINDEBANK.

THEY shot young Windebank just here,
By Merton, where the sun
Strikes on the wall. 'Twas in a year
Of blood the deed was done.

At morning from the meadows dim
He watched them dig his grave.
Was this in truth the end for him,
The well-beloved and brave?

He marched with soldier scarf and sword,
Set free to die that day,
And free to speak once more the word
That marshalled men obey.

But silent on the silent band
That faced him stern as death,
He looked and on the summer land
And on the grave beneath.

Then with a sudden smile and proud
He waved his plume and cried,
"The king! the king!" and laughed aloud,
"The king! the king!" and died.

Let none affirm he vainly fell,
And paid the barren cost
Of having loved and served too well
A poor cause and a lost.

He in the soul's eternal cause
Went forth as martyrs must —
The kings who make the spirit laws
And rule us from the dust;

Whose wills, unshaken by the breath
Of adverse fate, endure,
To give us honor strong as death
And loyal love as sure.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

JULY DAWN.

THE night hardly covers the face of the sky;
But the darkness is drawn
A thin veil o'er the heaven, these nights in
July —
A veil rent at dawn.
When with exquisite tremors the poplar leaves
quiver,
And the breeze, like a kiss, passes over the
river,
And the light in the east clearer grows,
keener grows,
Till the edge of the cloud turns from pearl
into rose,
And o'er the hill's shoulder, the night being
past,
The sun peeps at last.

Come out! There's freshness that thrills like
a song,
That soothes like a sleep;
There's the scent of wild thyme on wild airs
borne along
Where the downs' slope grows steep,

There's such dew on the earth and such light
in the heaven,
Lost joys are forgotten, old wrongs are for-
given,
And the old earth looks new, and our hearts
are new-born
And stripped of the cereclothes which long
they have worn,
And hope and brave purpose awaken anew,
'Mid the sunlight and dew!

Leisure Hour.

TO THE FORGOTTEN DEAD.

To the forgotten dead,
Come, let us drink in silence ere we part.
To every fervent yet resolved heart
That brought its tameless passion and its
tears,
Renunciation and laborious years,
To lay the deep foundations of our race,
To rear its stately fabric overhead
And light its pinnacles with golden grace.
To the unhonored dead!

To the forgotten dead,
Whose dauntless hands were stretched to
grasp the rein
Of Fate and hurl into the void again
Her thunder-hoofed horses, rushing blind
Earthward along the courses of the wind.
Among the stars, along the wind in vain
Their souls were scattered and their blood was
shed,
And nothing, nothing of them doth remain.
To the thrice-perished dead!

MARGARET L. WOODS.

TO NINA (IN JUNE).

'Tis summer time, the year's at noon
In this bright leafy month of June,
But spring I see, methinks its grace
I read in this fair maiden's face,
So pure, so fresh, with limpid eyes
As brown and clear as streams that rise
In northern glens; her locks have caught
The ruddy hue of pine-stems sought
By merry squirrels in their play.

Oh, what recalls sweet spring to-day
As this smooth brow with thoughts untold,
Which later days shall all unfold,
As these soft lips not yet compressed
With hidden griefs? Her heart, at rest,
Is like a quiet pool at dawn;
She is in her shy grace a fawn,
Unstartled yet by stranger's gaze
It greets the world with glad amaze.

We who have felt life's dust and heat
Are quick this breathing Spring to greet;
As travellers tread with joy the grass,
With eyes refreshed we onward pass.
Academy. B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE ETHICS OF PUNISHMENT.

I HAVE before me the latest contribution to the world's criminal jurisprudence: the recently enacted "Italian Penal Code," together with the elaborate report with which it was submitted to the Chamber of Deputies by Signor Zanardelli, the minister of grace, justice, and public worship of the Italian kingdom. These documents are for many reasons of great interest, and would well repay detailed examination. At present, however, I am concerned with them only from one point of view. The first question which a penal code suggests is, What is the *rationale* of punishment? That question Signor Zanardelli does not so much as discuss, deeming, apparently, that the matter is too plain. He contents himself with citing the dictum, "*Pœna in paucos ut metus in omnes*," observing by way of comment upon it, that "when the penalty surpasses the limit required by this necessary end of prevention, it becomes useless punishment." His mind is dominated by the utilitarian view of the subject; and so in another place in his report he lays it down as a kind of axiom, "The whole endeavor of the legislator, in the discipline and proportion of penalties, ought to aim at rendering them capable of greater repressive energy, and of more vigorous corrective effect, at the same time." Punishment should deter and correct, and so prevent crime. That, according to this jurisprudent, is the whole account of criminal justice. Is it a sufficient account?

A great number of people, I take it, will be surprised that the question can even be asked. It has never dawned upon them that there can be any other reasons for punishing a man, except to deter him, and by his example others, from the commission of crime, and, if possible, to reform him. And of these two reasons, the first would be taken to be the primary and chief. The great object of the penal law is held to be to deter from crime by presenting to men weightier motives for abstaining from it, than those which invite to its commission. Now I am far from denying that punishment is, and ought to be, deterrent;

and I concede that if it can be made remedial, so much the better, according to the inscription placed by Clement XI. on the door of the Prison of St. Michael, "*Parum est improbos coercere pœna, nisi probos efficias disciplina*." But I deny that this is a sufficient account of punishment. I say that its primary object is not the protection of society, nor the reformation of the criminal. I say that it is an end in itself; that it is first and before all things vindictive. I can well imagine how repulsive these words will sound in the ears of many. To me, that so elementary a truth should even require vindication is sad and strange indeed. It is a melancholy token how deeply the philosophy of relativity has de-ethicized the public mind of a generation,

wanting virtue to be strong

Up to the measure of accorded might,
And daring not to feel the majesty of right.

But let us look at the subject a little in detail.

We will start from a fact which every one will admit: the fact that punishment is associated in our minds with wrongdoing. Is the association necessary or accidental? The philosophy of relativity says it is accidental. Thus Professor Bain tells us, "The imposition of punishment is the distinctive property of acts held to be morally wrong;" which is merely a more explicit statement of a doctrine of Mill's, and which indeed is substantially the teaching of utilitarian, experimental, and physical moralists generally. You make an act wrong, they tell us, by making it penal. It is not punished because it is wrong, but wrong because it is punished. Right and wrong, according to these teachers, are purely conventional. Moral laws are for them, as Mr. Leslie Stephen tersely puts it, "merely statements of essential conditions of social welfare," and ethical philosophy is a chapter in physics. Hence their idea of law is purely empirical. Force sufficiently explains it. Do we put in a plea for conscience? "Conscience," Mr. Leslie Stephen pronounces, "is part of an obsolete form of speculation." And if that contemptuous dismissal of it does not satisfy us, Professor Bain is at hand to

explain that its "germ and commencement"—mark the words—"is the dread of punishment." Now what are we to say to the doctrine which I have thus briefly but accurately unfolded? I take leave to call it a "*doctrina dæmoniorum*," as dethroning that supreme law which is the very voice of the Absolute and Eternal ("God is law, say the wise"): atheistic in the worst sense of the word, as striking, not at this or that formula wherein the belief in Deity has found expression, but at the very root of morality which issues in the divine concept. In opposition to it—even at the risk of appearing "antiquated" to Mr. Stephen—I maintain with Kant, that the connection between moral evil and punishment is not accidental, but necessary; that it is the work of reason, not of human caprice. "*Reason*," Kant tells us, "invariably attaches the idea of blameworthiness and punishment to the idea of guilt." We will pursue this theme further.

What do we mean when we talk of the moral *law*? We mean, I venture to say, that rule of action which necessarily arises out of the relation of reason to itself as its own end. This is a necessity of a quite unique kind. The word is sometimes misapplied to the regular sequence or uniform movements of matter, the simultaneity of sensible events. It is rightly used of mathematical relations. But mathematical necessity is one thing; moral necessity is quite another. The special characteristic of moral necessity is denoted by the word "ought." It is nonsense to say that two sides of a triangle ought to be greater than the third, or that two and two ought to make four. The necessity which the word "ought" expresses is derived from a law of ideal relation, obligatory on our wills. Nor can you derive that necessity from self-love, or prudence, or interest, tribal or personal. It is absurd to say that a man *ought* to seek "agreeable feeling." Expedience, utility, can but counsel. The moral law commands. It claims obedience as a thing absolutely good, as an end in itself; and by that very claim it exhibits itself as transcending the range of human experience, as universal, eternal, supreme over

"all thinking things, the objects of all thought." Of this law the organon is the practical reason, the moral understanding, conscience. "Law rational," says Hooker, "which men commonly use to call the law of nature, comprehendeth all those things which men by the light of their natural understanding evidently know, or leastwise may know, to be be- seeming or unbecoming, virtuous or vicious, good or evil for them to do. The several grand mandates, which being imposed by the understanding faculty of men, must be obeyed by the will of men, are such that it is not easy to find men ignorant of them." Are we here met with an objection that as a matter of fact the moral judgments, which have obtained among men, are diverse and irreconcilable? The objection is not a novel one, and, as Hooker goes on to observe, it was sufficiently met by St. Augustine a thousand years ago. Do as thou wouldst be done to, is a sentence which all nations under heaven are agreed upon, and here is a sufficient germ for a complete ethical code. The sense of duty is a form of the mind itself, although it may be said to exist as "a blank formula," which is filled up in a variety of ways. "The altruistic instinct," as the barbarous jargon of the day calls it, is as much a fact of human nature as "the egoistic instinct." The sense of duty is universal; it is an essential attribute of our nature, inseparable from the consciousness of self and non-self; not a complete revelation, but the revelation of an idea, bound to develop according to its laws, like the idea, say of geometry. The ethical ignorance of barbarous tribes is no more an argument against the moral law, than their ignorance of the complex and recondite properties of lines and figures is an argument against geometrical law. It is the function of reason, here as elsewhere, to evolve abstract truths from the complex and chaotic mass of appearances and events. Human history is the history of the education of conscience, of the ever-increasing apprehension of the moral law, of the widening of the circle of ethical obligation.

I hold, then, that the first fact about man is his consciousness of the moral law, and

of his obligation to obey it. But the very words "law" and "obligation" imply a penal sanction. The categorical imperative "Thou oughtst" does not, and cannot mean, "Thou mayst if thou wilt, and if thou dost not, thou wilt be none the worse." What it does mean is this: "That is right; it *should* be; it is unconditionally desirable; thou canst do it, and thou must; thus dictates the law of thy being, the law that thou art born under, which it is thy great good to obey, thy supreme evil to disobey." Such is the witness in ourselves. And its testimony is supremely rational. "Good doth follow unto all things by observing the course of their nature, and, on the contrary side, evil by not observing it. And is it possible that man being not only the noblest creature in the world, but even a world in himself, his transgressing the law of his nature should draw no manner of harm after it? Yes: tribulation and anguish unto every soul that doeth evil." So Hooker, who never wrote more judiciously. His argument does but formally justify an universal, ineradicable feeling of humanity. The deep conviction that in moral evil must be sought the explanation of physical evil, is the common heritage of our race. That there is an inseparable connection between wrong-doing and punishment, is an organic instinct of conscience. And instinct—we may call it, with Kant, the voice of God—never deceives. There is always a reality which corresponds with its anticipation. What answers to the instinct of retributive justice is punishment. It is as real as the law. It is contained in the law. It is involved in the transgression. It is, in Hegel's phrase, "the other half of crime." Let us realize this. Punishment is not something arbitrary. Wrong-doing—called, variously, according to the point of view from which it is regarded, sin, crime, delict—is the assertion of a man's own particular self-will against the universal will, which is supreme reason, supreme right—for reason and right are synonymous. Penalty is the reassertion of the universal will. It is not a wrong done to the criminal. It is a right done to him to redress his wrong. It is a manifestation, an applica-

tion, to him of that reason wherein he too consists, and which he has outraged. His compulsion is undone. He is restored to his right. The moral law must rule over all; over the good by their submission to its behests, over the evil by their endurance of its penalties. Justice is an absolute and aboriginal principle of it. And justice is well defined by the Roman jurispudent as "the constant and perpetual will to render to every man his right." Punishment is the right of the wrong-doer. It is the application of justice to him. "It is," in St. Augustine's fine phrase, "the justice of the unjust." The wrong whereby he has transgressed the law of right has incurred a debt. Justice requires that the debt must be paid, that the wrong must be expiated.

Yes, *expiated*. This is the first object of punishment—to make satisfaction to outraged law. Nothing is more profoundly unphilosophical than the notion so dear to the sickly sentimentality of the day, that when a man ceases to do evil, a sponge is passed, so to speak, over the reckoning against him.

A spotless child sleeps on the flowering moss—
'Tis well for him; but when a sinful man,
Envyng such slumber, may desire to put
His guilt away, shall he return at once
To rest by lying there? Our sires knew well
The fitting course for such; dark cells, dim
lamps,
A stone floor one may writhe on like a worm;
No mossy pillow blue with violets!

Profoundly true are these verses of the most profound of living poets. Similar is the teaching of Plato in the "Gorgias," so strangely misapprehended by some of his modern interpreters, who have read him with the eyes of a nineteenth-century greengrocer. "The doer of unjust actions is miserable in any case; more miserable, however, if he be not punished and does not meet with retribution, and less miserable if he be punished, and meets with retribution at the hands of gods and men." The whole argument of Socrates in this famous passage is founded on the need of expiation: "The greatest of evils," he insists, "is for a guilty man to escape punishment." For "he who is punished and suffers retribution, suffers justly; and jus-

tice is good; so that he who thus suffers, suffers what is good." St. Augustine has summed it up in four pregnant words: "Nulla poena, quanta poena!"

Such is the moral law, and such its sanction. Kant finds in it a natural revelation of pure theism. Tied down to the phenomenal world, as he esteems, on all sides of our being, by the very conditions of knowledge, we have here a way of escape into the noumenal. He judges that the realization of the highest good which the moral law, the practical reason, prescribes, implies an order above that of nature. There *must* be, he argues, a life beyond the phenomenal, where the triumph of the moral law shall be assured, where its rewards and penalties shall be adequately realized; there *must* be a supreme moral Governor, who will bring about that triumph. Thus the speculative ideas of God and immortality are practically warranted. And here is the crown of that ethical teleology, as which we must reckon the philosophical system of this illustrious thinker, viewed as a whole. But in the moral law Kant finds not only the promise of the life which is to come, but also of that which now is. It is the great fundamental fact, not only of individual existence, but of the social order. It is the supreme rule alike of private and public action; the sun of righteousness illuminating the world of rational being, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. For the great thinkers of the ancient world all duties — *officia* — were included in ethics; jurisprudence was a part of moral philosophy. The masters of the mediæval school judged likewise. It is from the time of the Renaissance that we may trace the de-ethicizing of public life. Dr. Martineau has correctly observed that by Luther morals were treated "as matters of social police." Our modern utilitarianism is the logical outcome of his antinomianism. Kant, who had drunk so deeply of those

Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools

Of Academics, and the Stoic severe,

has again pointed the world to a more excellent way. He deduces the institution of the State from the categorical imperative of duty. It is for him essentially an ethical society, rooted and grounded in the moral law. Its very foundation is the rational acknowledgment that there are eternal, immutable principles, and rules, of right and wrong. This is the everlasting adamant, upon which alone the social

edifice can be surely established. Rear it upon any other foundation, and you do but build upon sand. However fair the structure may seem, fall it must, and great will be the fall of it.

Here, then, in universal reason, finding expression as the moral law, is the very *raison d'être* of government. Man, as man, has no claim upon my obedience. Only to the law of right, speaking through human ministers, is that obedience due. Man is social *quâ* rational. He is gregarious and something more; he is a political animal; civil polity is his natural state. And here is to be found the underlying principle which makes human justice just. The moral law apprehended, *not made*, by our practical reason, implies that right is rewarded and wrong punished. That, as we have seen, is involved in the very conception of law. Criminal jurisprudence is simply a moral judgment exhibited in visible form. Thus Aquinas, with his usual clearness and precision: "The law of nature" — that is the law arising from that divine reason which is the nature of things — "proclaims that he who offends should be punished. But to define that this or that punishment should be inflicted upon him, is a determination drawn from the law of nature by human law." And so Butler: "Civil government being natural, the punishments of it are natural too."

This is the true philosophy of criminal law. In matter of fact, as Sir Henry Maine has pointed out, two great instincts lie at the root of it: to avenge and to deter. Both are reasonable and right. Resentment at wrong, desire of retribution upon the wrong-doer, are primordial principles as deeply implanted in our nature as pity or desire of self-preservation — implanted by the same Almighty hand, and as legitimate, nay, necessary. They are organic instincts, which we possess in common with the whole creation, groaning and travelling in pain together with us, in the struggle for existence, throughout nature's illimitable sphere of carnage and cruelty. But it is an essential condition of civilized human life that individual retaliation, sure to be passionate and excessive, should be superseded by the passionless punishment of law. The primitive rule was the *lex talionis*. It was said by them of old time, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. And this was said, St. Augustine well points out, not to foster revenge, but to check it. The natural tendency of the injured person is to do unto the offender as he has been done unto,

and more also. But, as St. Augustine goes on to remark, there is a vengeance which is just: "est quædam justa vindicta." Nor, let me observe in passing — to meet an obvious objection — is this just vengeance at variance with the spirit of Christianity. If ever any man had a right authoritatively to expound that spirit, it was the illustrious saint and doctor whom I have just quoted. The precepts of the Sermon on the Mount as to the non-resistance of evil, as to the turning of the left cheek to the smiter of the right, naturally occur to the mind. I am far from saying that those elect souls who embrace counsels of perfection — who in voluntary poverty, voluntary chastity, and voluntary obedience lose their lives, and find them — may not give to these precepts literal obedience, if they are led to do so. But St. Augustine points out that the words of the divine Master have reference rather to "the preparation of the heart," to the inward spirit of man, than to the outward act. The supreme rule is to return good for evil. Unwillingness to inflict pain may be a flagrant violation of that rule. The greatest good which can be rendered to the unjust is justice. Charity strictly requires us to render it. The principle of the *lex talionis* is justice, retributive justice. That principle is everlastingly true, even if, in our deeper apprehension of the sacredness of human personality, we put aside the cruder applications given to it by primitive jurisprudence. We no longer mutilate the thief, although there are cases in which it might, at first sight, seem not improper so to do. I remember one such in my experience as a magistrate in India. A man had cut off the hands of a boy, three or four years old, in order to possess himself of the silver bangles which were soldered round the child's wrists. And when the poor little sufferer was brought into court, and held up his mutilated arms, and a thrill of sick horror ran through the building, I confess I for one regretted bitterly, for a moment, that the archaic rule could not be applied, at least in that case. Penal servitude for life seemed inadequate; and was. Pain, sharp pain, sharp and repeated, would assuredly have been a more fitting penalty. Unquestionably, in the existing criminal jurisprudence of the world, the element of physical suffering does not find sufficient place. There is a large class of crimes — assaults, especially of a lascivious character, upon women and children, and aggravated cruelty to animals, are instances of them — in the punishment of

which a liberal employment of the lash, or of some other instrument of corporal torture, is imperatively demanded by justice.

This by the way. My present point is, that whether we view the matter historically or philosophically, the punishment inflicted by human jurisprudence is, like all punishment, primarily vindictive. It is the legal consequence united by a necessity arising from the nature of things to the legal cause. Crime, as the old Roman jurisconsults discerned, gives rise to a *vinculum juris* which punishment discharges. The *raison d'être* of the State is to unite men by a moral bond. And assuredly, in its highest function, the ministration of justice, it is not unmoral. The civil magistrate is the dispenser of righteous retribution, as the minister of God; "a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil," St. Paul teaches; the "wrath" being that which is *due* to the wrong-doer. "Punishment as actual pain or evil, added to the offender, must be justified *as such*," says Kant, "so as to constrain even the guilty to acknowledge that the severity is just, and that his own lot corresponds with his deserts." The moral law, whether speaking through the still, small voice within, or with the tongue of a judge from an external tribunal, merely shows to us our true selves, as Hamlet showed the unhappy Gertrude to herself. It mirrors us to consciousness. Punishment is the return of a man's deed upon himself. "Illo nocens se damnat quo peccat die," says the maxim of Roman jurisprudence. And again: "Ipse te pœnæ subdidisti." The magistrate does but pronounce the doom to which the wrong-doer has subjected himself by his own deed; the penalty which, by the eternal law of right, whence human law derives its majesty, nay, its very life, is the necessary complement of his crime.

The world's jurisprudence is the phenomenal expression of noumenal truth; the human interpretation of a divine ideal; imperfect at the best, but bound, as "the thoughts of men are widened," ever to approximate more nearly to that absolute standard of which it must ever fall short. It rests in the last resort upon that knowledge of right and wrong in the springs of action which is possessed by our self-judging moral understanding. It rests — the word may perhaps survive Mr. Leslie Stephen's arrogant anathema — upon *conscience*: the voice of divine reason within us. The whole philosophy of relativity is, in the sphere of ethics as elsewhere, a

blasphemy against reason. It is an attempt to derive morality from the unmoral. If our actions are the necessary outcome of molecular changes in the brain, of atomic movements of matter, it is an absurdity to talk of moral responsibility. If the difference between good and bad is not absolute, it does not exist at all. You cannot get such a difference from the consequences. All materialistic explanations of moral approval and disapproval, of guilt, self-accusation, remorse, destroy the reality of them. Yes; and destroy the whole value of life, for the whole value of life is its ethical value. If righteousness is not the supreme law, existence is indeed a ridiculous tragedy. "If the rulers of the universe do not prefer the just man to the unjust," said Socrates, "it is better to die than to live." The philosophy of Bentham, of Mr. Herbert Spencer, of Mr. Leslie Stephen, reduces man from a person to a thing; for it denies to him that faculty of volition which is the essence of his personality; the condition of the attribute constituting him man. Volition and morality are indissolubly connected; their realm is one and the same. Man is volitional and ethical *quâ* man. The conception of him as a machine is irrational. *L'homme-machine*, I say, is nonsense, worthy of the buffoon who invented the phrase.

Moral action means the action of a self-conscious and self-determined being, and can mean nothing else. Kant has summed the matter up in a few pregnant words: "Everything in nature acts according to laws: the distinction of a rational being is the faculty of acting according to the consciousness of laws." The supreme question at issue in the world of thought, in these days, is whether that faculty really exists. I say advisedly "the supreme question." The very existence of morality depends upon it. For a plain man, Dr. Johnson's rough-and-ready way of settling it may well suffice: "Sir, we *know* that our will is free, and there's an end of it." But that the speculative difficulties which may be raised concerning this question are enormous, every tyro in philosophy is aware. To enter into a detailed discussion of it here would be impossible. Its substance, however, may be, and ought to be, briefly indicated. For a statement of the creed of determinism we cannot do better than go to the late Mr. John Stuart Mill. In his criticism of Sir William Hamilton he pronounces it "a truth of experience that volitions do in fact follow determined

moral antecedents with the *same uniformity* and the *same certainty* as physical effects follow their physical causes." And in the second volume of his "Logic" he writes as follows: "The doctrine called philosophical necessity is simply this: given the motives present to an individual's mind, and given likewise the character and disposition of the individual, the manner in which he will act may be unerringly inferred; that if we knew the person thoroughly, and knew all the inducements which are acting on him, we could foretell his conduct with as much certainty as we can predict any physical event." Now if this doctrine be true, it is obvious that there is no place in human life for culpability and moral turpitude, in the old and only intelligible sense of the words. If a man's actions are absolutely determined by character and disposition, which Mr. Mill regarded as the outcome of heredity and environment, and by the pressure of passions and desires, then most assuredly he is not morally responsible for those actions. And those miserable people, of whom Dante tells us in the "Inferno," are fully warranted when they blame, as the cause of their sufferings, everything except their abuse of their free personality; their own bad will; "when they blaspheme God and their progenitors and the whole race of men, the place, the time, the origin of their seed and of their birth." But no. It is not so. Man *is* responsible for the regulation of his passions, and for the course which the formation of his character takes. Side by side with mechanical determination by empirical motives, there exists in him self-determination. He belongs — consciously belongs — to the sphere of reason as well as to the sphere of sense. And therefore he is the subject of moral obligation. He is not the mere creature of circumstances, the predestined product of nature. We may, in a sense, admit that the character of a man at any moment determines his choice of motives. But his character is more or less of his own making. The soul has an originating causality, and is the fount of duties and deserts, of guilt and punishment. The character is the man; but he is determined as he determines himself. A man's character, I say, is not something imposed upon him from without, but something shaped by himself from within. He is, according to a wise Spanish proverb, "the son of his own deeds." It is the teaching of Aristotle — and by no means "anti-quated," although two thousand years old

—that the rational nature supplies the rule of life, and that the law of habit provides for the attainment of facility in doing what reason requires. But habit is the outcome of volition; and for the freedom of man's volition it is enough to appeal—this is the justification of Dr. Johnson's dictum—to the categorical imperative of conscience. "I ought" implies "I can." The realization of duty is impossible for any being which is not cogitated as capable of self-determination. The speculative idea of freedom, like the speculative ideas of God and immortality, is practically warranted.

When, then, we affirm human freedom of action, we mean by it, action from a motive intelligible to, and chosen by, a self-conscious moral being. A deed may be morally necessitated, and morally free. The self-surrender of the good will to the ethical law, which is reason, is the supreme manifestation of liberty. A man's true freedom is to keep in subjection the lower self, the self of the animal nature, and to conform his will to the higher, the rational self; to rise from the subjective to the objective. From this power of the will springs that moral responsibility which supplies the *rationale* of human justice, and warrants its solemn ceremonial. This it is which compels us to account of duty as something more than self-interest; of guilt as something more than disease; of retribution as something more than discipline. This it is which alone gives meaning and dignity to collective as to individual human life. Without it—

The great events with which old story rings
Seem vain and hollow: I find nothing great,
Nothing is left which I can venerate.

The whole doctrine of the philosophy of relativity is, I repeat, a gross outrage upon human reason. It is—what Mr. Carlyle called it, with exact descriptiveness—"pig philosophy." Man may for a time wallow among its troughs. But, assuredly, for a time only. When he comes to himself, he will loathe the ignoble surfeit of its husks in indignant emptiness. "Beati qui esuriunt et sitiunt iustitiam, quia ipsi saturabuntur." Yes, this is man's blessedness, "to hunger and thirst after justice." But justice is volitional, not abdominal. "A good will is the only thing which an unsophisticated man finds of absolute value in the world." And a good will is a will self-determined by the moral law.

W. S. LILLY.

From Temple Bar.

SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

CHAPTER X.

"My dear," said Mrs. Alwynn to her husband that morning, as they started for church across the glebe, "if any of the Atherstone party are in church, as they ought to be, for I hear from Mrs. Smith that they are not at all regular at Greenacre—only went once last Sunday, and then late—I shall just tell Ruth that she is to come back to me to-morrow. A few days won't make any difference to her, and it will fit in so nicely her coming back the day you go to the palace. After all I've done for Ruth, new curtains to her room, and the piano tuned and everything, I don't think she would like to stay there with friends, and me all by myself, without a creature to speak to. Ruth may be only a niece by marriage, but she will see in a moment——"

And in fact she did. When Mrs. Alwynn took her aside after church, and explained the case in the all-pervading whisper for which she had apparently taken out a patent, Ruth could not grasp any reason why she should return to Slumberleigh three days before the time, but she saw at once that return she must if Mrs. Alwynn chose to demand it; and so she yielded with a good grace, and sent Mrs. Alwynn back smiling to the lychgate, where Mr. Alwynn and Mabel Thursby were talking with Dare and Molly, while Charles interviewed the village policeman at a little distance.

"No news of the tramp," said Charles, meeting Ruth at the gate; and they started homewards in different order from that in which they had come, in spite of a great effort at the last moment on the part of Dare, who thought the old way was better. "The policeman has seen nothing of him. He has gone off to pastures new, I expect."

"I hope he has."

"Mrs. Alwynn does not want you to leave Atherstone to-morrow, does she?"

"I am sorry to say she does."

"But you won't go?"

"I must not only go, but I must do it as if I liked it."

"I hope Evelyn won't allow it."

"While I am living with Mrs. Alwynn, I am bound to do what she likes in small things."

"H'm!"

"I should have thought, Sir Charles, that this particularly feminine and submis-

sive sentiment would have met with your approval."

"It does; it does," said Charles hastily. "Only, after the stubborn rigidity of your—shall I say your—week-day character, especially as regards money, this softened Sabbath mood took me by surprise for a moment."

"You should see me at Slumberleigh," said Ruth, with a smile half sad, half humorous. "You should see me tying up Uncle John's flowers, or holding Aunt Fanny's wools. Nothing more entirely feminine and young-ladylike can be imagined."

"It must be a great change, after living with a woman like Lady Deyncourt—to whose house I often went years ago, when her son was living—to come to a place like Slumberleigh."

"It is a great change. I am ashamed to say how much I felt it at first. I don't know how to express it: but everything down here seems so small and local, and hard and fast."

"I know," said Charles gently; and they walked on in silence. "And yet," he said at last, "it seems to me, and I should have thought you would have felt the same, that life is very small, very narrow and circumscribed everywhere; though perhaps more obviously so in Cranfords and Slumberleighs. I have seen a good deal during the last fifteen years. I have mixed with many sorts and conditions of men, but in no class or grade of society have I yet found independent men and women. The groove is as narrow in one class as in another, though in some it is better concealed. I sometimes feel as if I were walking in a ball-room full of people all dancing the lancers. There are different sets of course—fashionable, political, artistic—but the people in them are all crossing over, all advancing and retiring, with the same apparent aimlessness, or setting to partners."

"There is occasionally an aim in that."

Charles smiled grimly.

"They follow the music in that as in everything else. You go away for ten years, and still find them on your return, going through the same figures to new tunes. I wonder if there are any people anywhere in the world who stand on their own feet, and think and act for themselves; who don't set their watches by other people's; who don't live and marry and die by rote, expecting to go straight up to heaven by rote afterwards."

"I believe there are such people," said Ruth earnestly; "I have had glimpses of

them, but the real ones look like the shadows, and the shadows like the real ones, and—we miss them in the crowd."

"Or one thinks one finds them, and they turn out only clever imitations after all. In these days there is a mania for shamming originality of some kind. I am always imagining people I meet are real, and not shadows, until one day I unintentionally put my hand through them, and find out my mistake. I am getting tired of being taken in."

"And some day you will get tired of being cynical."

"I am very much obliged to you for your hopeful view of my future. You evidently imagine that I have gone in for the fashionable creed of the young man of the present day. I am not young enough to take pleasure in high collars and cheap cynicism, Miss Deyncourt. Cynical people are never disappointed in others, as I so often am, because they expect the worst. In theory I respect and admire my fellow-creatures, but they continually exasperate me because they won't allow me to do so in real life. I have still—I blush to own it—a lingering respect for women, though they have taken pains to show me, time after time, what a fool I am for such a weakness."

Charles looked intently at Ruth. Women are so terribly apt in handling any subject to make it personal. Would she fire up, or would she, like so many women, join in abuse of her own sex? She did neither. She was looking straight in front of her, absently watching the figures of Dare and Molly in the next field. Then she turned her grave, thoughtful glance towards him.

"I think respect is never weakness," she said. "It is a sign of strength, even when it is misplaced. There is not much to admire in cunning people who are never taken in. The best people I have known, the people whom it did me good to be with, have been those who respected others and themselves. Do not be in too great a hurry to get rid of any little fragment that still remains. You may want it when it is gone."

Charles's apathetic face had become strangely earnest. There was a keen, searching look in his tired, restless eyes. He was about to make some answer, when he suddenly became aware of Dare and Molly sitting perched on a gate close at hand. He had never had he . . . little brown face with less pleasure than at that moment. She scrambled down with a noble disregard of appearances, and tried to take his hand.

But it was coolly withdrawn. Charles fell behind on some pretence of fastening the gate, and Molly had to content herself with Ruth's and Dare's society for the remainder of the walk.

Ruth had almost forgotten, until Molly suggested at luncheon a picnic for the following day, that she was returning to Slumberleigh on Monday morning; and when she made the fact known, Ralph had to be "hushed" several times by Evelyn for muttering opinions behind the sirloin respecting Mrs. Alwynn, which Evelyn seemed to have heard before, and to consider unsuited to the ears of that lady's niece.

"But if you go away, Cousin Ruth, we can't have the picnic? Can we, Uncle Charles?"

"Impossible, Molly. Rather bread-and-butter at home, than a mixed biscuit in the open air without Miss Deyncourt."

"Is Mrs. Alwynn suffering?" asked Lady Mary politely down the table.

Ruth explained that she was not in ill health, but that she did not wish to be left alone; and Ralph was "hushed" again.

Lady Mary was annoyed, or more properly speaking, she was "moved in the spirit," which in a Churchwoman seems to be the same thing as annoyance in the unregenerate or unorthodox mind. She regretted Ruth's departure more than any one, except perhaps Ruth herself. She had watched the girl very narrowly, and she had seen nothing to make her alter the opinion she had formed of her; indeed, she was inclined to advance beyond it. Even she could not suspect that Ruth had "played her cards well;" although she would have aided and abetted her in any way in her power, if Ruth had shown the slightest consciousness of holding cards at all, or being desirous of playing them. Her frank yet reserved manner, her distinguished appearance, her sense of humor (which Lady Mary did not understand, but which she perceived others did), and the quiet *savoir faire* of her treatment of Dare's advances, all enhanced her greatly in the eyes of her would-be aunt. She bade her good-bye with genuine regret; the only person who bore her departure without a shade of compunction being Dare, who stood by the carriage till the last moment, assuring Ruth that he hoped to come over to the rectory very shortly; while Charles and Molly held the gate open meanwhile, at the end of the short drive.

"I know that Frenchman means business," said Lady Mary wrathfully to her-

self, as she watched the scene from the garden. Her mind, from the very severity of its tension, was liable to occasional lapses of this painful kind from the spiritual and ecclesiastical to the mundane and transitory. "I saw it directly he came into the house; and with *his* opportunities, and living within a stone's throw, I should not wonder if he were to succeed. Any man would fetch a fancy price at Slumberleigh; and the most fastidious woman in the world ceases to be critical if she is reduced to the proper state of dulness. He is handsome, too, in his foreign way. But she does not like him now. She is inclined to like Charles, though she does not know it. There is an attraction between the two. I knew there would be. And he likes her. Oh, what fools men are! He will go away; and Dare, on the contrary, will ride over to Slumberleigh every day, and by the time he is engaged to her Charles will see her again, and find out that he is in love with her himself. Oh, the folly, the density, of unmarried men! and, indeed" (with a sudden recollection of the deceased Mr. C—) "of the whole race of them! . . . men I have ever known, I really think the most provoking is Charles."

"Musing?" inquired her nephew, sauntering up to her.

"I was thinking that we had just lost the pleasantest person of our little party," said Lady Mary, viciously seizing up her work.

"I am still here," suggested Charles, by way of consolation. "I don't start for Norway in Wyndham's yacht for three days to come."

"Do you mean to say you are going to Norway?"

"I forget whether it was to be Norway; but I know I'm booked to go yachting somewhere. It's Wyndham's new toy. He paid through the parental nose for it, and he made me promise in London to go with him on his first cruise. I believe a very charming Miss Wyndham is to be of the party."

"And how long, pray, are you going to yacht with Miss Wyndham?"

"It is with her brother I propose to go. I thought I had explained that before. I shall probably cruise about, let me see, for three weeks or so, till the grouse-shooting begins. Then I am due in Scotland, at the Hope Actons, and several other places."

Lady Mary laid down her work, and rose to her feet, her thin hand closing tightly over the silver crook of her stick.

"Charles," she said, in a voice trembling with anger, looking him full in the face, "you are a fool!" and she passed him without another word, and hobbled away rapidly into the house.

"Am I?" said Charles, half aloud to himself, when the last fold of her garment had been twitched out of sight through the window.

"Am I? Molly," with great gravity, as Molly appeared, "yes, you may sit on my knee; but don't wriggle. Molly, what is a fool?"

"I think it's Raca, only worse," said Molly. "Uncle Charles, Mr. Dare is going away too. His dog-cart has just come into the yard."

"Has it? I hope he won't keep it waiting."

"You are not going away, are you?"

"Not for three days more."

"Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. Why, they will be gone in a moment."

But to Charles they seemed three very long days indeed. He was annoyed with himself for having made so many engagements before he left London. At the time there did not seem anything better to be done, and he supposed he must go somewhere; but now he thought he would have liked to stay on at Atherstone, though he would not have said so to Lady Mary for worlds. He was tired of rushing up and down. He was not so fond of yachting, after all; and he remembered that he had been many times to Norway.

"I would get out of it, if I could," he said to Lady Mary on the last morning; "and of this blue serge suit too (you should see Miss Wyndham in blue serge!); but it is not a question of pleasure, but of principle. I don't like to throw over Wyndham at the last moment, after what you said when I failed the Hope Actons last year. Twins could not feel more exactly together than you and I do where a principle is involved. I see you are about to advise me to keep my engagement. Do not trouble to do so, I am going to Portsmouth by the midday train. Brown is at this moment packing my telescope and life-belt."

CHAPTER XI.

It was the end of August. The little lawn at Slumberleigh Rectory was parched and brown. The glebe beyond was brown. So was the field beyond that. The thirsty road was ash-white between its grey hedges. It was hotter in the open air than in the house, but Ruth had brought her books out into the garden all the same,

and had made a conscientious effort to read under the chestnut-tree.

For under the same roof with Mrs. Alwynn she had soon learned that application or study of any kind was an impossibility. Mrs. Alwynn had several maxims as to the conduct of herself, and consequently of every one else, and one of those to which she most frequently gave utterance was that "young people should always be cheery and sociable, and should not be left too much to themselves."

When in the winter Mr. Alwynn had brought home Ruth, quite overwhelmed for the time by the shock of the first real trouble she had known, Mrs. Alwynn was kindness itself in the way of sweetbreads and warm rooms; but the only thing Ruth craved for, to be left alone, she would not allow for a moment. No! Mrs. Alwynn was cheerful, brisk, and pious, at intervals. If she found her niece was sitting in her own room, she bustled up-stairs, poked the fire, gave her a kiss, and finally brought her down to the drawing-room, where she told her she would be as quiet as in her own room. She need not be afraid her uncle would come in; and she must not allow herself to get moped. What would she, Mrs. Alwynn, have done, she would like to know, if, when she was in trouble—and she knew what trouble meant, if any one did—she had allowed herself to get moped? Ruth must try to bear up. And at Lady Deyncourt's age it was quite to be expected. And Ruth must remember she still had a sister, and that there was a happy home above. And now, if she would get that green wool out of the red plush iron (which really was a work-box—such a droll idea, wasn't it?), Ruth should hold the wool, and they would have a cosy little chat till luncheon-time.

And so Mrs. Alwynn did her duty by her niece; and Ruth, in the dark days that followed her grandmother's death, took all the little kindnesses in the spirit in which they were meant, and did her duty by her aunt.

But after a time Mrs. Alwynn became more exacting. Ruth was visibly recovering from what Mrs. Alwynn called "her bereavement." She could smile again without an effort; she took long walks with Mr. Alwynn, and later in the spring paid a visit to her uncle, Lord Polesworth. It was after this visit that Mrs. Alwynn became more exacting. She had borne with half-attention and a lack of interest in crewel-work while Ruth was still "fret-

ting," as she termed it. But when a person lays aside crape, and goes into half-mourning, the time has come when she may — nay, when she ought to be "chatty." This time had come with Ruth, but she was not "chatty." Like Mrs. Dombey, she did not make an effort, and as the months passed on, Mrs. Alwynn began to shake her head, and to fear that "there was some officer or something on her mind." Mrs. Alwynn always called soldiers officers, and doctors physicians.

Ruth on her side was vaguely aware that she did not give satisfaction. The small talk, the perpetual demand on her attention, the constant interruptions, seemed to benumb what faculties she had. Her mind became like a machine out of work — rusty, creaking, difficult to set going. If she had half an hour of leisure she could not fix her attention to anything. She, who in her grandmother's time had been so keen and alert, seemed to have drifted, in Mrs. Alwynn's society, into a torpid state, from which she made vain attempts to emerge, only to sink the deeper.

When she stood once more, fresh from a fortnight of pleasant intercourse with pleasant people, in the little ornate drawing-room at Slumberleigh, on her return from Atherstone, the remembrance of the dulled, confused state in which she had been living with her aunt returned forcibly to her mind. The various articles of furniture, the red silk handkerchiefs dabbed behind pendent plates, the musical elephants on the mantel-piece, the imitation Eastern antimacassars, the shocking fate in the way of nailed and glued pictorial ornamentation that had overtaken the back of the cottage piano — indeed all the various objects of luxury and *vertu* with which Mrs. Alwynn had surrounded herself, seemed to recall to Ruth, as the apparatus of the sick room recalls the illness to the patient, the stupor into which she had fallen in their company. With her eyes fixed upon the new brass pig (that was at heart a pen-wiper) which Mrs. Alwynn had pointed out, as a gift of Mabel Thursby, who always brought her back some little "tasty thing from London" — with her eyes on the brass pig, Ruth resolved that, come what would, she would not allow herself to sink into such a state of mental paralysis again.

To read a book of any description was out of the question in the society of Mrs. Alwynn. But Ruth, with the connivance of Mr. Alwynn, devised a means of elud-

ing her aunt. At certain hours in the day she was lost regularly, and not to be found. It was summer, and the world, or at least the neighborhood of Slumberleigh Rectory, which was the same thing, was all before her where to choose. In after-years she used to say that some books had always remained associated with certain places in her mind. With Emerson she learned to associate the scent of hay, the desultory remarks of hens, and the sudden choruses of ducks. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," which she read for the first time this year, always recalled to her afterwards the leathern odor of the box-room, with an occasional *souppçon* of damp flapping linen in the orchard, which spot was not visible from the rectory windows.

Gradually Mrs. Alwynn became aware of the fact that Ruth was never to be seen with a book in her hand, and she expressed fears that the latter was not keeping up her reading.

"And if you don't like to read to yourself, my dear, you can read to me while I work. German, now. I like the sound of German very well. It brings back the time when your Uncle John and I went up the Rhine on our honeymoon. And then, for English reading there's a very nice book Uncle John has somewhere on natural history, called 'Animals of a Quiet Life,' by a Mr. Hare, too — so comical, I always think. It's good for you to be reading something. It is what your poor dear granny would have wished if she had been alive. Only it must not be poetry, Ruth, not poetry."

Mrs. Alwynn did not approve of poetry. She was wont to say that for her part she liked only what was perfectly *true*, by which it is believed she meant prose.

She had no books of her own. In times of illness she borrowed from Mrs. Thursby (who had all Miss Young's works, and selections from the publications of the S.P.C.K.). On Sundays, when she could not work, she read, half aloud, of course, with sighs at intervals, a little manual called "Gold Dust," or a smaller one still, called "Pearls of Great Price," which she had once recommended to Charles, whom she knew slightly, and about whom she affected to know a great deal, which nothing (except pressing) would induce her to repeat; which rendered the application of the "Pearls," to be followed by the "Dust," most essential to his future welfare.

On this particular morning in August, Ruth had slipped out as far as the chest

nut-tree, the lower part of which was hidden from the rectory windows by a blessed yew hedge. It was too hot to walk, it was too hot to draw, it was even too hot to read. It did not seem, however, to be too hot to *ride*, for presently she heard a horse's hoofs clattering across the stones of the stable yard, and she knew, from the familiarity of the sound at that hour of the day, that Dare had probably ridden over, and, more probably still, would stay to luncheon.

The foreign gentleman, as all the village people called him, had by this time become quite an institution in the neighborhood of Vandon. Every one liked him, and he liked every one. Like the sun, he shone upon the just and the unjust. He went to every tennis-party to which he was invited. He was pleased if people were at home when he called. He became in many houses a privileged person, and he never abused his privileges. Women especially liked him. He had what Mrs. Eccles defined as "such a way with him;" his way being to make every woman he met think that she was particularly interesting in his eyes—for the time being. Men did not, of course, care for him so much. When he stayed anywhere, it was vaguely felt by the sterner sex of the party that he stole a march upon them. While they were were smoking, after their kind, in clusters on the lawn, it would suddenly be observed that he was sitting in the drawing-room, giving a lesson in netting, or trying over a new song encircled by young ladyhood. It was felt that he took an unfair advantage. What business had he to come down to tea in that absurd amber plush smoking-suit, just because the elder ladies had begged to see it? It was all the more annoying, because he looked so handsome in it. Like most men who are admired by women, he was not much liked by men.

But the house to which he came the oftenest was Slumberleigh Rectory. He was faithful to his early admiration of Ruth; and the only obstacle to his making her (in his opinion) happy among women, namely, her possible want of fortune, had long since been removed by the confidential remarks of Mrs. Alwynn. To his foreign habits and ideas, fourteen or fifteen hundred a year represented a very large sum. In his eyes Ruth was an heiress, and in all good earnest he set himself to win her. Mr. Alwynn had now become the proper person to consult regarding his property; and at first, to Ruth's undisguised satisfaction, he consulted him

nearly every other day, his horse at last taking the turn for Slumberleigh as a matter of course. Many a time in these August days might Mrs. Eccles and all the other inhabitants of Slumberleigh have seen Dare ride up the little street, taking as much active exercise as his horse, only skyward; the saddle being to him merely a point of rebound.

But if the object of his frequent visits was misunderstood by Ruth at first, Dare did not allow it to remain so long. And not only Ruth herself, but Mr. and Mrs. Alwynn, and the rectory servants, and half the parish were soon made aware of the state of his affections. What was the good of being in love, of having in view a social aim of such a praiseworthy nature, if no one were aware of the same? Dare was not the man to hide even a night-light under a bushel; how much less a burning and a shining hymeneal torch such as this. His sentiments were strictly honorable. If he raised expectations, he was also quite prepared to fulfil them. Miss Deyncourt was quite right to treat him with her adorable, placid assumption of indifference, until his attentions were more avowed. In the mean while, she was an angel, a lily, a pearl, a star, and several other things, animal, vegetable, and mineral, which his vivid imagination chose to picture her. But whatever Dare's faults may have been—and Ruth was not blind to them—he was at least head over ears in love with her, fortune or none; and as his attachment deepened, it burned up like fire all the little follies with which it had begun.

A clergyman has been said to have made love to the helpmeet of his choice out of the Epistle to the Galatians. Dare made his out of material hardly more promising—plans for cottages, and estimates of repairs. He had quickly seen how to interest Ruth, though the reason for such an eccentric interest puzzled him. However, he turned it to his advantage. Ruth encouraged, suggested, sympathized in all the little he was already doing, and the much that he proposed to do.

Of late, however, a certain not ungrounded suspicion had gradually forced itself upon her which had led her to withdraw as much as she could from her former intercourse with Dare; but her change of manner had not quite the effect she had intended.

"She thinks I am not serious," Dare had said to himself; "she thinks that I play with her feelings. She does not know me. To-morrow I ride over; I set

her mind at rest. To-morrow I propose; I make an offer; I claim that adored hand; I — become engaged."

Accordingly, not long after the clatter of horse's hoofs in the stable yard, Dare himself appeared in the garden, and perceiving Ruth, for whom he was evidently looking, informed her that he had ridden over to ask Mr. Alwynn to support him at a dinner his tenants were giving in his honor — a custom of the Vandon tenantry from time immemorial, on the accession of a new landlord. He spoke absently; and Ruth, looking at him more closely as he stood before her, wondered at his altered manner. He had a rose in his button-hole. He always had a rose in his button-hole; but somehow this was more of a rose than usual. His 'moustaches were twirled up with unusual grace.

"You will find Mr. Alwynn in the study," said Ruth hurriedly.

His only answer was to cast aside his whip and gloves, as possible impediments later on, and to settle himself, with an elegant arrangement of the choicest gaiters, on the grass at her feet.

It is probably very disagreeable to repeat in any form, however discreetly worded, the old phrase, —

The reason why I cannot tell,
But I don't like you, Doctor Fell.

But it must be especially disagreeable, if a refusal is at first not taken seriously, to be obliged to repeat it, still more plainly, a second time. It was Ruth's fate to be obliged to do this, and to do it hurriedly, or she foresaw complications might arise.

At last Dare understood, and the sudden utter blankness of his expression smote Ruth to the heart. He had loved her in his way after all. It is a bitter thing to be refused. She felt that she had been almost brutal in her direct explicitness, called forth at the moment by an instinct that he would proceed to extreme measures unless peremptorily checked.

"I am so sorry," she said involuntarily.

Poor Dare, who had recovered a certain amount of self-possession now that he was on his feet again, took up his gloves and riding-whip in silence. All his jaunty self-assurance had left him. He seemed quite stunned. His face under his brown skin was very pale.

"I am so sorry," said Ruth again, feeling horribly guilty.

"It is I who am sorry," he said humbly.

"I have made a great mistake, for which I ask pardon;" and, after looking at her

for a moment, in blank incertitude as to whether she could really be the same person whom he had come to seek in such happy confidence half an hour before, he raised his hat, his new light grey hat, and was gone.

Ruth watched him go, and when he had disappeared, she sat down again mechanically in the chair from which she had risen a few moments before, and pressed her hands tightly together. She ought not to have allowed such a thing to happen, she said to herself. Somehow it had never presented itself to her in its serious aspect before. It is difficult to take a vain man seriously. Poor Mr. Dare! She had not known he was capable of caring so much about anything. He had never appeared to such advantage in her eyes as he had done when he had left her the moment before, grave and silent. She felt she had misjudged him. He was not so frivolous, after all. And now that her influence was at an end, who would keep him up to the mark about the various duties which she knew now he had begun to fulfil only to please her? Oh, who would help and encourage him in that most difficult of positions, a landowner without means sufficient for doing the best by land and tenantry? She instinctively felt that he could not be relied upon for continuous exertion by himself.

"I wish I could have liked him," said Ruth to herself. "I wish, I wish I could!"

CHAPTER XII.

DURING the whole of the following week Dare appeared no more at Slumberleigh. Mrs. Alwynn, whose time was much occupied as a rule in commenting on the smallest doings of her neighbors, and in wondering why they left undone certain actions which she herself would have performed in their place, Mrs. Alwynn would infallibly have remarked upon his absence many times during every hour of the day, had not her attention been distracted for the time being by a one-horse fly which she had seen go up the road on the afternoon of the day of Dare's last visit, the destination of which had filled her soul with anxious conjecture.

She did not ascertain till the following day that it had been ordered for Mrs. Smith of Greenacre; though, as she told Ruth, she might have known that, as Mr. Smith was going for a holiday with Mrs. Smith, and their pony lame in its feet, they would have to have a fly, and with that hill up to Greenacre she was surprised one horse was enough.

When the question of the fly had been thus satisfactorily settled, and Mrs. Alwynn had ceased wondering whether the Smiths had gone to Tenby or to Rhyl (she always imagined people went to one or other of these two places), her whole attention reverted to a screen which she was making, the elegance and novelty of which supplied her with a congenial subject of conversation for many days.

"There is something so new in a screen, an' entire screen, of Christmas cards," Mrs. Alwynn would remark. "Now, Mrs. Thursby's new screen is all pictures out of the *Graphic*, and those colored Christmas numbers. She has put all her cards in a book. There is something rather *passy* about those albums, I think. Now, I fancy this screen will look quite out of the common, Ruth; and when it is done, I shall get some of those Japanese cranes, and stand them on the top. Their claws are made to twist round, you know, and I shall put some monkeys—you know those droll chenille monkeys, Ruth—creeping up the sides to meet the cranes. I don't honestly think, my dear"—with complacency—"that many people will have anything like it."

Ruth did not hesitate to say that she felt certain very few would.

Mrs. Alwynn was delighted at the interest she took in her new work. Ruth was coming out at last, she told her husband; and she passed many happy hours entirely absorbed in the arrangement of the cards upon the panels. Ruth, thankful that her attention had been providentially distracted from the matter that filled her own thoughts in a way that surprised and annoyed her, sorted, and snipped, and pasted, and decided weighty questions as to whether a goitred robin on a twig should be placed next to a smiling plum-pudding, dancing a polka with a turkey, or whether a congealed cross with "Christian greeting" in icicles on it, should separate the two.

To her uncle Ruth told what had happened; and as he slowly wended his way to Vandon on the day fixed for the tenants' dinner, Mr. Alwynn mused thereon, and I believe, if the truth were known, he was sorry that Dare had been refused. He was a little before his time, and he stopped on the bridge, and looked at the river, as it came churning and sweeping below, fretted out of its usual calm by the mill above. I think that as he leaned over the low stone parapet he made many quiet little reflections besides the involuntary one of himself in the water below.

He would have liked (he was conscious that it was selfish, but yet he *would* have liked) to have Ruth near him always. He would have liked to see this strange son of his old friend in good hands, that would lead him—as it is popularly supposed a woman's hand sometimes can—in the way of all others, in which Mr. Alwynn was anxious that he should walk; a way in which he sometimes feared that Dare had not made any great progress as yet. Mr. Alwynn felt at times, when conversing with him, that Dare's life could not have been one in which the nobler feelings of his nature had been much brought into play, so crude and unformed were his ideas of principle and responsibility, so slack and easy-going his views of life.

But if Mr. Alwynn felt an occasional twinge of anxiety and misgiving about his young friend, it speedily turned to self-upbraiding for indulging in a cynical, unworthy spirit, which was ever ready to seek out the evil and overlook the good; and he gradually convinced himself that only favorable circumstances were required for the blossoming forth of those noble attributes, of which the faintest indications on Dare's part were speedily magnified by the powerful lens of Mr. Alwynn's charity to an extent which would have filled Dare with satisfaction, and would have overwhelmed a more humble nature with shame.

And Ruth would not have him! Mr. Alwynn remembered a certain passage in his own youth, a long time ago, when somebody (a very foolish somebody, I think) would not have him either; and it was with that remembrance still in his mind that he met Dare, who had come as far as the lodge gates to meet him, and whose forlorn appearance touched Mr. Alwynn's heart the moment he saw him.

There was not time for much conversation. To his astonishment, Mr. Alwynn found Dare actually nervous about the coming ordeal; and on the way to the Green Dragon, where the dinner was to be given, he reassured him as best he could, and suggested the kind of answer he should make when his health was drunk.

When, a couple of hours later, all was satisfactorily over, when the last health had been drunk, the last song sung, and Dare was driving Mr. Alwynn home in the shabby old Vandon dog-cart; both men were at first too much overcome by the fumes of tobacco, in which they had been hidden, to say a word to each other. At last, however, Mr. Alwynn drew a long breath, and said faintly,—

"I trust I may never be so hot again. Drive slowly under these trees, Dare. It is cooling to look at them, after sitting behind that streaming volcano of a turkey. How is your head getting on? I saw you went in for punch."

"Was that punch?" said Dare. "Then I take no more punch in the future."

"You spoke capitally, and brought in the right sentiment, that there is no place like home, in first-rate style. You see, you need not have been nervous."

"Ah! but it was you who spoke really well," said Dare, with something of his old eager manner. "You know these people. You know their heart. You understand them. Now, for me, I said what you tell me, and they were pleased, but I can never be with them like you. I understand the words they speak, but themselves I do not understand."

"It will come."

"No," with a rare accession of humility. "I have cared for none of these things till — till I came to hear them spoken of at Slumberleigh by you and — and now at first it is smooth because I say I will do what I can, but soon they will find out I cannot do much, and then —" He shrugged his shoulders.

They drove on in silence.

"But these things are nothing — nothing," burst out Dare at last in a tremulous voice, "to the one thing I think of all night, all day — how I love Miss Deyncourt, and how," with a simplicity which touched Mr. Alwynn, "she does not love me at all."

There is something pathetic in seeing any cheerful, light-hearted animal reduced to silence and depression. To watch a barking, worrying, jovial puppy suddenly desist from parachute expeditions on unsteady legs, and from shaking imaginary rats, and creep, tail close at home, overcome by affliction, into obscurity, is a sad sight. Mr. Alwynn felt much the same kind of pity for Dare, as he glanced at him, resignedly blighted, handsomely forlorn, who but a short time ago had taken life as gaily and easily as a boy home for the holidays.

"Sometimes," said Mr. Alwynn, addressing himself to the mill, and the bridge, and the world in general, "young people change their minds. I have known such things happen."

"I shall never change mine."

"Perhaps not; but others might."

"Ah!" and Dare turned sharply towards Mr. Alwynn, scanning his face with sud-

den eagerness. "You think — you think possibly —"

"I don't think anything at all," interposed Mr. Alwynn, rather taken aback at the evident impression his vague words had made, and anxious to qualify them.

"I was only speaking generally; but — ahem! there is one point, as we are on the subject, that —"

"Yes, yes?"

"Whether you consider any decision as final or not," Mr. Alwynn addressed the clouds in the sky — "I think, if you do not wish it to be known that anything has taken place, you had better come and see me occasionally at Slumberleigh. I have missed your visits for the past week. The fact is, Mrs. Alwynn has a way of interesting herself in all her friends. She has a kind heart, and — you understand — any little difference in their behavior might be observed by her, and might possibly — might possibly" — Mr. Alwynn was at a loss for a word — "be, in short, commented on to others. Suppose now you were to come back with me to tea to-day?"

And Dare went, nothing loth, and arrived at a critical moment in the manufacture of the screen, when all the thickest Christmas cards threatened to resist the influence of paste, and to curl up, to the great anxiety of Mrs. Alwynn.

One of the principal reasons of Dare's popularity was the way in which he threw his whole heart into whatever he was doing, for the time; never for a long time, certainly, for he rarely bored himself or others by adherence to one set of ideas after its novelty had worn off.

And now, as if nothing else existed in the world, and with a grave manner suggesting repressed suffering and manly resignation, he concentrated his whole mind on Mrs. Alwynn's recalcitrant cards, and made Ruth grateful to him by his tact in devoting himself to her aunt and the screen.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Alwynn, after he was gone. "I never did see any one like Mr. Dare. I declare he has made the church stick, Ruth, and 'Blessings on my friend,' which turned up at the corners twice when you put it on, and the big middle one of the kittens skating too! Dear me! I am pleased. I hope Mrs. Thursby won't call till it's finished. But he did not look well, Ruth, did he? Rather pale, now, I thought."

"He has had a tiring day," said Ruth.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ISFAHAN TO BUSHIRE.

ROADS AND RESOURCES OF SOUTHERN PERSIA.

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THE main postal route from Isfahán to the Gulf is *viâ* Shíráz: to Shíráz the road offers no difficulties over the three hundred and twenty miles of its length. Beyond this, however, for about fifty miles, it is exceedingly bad. The total distance by this route is five hundred and twenty miles. It is possible to convert it into a cart-track, and its difficulties are less than on the line between Isfahán and Shústár *viâ* Ardal—two hundred and seventy-five miles, of which ninety miles are very difficult. The six hundred miles of comparatively desert route between Isfahán and Tarbat-i-Haidari offer no terrors or difficulties to caravans of camels, which can accomplish the journey in about twenty-seven days. By the Kárún route, then, Khúrásán can be reached in about forty-five days of actual travelling—a time that compares favorably with the land journey from Bandar Abbás, also about forty-five days, and establishes the fact that Shústár is capable of becoming the port, not only for Isfahán, Tíhrán, and Hamadan, etc., but also for Khúrásán. With improved tracks, Tabríz likewise comes within its influence (six hundred miles).

Leaving Julfa on the 27th May, our path led through the cultivated belt of country known as the Lower Lánjún, a well-populated district, covered with fruit-gardens and pigeon-towers, and containing three hundred or four hundred villages. At ten miles we crossed the river Zaindarúd by a bridge, one hundred and fifty yards long, with eighteen tall arches of brick and stone, and finished our first stage at Bágh-i-Wahsh, a village of one hundred and twenty families and fifty-one ploughs. Such a village in the Mahál-i-Lánjún is rated at three hundred *tománs per annum*. With our carpet and bed spread on the housetop, we listened to what the *kut-khúdd* of the place and his fellows had to say for themselves, and drank of the icy cold water drawn from the well in the courtyard below. Our conversation soon took its usual turn, "ruin of trade by exactions," etc., etc. The stately women passed and repassed with their earthen water-jars on their heads; and did our village maidens but know what upright forms and elegant limbs this custom engenders, they would

follow this example of their Eastern sisters, much to the improvement of their figures. All the lands about here are what is termed *khorlasey*—*i.e.*, the property of the sháh; when the lands are owned by the villagers they are called *urbbí*. The plain in which this village stands, from seven to eight miles broad from north to south, was a garden in the time of Sháh Abbás, of which royal enclosure the walks are still apparent. Within the gardens stood a menagerie, and hence is derived the present name of the village—the Garden of Wild Beasts. The second day's march took us by easy gradients over the Gardan-i-Rís (the summit of which incline has five thousand two hundred feet elevation), a neck in the range which separates the districts of the Upper and Lower Lánjún; and, as the Pul-i-Kála over the Zaindarúd had been carried away by a flood, we put up at Bágh-i-Wágarún, after crossing the river on a raft manœuvred by two ropes worked by five men on either side of the stream, which is two hundred feet wide. It was early—but eleven o'clock—yet my thirst was so great that, seated on the bank of the cool but somewhat muddy Zaindarúd stream, I drank at a draught half a gallon of its refreshing waters! The volume of water here is greater than in the river at Isfahán, much of it being expended in irrigation lower down its course. It took us just one hour to get the baggage over in six trips of the raft, and three-quarters of an hour to swim the horses and mules, ten in number, across the water. This district of Lower Lánjún supplies central Persia with rice, and, owing to excessive irrigation, is unhealthy during the autumn months, until the crops ripen and are ready for harvest in November. The villagers throughout complained of too high taxation and official exactions. I was housed here in excellent quarters, and aroused from my afternoon siesta to join the *deh-khúdd* at afternoon tea, as pleasant an "institution" in Persia as in England, bar only the absence of the gentler sex. It is drunk in small glasses well sweetened, and flavored with a slice of lemon, never with milk or cream; nothing is eaten, and the more honored the guest the greater the number of lumps of sugar heaped into his glass. With a *Bishmil-lah*! (In the name of God!) the host rises and leads you to the seat of honor; after inquiries as to health, the *samovar* is at once set to work. You are expected to drink two glasses; but your host is better pleased if you take a third, no difficult

task, as they hold so little. To drink "bitter tea," as unsweetened tea is called, is never thought of.

The next morning we were up betimes to cross the long and tedious, though gentle, ascent of the Gardan-i-Rukh, and we reached the summit of the neck (eight thousand feet), where the road is somewhat difficult, being zigzagged over slippery rock, about three hours afterwards. This crest of the Kúh-i-Rukh forms the watershed of the country and the territorial boundary between the districts of Isfahán and Chahár Mahal. From hence westward this . . . ns along the Kúh-i-Rang, . . . , and the Kúh-i-Persisht, and by Ashnákhor and the hills to the north of the river Diz. We were now in the Chahár Mahal country, which has been likened by Major Wells to that of Peshin (its most fertile parts). This comparatively rich district of plain, valley, and hilly country, where neither tree nor shrub may be said to exist, so rare are they, is farmed out to the ilkhání of the Bakhtíarís, who pays to the Isfahán government eighteen thousand *tománs* annually for it. The rarefied air at the elevations we were now traversing, lying between six thousand and seven thousand feet, permitted of the sun's rays striking with force. During several climbs, with one hand one would wipe perspiration off the brow, whilst with the other one would pick up handfuls of the frozen snow, which still lay at the greater elevations, to quench thirst. A mysterious man here called upon me, and stated that although outwardly a Mahammadan he was really a Christian. Why he should have confided this to me it is difficult to say; because, as he also made it secretly known to Sháhsowár, he might just as well have told it at once to "Old Mother Gossip."

Our *charwadar* was in high dudgeon this morning, and with good reason, for his only pair of shoes had been stolen during the night, and he could not replace them. "*Wallah!* May the cursed sons of honest fathers and all their generations for time to come suffer for this theft, if my shoes are not found before we start!" was the malignant curse that he launched against the crowd of villagers that always collected to view our start.

The following day the road, descending the valley, which is fairly well cultivated, passed through the Tang-i-Khárejí, between the Kúh-i-Jehánbín and the Kúh-i-Yeomri (or Zangum); we here struck a small stream which, watering Sártishni and the Gashnágán plain, forms one of

the sources of the Kárún River. Poppy, wheat, barley, and rice, besides tobacco, etc., are here cultivated. A picket of Bakhtíarí horse was stationed here, who made room for us on hearing our destination. Their horses were tethered in the yard, which was surrounded by mangers, that is to say, egg-shaped holes formed in the mud wall. We found the company of these cavaliers a little detrimental to rest, but they were sociable fellows, full of chat and nonsense.

From Khárejí, on the 31st May, after crossing a hilly country, with rich cultivation in the valleys, we ascended the steep and difficult passage over the Kúh-i-Seli-gún, the transit occupying one and three-quarters hours.

From the Gardan-i-Zerra Pass, the road, after descending into a grassy valley, where a lake is formed by the melting of the snows, ascends again over an undulation, with a fertile clay soil, still covered with snow, on whose sides the Iliyats were taking up their summer quarters. Amongst them were many gaily decked Bakhtíarí women, resplendent in yellow and red, astride their baggage ponies and mules, a sight that carried memory back a few weeks to the time when we were journeying in the company of their Lur sisters between Dizfúl and Khoramábád.

We felt the sun now very powerful as we descended a narrow ravine, stony and steep, from which we emerged to gain a made road, which winds gently down and round the Kúh-i-Sukhtá, with some steep and rocky ascents and descents here and there. Crossing a neck, we descended another ravine, choked with boulders and loose stones, until, turning round a spur of the mountain-side, we reached the village of Ardal, one hundred and two miles from Isfahán. To the westward of Ardal, at Dúpulán, the next stage towards Shústar, oaks of size are first met with; coal is also said to exist in the vicinity.

In this small village, a range of two-storied buildings, the property of Rezza Kúli Khán, is occupied by the ilkhání and ilbégi, etc., of the Bakhtíarís, during the month of May, and until the Chigákhör valley dries up sufficiently to enable the tribes to encamp upon it. The building is a most unpretentious one, and its interior fittings not calculated to impress a European visitor. I found a tent pitched for me in the gardens, close by the enclosure occupied by the Bakhtíarí chiefs, and was well received by Colonel Hájjí Ibráhim Kúli Khán, and afterwards visited by the ilkhání and ilbégi. A tray of sweet-

meats, than which I have never eaten better or of a more peculiar nature, was followed by an excellent dinner as a prelude to a refreshing sleep.

It may be remembered that the ilkhání had received me two months before, at Ab-i-Bid, near Shústar. He congratulated me on having accomplished the dangerous passage through the Lur-i-Kúchak district, between Dizfúl and Khoramábád, saying that he had not expected to meet me again alive, especially as there had been a rumor spread abroad, shortly after my departure, that our party had been robbed and massacred by the Feili Lurs. The chief smiled grimly when he mentioned Hájjí Ali's name, and naively remarked that the western Lurs could in no way compare with the Bakhtíáris in their respect for life and property. Nearer Isfahán the tribes are more under control.

On the 1st of June the ilkhání and ilbégi left early, but I was up in time to send the former the Martini-Henry cavalry carbine that Hájjí Ali had so coveted, and of which he had so repeatedly attempted to get possession. Breakfast, consisting of bread, dates, curds, and eggs fried in a fruit-sauce, was followed later by a pilau, sour milk, and deliciously iced sherbets, for luncheon, capped in the evening by a sumptuous dinner. Snow is brought daily from the neighboring hills for the chief's table. I visited Hájjí Ibráhim, and spent some time with him, during part of which his two young sons were present. The Persian youth is kept in excellent order. Neither dared utter a word; they would scarcely turn their eyes to the right or left, and but glanced furtively, with looks of affection, towards their father.

Some of the young Persian nobles are well read in the Mahammadan Scriptures and poetry. I had a volume of Shaikh Sádi's poems with me, and could lead off with the opening stanza of some of his beautiful verse; catching up the rhyme, many boys of ten years of age, such as these, could repeat to the end of the sonnet or tale.

In general conversation, when the opportunity offered, in a patronizing way the *sayads* and *múlds*, whom we met with from time to time, would inform me that their religion and mine were the same to a certain point—the coming of Christ; and, affirming that Christ had himself foretold the coming of Mahammad (the Comforter, I suppose they mean to suggest), would ask me why we Christians do not accept him as the Prophet of prophets? I always declined such useless religious discus-

sions. We ran down a young wild pig one day, whereupon all began to stone him to death. Turning to me they said, "We hear that you eat that accursed animal; is it true?" Sháhsowár gave me no time to answer, but himself did so: "No; he never eats the accursed swine; he is an Amír."

Imám Kúli Khán furnished me with a guide, and gave me letters to the various kháns through whose territories we should have to pass on our way through the intricate hill-country lying between Ardal and the coast. Indeed, without guides as escort from the camping-ground of one Iliyát tribe to another, it would have been impossible for us to have got through the mountains of the Bakhtíári, as there are practically no villages, and the road is often but a mere single-file mule-track, and, moreover, a safe-conduct is needed.

On the 2nd June, retracing our steps for some miles, we took the road to Chigá-khor, a valley in which is situated the Kal'a, or walled residence of the ilkhání, which stands on a low mound in the centre of a valley three miles long by three broad. Deprecating the unpretentious nature of his residence at Ardal, the ilkhání had enlarged upon the beauty of that at Chigá-khor, and more especially on the excellence of the stucco-work to be seen there. The swampy nature of the valley prevented our reaching it. The walls of this Kal'a are cracked—dislocated, it is said, by earthquakes, which are not uncommon in this vicinity. Here, at an elevation of eight thousand feet, and within easy access of the snows, are the summer headquarters of the Haft Lang Bakhtíáris,* who can, according to Schindler, put two thousand horsemen into the field. Halting at Talibac, we bivouacked near a fine fruit-garden, affording in season grapes, plums, figs, and walnuts. The walnut-trees are of large size. We were now at an elevation of eight thousand feet, and on the 3rd June, rising to undulate over rich pastures, on which the Bakhtíári Iliyats had already begun to camp, we descended a narrow ravine to reach the Maidan-i-Gandaman, a plain at the foot of the Kúh-i-Sabz, now skirted, and which with the Kúh-i-Challow forms a mountain, said to be an extinct volcano, cut through

* The Haft Lang division of the Bakhtíáris formerly doubled the number of the Chahár Lang division of the " " " " but the original enmity between these " " " " actually disappearing, and both branches are becoming more and more a homogeneous people under the ilkhání. The tribes come under the jurisdiction of Isfahán, Búrjird, Khoramábád, Bekbahán, etc.

by the Tang-i-Síáh, through which flows a stream into the Kárún. Between Ardál and Behbahán, now our goal, all villages are of a poor type, and of a most uninviting appearance, so we preferred to bivouac rather than enter them. A series of hills, separated by broad valleys, in some of which a little barley is cultivated, and a few low hawthorn-trees, willows, and wild roses grow, and where at intervals are to be seen encampments of Lurs, at length conducted us to a stupendous gorge, the Tang-i-Dúsabíl, a narrow cleft in the rock capped by giant mountains. Passing round this Tang, we descended into the river-bed, and crossing the Pul-i-Karabust (bridge), ascended by a road, cut for some distance, wonderful to relate, out of the hillside, towards the Takht-i-Sultán-Ibráhim, one of the highest hills of the Sabz Kúh or Alburz range. The character of the hills here changes to that of lofty, steep, and rocky mountains, separated by narrow and deep valleys. A steep and difficult incline now led us over a neck into a high level pasture valley, perched aloft in the rocky hillsides of which are numerous caves occupied by herdsmen. The sheep grazing on their precipitous sides looked somewhat like flies on a wall. Passing over a saddle, after a trying march of twenty-six miles, during which we were much annoyed by flies, which bit through socks and trousers, and greatly distressed our animals, we reached the village of Ali or Kháná Mirzá, in a treeless basin almost surrounded with snow-topped mountains. We were here received by a party of some twenty horsemen, who hastily "fell in" at our approach, than whom a more truculent-looking lot, mounted on rough ponies, I had never seen. Heavily armed as they are with swords, pistols in holsters, and guns of all sorts slung over their shoulders, they can, nevertheless, scamper over their stony hill-paths like cats, and are exceedingly formidable to their fellows. Occasional disturbances take place here with the Kashkai Iliyats, who pitch their summer tents on the neighboring hill-slopes, and who consider it no injudicious thing to annex a sheep or two from their neighbors' flocks whenever an opportunity offers. Snow begins to fall here in October, and lasts till March. A path up the valley leads to the large village of Lurdagán, and to the Kárún River route from Ardál to Shústar.

On the 5th June, ascending imperceptibly over a valley, affording poor grazing, and dotted with a few villages, we

crossed the neck of the Gardan-i-Durmán to the north of the Kúh-i-Surkh, at seven thousand feet, past which we struck the beaten road which leads to Shíráz, near Felát. After a march of twenty-four miles we reached Bassáki, the encampment of Múlá Ali Khán, below the Kúh-i-Bassáki. Múlá Ali Khán treated us most hospitably. His son is connected by marriage with the family of the ilkháni, and is pay-sergeant of the Bakhtíarí Horse. The distinction with which we had been treated by Háji Ibráhim Khán, the colonel of the cavalry at Ahwáz, had become known throughout the regiment, and consequently we were always well received by all its members, who are widely scattered through these mountains.* Múlá Ali Khán would not hear of my taking the direct road † of two stages to Khurrá, a Kúhgehlú encampment near Chenár, on account of its difficulties; and therefore, changing guides at Bassáki, we took the more roundabout road by Díná. Descending the grassy valley, we traversed a hilly country, resembling that we had already crossed on the Dizfúl-Khoramábád line at Badámek and that about the Tang-i-Dusabíl, consisting of clays and gravels, alternating with horizontal layers of limestone rock of different thicknesses, and at varied intervals apart. Excellent wheat and barley grow here; the pasture is rich, and numerous flocks of sheep and herds of cows and horses were seen. These latter, although rough of appearance, and never fed on anything but grass, improve immensely on grain, and with proper grooming develop much of the quality of the Arab horse, their parent stock. No care is, however, taken to preserve the purity of the breed. Here, also, even in these highlands, elevated between seven thousand and eight thousand feet, the want of population only causes the fertile clay soil to be left uncultivated, except in patches of size sufficient to supply the wants of the Iliyats for a few months in the year. Continuing our descent past the village of Rúdábad into the Malburr valley, we forded, with some difficulty, its dangerous and rapid torrent of icy cold water. The crossing occupied an hour and a half, and were a man, horse, or mule to loose his footing in its bouldery bed, there would be little chance of life for him in the swift, cold current. After expending an hour in fruitless attempts to cross it, and when, in despair, further attempts

* The table of the Múlá was well supplied with ice from the hills above his camp

† Probably the road taken by Stocqueler.

were about to be given up, a *saiyid* appeared, well acquainted with the nature of the ford. It was crossed at a very oblique angle, and by allowing the animals to be almost carried down-stream, whilst at the same time, each guided by two men, they were gradually steered across. I know of nothing more disagreeable than fording a rapid stream with a bouldery bed, as the current makes both man and horse giddy, and boulders give the worst of footing. The intrepid guide crossed and recrossed it five times, thawing his chilled limbs each time over a fire. We now ascended one thousand feet to the Mundagan plateau, and again ascending to an elevation of eight thousand four hundred feet, we descended steeply into the Kíná valley, a sudden drop of one thousand two hundred feet, and bivouacked under the wall of this small village for protection. The ladies of the place soon crowned its summit, snatching a short respite from their churning operations, which had already commenced, and which continued throughout the night.

We were up betimes on the morning of the 7th, and notwithstanding that we missed the track, and floundered for some time amidst irrigated fields, at 4 A. M. we were already threading the Tang-i-Khafr, to pass over the spur of the Kúh-i-Díná, separating us from the Khafr village, picturesquely situated at the head of a deep valley under the Kúh-i-Díná, the passage over which we were now about to attempt. It would have been well had we halted here to gather strength for the undertaking. The village, which is surrounded by fruit-trees and cultivation, lies at an altitude of about seven thousand feet, and the pass about four thousand feet above it.

We were now in the hill country of the Kashkai, which stretches away to Shíráz, the mountains varying from eight thousand to nine thousand feet in height, and some of the highest peaks reaching to near thirteen thousand feet. These heights are, however, separated by fertile valleys, in which rice, wheat, barley, maize, vetches, cotton, etc., grow plentifully, whilst on the slopes of the hills are vineyards, together with many stunted oak-trees above, and mulberry, willow, and walnut trees beneath.

From Khafr the track, gradually rising, undulates under the slopes of the Kúh-i-Díná, here chiefly composed of deep blue shales and clays, with outcropping horizontal layers of grey rock, of unequal thicknesses and at varied intervals, be-

tween which the shales are held up at steep slopes.

A herb similar to that already met with at Khúgán, and resembling fennel in the form of its feathery stems, grows on the hillsides, and we met numerous fine oxen carrying huge loads of it to Khafr; grass being scarce at this season, just here, it is the chief fodder of the valley. The tents of the Iliyats occupied the pasture valleys and undulations, with the usual patches of wheat and barley near to them. Gaining a spur of the mountain, we ascended wearily enough, for the path was steep, the hillside stony, and we had frequently to cross long stretches of snow. It took us eight and a half hours from Khafr to climb to the Gardan-i-Bazurr, elevated about eleven thousand feet. After a journey of fifteen hours' duration, we reached Sisakht, a movable village of reeds, bushes, etc. (at seven thousand nine hundred feet), occupied by Kúhgehlú Lurs, and situated at the southern base of the Díná Mountain, where our wants were supplied by Alí Baksh, the chief of the district. So weary was I, that, after a drink of milk and a frugal repast, I tumbled into bed *à la belle étoile*, without undressing, for the night cold was sharp, and slept the sleep of the just, although I had promised my host to visit his tent after dinner.

The Kúhgehlú Lurs occupy the hills to the south of those of the Bakhtíáris, from the Kúh-i-Díná to Behbahán and the plain of Ram Hormuz. The various hill-tribes, Bakhtíáris, Mamasani, Kashkai, etc., rarely now clash, and I received from the ilkháni of the Bakhtíáris letters to his kinsmen amongst them. Their language, customs, and religion do not differ in any material respect from those of the Bakhtíáris, with whom they intermarry. Their summer and winter quarters are little more than a transition from the valleys to the summits of the mountains above them, and in June I met with but few of their camps pitched in their winter grazing-grounds. The *shatwí*, or winter sowings of the tribes in these high-land regions, include wheat, barley, beans, and opium poppy; whilst the *saiyí*, or summer sowings, consist of rice, beans, gram, cotton, and tobacco. The mountains here rise to a greater height than to the westward, and the valleys are less rich in pasture than those within the Bakhtíáris hills. On the 8th, a journey of twenty-five miles brought us to the Kúhgehlú encampment of Wálí Khán at Khurrá, where there is an Imámzádá.

There were some fine colts in the camp, and we spent some time prior to starting in fruitlessly endeavoring to exchange my Arab mare, which was suffering from work and a sore back, for one of them. The *chavadar*, too, was in a hurry to load up, and pleaded a stomach-ache, which he accounted for by the quantity of frozen snow that he had eaten the day before. He either suffered much pain or was a good feigner. Undulating under the Kúh-i-Díná, through well-wooded valleys, at ten miles the track gains the Derruhún stream, the right branch of the Khersún River (elevation five thousand nine hundred feet), which we forded at a point where its waters run in three channels, and then the Chowjehún, or left branch, above their junction. Both streams were swollen mountain torrents, rushing over boulders, rendering the crossing extremely hazardous. In the grassy valley beyond, and in several of the deep basins, oaks were plentiful, and in one place an unsuccessful attempt appeared to have been made to start a nursery for young trees. Few could thrive here unprotected, as the goats and sheep graze them down. The winter of 1883-84, as before remarked, had been an unusually severe one, and of long duration, consequently the melting of the snow occurred later this season than is generally the case. Ordinarily in June the streams would be more readily forded, and the passes less blocked with snow. The valley pastures had already assumed the brown and yellow tints of maturity, yet the Ilyats cut and stack no fodder, preferring to migrate to greener and more elevated pastures when those around them become dried up by the sun. A few years since this road was quite impassable to Europeans; but during the governorship of the Iltishám-ul-Daulat, 1878-80, robbery and crime were sternly repressed, with the best results. Layard mentions that the governor (Mata-met) of Isfahán had, in 1840, revenged himself on the Mamasani for revolt, by building three hundred of them with mortar into a living tower; and I was told that the *lex talionis* was still rigidly enforced, and that if a highway murder took place a life was exacted of the tribe — whether of the offender or of an innocent man, no matter whom — a method of proceeding likely to strike terror into every tent or household of the nomads.

The Kúhgehlú chiefs laughed at the idea of this road being supposed to be a caravan-route, and they assured me that no caravans ever took it; local traders

alone make use of it. There is said to be bear-shooting in the neighborhood, but no use is made of their skins, and the Lurs were surprised to hear that they were of any value. We here shot a few partridges on the stony hillsides.

My hosts were much astonished at a great nation like ourselves being governed by a queen. "If, as you say," said they, "there are thousands in your country greater than yourself, how is it that such a nation of amírs should be governed by a queen?" I had to explain that there were queens and queens, and that our queen was the mother and grandmother of not one but many emperors and kings, princes and princesses. Our deference and politeness to the gentler sex they cannot understand, and think us but poor creatures to be such slaves of the harem.

From Khurrá (seven thousand four hundred feet) to Sad'át (seven thousand two hundred feet) was a difficult march of thirteen miles, several ridges with deep intervening valleys having to be crossed on the way. From the fertile Chenár valley we ascended the Tang-i-Bunderah and followed a winding, narrow, and steep path to the Gardan-i-Dast-i-Chalkellah (nine thousand three hundred and sixty feet) on the south side of which we passed through the cultivated valley of Dast-i-Rukh, occupied by Kúhgehlú iliyats, and ascended its border hill to the south, to gain the rocky summit of the Gardan-i-Chashmah-Dúzún at nine thousand five hundred and seventy feet. A slippery descent, in places over frozen snow, led us from this neck down a stony ravine to the Imámzádá and village of Sad'át, a ruin surrounded by extensive vineyards, with fine walnut and mulberry trees.

At Sad'át are some ruined one-storied buildings of cut stone, set in mortar, with low arched roofs, forming vaults which are typical of the Sassanian constructions as described by Sir Henry Rawlinson, and which evidently indicate the remains of a considerable town. We bivouacked here under a wide-spreading walnut-tree in close proximity to the conclave of the worthies of the village and encampment, presided over by its *rtshsafid*, or "white-beard," and had evidence of the difficulty he experienced in raising the revenue demanded of him, for each man in turn pleaded poverty and lack of funds. In all cases, after many and loud altercations, a compromise appeared to have been arrived at, the *kut-hhúddá* being

aided by the opinions of the other members of the assembly, who each gave judgment on his fellow as his case was thus roughly adjudicated.

From Sad'át to Safarío we found the journey, on the 10th of June, most tedious, as the numerous ascents and descents over slippery rocks and boulders made the march of twenty-two miles very difficult riding. On descending into the valley leading to the Tang-i-Nálí, we found the descent next to impassable even to mules. The path winds considerably, and many of its rocky steps are two to three feet high; in other places it is as slippery as glass from the passage of flocks of sheep and goats for many generations past. Beyond it, the bed of the deep and narrow rift bordered by perpendicular rock, next traversed, is covered with huge boulders, over and around which the horses and baggage-animals had to work their way. At its head lies Safar-i-áb, elevated forty-one hundred feet, a village of a few huts of stone, with mud roofs, standing on a small, cultivated plateau. We here met Abbás Khán, its aga, a chief of the Nowi tribe, seated under a tree and regulating the *weighty affairs of his nation*. The country here is *garmsir* — i.e., a winter quarter only; and his simple following were anxious to know if, in my country, I also had cool pastures to repair to during the heat of summer. This gave me the opportunity of enlarging upon the verdure, the moisture, and fertility of England, so in contrast to the greater part of the country I had recently traversed, and necessitating neither *garmsir* nor *sardsir*. In the evening they left me to return to their *sardsir*, or summer quarters, on the summit of the neighboring heights. The *garmsir* are occupied only from October to April. The highland districts we had already passed over were *sarhadd*, or *sardsir*, and are occupied only between June and September.

On the 11th June, before leaving the valley, which is partially cultivated, we passed by the remains of a rather extensive cemetery; but as the inscriptions on the sandstone tombs had been obliterated, it was impossible to form an opinion of their age or date. Here and there were stone sarcophagi of rude construction, and close by some ruins of a few low houses, built of stone and lime. Round about are some large timber-trees, oaks, planes, etc.

Another terrible-looking *tang*, or defile, well deserving its name of Tang-i-Nák-huda or the Godless Pass, had now to be threaded. It is from two hundred to

two hundred and fifty feet wide, with precipitous cliffs of unfossiliferous limestone rock, three hundred feet high, on either hand; its bed is nearly blocked by boulders of huge size, over and through which the passage of the flocks of the Iliyats has worked a path, which crosses and re-crosses the rocky bed of the torrent, one of the tributaries of the Khairábád River. We spent at least two hours in toiling through this labyrinth of boulders — “confusedly hurl'd, the fragments of an earlier world” — until at length we emerged out of the worst *inferno* I hope ever to enter. We might now be said to have extricated ourselves from the great mountainous tract, and probably the most intricate section of the Zagros range. From the Godless Pass a good track was followed across a more or less open country, and we were thankful that the road was apparently (but only in appearance) clear of hills in front of us of a forbidding outline. We soon afterwards passed some ruins; further on were gardens of pomegranates in blossom, and at Kal'a Pilli, a small masonry fort stood on a low mound covered with thistles, and in the neighborhood were some grass huts. Indeed acres of luxuriant thistles spread around everywhere on this side of the Tang-i-Nák-hudá, amidst which swarms of locusts took their flight as we slowly progressed. It was very hot, and the dry atmosphere very conducive to thirst, so what was our delight when our guide suddenly disappeared into a deep water-hole, to emerge with a bunch of unripe and sour but most refreshing grapes! The grass, now dried up, would, if cut and stacked, produce vast quantities of hay, and the quality of the herbage would certainly be improved thereby. Curiously enough, as already remarked, the economical method of storing hay for winter provender has never commended itself to the minds of nomads. The Iliyats, from their wandering habits and predatory life, must regard haystacks as property which is insufficiently portable, and which, being irremovable, could be taxed by the government; therefore they prefer to consume by the way what they can obtain by migration to pastures new, leaving any amount of forage, in the shape of uncut hay, to waste and degenerate.

At Imámzádá-Dastgird, we found the ruins of a small town, whilst neighboring mounds probably contain more extensive remains of architecture of bygone days. By the time we reached Deh-Dasht, we had descended to a level of twenty-eight

hundred and fifty feet, so that the temperature in the shade, at 3 P.M., was 92° , when we took up our quarters in a ruined *sarai*, consisting of a series of apartments of antique construction, having pointed stone arches, and domed roofs built around a central courtyard. The side walls were all recessed, each recess being covered with a pointed arch, with the *voussoirs*, springers, and abutments of stone carved in Sassanian style, and with excellent taste. The ruins around indicate the former existence of a town of some importance. As an example of the insufficiency of the available field labor in these fertile plains, and of the improvident methods of agriculture practised by the Iliyats, I may notice that the ears of the corn were in many cases about here plucked and the tall stubble left standing; yet chopped straw was much wanted and in great demand in many parts of the country I had just passed over. We were somewhat scared to-day, for several horsemen with spears bore down upon us at full gallop, pulling up their horses sharply on their haunches only when close at hand. They then cantered madly to the front and rear, brandishing their spears, and circled round about us for fully half an hour, and until one thought that every one of their horses must have been badly screwed.

We found we had not yet quite finished with difficulties from rocky paths, for on leaving Deh-Dasht, the sixteenth day after leaving Isfahán, we had two formidable descents to negotiate. From the village the path descends over treeless plains covered with standing hay, and growing thistles abundantly, to the Gatz-Darwáza; where the path led down a narrow ravine of granitic rock, and eventually became nothing better than a narrow, winding staircase of rock. Our lower elevation and increased temperature was evidenced by the luxuriant growth of lovely rose-colored oleanders, now in full blossom. All mule-drivers hold this plant in holy horror, for it is poisonous, and if the mules eat it they rarely recover. Yet another tiresome, rocky, and steep ascent and descent — during which the rays of the June sun were, as early as 8 A.M., felt overpoweringly hot — took us by a hazardous track, over slippery, naked rock, round the *diz*, or pulpit rock, which overlooks the Ab-i-Rumarúm, or Kurdistán River, here seventy yards broad, into the bed of that river elevated fourteen hundred feet; and some idea of the heat at this part of our journey may be formed from the record in

my note-book that my artificial horizon (one of Captain George's construction) became too hot to be lifted after it had been for seven minutes exposed to the sun's rays at 3 P.M., and this notwithstanding that the thermometer only read 102° in our bivouac amidst the tamarisk bushes which here line the banks. I bathed here, as on every possible occasion, but I never saw a Persian follow my example; they do not love cold water. After leaving Ardal, it was judged necessary by the guides, whom we changed about every other day, to collect a guard of half-a-dozen Lurs to watch our bivouac at night whenever it was possible to do so. They guarded us in a fashion of their own, by sleeping at intervals along the tracks leading to the bivouac. There was a quantity of hay on the hills bordering the river, otherwise our animals would have fared badly, for we had consumed all our supplies; indeed, since passing Ardal, they had fed upon grass or hay chiefly. Although not a soul was to be seen, the clothing of one of our mules, turned out loose on the hillside to graze, was stolen. Anxious to reach Behbahán in good time, and being one who believes that "delays have dangerous ends," we started on the 13th of June at 3.30 A.M., by moonlight. This was the second march that I had attempted in these hills before dawn, and in both cases with dire results. On the first occasion, we lost our way amidst irrigated fields; and on this, the second occasion, we nearly lost a mule, and one of my *yeh-dáns* got smashed into match-boxes by a fall of the mule carrying it over the hillside. My only consolation was that my loss was the gain of the mule's life. Quitting our bivouac, and descending the river valley, we entered the Tekáb Pass, here riding over a slippery stone revetment, but three feet wide, or an equally slippery, naked rock, most dangerous to both horses and mules. This Tangi-Tekáb is two hundred feet wide, bordered by perpendicular cliffs four hundred feet high, in parts narrowing to fifty feet in width, whilst the unforgivable river flows with a swift current down the pass, at a depth varying from fifty to one hundred feet below the narrow path. At the southern mouth of the gorge is a dripping fountain, with an inscription cut in Persian characters, relating the history of the construction of this most useful causeway. Above, a path leads up the hillside to the village of Pushkár, which, perched upon an elevated ledge, amid a few palm-trees, looks down upon the difficult labyrinth of boulders in the ravine below.

The delight of all of us at emerging from the hills was great. It was time too, for our horses were thoroughly exhausted, and not one of the four had a sound shoe; indeed, all had been smashed to pieces since leaving Khurrá, and although we had taken the precaution to bring spare shoes with us, all had been used up.

The *tangs*, or defiles, are most characteristic features in these hills. They are, as the reader will have gathered from the foregoing pages, narrow passes, two hundred or three hundred feet wide, bordered by precipitous cliffs two hundred to five hundred feet high, often of solid rock, with, in some cases, shallow and insignificant streams flowing through them, with their beds encumbered by huge boulders, and often circuitous in their length of one thousand yards and upwards. The picturesque grandeur of these deep gorges has probably some analogy to those fissures called *cañons* in Colorado. They exist also in a modified form in the Peshin hills of British Baluchistán. If their formation is to be explained by natural causes, it is considered by many sufficient to suppose that they may be due to contraction on cooling, or that erosive action of water, continued through countless ages, has worn these stupendous channels. This last hypothesis, however, I consider, quite fails to account for their formation; and the former theory is equally unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it leaves unsettled the reason for the contraction and the resulting crack in the hills taking place at the head of a valley, just in the place required to allow of the passage of an often insignificant stream through it, and with the level of its bed just on a level with that of the valley.

According to Loftus,* all the great rivers flowing from the east towards the Tigris, having their sources in the mountains of Luristán and crossing diagonally through the intricacies of these ranges, instead of flowing along the natural troughs which separate the parallel limestone saddles (in a south-east and north-west direction in Luristán), working out their channels through the gypsiferous and marly series of rocks, take abnormal directions at right angles to what we should suppose would be their natural tendency, and pass directly through the limestone ridges by means of these *tangs* or gorges, apparently formed for this express purpose. On reaching the next gypsum

trough, the rivers flow again in their normal course for a short distance, and again cut the lower chains in succession in like manner, and so on until they reach the plains of the Persian Gulf. Many of these tangs, says Loftus, expose a perpendicular section of one thousand feet and upwards, which were formed, not by the scooping process which attends river action, but by natural rents, produced by the tension of the crystalline mass at the period of its elevation. Of these fissures the rivers have taken advantage, and shortened their otherwise circuitous channels.

Having left the last ridge of the mountain barrier which separates the coast plains of Persia from the Iranian plateau behind, we had now reached the Behbahán plain, with its stony clay soil, watered by canals, and on which, when we passed, the harvest had been reaped — *i.e.*, the ears of corn had been plucked, leaving the wheat-stalks standing. We observed numerous mounds, evidently covering ancient remains, during our ride of five miles over a hard and generally level surface, which brought us to the outskirts of the town of Behbahán, a centre of trade, where a few date palms grow near a huge tank, the drinking-water cistern for the city, which is supplied with water from a channel communicating with the river. The town of Behbahán, of mud houses enclosed by high mud walls, and surrounded by a dilapidated mud wall, is only preserved from an utterly mean appearance by the few white domes of its several Imám-zádás. A few only of the better houses are built of stone and lime, and its streets are merely narrow lanes. The *bazár* is but small, and although the Ihlyats from the hills dispose of their produce here, trade seems at a standstill. Seventy years ago, indeed, the place is said to have contained ten thousand inhabitants; but when I passed through it, it certainly did not boast of half that number. There is a palace for the governor in the north-east section of the town, but it was untenanted during our visit. The former governor had been the Nassir-ul-Mulk, two years before. The *entrepôts* for the Behbahán line of trade are Hindiyyán and Dilám. The Hindiyyán stream is navigable for light boats and canoes to within a short distance of Behbahán, and the traffic from these two sources converges at Zeitún, our first stage out towards Bandar Dilám, and twenty-four miles distant. Goods generally go up by land through Deh-Mulá and Arab to Zeitún by a level

* A paper on the geology of the Turko-Persian frontier, and of the district adjoining, by W. K. Loftus, Esq., F.G.S., June, 1854.

road. Behbahán was governed from 1877 to 1880 by the *Ilitishám-ul-Daulat*, the son of Ferhád Mírzá, who, till the spring of 1882, was prince-governor of Fars. During his administration, before alluded to, the turbulent tribes in the neighborhood were subdued, and the road to Isfahán was improved and rendered safe. He was rapacious and ruthless, and held in great fear. Whenever the Persians allude to the present insecurity of the road between Dizfúl and Khoramábád, they mention the services of the *Ilitishám-ul-Daulat* in suppressing the *Kúhgehlú* tribes, and recommend that he should be sent to carry out a like work in Luristán. There is no doubt that such a man would soon render the country perfectly safe. He ruthlessly exacted, as already stated, life for robbery as well as for life, caring little whether the real offender suffered or the proper life was taken — a method of procedure well calculated to cause the tribes themselves to suppress lawlessness.

By the road we had come from Isfahán, *viâ* Deh-i-Kurd and Ardal to Behbahán, it was seventeen stages, and we had covered three hundred and sixty-seven miles. Had we taken the more direct road to Chigákhör, two stages, or forty miles, would have been saved; whilst, had the most direct road, *viâ* Kumesseh to Felát, been followed, the journey would only have been one of two hundred and ninety-seven miles.

Leaving the *sarai* at Behbahán (elevation thirteen hundred feet) on the 14th of June, and traversing in succession a plain, hummocky and undulating, and a range of low, barren, and broken hills of soft sandstone and clay, we gained the pleasing valley of the Zeitún River, dotted with villages, surrounded by palms and hardwood trees.

From Zeitún, a stage of twenty-four miles, over barren hills and cultivated fields, leads to the small seaport village of Bandar Dilám, situated on a sticky mud-flat, near a creek, in which some *bug-galows* were floating.

The distance to Isfahán from Bushire *viâ* Shíráz, is four hundred and fifty-six miles of twenty-four stages, by Kázrán, and five hundred and thirty-eight miles *viâ* Fírúzábád, the most practicable route. From Behbahán to Shíráz is one hundred and seventy-one miles of seven stages. From Behbahán to Ahwáz is one hundred and twenty-one miles of six stages. The importance of the lines from Behbahán to both Isfahán and Shíráz is considerable; but it is quite eclipsed by that of

Muhammerah, Shústar, Isfahán, sixty-seven miles longer, but one hundred and thirty-seven miles of which can be accomplished by river. It also labors under the disadvantage of having no port, such as Muhammerah, accessible to ocean steamers. Commercially, much cannot be expected of it as yet; the Zil-ul-Sultán has perhaps been persuaded into the belief of its being a caravan-route; but the mere fact of no caravan taking it should tell him the truth, if he were desirous of knowing it.

Bushire and Shíráz are of too great an importance to allow of trade taking any other road to Isfahán, not affording greater advantages than shortness; it must be secure as well; provisions and accommodation for man and beast must be attainable. Without the active co-operation of the European Persian Gulf merchant princes to stock the Kárún route between Dizfúl and Khoramábád, and Shústar and Ardal, where grazing is generally plentiful, and to establish *caravan-sarais*, trade will continue to flow in its old channel to Isfahán and Tihrán from Bushire.

I have given figures by which all may test the comparative advantages of the three chief routes from the coast, between Bushire and the Kárún to Isfahán and Tihrán. To sum up, they are, — that the Bushire route cannot compare with that from Muhammerah; the latter is shorter by one hundred and seventy-eight miles, passes over no very difficult country, taps the most fertile districts of Persia, *i.e.*, the plains of Arabistán, Shústar, and Dizfúl, Hamadán, Karmánsháh, Búrújird, Sul-tánábád, as well as that of Isfahán, *viâ* the fertile districts of Gulpaigán and Khonsár. From Muhammerah, Isfahán is, *viâ* Búrújird, distant six hundred and thirty-three miles — *i.e.*, eighty-five miles *longer* than the Bushire route *viâ* Fírúzábád and Shíráz. *Via Shústar, across the Bakhtíárt hills, it is one hundred and twenty-six miles SHORTER.* The shortest route from the coast to Isfahán is that described from Bandar Dilám through the *Kúhgehlú* hills, of three hundred and forty-five miles, in fifteen stages. Although it is one hundred and ninety-three miles shorter than the road *viâ* Fírúzábád, and one hundred and twelve miles shorter than that *viâ* Kázrán from Bushire, it remains unused; want of *caravansarais*, of villages and supplies, of a few rough bridges, combined with its bad repute, are the causes that prevent traffic flowing along it.

The only route that favorably compares with the Muhammerah route to Tihrán is that from Baghdád, accessible to river-boats drawing three to four feet, by the Tigris. The distance of Baghdád to Tihrán, by the great caravan-route, *via* Karmánsháh and Hamadán, is five hundred miles, performed in thirty-one stages. The road presents the least topographical difficulties of any of those crossing the Zagros heights to the Iranian plateau. Its Persian trade, however, passing through Turkish custom-houses, is always liable to be checked by dues imposed at will, and to restrictive quarantine arrangements, for no love is lost between Shiya and Suni Mahammadans.

Let us again consider the question of time, an important factor in all commercial enterprise. The average time that a caravan takes to reach Tihrán is forty days (without halting). A caravan, without halting, from Muhammerah takes on an average thirty-one days, and from Shústar twenty-four days. Allowing two days for the passage of goods by steamer from Muhammerah to Shústar, the journey will be effected in twenty-six days; thus, in the first instance, a saving of nine days results, and in the second of fourteen days. From Shústar a caravan can reach Isfahán, by the Bakhtíárf route, without halting, in fifteen days; and from Muhammerah in twenty-one days, a saving of seven days on the Bushire route. Combining the land route from Shústar with the river route from Muhammerah, the number of days required to land goods in Isfahán is seventeen, a saving of eleven days on the Bushire route.

Caravans from Bushire require thirteen days to reach Shíráz, and fifteen days more to reach Isfahán — *i.e.*, a total of twenty-eight days. The Bandar-Dilám caravans could reach Isfahán, three hundred and forty-five miles, in fifteen days, through the Kúhgehlú hills, or a saving of thirteen days on the Bushire route — yet it is not used. Snowdrifts would not close the roads through the mountains, if kept open by traffic, and rough bridges only are required to make the swollen rivers passable at all seasons.

The only other main route from the Gulf to Tihrán is that from Bandar-Abbas, which runs through Karman, Yazd, and Kashán. Although this is a fairly level road the whole way, more than one hundred miles is difficult, and its length, about nine hundred and fifty miles, causes it to compare unfavorably with any of the above.

The roads from Isfahán to Shústar and

Bandar Dilám, branch, it will have been noticed, at Ardal. From Ardal to Isfahán is one hundred and two miles, and thence to Shústar one hundred and seventy-three miles, a total of two hundred and seventy-five miles, to convert which into an unmetalled cart-track would cost, I estimate, on an average Rs. 300 per mile. From Isfahán to Bandar Dilám, four hundred and fifteen miles, the cost would be, on an average, Rs. 250 to Rs. 300 per mile. To macadamize these tracks, except here and there over clay, would be a mistake. None of the estimates given include the cost of *caravansarais*. The cost of ferries over rivers, where it is necessary to establish such, might be defrayed by tolls on passengers, live stock, and goods passed over by them. By throwing wire ropes across the rivers most difficult to ford whilst in flood, their passage by rafts would be rendered a simple matter. The construction of bridges, with road-bearers of trees resting on rough timber crib piers and a flooring of fascines, would cost next to nothing, and yet be an inestimable boon to traders and the tribes. All the rivers and streams met with can be so spanned. But no governor interests himself in the matter. He would look upon their cost as so much money out of his own pocket. Custom has blunted the people's sense to the want of them, and moreover, they are most ignorant of how to help themselves in even these simple matters of engineering.

To return to our narrative, there is no port at Bandar Dilám. *Buggalows* ascend a creek at high tide, and take its muddy bottom at low, close to the village situated at the edge of the mud-flat, which extends inland a short distance, where it gives way to a plain growing large crops of wheat and barley, and affording grazing on its stubble to large flocks of goats and sheep.

From Bandar Dilám we reached Schiff, one hundred miles distant down the coast, in three days, and thence sailed across the inlet to Bushire in a couple of hours or so. Another twenty miles took us to Kal'a-i-Haidar, a village built on a low sandy mound, close to the seashore, surrounded with gardens of melons.

The second stage keeps at a short distance from the coast, and we left the district under the governor of Behbahán at Khánáwah, where there are good wells for watering the village flocks. Beyond Imámzádá, surrounded by cultivation and melon-beds, we crossed the Khor Khalífi, a tidal creek, here one hundred yards wide.

and kept along the low shore-line; and although the *shumal* was blowing with some force, the sea was as calm as a lake, and no waves beat on the flat sandy shore. After a halt, during the heat of the day, under the shady trees surrounding the village of Arasch, we passed in the afternoon the residence of Khán Ali Khán at Bandar Righ, and, traversing an untilled flat, at nightfall reached the Arab village of Bidú, seventy miles from Bandar Dilám. There is excellent cultivation round about — melons, etc.

Although the days of June were hot, and the *shumal*, as the continuous north-west breeze is called, was blowing with some intensity, we found the heat dry and bearable (the temperature showing by the thermometer from 96° to 100° in the shade), and the nights pleasantly cool, when passed away from buildings and in the open, the early morning temperature being about 70°, and no dew perceptible.

At 10 A. M. from our bivouac at Bidú, an uncultivated mud-flat, in three and a half hours we reached Mahammadi and beyond, fording the Rúhilla River at Kal'a Sirhán, with water above our horses' girths. Another two hours' ride brought us to Mohrezi, where we spent the heat of the day in the guest-room of Muhamad Khán, one of the chiefs of this rich coast district. By way of Schíff we reached Bushire on the 19th June, after a passage of two hours in a sailing-boat sufficiently large to take a party of three with their horses. There is a way round the bay by land, but it entails a journey of twenty-five or thirty miles, skirting the mud-flat surrounding the town. Our grooms, servants, and spare horses were sent round by this route.

Our appearance on arriving at Bushire must have been somewhat forlorn and not of the smartest. The weather was hot, and we had to clothe ourselves in cottons, which soon became limp. I can answer that Sháhsowár, in his dirty shirt wet through with perspiration, looked a most woe-begone object. He had started with black hair and beard, now they were piebald; not that he had suddenly aged, but from want of opportunity to dye them. My beard was thick and rough, and I was glad of a tub, a shave, and breakfast at the hospitable house of Mr. Paul, before venturing to show myself to my kind hosts at the residency, where we spent a most happy week awaiting the arrival of the Karáchi steamer, enjoying a rest of which we all had need.

During this journey, setting aside the three thousand miles of sea-passage, which occupied twenty-two days of my leave, we had travelled in the saddle a distance of one thousand four hundred and twenty-one miles, averaging nineteen and one-half miles *per diem*, exclusive of halts, including which our average record was at the rate of sixteen and one-half miles a day.

From this short account of my trip through south-west Persia my readers will have gained, I hope, some general idea at least of the physiography of this portion of the sháh's dominions; but it may be as well if I give a brief summary of the principal features of the provinces known as Arabistán or Khúzistán and Luristán.

The two great geographical sub-division of the country traversed south of Isfahán and Búrújird are, it may be observed, strongly distinctive.

First, we find an alluvial plain of considerable breadth, including the plains of Shustár, Dizfúl, Hawízah, Behbahán, the country of the Ka'b and Ban-i-Lám Arabs, and the Mamasani, covering in all an area of about twenty-eight thousand square miles.

Second, we recognize a mountainous district extending over an area of, roughly speaking, some forty-two thousand square miles, known as Luristán, or the country of the Lurs.

Taking the total area of Persia to equal six hundred thousand square miles, and its population to be eight millions, its average population per square mile is thirteen. Of these eight million inhabitants, about one-fourth are the inhabitants of large towns; another quarter includes the *Il-yats*, or wandering nomads, and, say, half — viz., four millions — are the inhabitants of the villages and settled country districts. It may be assumed, therefore, that nowhere in south-west Persia will the population exceed ten per square mile, when a district of from ten to twenty thousand square miles is under consideration; in the mountainous district we may estimate the Feili and other Lurs, west of the Dizfúl River, at two hundred and ten thousand; the Bakhtíarí Lurs, east of the same river, at one hundred and seventy thousand; and the Kúhgehlí Lurs, to the south of them, at forty one thousand souls. The areas occupied by the above are respectively twenty-one thousand, seventeen thousand, and four thousand one hundred square miles.

Of the other nomads, we may estimate,

for the plains, the Ka'b Arabs (from the right bank of the Kárún (*Wás*) to the Hindiyán River, and from the Gulf to the hills) at sixty-two thousand; the mixed Arab and Persian tribes (of the plain of Ram Hormuz) at twenty-seven thousand; of the garmsír or coast plains, fifty-six thousand; of the Shústar, Dizfúl and Hawfázah plains, one hundred and ten thousand; and the Mamasani Arabs at nineteen thousand; in all two hundred and seventy-four thousand, occupying an area of twenty-eight thousand square miles. This makes a grand total of seven hundred thousand as the population of south-west Persia; miserably small to what it should be. The seacoast plain from Muhammerah to Dilám is bountifully watered by the Kárún, the Tab, the Hindiyán, the Jarráhi, etc.; and it would be difficult to find a territory of equal extent, where fresh water, containing sufficient salt, is poured through tracts of plain in channels so numerous and so easily manageable. Its rivers are its element of greatest commercial strength, and, at the same time, of its military weakness; for by damming the exits of these waterways towards the sea, the Persians flooded the country and reduced the Ka'b Arabs, formerly Turkish subjects on the banks of the Tigris, who migrated to the better pastures of the Kárún at the end of the seventeenth century. Inland from the low sandy shore the garmsír extends to the low hills of sandstone and conglomerate. It is a vast level of variable width (average thirty-five miles), a barren mud-flat for some miles, liable to be flooded by high tides and heavy rains — and beyond, a plain growing rice and other cereals, melons, etc. It exports wool, butter, and sheep, besides the above. The district is sparsely populated, and water of good quality is found close to the surface. Its fertile areas alternate with desert tracts.

If the rains have been plentiful, the plains to the east-south-east of Bandar Máshur are covered with grass above a horse's knees. If they have been deficient, the grass will be short and fit for sheep, but not for cattle. I have before remarked about the waste of forage and want of economy which occur from the nomads not caring to cut and stack hay.

Besides the Kárún, the other rivers above mentioned are, *first*, the Zoreh, the Tab, and the Hindiyán, which is formed by the united waters of the Ab-i-Shúr and the Ab-i-Shírin (also called the Khairábád River and the Shams-al-Arab), which have their sources in the mountains of the Mamasani.

Their junction takes place in the vicinity of Chham (Zeitún), where I had some difficulty in fording it, as before related. After crossing the outer low range of sandstone hills (originating in the Kabír-Kúh, and stretching from the Karkháh at Kal'a Bandar and the Kárún at Ahwáz in a south-east direction towards Zeitún), it falls into the Gulf a few miles from Hindiyán, where it is both unfordable and undrinkable.

Second, the Rúhilla or Rúdhillah, otherwise the Shat-ban-i-Lemini, which, rising in the vicinity of Kal'a Saffíd, traverses the Shapur plain and valley.

Third, the river Jarráhi or Dorák, known to its junction with the Ab-i-Rámúz as the Kurdistán River, rising in the Kúhgehlú hills at Sad'at; thence it issues through the narrow Tang-i-Tekáb, which I had such good cause to remember, and running along the foot of the low hills, receives an additional volume to its waters from the numerous tributary streams flowing from them — viz., the Ab-i-Rámúz, Ab-i-Ali, Ab-i-Zard, etc. On its banks are numerous ruins, attesting former civilization and population. Below the confluence of the Ab-i-Rám Hormuz, the Jarráhi becomes a broad and deep unfordable stream, seventy yards wide, navigable for boats of five tons burden to within twelve miles of Rám Hormuz.

Lastly, there are several minor streams, having their sources in the Pusht-i-Kúh, to the westward of the Karkháh, which water the plains occupied by the wandering Ban-i-Lám Arabs, and either fall into the Tigris or lose themselves in the marshes. In this plain several sites of ancient cities are to be found.

The boundaries of Khúzistán (Arabistán) are, roughly, the Bakhtíarí hills, the river Karkháh, a line drawn from Hawfázah to Muhammerah, and thence by the coast-line to the Hindiyán River. This was the ancient Susiana, so called from the name of the capital city Susa, and the still more ancient Elam, originally peopled by Turanians and the descendants of Shem. It fell to Persia on the downfall of the Assyrian Empire. It is now chiefly inhabited by the Ka'b Arabs already referred to.

After a good harvest, prices in Arabistán are low: bread will then sell at *4d.* per pound; mutton at *2d.* per pound; wheat at *10d.* per thirty-five pounds; barley at *10d.* per fifty pounds; sheep at *2s. 6d.* to *5s.* each; straw at a merely nominal rate.

The general features of the mountainous district of south-west Persia, between

Karmánsháh and Shíráz, inhabited by the Lurs, and known as Luristán,* may be described in a few words. Its nucleus is a chain of lofty mountains, running south-east and north-west, to the south of the valleys of the Búrújird, Kemenderáb, and Zaindarúd streams. Their summits are frequently above the limits of the perpetual snow-line; but their valleys are fertile, well-watered, and possess a generous soil, in which the *bellát*, or oak, the walnut, the fig, and pomegranate abound, whilst the vine cultivation is successfully carried out on their lower slopes. In these mountains are the Yasláks (*sard-sár*), or summer residences of the Lur tribes, and here are the sources of the Kárún, the Karkháh, the Dizfúl River, the Jarráhi, the Zoreh, and others less important. To the east and west of this chain, and at a considerable elevation above the sea, are found other highly fertile valleys and spacious plains; such, for instance, as the Ferídán, Chahár-Mahál, Lenján, and Silakhár to the east; whilst to the west we find the Deh-i-Dasht, Mál Amír, Tul, Kal'a Rezza, Saimarrab, etc. These valleys and plains are either watered by rivers and streams, or owe their fertility to the accumulation of winter torrents, which, rushing down from the mountains and finding no outlet, form lakes or reservoirs which last till the middle of the summer. Their soil is extremely rich, producing wheat and barley, and forming excellent pasture-lands for sheep and cattle. The soil, also, is generally covered with extensive deposits of saline matter. The summits of these hills are usually tubular, and their sides furrowed by innumerable torrents, which sweep down with irresistible violence during the rainy season. They are, consequently, precipitous, and frequently inaccessible to heavily laden animals. The country rising from the coast in a succession of tablelands, it follows that the southern and western slopes of these hills are longer than the northern and eastern. They are seldom inhabited to any considerable extent, except during the winter, when the rain-water accumulates in the bottoms, and the hills are then clothed with grass and flowers. The soil is favorable to the growth of both wheat and barley.

Of the tangs which cut through these hills I have already spoken, as also of the lower reaches of the rivers. Of these

the most important is the Kárún, whose upper waters rise in the Zard Kúh. Fed by numerous springs and rivulets caused by the melting of the snows of this elevated region, from its very source it is a large river. Forcing its way through the Bakhtíarí hills, it receives near Bors the Daríá-i-Gandum, a broad and rapid stream, itself equal in size to the Kárún, and having its sources in the hills to the north and north-east of the Kúh-i-Díná, and receiving as tributaries the Khersún and Mallburr — both hill torrents.

From the Susan valley the Kárún winds among lofty hills, receiving many minor tributaries, fordable mountain torrents, and enters the plain of Akili by a narrow gorge, the hills on either side of which are crowned by the Kal'a-i-Rustum on the right bank, and by the Kal'a-i-Dukhtar on the left bank — ruins of fortresses of the Sassanian epoch.

The shortest road to Isfahán from Shústar leads through this gorge, along which the way has been excavated with great labor. The stream, here broad and tranquil, now traverses the plain of Akili, and receiving as a tributary the large salt stream of Baitawand, it forces its way through the Kúh-i-Fedelah (outer range of hills), and enters the plains of Arabistán, already described. A road has also been excavated through this gorge (left bank) with great labor. These works would point to the advisability of well exploring this route to Isfahán, as it may be preferable to the longer southern route.

The territory we have described is inhabited by Persians, various tribes of Lurs, and Arabs.

Of the Feili Lurs, occupying the Lur-i-Kúchak, I passed through the Pusht-i-Kúh south of the Kabír Kúh to Khoramábád, and found this tribe under the chieftainship of the descendants of Hasan Khán, their last powerful *wáll*. They were at enmity amongst themselves, and the intrigues to gain precedence had led to many blood-feuds. The government did not desire that there should be union amongst the tribes, nor did it exert itself to bring them into proper subjection. Several of them were in open rebellion, and small parties of Lurs even could not pass through their territory with impunity.

Of the three sons of Hasan Khán, mentioned by Layard as having divided the tribes amongst them on the death of their father, Hájji Ali Khán, in 1884, enjoyed the chief authority, his principal adherents being the Sagwand sub-division of the Bajilan tribe; the pretensions of Hai-

* This description of the ... upon the "Description of: ... by Sir Henry Layard, in vol. xvi., Roy. Geog. Soc. Journal.

dar Khán, the third son, to inherit the title of his father were upheld by the Persian governor of Luristán, whereupon the elder brothers, Ali Khán and Ahmad Khán, took refuge with the Assyrian Arabs on the Turkish frontier, as related by M. de Bode.* Eventually, two or three years previous to my visit, (1881 or 1882), such is the instability of all things Lur, Sartip Haidar Khán, of the Bairán-wand, was put to death by the governor of the district, after having been invited to Khoramábád to receive favors of the shah; his sons follow in the wake of Ali Khán, but are in no way attached to him, and consider that their misfortunes have been his opportunity. Of these young men the elder was by no means a prepossessing youth; but the younger, quite a boy then, had a face which attracted by reason of its look of quiet melancholy and resignation. These young fellows frequently visited me and related to me their misfortunes, under the prevailing idea that I was a *sartip* in the service of the shah, whose good offices at Tihrán might have served to bring them again into favor. At the time when I was treated with such bad faith and consideration by Hajji Ali, they offered me tent-room and hospitality. The agent of the Zil-ul-Sultán with the tribe, not much liked by Hajji Ali, advocated their rights, so it is quite possible that a turn of the wheel of fortune may yet bring these lads into prominence. Ahmad Khán, the second son, has a considerable following, and is at enmity with his brother for like reasons, and in rebellion against the government. The chief of the Lurs about Karmánsháh is Húsain Kúlí Khán, a lawless brigand, so that, in fact, anarchy reigned supreme in 1884 throughout Lur-i-Kúchak.

Sir H. Layard has made the world acquainted with the misfortunes of the greatest of the Bakhtíarí rulers, the noble Mahammad Táki Khán, and the treacherous and harsh conduct of the Persian government towards him and his estimable family. The anarchy that followed his fall led to the rise of Húsain Kúlí Khán, the son of Jáfer Kúlí Khán, who began to make his power felt about 1848, during the reign of the present sháh. His chief opponents, the sons and son-in-law of Kalb Ali Khán, he contrived to remove from the scene, and obtained almost universal supremacy over the tribes, whom

he ruled with a strong hand, and his name was respected and feared throughout the hills. He completed the good work commenced by Mahammad Táki, sternly repressed brigandage, and rendered the passage of caravans possible through the hills, a clemency much regretted by his subjects, who would readily have returned to their old predatory habits. His power also excited the jealousy of the Persians, and being suspected of holding ambitious views, he was called to Isfahán by the Zil-ul-Sultán, and there murdered. His eldest son was in 1884 a captive in Isfahán. It was commonly supposed that he was kept in prison there, bound in chains. His younger sons were, I was told, under charge of the present ilkhání, Imám Kúlí Khán, brother of the late Húsain Kúlí Khán. Reza Kúlí Khán, another brother, was ilbégi. Mahammad Husan Kúlí Khán, a third brother, was a *sartip* in the Persian army. Both the ilkhání and ilbégi have several sons. It will be remembered that I made friends at Ahwáz and Ardal with Háji Ibráhim Kúlí Khán, *sarhang* of the Bakhtíarí Horse, who is the son of the ilbégi, and has considerable influence with the tribes.

Unlike the Feili Lurs, the Kúhgehlí and the Mamasani, they are united, the majority acknowledging the authority of the ilkhání. The section living in the vicinity of Búrújrd does not owe him allegiance. The ilkhání is subject to the prince-governor of Isfahán, and receives one thousand *tománs* per annum as salary; the ilbégi receiving a salary of five hundred *tománs*.

The ilkhání Imám Kúlí Khán seemed to be beloved by his subjects, and to govern them justly. He sat in *darbár* daily, and was accessible to all. His countenance and genial manner indicate a man of kindly disposition; his manners are simple yet courteous, and the members of his suite, although rough-looking, are not without a certain polish and refinement of manners, whilst his family are held in respect by the tribe. The chiefs of the great Lur families are, no doubt, from more frequent intercourse with Persians at the courts of Tihrán and Isfahán, assimilating their manners to those of Persians, and imitating their modes of life.

Tea is now held in great estimation throughout Luristán, and no chief of any note will fail to serve it, after the Persian manner, when visited, with imported loaf-sugar and lemons. Many travellers now carry a charcoal brasier and brass kettle,

* Travels in Luristán and Arabistán, by Baron de Bode. 2 vols. 1845.

suspended from the crupper of the saddle, as well as the universal *kalyan*, so greatly is tea appreciated.

Assuming that the Chahár Lang number twelve thousand families, the Haft Lang eleven thousand families, and the dependencies fifteen thousand families, there are in all thirty-eight thousand families of Bakhtíáris. Reckoning each family at five members, a moderate estimate, the population of the Bakhtíáris hills numbers one hundred and ninety thousand souls, or eleven per square mile, taking the area over which they are scattered to be seventeen thousand square miles. Assuming that in every two families one man is capable of bearing arms, the number of men that can be raised is nineteen thousand. The sháh can call upon every Iliyát tribe to furnish him with one horseman and two foot-soldiers per ten families — *i.e.*, he can raise among the Bakhtíáris about three thousand eight hundred horse and seven thousand six hundred foot soldiers.

The most recent news that I have received from Messrs. Gray, Paul, & Co. from Bakhtíáris-land, is that the ilkhánf has been deposed, and that now Reza Kúlfí Khan reigns in his stead. Such depositions are, in Persia, the results of intrigue, at the bottom of whose unfathomable well lie all the evil influences.

I range myself amongst those who think favorably of the Lurs; and I judge from the ready alacrity with which they render obedience to their chiefs, the deference with which they approach such, their quiet and respectful demeanour in *darbár* and in putting forward a statement or complaint, the general decorum and seemliness observed in their encampments, and their general modest behavior and simplicity, when not incited to conduct themselves otherwise by those in authority over them. In short, I maintain that, at heart, they are not a blood-thirsty, thieving, or rebellious race; but, on the contrary, that their cruelty and blood-shedding are due to ambition unrestrained by fear of retributive punishment; their thievish propensities to a like want of fear and to petty exactions; and their rebellions to oppressive government exactions and misrule, or rather to a total want of all rule and of all justice, — in fact, it is to Oriental despotism that their past lawlessness is attributable. It is the cause capable of producing but one effect; it gives no protection to private property, and offers no encouragement to industry. Integrity and thrift have

hitherto led, in Persia, to ruin. Under a firm, just, and humane government, there is every reason to believe that they would become tractable and loyal subjects. Their treatment by self-seeking rulers must cause the general character of the Lurs to incline towards treachery in dealing with the Persian provincial governor, who is too often notorious for his total disregard of truth, the fraud with which he conducts ordinary business, his thorough hypocrisy and his avarice, at the shrine of which detestable vice, uncurbed by the Muslim religion, all feelings of honor and friendship are sacrificed. Although the enemies of many a Lur chief are to be found amongst those of his own household, yet the majority of the tribesmen have generally been remarkably loyal to their tribal representative.

I fear that I may have wearied my readers *ad nauseam* with topographical details of country, distances, and tribal descriptions; but they may be assured that I have only done so to draw their attention to the best route whereby the increasing productions of Persia may be made accessible to British enterprise, and that I might interest my fellow-countrymen in a most deserving section of our Eastern imperial neighbors, whom we have not hitherto recognized as such, but whom we cannot neglect with impunity to ourselves even if we would. Such writing is too often a thankless task. Writers and thinkers who work for our Eastern interests are apt to be dubbed excessive bores, and little encouragement is given to those who endeavor to learn to control the Eastern channels of commerce, and to turn them into advantageous beds; and so little, apparently, is the significant importance of such currents appreciated by us as a commercial nation, that the unhappy thought sometimes arises in my mind, that perhaps, after all, the contingency of the loss of her Eastern markets has been fully considered and deliberately set aside by Great Britain as a small evil, under the impression that, in the distant future, her wealth will be so enormous that she will be able to do without it, and with folded arms to content herself with being the money-lender to the world, the earth's great usurer, — an occupation considered by all people to be the most damnable and degrading since the world's creation.

Nor can we neglect our Eastern neighbors with impunity. Britain is now suffering, and will suffer still more keenly, for

having neglected since 1840, and for still neglecting, to *civilize* her Afghán neighbor, to whom she has ever posed as Mentor, but whom she hesitates to rebuke. She will understand the value of her Persian, Lur, and Arab neighbors of south-west Persia later on. Disagreeable neighbors though they all may be to her eyes, they are bound to her by geographical links impossible to unrivet, except by the break-up of the empire of India.

Persia, as a military power, is dead; she is no match even for her Mahammadan neighbors; and although I have heard some Persians talk boastfully of once again holding sway over the Baghdád *walayát*, I could only but delicately hint to them that in such an unequal conflict they had not the ghost of a chance, and that their Suni neighbor could, figuratively, gobble them up. Such being the case, she can hope to live henceforth by commerce alone, and that, again, can only flourish by her opening up her country unreservedly to European enterprise.

Will she rise to the occasion and live, or will she deliberately commit suicide? I might rather ask: Will H. H. Nasr-ud-dín Sháh bless his people, or will he curse them?—for at the present moment the decision and result lie in the hollow of his hand. Were a *plébiscite* possible throughout his dominions, there would be no doubt of the voice of the people, and Persia would live, for their instincts are commercial. A closer commercial intercourse with the European powers can alone produce good government and the strength that results from it, and assure to her an integrity of empire that cannot be called in question. By commerce alone can Persia be resuscitated, for it is the only means of raising her in the scale of nations. And will we be ready to take advantage of her awakening, should it occur, to wage a commercial war with all comers (by the southern routes, of which the Kárún route has been shown to be the best) in Khúrásán, north, and north-west Persia? I wot not. Dutch houses monopolize the chief trade of central Persia, and indeed our merchants seem to think more of Zanzibar and Borneo than of Persia, not understanding the consequences that must follow the loss of, or stagnation of trade in, our Persian markets. They have not duly appreciated that, by the acquisition of her central-Asian steppes and oases, Russia has not only gained a base whence she can favorably contest with us for the trade of the

East, but that she has also very materially strengthened herself, and has there tapped a sure source of future wealth. Under Russia's fostering care her central-Asian possessions are becoming reenumerative fields for the production of raw material, — the steppes for wool, goats' and camels' hair, to say nothing of the various products of the milk of such herds, and the oases, for cotton, silk, etc. Communications are still needed for the transport of this increasing wealth to Moscow and other inland manufacturing centres, and until this want is supplied, the resources of central Asia are, comparatively speaking, undeveloped. Means of communication, however, are now being slowly but surely provided. The continuation of the Trans-Caspian line to Tashkend, Kuldja, and Omsk, where it will join with the Siberian line to Irkutsk, is only a matter of a few years. Our China merchants may be reminded that the Kuldja inlet leads by a direct and easy route to the north-west and western provinces of China, rich in coal, cotton, silk, tea, rhubarb, wax, etc.; and it would be unreasonable to expect that the temptation, both commercial and political, to run a line of railway to the Wei Valley, the strategical and commercial centre of west China, will be resisted by a young and enterprising empire such as Russia, eager to enter upon new fields of glory, to find markets for her increasing manufactures, and traffic for her increasing mileage of railway. Gradually Russia's manufacturing centres must be pushed toward her frontiers. Mills will be started at the industrial centres of the provinces of Bokhara, Ferghana, and Turkestan, whence cotton, woollen, and silk goods, sugar, hardware, etc., will be distributed over Kashgaria, north north-west and west China, Thibet, west Persia, and even through Afghánistán to India. For Afghánistán will never be allowed to remain a barbarous and fanatical power, an impassable barrier between the two Christian, civilizing agencies of Great Britain and Russia. Commercially speaking, we ourselves are now face to face with a young and enterprising empire, which looks far ahead into the future, and is willing to invest borrowed capital or revenue in railway communications in order eventually to secure for herself the wealth that must await her, if by such means she can oust us from our present position of chief supplier to Asia and carrier between West and East, whether it be China or India. Russia is ready and eager to convert the Eastern pack-animal

trade-routes of the Old World into the railways of the new. The influence of the Caucasian railway is already felt in the markets of northern and eastern Persia, where Russian goods are gradually supplanting our own. Even caravans from Peshin are being drawn to Askábád. The question, then, naturally arises, how England is to contest this growing spirit of commercial enterprise and activity on Russia's part, so that the development of her resources may not operate to our disadvantage. Professor Huxley maintains that England's struggle for existence turns on her ability to manufacture and supply the nations of the world with manufactures cheaper and better than any other nation. To look far ahead is essential to her existence, and she cannot afford to lose even the smallest of her Eastern markets, lest its loss lead to the loss of others, until they all slip away from her; and her national supremacy—which so largely depends, as our merchants and manufacturers know, on our position as chief carrier and supplier to the East—is irretrievably injured.

Our policy must be a bold one. We should not deceive ourselves with the idea that land-carriage by railway can, under no conditions of development of the countries through which the rails run, compete with sea-carriage. Both for civilizing and commercial purposes, the railway must eventually be carried along certain old trade-routes leading from India to Persia and Asia Minor. Some of these routes it devolves on Russia to develop, and she is not backward in accepting the duty; the exploitation of others is manifestly England's duty, and she must not shrink from the risk attending the enterprise, which is absolutely essential as a counter-check to Russia's activity.

The line of demarcation dividing the regions traversed by the ancient trade-routes, which must be reopened as railways by the two empires, is, geographically, clearly defined, and neither party can overstep it, politically, with impunity, or without peril to existing relations. The exploitation of the routes falling to our share will not only enable us to hold our own in the markets of Afghánistán, Baluchistán, and Persia, but will permit our carrying the commercial war eventually into central Asia.

The Kárún route is a link in the chain of communication between East and West, for it will pave the way for a railroad to Isfahán, Tíhrán, and Karmánsháh *viâ* Búrújírd. There *is* a future before this

route, if only the Persians will open up the feeding-lines necessary to its development. Commerce and the wants of Baluchistán and Sistán call for an early extension of the Peshin line to the latter fertile oasis, and it cannot without danger be long delayed. It is a link in the railway route of the future, which must eventually traverse Persia from east to west, from Sistán to Isfahán and Karmánsháh.

From The Nineteenth Century.
GIORDANO BRUNO AND NEW ITALY.

No greater contrast could be imagined, no stronger proof could have been given of the triumphant march of progress in the face of a power which prides itself on remaining "ever the same," than by the grand celebration held at Rome on that Field of Flowers where one of the deepest thinkers of all ages was burnt in 1600, in consequence of a sentence of the Inquisition. Of late years Italy has raised statues to several illustrious religious and political reformers who perished at the stake, such as Arnold of Brescia and Savonarola. To Giordano Bruno himself a monument was erected at Naples as long as twenty-four years ago—that is, soon after Garibaldi had freed the two Sicilies from Bourbon tyranny and thus virtually founded Italian unity. Twenty years ago it would still have been impossible thus to vindicate Bruno's memory in the natural capital of the country, where the martyr of free thought, clad in the yellow robe of heretics, painted with pincer-bearing devils and flames, nobly died on the faggots without uttering even a cry of the fierce pain his burning flesh felt.

Twenty years ago the papacy still held political sway at Rome. In the present instance one might have thought the occupant of the Vatican would refrain from showing too plainly what the restoration of States of the Church would mean in regard to religious toleration and the rights of human intellect. But no; instead of preserving a judicious silence on the barbarous immolation of Giordano Bruno, Leo the Thirteenth actually broke out, before his Consistory, into a long speech containing a protest both against the conversion of Rome into a capital of Italy, and against "the impiety, the enormous outrage and insolent ostentation" of those who "honor a man that has abjured the Catholic name." Leo the Thir-

teenth declares his own freedom of action to be taken away from him as supreme pontiff by such a commemoration. In order to recover the liberty necessary for the exercise of his apostolic office, he claims the re-establishment of his political principality. "From the pursuance of this aim," he says, "neither the iniquity of the times nor any difficulty, however great, shall deter us."

It was Louis Veuillot, the French ultramontane spokesman, who in our days, under the rule of Napoleon the Third, wrote in regard to Huss and Luther, that the only thing to be regretted was that "Huss met with his deserts so late, and that Luther was not burned at all." Within our memory, a German Catholic writer had said before Veuillot that "the secular and spiritual authorities in Italy would have trodden all human and divine rights under foot, had they not applied the extreme severity of the law to Bruno." During the recent celebration at Rome, it was stated in the *Riforma* that "the P. Balan who to-day occupies a high office in the Vatican Library, has declared that, after all, it was not worth while to bewail Bruno so much, considering that he was a heretic."

In presence of the pope's strange manifesto, the organ of the Italian premier says:—

In truth, this punishment of Bruno—which, to judge things mildly, we might have set down as the result of the cruel practices of a past age—thus falls back upon the Vatican as an immutable principle of its religion and government: a principle which would still be enforced if the Vatican had the power. The Church, then, has not changed in any way. . . . Now, none of her most decided adversaries would have gone so far in his charges against her. All would rather have preferred figuring to themselves that she had given up errors which once were common to a backward civilization, and which the progress of time has left behind forever. Instead of this, the Church has passed a worse judgment upon herself than her bitterest antagonists could have done.

It is certainly a sorry spectacle to find that at the end of this nineteenth century there should still be a group of men who believe their freedom of action to be interfered with by the honor done to the name of a martyr, whose living body was consumed in the flames because he advocated the Copernican system of astronomy and held speculative views not consistent with papal dogmas. On this subject, Italian Liberals, the most moderate as well as well as the most advanced, have within

the last few weeks uttered sentiments of which but a faint echo has penetrated to England. Yet here in England it was that Bruno, the greatest philosopher of the Renaissance, became acquainted with men eminent in the republic of letters as well as with persons of the highest social and political rank, including England's famed queen. Here, in London, it was—as we now know from the protocols of the Inquisition, which have been made accessible but in recent years—that even most of those of his books which bear the name of Venice, Paris, and other towns on the title-page were printed; the English publisher, as Bruno averred, having insisted on the change for the sake of effecting a larger sale. Again, as we now also know from a protocol in the Venetian State archives, it was most especially on account of the arch-heresy of his "having lauded Queen Elizabeth and other heretic princes in his books," that Bruno was dragged before the Holy Office. This charge was put in the forefront of his alleged crimes by the P. Inquisitor.* Other serious charges against him were, that he believed in the existence of countless worlds, and that he had also taught that this globe of ours had somehow existed from eternity.

Leo the Thirteenth, in the spirit of the old Rome of the popes, still takes it as an offence that the remembrance of the suffering seeker after truth should be glorified. Italian Liberals, who are often twitted by Roman clericalists with having diminished the importance of the Eternal City by making it the capital of a special country, proudly answer that after the Rome of the republic, after the Rome of the Cæsars, after the Rome of the popes, the great city still speaks out with a grand voice; this time as the mouthpiece of freedom of thought. On the ruins of the past—they say—a new Catholicity, a third or fourth Rome, has risen, which now possesses an international importance as symbolizing the cause of human right, the triumph of intellect. Hence it was but to be expected that men of many lands, who stand in the vanguard of the struggle against obscurantism, should join, as they have done, in honoring the valiant victim of a revengeful priestcraft. Nor is it held to be without significance that Sig. Crispi, the present premier, once a fellow-worker of Mazzini and Garibaldi,

* "Giordano Bruno da Nola, imputato non solo di heretico, ma anco di heresiarca, havendo composto diversi libri, nei quali, laudando assai la Regina di Inghilterra et altri principi heretici, scriveva alcune cose concernenti il particular della religione, che non convenivano, seben egli parlava filosoficamente."

has been among the earliest promoters of the monument, and that the unveiling of the statue of Bruno was combined with a commemoration in honor of Garibaldi, than whom there has been no more resolute adversary of the hierarchical system. In this way, new Italy—as was said at the banquet presided over by the German scientist and Italian senator, Moleschott—has assigned to Rome her proper spiritual place in the civilized world.

II.

GENEVA, France, England, Germany, in which countries the martyred champion of free thought alternately dwelt during his restless pilgrimage, are all, like Italy herself, particularly interested in him whose ashes were thrown into the Tiber, but whose works, though put on the Index, remain immortal. Towards the end of the last century he had been well-nigh forgotten. His books had become publishers' rarities. The best present Italian writers* avow that German research saved him from oblivion, and that Germans have devoted the most careful study to Bruno. F. H. Jacobi, Herder, Lessing, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Wagner, and Gfrörer—who re-edited his Italian and Latin works†—Feuerbach, Lange, Dühring, Zöllner, Hellwald, Carrière, the German-Swiss Brunnhofer, and many others, have done good work in this connection. Nor shall Röh, our university professor at Heidelberg, be forgotten, who was to us both a friend and a teacher in the days of our youth, and whose premature death has unfortunately cut short the powerful promise of still more important writings than he actually left.

We can rapidly pass over the incidents of Bruno's troubled life. On the moot question as to whether he had ever joined a Reformed community, recent investigation has brought the fact to light that his name, at least, was inscribed in the list of the members of the Italian Protestant Church at Geneva.‡ When in that stronghold of the Reformation, he doffed his Dominican dress, owing to advice given to him, and was fitted out, by his compatriots there, with knightly sword, hat, mantle, and shoes. The dark Calvinistic creed had, however, as little attraction for him as the orthodoxy of Oxford. In his

tremendous quarrel with the doctors of theology of that university town he prided himself, in opposition to their "ignorance, presumption, and rustic rudeness," on having proved by word and deed that he himself "had been born under a more genial sky." Still, in the vehement expressions launched against them afterwards, he showed clearly enough that he could match Luther in the vituperative strength of language.

He wanted to be—so he said in his announcement to the University of Oxford—"an awakener of sleeping minds, a subduer of arrogant stupidity, a champion of the universal love of mankind." To him, in his own words, "Italian and Englishman were the same; man or woman, bishop or king, burgher or soldier, made no difference; he only looked at the face of true humanity." The manifesto is written in somewhat bombastic style; but that was the manner of the age. His sad experience at Oxford did not prevent him from retaining a kindly remembrance of England. Of Queen Elizabeth, who, being herself excommunicated by the pope, gave protection to the persecuted philosopher, he repeatedly speaks with most glowing gratitude. Like all foreign travellers from early times, he was struck with the beauty and the bearing of English women. He says "they are on earth what the stars are above." In one of his poems—in which, it is true, he laments, in the tone of Rousseau or Schiller, the destruction of a more beautiful primitive world by the spread of an aggressive and pitiless so-called civilization—he sings of "the Briton's terrible energy, who, regardless of the stormy deep and of the towering mountains, goes down to the sea in ships mightily exceeding Argonautic art."

In Germany, where Bruno for two years taught philosophy and mathematics at the then famous University of Wittenberg, and where he also made shorter stays at Marburg, Prag, Helmstädt, and Frankfurt, he seems to have pleased himself best. Witness his farewell address to the Germans, which could not possibly be of a more laudatory kind. Curiously enough, he was taken up at Wittenberg, which he calls "the German Athens," by the strictly orthodox Lutheran party, as opposed to the adherents of Melanchthon, who passed for being more broad-minded. The explanation is to be found in the small

* See Domenico Berti: *Vita di Giordano Bruno*. David Levi: *Giordano Bruno o la Religione del Pensiero*.
 † See Wagner: *Opere di Giordano Bruno*; Gfrörer: *Corpus Philosophorum*; also Fiorentino: *Jordani Brunii Opera Latine Conscripta*.
 ‡ T. Dufour: *Giordano Bruno a Genève*. 1884.

dency towards Calvinism. Hence their Lutheran opponents made friends with Bruno. Extremes met. However, his sojourn at the renowned German seat of learning was to him altogether a delightful one. After he had left, he burst forth into a perfect pæan in honor of German science, art, and general culture. Speaking of the seven branches of university erudition as the seven pillars of wisdom, he said:—

On these pillars Wisdom has built her house. First, it stood in Egypt; then, under Zoroaster, in Persia; then among the Gymnosophists of India; then under Orpheus, among the Thracians; fifthly, among the Greeks at the time of their Sages; then under Architas, Empedocles, and Lucretius, in Italy; and seventhly, that house now stands in Germany. Let the Germans not imagine that I wish to flatter them. But since the Empire has been in their hands, more genius and more art is to be met with among them than among other nations. Who was comparable, in his days, to Albertus Magnus? Who could be likened to Nicolaus the Cusan? Had not the priestly cowl hidden and hemmed his genius here and there, I would acknowledge his having been not similar to, but greater than, Pythagoras.

Giordano Bruno mentions still other illustrious men of science in Germany; among them, Copernicus. "May God grant," he goes on, "that the Germans will perceive their own strength, and then they will not be men, but very gods." He sees something "truly divine in the spirit of that nation, which does only not excel in that in which it feels no delight." Coming to the German struggle against Romanist theocracy, Bruno attacks the supreme pontiff as "that potentate who is armed with key and sword, with falsehood and force, with hypocrisy and haughtiness; at once fox and lion; vicar of the Prince of Hell, who with superstitious cult and more than bestial ignorance, under the name of divine wisdom, poisons the whole world." When "nobody dared to oppose the all-devouring monster, in order to give a better form and a better order to a worthless and corrupt century," then, says Bruno, "a Hercules arose, who vanquished the three-headed Hell-hound adorned with the triple crown." "Thou,

O Luther! thou sawest the light; thou feltest the vivifying breath of God; thou followedst His command unarmed; thou wentest up to the enemy. Fighting him with the power of the word, and beating him back, thou gainedst the victory; and with the arms of the vanquished thou raisedst a monument of triumph up to heaven. Do not ask where the club of this Hercules is. 'Twas the pen that did it!"

These passages are the more remarkable because the Italian philosopher had soared, eagle-like, above all Church dogmas, whether Catholic or Protestant. His eulogy of Luther was a eulogy of the doughty wrestler who had cleared the path for free research. As to Germany at large, Bruno is full of praise for the kindly manners of her people and the generosity with which he, the banished, poor, and persecuted exile, was received there. "Although, carried away by the fervor of the ideas with which I was inspired, I may now and then, in my public lectures, have uttered things shaking the very foundations of accepted doctrines, no pedantic fanatic," he says, "turned up his nose, or gnashed his teeth, or puffed up his cheeks, against me, or struck his desk in professional fury; but in accordance with your splendid humanity and science you proved yourself sages."

In the sacred registers of the Santa Casa—to borrow an expression from Schiller's "Don Carlos"—Bruno's denunciation of the papacy and his praise of Luther were, no doubt, entered with a two and threefold black mark. Having, like the German reformer, come out of a monkish order, he attacked monkhood as the very essence of superstition, and as guilty of all vices. "Qui dicit monachum, significat ipsam superstitionem, ipsam avaritiam, hypocrisin ipsam et tandem omnium vitiorum apothecam. Uno ergo dico verbo; monachus est." And with an untranslatable sally of wit against the discreditable life of would-be holy recluses: "Insani fugient mundum, immundumque sequuntur."

There are beautiful poetical passages in which Bruno rejoices at "having escaped from the narrow and dark prison in which my intellect had so long been bound in fetters, and at having won the sweet liberty which allows me to breathe in the pure air of the new light." Through this freedom he became "imbued with a dignified love for the beautiful, with an ardent passion for the good; the charm of divine truth and the aspirations towards a truer

* Nikolaus of Cusa—that is, Kues, near Trier—is that famous German theologian and cardinal who in the fifteenth century already expounded the anti-clerical doctrine of the plurality of worlds and of the rotation of the earth round the sun. He was an Old Catholic, so to say, who strenuously insisted on the pope being under, not above, the Church Council. As one of the first he recognized the fraud of the false documents on which the temporal power of the popes rested.

life have led me to noble aims, undaunted by the cries of an ignorant mob and by the tempests of the age." A feeling of universal love is often expressed by him. "The philanthropic philosopher's fatherland," he thought, "is everywhere." In prophetic words as to his own final fate he wrote: "Fifty or a hundred torches will not be wanting to me, even though I should walk along in the middle of the day, if ever it should happen that I were to die on Roman Catholic earth." And truly, so it came to pass.

III.

THE works from which Bruno's speculative views can mainly be gathered are: "The Banquet on Ash Wednesday;" "On the Cause, the Principle, and the One;" and "On the Infinite, the Universe, and the Worlds." Contrary to what the general reader might expect from some of these titles, a great deal of that which he has left is written in language as lively as it is poetical, though not seldom verging on the darkly rhapsodical. Some of his expositions are given in the shape of animated conversations, marked by dramatic power, and in a very attractive style — different from other productions of his, which may appear dry and abstruse, though they are not more so than those of many a distinguished philosopher.

As a writer, Bruno comes out in various moods. He is a wit, a satirist, an impetuous pamphleteer; a philosopher sometimes of Herakleitean darkness, sometimes of magnificent profundity; a humorous, bantering destroyer of antiquated dogmas, and an enthusiastic idealist full of glowing faith in a nobler development of mankind; a dialectician who has not got rid of mediæval scholasticism and mechanical symbolism, and yet a deep thinker who, even more by the flight of his vast-ranging fancy than by scientific proof, forestalls the results of modern science. He is a prosing expounder of an impossible, bewildering art of memory, and a poetical, sublimely eloquent explorer of the all-comprising mystery of nature; an enlightened rationalist, and a believer in the sympathetic contact and relations of all things and beings; a fierce fighter in language which to our times now and then seems gross, and an enraptured singer of most delicate strains, full of the music of the spheres. He is a dethroner of pontifical pride, a warm hearted friend of the suffering masses, and a despiser of those who slavishly serve the crowd.

The works of Bruno, who was born at

Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, in 1548, and martyred in 1600, were printed between 1582 and 1591, when the Holy Inquisition took him into its hands. His books, therefore, range from his thirty-fourth to his forty-third year. Many of them accordingly bear the stamp of that youthful liveliness and passionate exuberance — that "something Bacchantic," as Hegel said of him — which is a strong feature in this southern Italian forerunner of a new era of intellect. His many wanderings left him no leisure for fully working out a philosophical system. Nor has the course of his ideas always run in exactly the same bed; indeed, who that ever pondered deeply on the last insoluble problems, has not had his thoughts, off and on, driven this way and that way? This occasional variety in Bruno accounts for his having impressed thinkers of very opposite schools that came after him.

Maybe, if so large and universalist a mind had not been put between prison-bars for nine years, and then subjected to the only fire-burial allowed by the Roman Church, namely, the burning of the living flesh, the world would, in his maturer age, have been presented with a work of supreme import in the history of philosophy. Even as it was, he must be held to have in no mean degree influenced Descartes, and to have been the spiritual father of Spinoza and Leibnitz. There are those who assert that Spinoza would have been impossible had Bruno lived longer, and that Leibnitz owed more to him than has been acknowledged. Bruno himself stood on the shoulders of Lucretius, and in his conceptions there is much consonance with Neo-Platonism. At the same time his views are of an even broader and bolder kind. In his semi-philosophical, semi-poetical anticipations he comes closely to that evolution theory which Lamarck, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Kant, Goethe, Kaup, Wallace and Darwin, Haeckel, and others, have either indicated or scientifically worked out during a recent period.

That is a doctrine which can be found even, albeit in fantastic shape, in Ovid; again, in Aristotle; furthermore, in a most remarkable poem attributed to Empedokles, where the impossibility of being arising from nothing, and the equal impossibility of an utter annihilation of that which is, find quite a modern exposition. But why should we say modern? Perhaps some fragments of Berossos give a hint as to similar views having already been held among the

Babylonians. All the speculative questions which trouble us—or, perchance, because recognized as insoluble and as the unknowable, no longer burn our hearts, as they did that of Faust—have already occupied the Hindoo of old. Thus, for instance, the question as to the unity of all things, the non-duality (*a-dvaita*) as the Indians of a later philosophical school called it; monism, dualism, pantheism, atheism; the so-called nihilistic conception of the universe; the system of Fichte as to the ego from which the non-ego is shadowed forth; Darwinism, pessimism: everything has its prototype among early Indian thinkers.

What wonderful things has Kapila said—Kapila, after whom Buddha constructed a “religion without God and without immortality”! Nay, what deep thoughts, in a different line, flash forth from Vedic hymns, especially from that extraordinary song (x. 129) which has filled some of the foremost students of the philosophy of all nations with just astonishment, and of which in Professor Max Müller’s “Sanskrit Literature” a beautiful translation is given, which he owed to the kindness of a friend. The boldness of thought in that poem—says the distinguished Oxford scholar whose name is among the International Committee for the monument of Giordano Bruno—is “matched only by the Eleatic thinkers of Greece or by Hegel’s philosophy.”

The Greeks themselves, I may add, were fully conscious of the essence of their philosophies having come from the East—“from the barbarians,” as one of their writers has it. That means, no doubt, the Indians as well as the Thracians, that highly martial, musical, poetical, and also deeply philosophical race which was kindred to the Teutonic stock. “Thracian philosophy” is a well-known expression among the ancients. By the expedition of Alexander the Great to India, ideas and even books were brought from the far East to Greece. In the Pythagorean doctrine may partly be fathered upon this contact of the Hellenes with southern Asia. The development of mankind forms a long chain of intellect, some of the links of which may often be hidden, covered over for a time, but which yet exist.

As to Bruno, the Lucretian and Empedoclean vein was strong in him. In his description of the House of Wisdom he shows, in spite of the slight chronological disarrangement of his references, how much he felt this close connection of

philosophical thoughts among nations separated by time and long distance—even including Indians and Thracians. Hindoo literature was not, of course, within reach of Bruno. Yet it has not been inaptly said that he sometimes reminds us of the Bhagavad-Gîtâ.* He does so by his ideas, and even often in style. When Krishna says of himself that he is “the savor in waters, the luminous principle in the moon and sun, the sound in the ether, the sweet smell of the earth, the brightness in the flame, the vitality in all beings;” when he exclaims, “Here in my body now behold the whole universe in a collective form, with objects movable and immovable, and whatever else thou wouldst behold,” we seem to have before us passages from the Italian thinker.

Bruno conceived the universe as the great unity, as the eternally one in which matter and force are identical. Ever changing in its forms and phenomena, it always remains harmoniously the one. In minerals, plants, and animals, Bruno recognizes but a varied manifestation of one moving principle which is not outside the worlds, but remains enveloped in their very essence. Not even the mightiest power could create the Infinite with its numberless quantity of forms; nor could we imagine something apart from this living immensity. Matter is the primeval basis of everything—matter from which the operative force contained in it can never be separated. In it the whole reality exists, and the real and the potential are one and the same. In its eternal course, matter pours itself forth, by virtue of its inner vitality, through all parts of the whole, and ever returns to itself.

These definitions of Bruno concerning matter are to be reckoned, according to Moritz Carrière,† among the greatest facts in the history of philosophy. The German writer, though himself rather inclining to theistic notions, is yet as deeply struck with the profoundness of the Italian thinker as Professor Tyndall, when referring to Bruno, in his Belfast address, in these words:—“Matter is not the mere naked, empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things out of her own womb.”

Let us at once acknowledge that even in the mythological systems of ancient

* H. Brunnhofer: *Giordano Bruno's Weltanschauung*, 1882.

† *Die philosophische Weltanschauung der Reformationszeit*.

nations — of Indians, Thrakians, Greeks, Teutons, and so forth — ideas about primeval matter are to be found not so very dissimilar to those of Bruno. In some of those mythologies, which are but picturesque renderings of cosmogonic ideas, the very gods issue from eternal matter, whilst fate, that is, the causal and inevitable concatenation of things and events, masters them all — the divine circle as well as mankind. Again, when Bruno says: "What first was seed becomes grass, then an ear, then bread, chyle, blood, semen, embryo, man, a corpse, then again earth, stone, or some other mass, and so forth," we are apt to remember an ancient annotation to the Vedas, which says: "The finer part of whey, when shaken, rises and becomes butter. Even so, my child, the finer part of nourishment, when eaten, rises and changes into mind."

Against the Aristotelean view and the Ptolemaic system, Bruno defended the system of Copernicus. He addresses the great astronomer as the most noble one who has recovered the meaning of Pythagoras, of Timæus, of Hegesias, and Niketes. He praises the predecessor of Copernicus, Nicolaus of Cusa, and German mathematicians in general. In upholding the eternal rotation of all heavenly bodies, Bruno argues in a manner not fully scientific; his strength of intuition being, in these as in other subjects, far greater than his learning, though he felt the warmest admiration for specialist explorers. There is great charm, nevertheless, in his poetical diction, when he speaks of endlessly innumerable worlds being contained in the all-encompassing unity, and of every individual part, every fractional monad of the all, forming a reflex of the soul-animated totality. He assumed a world-soul absolutely inseparable from matter; the former constituting the impulsive force of things. The greatest, he averred, is embodied in the smallest; the smallest is a portraiture of the greatest. Everything in existence has, from the beginning, had its inward germ, its preparation, its tendency toward completion. This material infinity of the eternally one cannot possibly have a centre. Neither our globe nor any other astral body can pretend to such a position. The universe is both all centre and all periphery at one and the same time.

IV.

TAKING his cue from the Neo-Platonist Plotinus, Bruno laid down as the principle of his ethics the striving for greater

beauteousness. In this, again, he comes near to Darwin's principle of natural selection among individuals. Evolutionary maxims are altogether the special characteristic of Bruno's mind. Hence he could not fall in with the ecclesiastical doctrine of a Paradise from which mankind had been driven. At most, he maintains that some races have been happier in their simpler and unsophisticated condition. He launches out bitterly against the devilish works of Spanish would-be civilizers in Peru and Mexico. The descent of the various races of mankind from one pair he denied, whilst holding a firm belief in their capability for greater perfection.

There are some passages in which Bruno's idea of a Godhead approaches the deistic doctrine; but in the main he appears richly imbued with mixed notions of a sublimely spiritualized materialism and of a strongly materialized pantheism. He did not believe in personal immortality, but in the indestructibility of a central monad constituting the essence of man. From this point of view he upheld the theory of the transmigration of souls. That doctrine, strange to say, has been half avowed by Leibnitz in a private letter, and more openly by even so clear and rationalistic a writer as Lessing, in his treatise on the "Education of Mankind." On other planets, Bruno assumed the probable existence of populations of a more highly organized nature. Between men and animals he could only allow a difference of quality as regards mind.

His cheerful southern temperament kept him from all pessimistic moods. Hope and joy were the stamp of his whole being. "He revels," as Moritz Carrière has it, "in the vital abundance of nature; he delights in the creative wealth of the mind, whilst his glowing spirit at the same time plunges into the cool and limpid depth of the one basis of all things." There are some beautiful poetical utterances in "De Immenso," in which Bruno castigates the sour and tyrannous sects that would fain "disfigure the sunniest day with the shadows of hell," and "by their unnatural nonsense stop the even course of the progressive development of mankind, extinguishing the light of intellect." Through such successively triumphant sects of zealots, "nation becomes alienated from nation; children desert their parents; men refuse a greeting to those of different faith; every fanatical wight, intellectually impotent as he is, plays the prophet, if he does not even

pretend to enact the part of omnipotence."

In matters of the State and of political economy, Bruno held reforming opinions. In some sense they might be called socialistic, as opposed to that pseudo-liberty which makes the weak and the disinherited simply the victim of the strong and the rich. At the same time he does not believe in the possibility of doing away with the differences of classes; he protests against a "bestial equality." A warm advocate of the rights of the toiling masses, he shows a noble contempt for mere demagogic, self-seeking flatterers of an ignorant and unstable multitude. "It is a downright proof of a mean and infamous way of thinking to shape one's sentiments and thoughts in accordance with those of the multitude merely because it is the multitude." He himself always preserved a proud and straightforward independence. Even when he went much astray in his theoretical views as to a particular point of our social organization, he spoke out as fearlessly as any classic philosopher of old.

Pure in life, wickedly maligned by his pupil, the wretch Mocenigo, who betrayed him into the hands of the Venetian authorities and the Inquisition, Giordano Bruno is a noble martyr's figure. In person he is described as small of stature, of slight, delicate build; with thin and pallid face, and meditative physiognomy; the glance both eager and melancholy; the hair and the beard between black and chestnut; in his speech ready, rapid, imaginative, and of lively gestures; in manner urbane and gentle. Sociable, amiable, and glad some in conversation, as is the character of southern Italians, he easily yielded to the habits and tastes of others. Of open frankness among friends and foes, he was as quickly moved to anger as he was far from rancor and revenge.

Deeper investigation, such as is now to be expected after the great Roman commemoration, will probably result in showing that the leaven of Bruno's master-mind has operated more powerfully even than had been hitherto known. This much is already clear, that not upon Spinoza and Leibnitz only has he had a stirring effect, but that in some of Goethe's profoundest poems also are his vestiges strongly traceable. The great German poet himself mentions that his own intellect had been uplifted by the writings of "Jordanus Brunus of Nola." He adds, however, that "it requires almost superhuman efforts to extract the pure gold and silver from the unequal lodes, and that every one

born with a similar bent of mind had better turn to nature itself than fatigue himself among ganges, perhaps among heaps of dross and slag, of bygone centuries." This scarcely does proper justice to Bruno. The truth is that Goethe, who personally felt magnetically attracted towards the secrets of nature, and who in the susurrations of a sea of bulrushes heard the stirring motion of growing worlds, owed to the Italian poet-philosopher more than appears from this passage. Some of the loftiest ideas in "Faust" have their manifest prototype in Bruno. In the same way Goethe's famous —

Was wär' ein Gott, der nur von Aussen
stiesse,
Im Kreis das All am Finger laufen liesse?
Ihm ziemt's, die Welt im Innern zu bewegen,
Natur in sich, sich in Natur zu hegen,
So dass, was in ihm lebt und webt und ist,
Nie seine Kraft, nie seinen Geist vergisst,

has its almost literal counterpart in Bruno's "Non est Deus vel intelligentia exterior circumrotans et circumducens; dignus enim illi debet esse internum principium motus, quod est natura propria, species propria, anima propria," and so forth. It is within the last few years only that Dr. L. Jacoby, Hermann Brunnhofer, and others, have given the full evidence of this influence of Bruno upon Goethe. Well, therefore, may be said of the Italian poet-philosopher what Goethe makes Faust say, that "the trace of his earthly days will not perish for ages to come."

V.

BOTH moderate Church reformers and independent thinkers were subjected to the fiery doom. It has been brought to recollection, during the Bruno commemoration, that another progressive theologian and philosophical thinker, a native of Nola, like himself, Pomponio Algeri, was burnt, at the age of twenty-five, at Rome, in a cauldron of boiling oil, pitch, and turpentine, his head and hands standing out in the midst of the flames, and his torments lasting a quarter of an hour. Few know that in Luther's days, even in Germany — at Köln, at Passau, and at Munich, wherever the Papal power still was strong — Adolph Klarenbach and Peter Flystedt, Leonhard Kaiser and Georg Wagner were burnt at the stake.

To the memory of the two first-named, Luther dedicated a hymn of praise. The martyrdom of Leonhard Kaiser also he sang, by way of alluding to the meaning of his names, as the death of "a strong

and fearless lion, who bore his family name, too, with good right as the first and foremost of his race." But can we compare these with a philosophical genius like Bruno, a knight of intellect of towering greatness, the ardor of whose poetical vein has its counterpart in the mighty grasp of his intuition and the profundity of his reason?

What were his sufferings in the darkness of the dungeon in which the Inquisition kept him? What ferocious attempts were made to bend and break the energy of the highly cultured, unfrocked friar, whose mind was nourished with the love of antiquity? If, as a prisoner, he had a moment of faltering, the answer has been given in the words: "How can you expect that torture, even though applied for hours, should prevail against a whole life of study and inquiry?" Campanella, who after Bruno was kept in prison for twenty-seven years, said of his own sufferings: "The last time I was tortured, it was for forty hours. I was fettered with cords which cut to the very bones; I was hung up with hands tied back, a most sharp piece of wood being used, which cut out large parts of my flesh and produced a vast loss of blood." Perhaps some day, when the archives of the Vatican become fully accessible, we shall learn a little more of Bruno's last years of torment.

On being informed of his doom, he, in the face of a horrible death, heroically said to his inhuman judges: "Perhaps you pronounce your sentence with greater fear than that with which I receive it!" Among those who formed the tribunal was Cardinal Bellarmine, the same who later on forced Galilei to an apparent recantation, and Cardinal Sanseverino, who had called the massacre of the night of St. Bartholomew "a splendid day, most pleasant to Catholics." The sentence against Bruno was, as usual, to be carried out, "without the spilling of blood." In the bandit-language of the Inquisition, as Hermann Brunnhofer expresses it, this signified burning at the stake. Before the victim of priestcraft was sacrificed, his tongue was torn with pincers. But it still speaks to posterity in powerful accents. More and more it is seen that a great deal of that which, in this country, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Lyell, Lubbock, and others, have by their masterly and successful researches made the common intellectual property of all educated people, had been divined, in some measure, by the prescient genius of Bruno. Unaided by exact sci-

ence, he anticipated in a general way the scientific results of ages to come.

The struggle against obscurantism has still to be carried on. Whilst I am writing this, numerous voices of the ultramontane press come in from abroad which speak in tones of inquisitorial fury of the "Bruno scandal," urging a crusade for the restoration of the temporal power of the Papacy. Some of these papers go the length of justifying the burning of the Italian thinker by "the necessity of guarding the Church against dangerous heresies." The *Salzburger Chronik* says: "He that will not listen and obey, must be made to feel. In order to save the good, the evil must be annihilated. This doctrine is the very basis of the penal law and of the divine command, which punish murder, and which therefore must all the more punish the murder of souls. This is in accordance with human conscience and with justice."

Bruno himself foresaw an age of enlightenment, a coming century of progress, when the powers of darkness would sink down to the nether world, and the hearts of men be filled with truth and justice. To this prediction refers the proud inscription on his monument: "To Giordano Bruno this memorial has been raised by the century prophesied by him, on the very spot where his pile burnt." It may be open to doubt whether this nineteenth century has fulfilled yet all that which Bruno foretold. But whether Galilei's often-quoted word was spoken or not on the famous occasion when the Papal Church fancied it could stop the rotation of the world by bringing him down on his knees, the truth of his saying, in more than one sense, becomes ever apparent: "*Eppur si muove!*" "And yet it moves!"

KARL BLIND.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
STRANGE FOOD.

THAT what is one man's food is another man's poison is a trite saying, but it conveys volumes. It signifies, if it has any meaning at all, that nearly all the foods used in different parts of the world are harmless — nay, that they are positively nutritious and wholesome, for otherwise how could they be eaten with absolute impunity? The dishes which we Englishmen devour and fancy are alone man's proper food are often an abomination to people of different race and creed, while

the food eaten with gusto in distant lands would frequently fill us only with disgust. Depend upon it, eating and drinking are mere matters of custom, and no rule can be framed absolutely right and none entirely wrong. Man's natural food, what is it after all but that food which chance, or necessity, or fashion places within his reach? One man eats fish, another flesh, a third fowl, and a fourth fruit, and all thrive; not in the same degree, still all thrive, exemplifying the vastness and inexhaustible variety of the food resources which man calls his own. There is hardly a creature that has life which man has not, in one climate or another, or in one age or another, used as food. There are few fruits on which some portion of the human race has not feasted, while many of the hardest, most indigestible, and least palatable of the products of the vegetable world, such as grass, bark, roots, acorns, and I know not what besides, have served him in the hour of need, or have ministered to a more or less depraved appetite.

As far as is known no species of bird is absolutely uneatable, at any rate none is poisonous. Once, when a lad, I stewed a jackdaw, and though the flesh was tough, the gravy was most savory and tempting. Few four-footed animals are uneatable, and it is only among fishes and fruits that we find poisons. My brother once brought me two squirrels which he had shot, and having read that gipsies relished them, we watched our opportunity, and, in the absence of the family, set to work over the dining-room fire and stewed them; and I must confess that, whether it was owing to the share we had had in preparing them, or to the omnivorous nature of boys' appetites, we had no cause to complain that the dish lacked tenderness, flavor, or wholesomeness; but I do not suggest that these charming little rodents should be slaughtered by way of general experiment. Jugged cat I have not eaten, but a clergyman once told me that he and some clerical friends, living in rooms together, were much tormented by the frequent visits of a venerable clerical brother, who would drop in when least wanted, and who was not satisfied unless a rich meal was forthwith prepared for his capacious appetite. One day these young scapegraces obtained a large cat, which the cook most skilfully prepared for the delectation of the old clergyman, who had been duly invited, thus forestalling one of his usual visits. Some excuse was made, and the old fellow, much to his joy, found himself the sole partaker of a large and delicious dish of

hare, and he ate as only the rectorial appetite could eat. Never had he tasted anything so choice; the flavor, the tenderness, the gravy, and the jelly were most tempting. The sequel to the story is not, however, what I could wish. At last, when his appetite had been satisfied, one of his hosts began uttering cries like those of the cat, and after a little time the guest awoke to the startling consciousness that he had demolished a large cat. He was almost at once taken ill, and for some days was in extreme danger. Whether that was due to the character of the meal or to the enormous quantity he had contrived to dispose of was never ascertained. He stoutly maintained the former, and his hosts the latter. However that may be, the experience of the siege of Paris is conclusive that, in moderation, hardly any animal is unwholesome, for not only were horses, dogs, and cats eaten when they could be got, but hippopotami, elephants, and mules. As for rats, the French soldiers in Algeria contrived to earn a welcome addition to their scanty pay, and at the same time they replenished their not too liberal larder, by acting as amateur rat-catcher and rat-eaters both in one. Mr. J. G. Wood tells us that the rat is delicious; he often enjoyed rat pie, and feasted upon the rich gelatinous food which it contains when well made and properly cooked. He reminds us that the rat is a particularly clean animal, and that its flesh is as tender and wholesome as that of the pig, and we know that the latter is so overpoweringly attractive that at one time in primitive ages—so at least Charles Lamb assures us—people did not scruple to burn down a house so that the resident pig, who then I suppose lived with his master, might be roasted to perfection.

As for hedgehogs, and it is said even weasels, stoats, and other odoriferous carnivora, gipsies—that picturesque but not particularly cleanly and most unsavory people—wrap them up in a thick coating of well-puddled clay; then, putting the case in the fire, a slow but thorough process of stewing goes on, and at the right time the mass is withdrawn from the fire, and the clay, or by that time the brick envelope, is removed, the skin, hair, or feathers, as the case may be, adhering to it, and inside there is found a delicious morsel fit for the palate of a king.

In the charming life of Charles Darwin there occurs a very interesting passage. "Another old member of the club tells me that the name—the Gourmet Club—arose because the members were given to

making experiments on 'birds and beasts which were before unknown to the human palate.' He says that hawk and bittern were tried, and that their zeal broke down over an old brown owl, which 'was indescribable.' At any rate the meetings seem to have been successful, and to have ended with a 'game at mild vint-et-un.' "

Darwin relates in one of his letters an amusing anecdote of his experiences. "I must tell you what happened to me on the banks of the Cam in my early entomological days. Under a piece of bark I found two *Carabi* (I forget which), and caught one in each hand, when, lo and behold! I saw a sacred *Panagæus crux major*. I could not bear to give up either of my *Carabi*, and to lose *Panagæus* was out of the question, so in despair I gently seized one of the *Carabi* between my teeth, when, to my unspeakable disgust and pain, the little inconsiderate beast squirted his acid down my throat, and I lost both *Carabi* and *Panagæus*."

Some fish, principally inhabitants of tropical seas, will, when eaten, destroy life, and that too at all times. Some other species are only poisonous at certain seasons of the year, and, still more extraordinary, individuals of a certain species are dangerous while others may be eaten with impunity. It is quite impossible to give any explanation of these peculiarities. The health of the fish at the time of its capture, the food of which it has been partaking, or even some idiosyncrasy on the part of the eater may be a factor in the deplorable result. When it comes to vegetable products, however, we can lay our finger on the chemical principle that endangers life or occasions death. Amongst those terrible secrets of nature which we shall probably never clear up, are the purposes which were served in giving strychnine, nicotine, morphine, and atropine properties so deadly that a few grains will forever still the beatings of the most vigorous human heart. Why should an infinitesimal dose of nux vomica convulse the frame of the strongest man, and bring his existence to an almost startlingly sudden close, but with agony so indescribable, spasms so appalling to witness — how much worse to endure! — that the man who has once seen a case of the kind and then ventures to put down such awful poisons for the destruction of cats, rats, and birds must find an almost diabolical pleasure in causing suffering? Then again, why is prussic acid so speedily fatal to him who takes a few drops of it,

while its aroma is so pleasant? Shall we ever know?

The strangest food a human being could eat is his brother man. Fortunately cannibalism, although once distressingly common, is now confined to the most degraded tribes of the South Sea Islands and of central Africa. St. Jerome accused the Attcotts, a Scotch clan, of preferring the shepherd to his flock, and possibly, considering the cold-blooded ferocity for which those cruel north-British tribes were long infamous, and the frequent scarcity of animal food in their bleak and inclement country, the charge may be well founded. Some traces of this revolting custom lingered among the Scotch until comparatively recently; at least, if I do them injustice, they must not blame me but one of their countrymen, Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie, for having traduced them, for he is responsible for the charge.

The Duke of Argyll, in the exhaustive and most interesting treatise he has lately published, "Scotland as it Was and Is," gives a most curious passage that, besides illustrating the ferocity of the Irish knights of seven hundred years ago, shows that modified cannibalism still lingered among them. "It is not a Protestant, but a Catholic historian," he says, "who gives us the most terrible account of the conduct of Dermot, king of Leinster. We are told that when the men of Ossory had been borne to the ground by a charge of the English cavalry, the fallen were immediately despatched by the natives under the banner of Dermot. A trophy of two hundred heads was erected at the feet of that savage, who testified his joy by clapping his hands, leaping in the air, and pouring out thanksgivings to the Almighty. As he turned over the heap he discovered the head of a former enemy. His hatred was rekindled at the sight, and, seizing it by the ears in a paroxysm of fury, he tore off the nose with his teeth."

To come to foods less horrible than man, whose trials and disappointments are sufficiently severe to exempt his body from often serving as aliment to his fellow-man, — the lion is eaten by some African races, but its flesh is held in small esteem. The Zulus find carrion so much to their liking that, according to the late Bishop Colenso, they apply to food peopled by large colonies of larvæ the expressive word *uborni*, signifying in their uncouth jargon "great happiness." David Livingstone, that keen and accurate observer, reminds us that the aboriginal Austral-

ians and Hottentots prefer the intestines of animals. "It is curious," he says, "that this is the part which animals always begin with, and it is the first choice of our men." On this point I may remind the civilized reader that the woodcock, and the red mullet or sea woodcock, are both eaten and relished without undergoing all the cleansing processes, which most animals used for food among us generally experience, to fit them for the table, so that our aversion to the entrails of animals is not absolute, but only one of degree.

The hippopotamus is a favorite dish with some Africans when they can get this unwieldy and formidable river monster, and when young its flesh is good and palatable, but with advancing years it becomes coarse and unpleasant. The Abyssinians, the amiable people to whom, according to the Italian prime minister, his countrymen propose to teach wisdom and humanity, find the rhinoceros to their taste; so they do the elephant, which is also eaten in Sumatra. Dr. Livingstone describes the elephant's foot as delicious, and his praises will be echoed by many travellers in lands where that sagacious monster still lingers in rapidly decreasing numbers. "We had the foot," wrote the great doctor, "cooked for breakfast next morning, and found it delicious. It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous and sweet like marrow. A long march, to prevent biliousness, is a wise precaution after a meal of elephant's foot. Elephant's tongue and trunk are also good, and after long simmering much resemble the hump of a buffalo and the tongue of an ox, but all the other meat is tough, and from its peculiar flavor only to be eaten by a hungry man."

Among Greenlanders and Eskimo the seal is the chief article of food; it was, indeed, formerly eaten in England, although coarse and oily. The porpoise was once an English dish, and the liver of this beautiful animal is, when fried, still relished by sailors. Another huge sea animal, the walrus, was found to be very palatable by Arctic explorers, and it is largely consumed by the Eskimo. The Japanese, New Zealanders, and western Australians find the whale good eating, and the Eskimo, those enthusiastic consumers of anything and everything oily and nasty, highly approve, as is well known, of blubber, and devour it *ad nauseam*. The narwhal, or sea unicorn, is one of the Greenlander's dainties, while

the Siberians and the Eskimo live in part on the flesh of the reindeer.

But the foregoing do not exhaust the strange foods of the world. Dogs, cats, horses, lizards, bears, hedgehogs, frogs, otters, skunks, rats, mice, wolves, camels, and indeed almost every creature that runs or flies, are, in some part or another of the globe, in nearly as much favor as venison, pheasant, and sucking pig among us. Surely, however, culinary eccentricity can no further go than in the preparation of that famous German dish, sauerkraut. This delicious food is a vegetable compound, and is thus prepared: The leaves of cabbages, the stalk and midrib being removed as a little too tough for the not very fastidious stomach of the people of the Fatherland, are cut up and placed in a proper receptacle in layers, with abundance of salt between them; the strange mess is next subjected to pressure, and is allowed to stand until it is quite sour from fermentation; then, being fit for food, and as wholesome as it could ever become, it is stewed in its own liquor, and eaten with many deep German ejaculations expressive of the perfect satisfaction of the gourmand. In passing let me point out that, with the exception of the final stewing, the preparation of sauerkraut is closely like that of ensilage, the form in which on every New England farm, and on a very few Old England ones, green food is economically prepared and preserved for the winter consumption of cattle, and as in this way it agrees particularly well with the latter, why should it not also with man?

Coming to our own land, where we don't eat sauerkraut and blubber, birds' nests and puppies, elephant's foot and bison's hump, we shall nevertheless find some strange foods in common use. Not to speak of the intestines of the red mullet and the woodcock, and the red currant jelly added to venison, game, and mutton, not to dwell upon game in a state not unlike that in which the Zulus prefer carrion, the hedgehog, as I have before mentioned, is eaten by the gipsies, who thus imitate the people of Barbary and some of the Spaniards; it is even said that the frog—the *Rana esculenta*—is often eaten in the north of England, while, as we all know, the poor turtle fares no better when the City aldermen get him within their clutches. "Ah, my dear sir," once remarked one of these worthies, "how transitory are all human pleasures!" and then he sighed before continuing, "Did you

ever know a man who after three basins of turtle cared for a fourth?"

We don't eat toads, but negroes do and find them palatable. Sharks and crocodiles are good eating, and in the north of Scotland the small, smooth shark is often eaten and is esteemed a dainty, while the opulent Chinese greatly enjoy the fins of another species of the same formidable fish.

Bees, grubs, white ants, grasshoppers, locusts, spiders, caterpillars, and even the chrysalis of the silkworm, are all eaten; and in the south of Europe during Lent the vineyard snail is in request, and thus the conscience is satisfied and the letter of the law apparently respected, while the dietary is not without a fair supply of stimulating animal food. If rumor does not err, cockchafers delicately preserved in sugar are regarded as delicious sweetmeats in at least one highly civilized European country.

By the way, the reader may be interested to hear how destructive the siege of Paris was to animal life. When every kind of comestible was at famine prices, and when nothing except man that had life was permitted to escape, the Parisians swept the streets and the zoological gardens clean. Twelve hundred dogs disappeared during the siege in a manner unwonted in Paris; one would have expected that a hundred times as many would have found their way to the table, and it is said that their flesh was much relished, quite apart from the condiment which extreme hunger gave the appetite; three thousand cats also went the same way, and made dishes as savory as though unattended by the disastrous consequences which followed the meat on which the old clergyman, mentioned earlier in this article, regaled himself. Two bears vanished in the same fashion, and their flesh was compared to pork; sixty-five thousand horses, pleasantly called by the Parisians "siege venison," furnished a large supply of wholesome food in the terrible winter of 1870-1. Three elephants followed or preceded, I know not which, the horses and cats, and were much commended, and with them went one thousand asses and two thousand mules. The last were said to be delicious, and far more delicate than beef; but let me remind the reader that those famous Bologna sausages which every one has heard so much about are in part made of the flesh of the ass. Three kangaroos were eaten during the siege, and very greatly enjoyed; nor is this astonishing, for in Australia kangaroo-tail

soup is preferred to ox-tail soup, and in my humble judgment is far more palatable. And in the last place the Parisians made short work of a seal, and said it resembled lamb.

I think that I have said enough to prove my assertion, that man eats and enjoys almost everything that has life and which he can lay his hands upon. Now I will say a little as to the amount of food which man contrives to get through. During the Lancashire famine, when food was scarce among the cotton-workers, they were condemned to a diet of such scantiness that there was nothing to tempt the appetite, while it was often only just sufficient to keep the poor creatures alive — in other words, though they could live upon it they could not have done any work, while had they been exposed to severe cold or to dangerous contagious illness they would have perished in vast numbers. The amount of food they received was two pounds to two pounds and a quarter of bread a day. Yet this scanty allowance was luxurious and abundant compared with the rations that on certain occasions men have managed to exist upon for a long time. For instance, in the often-quoted mutiny of the *Bounty*, Captain Bligh and twenty-five of his men were set adrift in boats near the Friendly Islands. From the end of April to the close of May these unhappy people subsisted — they could not be said to live — on a daily allowance of one twenty-fifth of a pound of biscuit apiece, with a quarter of a pint of water, and occasionally a teaspoonful or two of rum; the last, I may remark, modern scientific researches would lead us to regard as doing harm rather than adding to the value of the food. Such a diet as this can only be regarded as one of long-continued starvation, and the marvel is that all did not die; perhaps the warmth of the climate and the inactivity to which their mode of life condemned them saved them, so that there was hardly any bodily waste; these circumstances may have accounted in great measure for their passing through such a perilous ordeal. Probably the most extraordinary instance of prolonged starvation occurred in the memorable march of Sir John Franklin and Dr. Richardson from the shores of the Northern Ocean to Fort Enterprise. Only one hundred and forty miles had to be traversed, but the journey had to be accomplished in a climate demanding absolutely unstinted quantities of food, more particularly of an oily character, and the travellers could

get little except *tripe de roche* to eat. Under these circumstances the worn and wearied wanderers found that a mile a day was as much as their feeble strength could accomplish. One of the party, Michel, a half-breed Iroquis, continued strong and active while his companions were dying around him, but afterwards it was discovered that he had been living on the flesh of the dead, killing when necessity arose one of the emaciated and enfeebled companions of his march.

In his savage condition, man, when he can get food, will eat till nature rebels, and he cannot contain more; indeed, it is one of the most unamiable traits of savages that, while they will cheerfully endure great hardships and privations from which there is no escape, they will, on the other hand, eat to repletion when the opportunity presents. In violent contrast, therefore, to the instances I have given of extreme privation, I shall cite a few of just as remarkable excess. The Hottentots, Bushmen, and savage South African races generally are enormous gluttons. "Ten of them," says Barrow, "ate, in my presence, the whole of an ox all but the hind legs in three days, and the three Bosjesmans that accompanied my wagon devoured a sheep on one occasion in less than twenty-four hours." In cold climates such feats as these would only be trifles, and Parry and Ross have recorded cases that, were they not well attested, would pass belief. Sir Edward Parry once tried the capacity of an Eskimo scarcely full grown, and this interesting young savage contrived in twenty-four hours to devour four pounds four ounces of the raw, hard-frozen flesh of a seahorse, the same quantity of it boiled, one pound twelve ounces of bread and bread dust, a pint and a quarter of rich gravy soup, a tumbler of strong grog, three wineglasses of raw spirit, and nine pints of water. Sir John Ross indeed believed that the daily rations of an Eskimo were twenty pounds of flesh and blubber, but, in extenuation of so enormous a consumption as this, the severity of the climate must be taken into account. Perhaps the most astounding example of inhuman gluttony recorded is that by Captain Cochrane, on the authority of the Russian admiral Saritcheff, who was told that one of the Yakuts had consumed the hind quarter of a large ox in twenty-four hours, together with twenty pounds of fat and a proportionate quantity of melted butter. As the man had already gorged himself in this disgusting fashion,

it hardly seemed possible that he would be able to consume any more; but the worthy Russian admiral, to test him, gave the savage a thick porridge of rice boiled with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds. The glutton sat down to this abundant banquet, although he had just partaken of breakfast, and, without stirring from the spot or showing any sign of inconvenience, got through the whole. Captain Cochrane adds that a good large calf, weighing two hundred pounds, will just make a meal for four or five Yakuts, and that he has seen three of them consume a whole reindeer at one meal. Not to be too hard on these unsophisticated children of nature, I must say that the feats of English working men on their annual club feast-day, would surpass belief: a leg of mutton has not been found too much for the requirements of one man. The late Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury, the father of the illustrious Charles Darwin, had the local reputation of being a glutton, and is reported to have called a goose — a favorite Salop dish — "an inconvenient one, as being too much for one and not enough for two."

To conclude, strange fashions are not confined to our own age or country. Holinshed, the famous and amusing chronicler of the sixteenth century, comments severely upon the manners of the English of his day. He tells us that "in number of dishes and changes of meat the nobility of England (whose cooks are for the most part Frenchmen and foreigners) do most exceed; till there is no day in manner that passeth over their heads, wherein they have not only beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, cony, capon, pig, or so many of them as the season yieldeth, but also some portion of the red and fallow deer, beside variety of fish and wild fowl, and thereto sundry other delicacies wherein the sweet hand of the seafaring Portingale is not wanting, so that for a man to dine with one of them and to taste of every dish that standeth before him, is rather to yield unto a conspiracy with a great deal of meat for the speedy suppression of natural health than the use of a necessary meal to satisfy himself with a competent repast to sustain his body withal." Much the same fashion is kept up to this day, and public banquets and the sumptuous tables of the opulent abound in all that can charm the eye and tempt the palate, and, let me add, lay the foundation of long and severe illness. How strange the contrast between this reckless profusion and the simplicity of

some mediæval saint, whose diet was spare and plain to a degree, or of him, greater than any of the prophets, who did his glorious life-work on a sparing allowance of locusts, wild honey, and water!

From Murray's Magazine.
OLD VENICE.

"VENEZIA ha saputo trovar modo che non uno, non pochi, non molti signoreggiano; ma molti buoni, pochi migliori, e insiememente un ottimo solo." "Venice has discovered a method of rule which is not that of one, nor of a few, nor yet of many; but under which many good citizens, some few still better, and one best of all, combine to govern the State." This description, which reads like one of those eulogies, once so common on the British Constitution when the component elements of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy were believed to be equally blended and balanced — was there in truth ever such an age? — was written some three hundred years ago, and not ill expresses the admiration that was for a long time felt for Venice. For generations she was the marvel of her contemporaries; but her constitution has passed away never to return, and to the vast majority of travellers and tourists who pass through her strange waterways, and who, intelligently or unintelligently, as the case may be, admire her stately buildings, it is a closed chapter. They may know something of her pictures or her architecture, but most of her history and almost all knowledge of her constitution have passed into forgetfulness. And yet, with one mighty exception, that constitution has had since the Christian era no European parallel or compeer in efficiency or endurance. In many of its main characteristics the Venetian republic reflected or imitated the earlier Roman commonwealth from which she claimed descent; she gave birth to no great writers or poets like Florence; but she produced a race of statesmen who preserved from age to age her liberties, when every other State in northern Italy lost or surrendered them.

I will not dwell here on the wonderful beauty of that bright emanation of the Hadriatic, which even in her decay has all the glamor of romance about her; she has been abundantly described at every hour of the day or night, in all the many moods and aspects which such a child

of ocean wears; I rather propose to say a few words on the political constitution which governed her fortunes for a thousand years.

Historically, perhaps the most remarkable features of that strange city are the coherence and almost unbroken continuity of a polity, which existed through all the strain and trouble of the Middle Ages, amidst the intellectual revolution of the Renaissance, and even the vast changes of the eighteenth century. It is not a hundred years since Venice stood erect not only in all the external magnificence of her material splendor, but in the apparently unshaken strength of her laws and public institutions. In the fifth century some desolate mud-islands in the Hadriatic were appropriated by the panic-stricken refugees who fled from Attila and thought that the end of human society was at hand. On those islands the fishermen spread their nets, and the relics of the old Roman civilization found a shelter. From these rough and rude beginnings came a polished and luxurious life; and on those banks and shaking piles in the midst of desolation and sea-waves grew up a people that were destined to have ideas and institutions of no common order. At first these insignificant islands were not worth the trouble of an invader's attack; but before long they became sufficiently powerful and independent to defy the assaults of their enemies. In her early days Venice stood between envious and conflicting powers — the Eastern Empire, with its great traditions and not insignificant strength, the growing but half-barbarous West, and the popes of Rome; her policy at times wavered and inclined from one to the other, but she never surrendered herself to any patron or competitor. Her independence, which the fresh sea-breeze seemed to fan into vigorous and self-conscious life, was her first and constant object. During the ninth and tenth centuries the connection with Constantinople was close, and Eastern wares found a ready market in Venice. The wife of one doge was the daughter of the emperor of Constantinople, and the chroniclers record how the simpler tastes of the young republic were shocked by her perfumed baths, and the golden fork with which she ate her food. In this connection, and in the titular honors bestowed by the Byzantine court upon some of the early doges, some have seen an unquestionable evidence of the subjection of Venice to the East; but if it were so, it was very temporary, and, in the words of

the historian, "the bands of dependence were imperceptibly relaxed by the ambition of Venice and the weakness of Constantinople."

Amid the crimes and ingratitude and selfishness that tarnish Venetian policy there is nothing more remarkable than the persistence and courage with which, in reverses and danger, she clung to her independence and refused to bend to any foreign master. In this she stands absolutely alone. Neither literature nor art, nor the splendor of romance nor the conscious sense of inherited liberties, availed to save the republics of northern Italy. One by one they succumbed to the temptations and the difficulties of the time, and gave themselves up to some despot. Venice alone remained self-governing and independent, unscathed by foreign usurper, unsubdued by emperor, uncajoled by pope, uninfluenced by great baron or mercenary captain, untouched by Eastern or Western powers. Alone, too, she observed a steady and continuous policy where all around her was variable and uncertain. She was ready to make common cause with Europe against the Turk if Europe was really in earnest; but was equally resolved not to quarrel needlessly with a great power conterminous to her own possessions. Around her was a maze of intrigue, treaties of plunder and spoliation, forming, breaking, re-forming, as chance or ambition on the mainland dictated; sometimes she was courted; sometimes, as in the League of Cambray, she was the object of secret and treacherous attack; but her rulers never faltered in courage or wavered in policy. Nor were great dangers wanting. They suffered calamitous reverses by sea; they experienced great defeats on land; they were blockaded by hostile fleets till hope itself well-nigh abandoned them; they experienced even the risks of secret conspiracy and rebellion; but the fabric of the Venetian constitution remained apparently unshaken through every trial—its years counted by centuries, and its visible honors undimmed almost to the very close of its public life. That this was in a great measure due to her insular position is true; but insularity alone neither would nor could have preserved Venice through the long centuries of lawless might and unscrupulous ambition, which tore Europe, and particularly Italy, into pieces. Something else there must have been to give this remarkable vitality; and that something was found in a powerful and efficient constitution based upon the gen-

eral good-will of all classes. During the long period that that constitution lasted, there were moments and opportunities, when, if there had been any rooted or strong hatred of the institutions under which they lived, one or other class of the people might have broken up the exquisitely complicated fabric of Venetian polity. The early days of the republic were doubtless stormy, and doges repeatedly met a violent death in the bloody struggles for power; but when once the constitution was accepted the people never revolutionized it—they never made any serious attempt to do so; and the more that I have read of the much-abused Venetian republic, the more I have been led to the conclusion that, severe and restrictive as its system undoubtedly was, the pressure was less than existed under most other contemporary governments—perhaps not more than is incidental to any government which has the elements of permanence and stability in it.

The tide of popular opinion in these days runs in the opposite direction to that in which Venetian polity flowed. The drift of all government now is popular in the widest sense of the word—the forms under which it is conducted are essentially democratic—the type is on a very large scale. In Venice everything was exactly the reverse of this. In size she bore no similarity to the colossal populations of our day, in name she was a republic, and through a long period of her existence the popular element counted for much, though it was so conjoined with other elements that it was never in a position of command. Even at a comparatively later time, when the constitution assumed a more restricted form and the doge elect was presented to the citizens, there was a recognition of the people's consent in the formula, "This is your doge, if it so pleases you." But in the realities of public administration at home or abroad there was from a comparatively early period no room for the fluctuations of popular indecision; the ship of the State was steered by statesmen who knew no variations of policy, and subordinated every public and private consideration to the general well-being. Such policy may be impossible at the end of the nineteenth century; it may be at variance with modern ideas; and there is probably not a politician now bold enough to compromise his orthodoxy by an approval of a constitution which has been so branded and stigmatized as has that of Venice. Yet for all this, it is impossible, as a matter of history, to

deny that government in Venice was through a period of time—by the side of which our modern Parliamentarism is as the creature of a day—quite as efficient and possibly even as popular as any of the systems of administration which we now see around us.

To visit Venice then—to navigate her narrow canals, where the old palaces seem to grow out of the water; to wander round the Sala del Consiglio, to see the rooms where the Council of Ten decided in secret on affairs of life and death; to breathe the fresh sea-breeze which brought into port the galleys laden with Eastern commerce, or crowned with victory, as on that famous evening when Petrarch saw them glide alongside the quays with laurelled masts and shouting crew and rejoicing people at the glad news of the reduction of Candia—all this not only recalls the varied history of the great capital, with its stirring events in war and peace, but it seems also to call up the political constitution, which made this splendid life possible. Men make the constitutions of States, but the constitutions of States also make the citizens who grow up under them; they react on each other; and Venetian history could never have been written but for the wonderful constitution by which her sons were governed and moulded.

The aristocracy of Venice ruled with absolute power, and that power only ceased in the presence of Napoleon's legions in 1797. Aristocratic rule came early in Venetian history; but it was not at first a jealous or exclusive aristocracy; tastes were simple, all shared in the adventures of a seafaring life, and commerce and war were the education and the inseparable conditions of the governing class. In those days the Great Council was the basis of the constitution; and through it was the approach to all honor and fame. At first it was open to the whole of the citizen nobility of the republic; but a time came when a party in the State usurped and "closed" the Council, and thus became the sole depositaries of all authority. It was the change from a less to a more aristocratic regimen, from the rule of an open aristocracy to that of a comparatively close oligarchy; but, unlike other oligarchies, this one lasted for nearly five hundred years. Under their rule some of the greatest acts of peace and war were achieved; Venice triumphed over her great rival in the West; she became mistress of her possessions on *terra firma*; she fought her heroic way through the desperate siege that threatened her exist-

ence; she preserved her independence and strengthened her position amid the wars which wrecked the liberties of Florence, Milan, and Genoa; she grew in splendor of architecture and gorgeousness of art until she became the wonder of the ruler kingdoms of Europe. That oligarchy was a strange phenomenon to contemporaries, and in the eyes of subsequent generations it has seemed an unlovely creation. It was organized on so intricate a system of checks and counter-checks, and elections and ballots, that to the student it has all the appearance of a Chinese puzzle; but its complexity did not diminish its efficiency. It was secret in its councils, certain in its instruments, unhesitating in its actions. "Shall it be good-morning or good-evening to you, illustrious sir?" said Carmagnola to the doge, when in the early morning he met him and the councillors, who had all night been discussing the affairs of State, and particularly the course to be taken with himself; to whom the prince replied, smiling, "that among the many serious matters which had been talked of in that long discussion, nothing had been oftener mentioned than his—Carmagnola's—name." They had indeed been debating of him, of his arrest and torture and terrible death; but the smiling answer awoke no suspicion in the mind of the great captain, and only veiled the coming tragedy. The secret never transpired; the tongue of the babbler had no part in Venetian policy, and the dark counsels of these stern judges were never betrayed. Even in the days when these tragedies were enacted, and when men were much more familiar than they now are with deeds of blood, such action on the part of the governors of the State—swift, dark, relentless—sent a thrill of terror through the body of the people; measured by the lights and judgments of our age, they naturally seem horrible; and the Council of Ten, the three inquisitors, the lion's mouth, the detestable system of delation, the secret trial, the torture-chamber, and the fatal spot of execution between the two granite columns, conjure up before the minds of most nineteenth-century readers the picture of some devilish organization without a redeeming feature. But this is not an entirely just judgment. The moral sentiments of one generation are not a fair measure of the acts of another and an earlier one; and I confess that, revolting as was much of the State machinery employed by the Venetian rulers, I do not trace in their actions cruelty so much as an inexorable and piti-

less sternness, which subordinated every affection and devoted every energy to the public service—in this resembling those Roman statesmen of older time who, widely differing in individual character, concurred in maintaining a continuous policy for the mistress of the world. So indeed does a great office sometimes exact a great price; and so do the duties of State raise or depress men beyond the ordinary standard of humanity. But, after all, the most remarkable phenomenon in this system of government is—as Plato says of one of the Greek States of his day—not that it should have existed, but that it should have struck its roots so deeply as to last so long.

If reasons for this are to be sought, they may be found partly in the character of the people, but still more in the system of government. In the people, high and low, of every degree, *senatori e barnabotti*, there dwelt an inextinguishable love of national independence; from the earliest times the republic was an object of passionate affection, and nothing is more striking than the personal sacrifices which were ungrudgingly laid on the altar of patriotism, and the patience with which ingratitude and neglect and unmerited wrong were borne when they came in the name and by order of the State. The *Neri* and *Bianchi*, the Guelph and Ghibelline, the rival factions driving each other into exile, which disfigure the Florentine annals, have little or no place in Venetian story. Venice was open to all who were not at enmity with her. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio enjoyed her hospitality; English royalties were welcomed at her pageants; Cardinal Pole, when an exile from England, lived there; Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire and Marquis of Exeter, who aspired to the hand of Queen Mary, died from a chill caught on the Lido when flying his hawks; Sir Philip Sidney, that “president of chivalry and nobleness,” was a guest of her senators and merchants. Venice was for a long time the great station for European travellers bound for the East, and at one time there was an inn with the sign of the dragon, kept by John the Englishman, that entertained the pilgrims on their journey. But whilst Florence was seething with faction and civil war, Venice was emphatically a city at unity with herself; and therefore through long ages of public turmoil and violence she was respected, courted, honored, and prosperous.

Thus the national sentiment became, I believe, one of general acquiescence in,

if not of liking for, the existing condition of things; and the constitution was the main cause of it. It was not only that under that constitution there was peace and order at home and a stream of wealth flowing in from foreign commerce,—all of which gave a sense of contentment and security very different from what was to be found in many Italian towns on the mainland,—but that the system of government, by a singular accommodation, lent itself to the wants and desires of the different classes of the community. To the poorer part of the people it secured an amount of order which at least made life tolerable. In many of the northern Italian cities there was constant anarchy; in many such devilish cruelties as those of Ecelino da Romano were not unknown; even in Florence the narrow streets, which were overhung with the palaces and strongholds of rival nobles, became at a moment's notice the scene of deadly fights; the great bell rang out an alarm, and from all quarters the citizens poured forth from shops and houses to take part in the fray—which was perhaps only brought to an end by the temporary annihilation of one faction or the conflagration of a large portion of the town. Life, property, and individual happiness perished in these struggles; but from all this the Venetian populace enjoyed a singular immunity. They had food, raiment, lodging, and as much of the indolent sensuous southern life as they might desire; they had countless holidays and festas, and, from time to time, those State pageants and Church ceremonials which an Italian population loves. Their estate was too lowly to bring them within the reach of the magistrates; the lightnings of the State passed over their heads to smite other and more eminent offenders, and, as a rule, the mysterious Council of Ten had no terror for them. Those most feared that invisible and powerful tribunal who stood nearest to it; the *basso ceto* had no cause for alarm or complaint, for the greatest offence in Venice was the suspicion of unlawfully mingling in politics.

On the other hand, of the two sections into which Venetian society naturally was divided, the young, the gay, the luxurious, and the older or more serious,—to each of these the government, which could wear so stern and terrible a mien on many occasions, could also turn a kindly and lenient countenance. Never perhaps was life more gaily and lightly dreamed away than on moonlit piazza, or amid serenades from gondolas, or in the endless circle of

intrigue and romance, of which so many stories remain to us.

In many ways the system of government was a very paternal one. The sumptuary laws indeed which regulated the table, the dress, and the personal expenditure, were evaded as sumptuary laws generally have been. They were the products of a comparatively later period, and they savored of a less robust and manly legislation. But they existed, and had their influence; and every detail of life, social and personal, was regulated with a strange minuteness. Indirect power, too, in purely domestic matters was conceded to the heads of families, which, if it was in accord with the supposed necessities of a caste, was wholly at variance with any code of ethics that we can recognize. Much indeed that was done or sanctioned cannot be commended on the grounds of a strict morality; but the general effect was, I imagine, to satisfy individuals and to compose private difficulties, which might otherwise have led to public trouble, and to make the pressure of a heavy yoke press less heavily on individuals.

So again was it on the political side. By the change in the constitution at the end of the thirteenth century, when the Grand Council was "closed," the number of families entitled to take part in affairs had been so limited that the staff of administrators was not, I imagine, at all in excess of the public necessities. Thus every one qualified for public work was both required and expected to do it; and the governing class was kept in a condition of constant training, partly by the necessities of the public service and partly by the traditions which came down from father to son. The old saying, "There is noise but no harmony, fighting but no victory, talking but no learning," might be applied to some modern institutions. But in Venice it was the exact opposite—there was no public talking; discussion led to decisive and complete results; and the rulers of the State were always learning. The doge, who has often been made the object of modern compassion—"dux in foro, servus in consilio, captivus in palatio"—had often doubtless a heavy load to bear; but I question if his position was so exceptionally painful as it is commonly represented. Venice, like ancient Athens, imposed heavy burdens on all her sons, which grew heavier in proportion to their eminence, and none were allowed to decline a public trust because it was painful; but

the duties were almost invariably accepted without a murmur; and the acquiescence of all classes in that iron rule is some evidence that it was not exercised with unreasoning injustice or caprice.

But it was, of course, impossible that the stern and inflexible will that characterized for so many generations the action of the State should always remain the same. It had lasted with astonishing constancy through storm and sunshine; and to the very end the external semblance of the ancient fabric remained to casual observers unchanged. More than a thousand years before, the name of Rome had similarly imposed on the barbarian world when her real strength and force had ceased; and so now the ancient form and figure of the Queen of the Sea were hollow and unsubstantial. The virtue had gone out of her. Though veiled by unbridled license of manners and the attractions of a gorgeous pomp, the later years of the great republic were years of political decay and moral dissolution; and, when the appointed hour struck, she was ripe for her fate. She fell after a magnificent existence of more than a thousand years, and fell ingloriously. The last doge, Luigi Manin, hurried the vote which was to put an end to their public life. "Pensiamo, signori," he said, "che non siamo certi di dormire nel nostro letto stasera;" and the independence of Venice was closed by the unworthy provisions of the Treaty of Campo Formio.

There is little to be gained from the study of such scenes in history, and no generous nature will care to watch the long-drawn agony of a great career, whether of individuals or of States. In her decay Venice, like some other parts of the peninsula, lost the nobler and manlier attributes that had formerly won her a place among the nations of the world. So she passed under the heel of the stranger, and submitted to that painful discipline, which only a proud and quick-witted race knows, when compelled to serve a stronger and uncongenial master. But that chapter also in her eventful annals has closed, and a new life has opened in the unification of the peninsula. The desire of Dante was accomplished after the expiration of more than five hundred years, though in a different manner from that of which he dreamed; and all the states and historic towns, by which Italy was divided, have been fused into a single kingdom. Yet in their union a shadow of their ancient state still seems to linger;

and the northern traveller who passes through Genoa, Florence, and Venice with not wholly unintelligent eyes, recognizes in them something more than provincial capitals; for the same sentiment, which by the common consent of conflicting rivals within the memory of our own generation crowned Rome, as the one sole possible head of united Italy, still encircles these great cities with a romance and devotion that no time can or will efface.

CARNARVON.

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THE MARRIAGE OF THE CHINESE
EMPEROR.

FOURTEEN years ago Tsai-chun, emperor of China, lay dead of small-pox in his palace at Peking. He was the only son of his father, the emperor Yi-chu (known to the world best by the title of his reign, Hsien-fêng), who, to avoid the ignominy of capture by the allies in 1860, "went on an autumn hunt" into Manchuria, and died there, some say of chagrin, in the following year. Tsai-chun's mother was not the empress of Hsien-fêng, but one of a numerous zenana, a *fay* or *pin*, who late in her lord's life bore him this one son, and who, by right of her son, was elevated, on his accession, to the rank of junior empress dowager. She and the empress consort of Hsien-fêng became joint guardians of the child emperor, and ruled the country in his name, with the assistance of Prince Kung, his father's younger brother. In 1872 Tsai-chun was married to Aluté, and in January, 1875, he died, childless, in his nineteenth year. By European theories of succession his heir was his eldest uncle. This was Prince Tun, the "fifth prince" — fifth-born son of his father; but he had earlier been adopted as heir to an uncle of his own, and had passed out of the succession. The next uncle was the sixth prince, the celebrated Prince Kung. After him came Prince Chun, the seventh prince, and his little son Tsai-tien. Chinese feeling on the all-important subject of birthright — the right to continue the ancestral worship — holds that the heir to one who has died childless should be his nearest (or, at least, a near) male relative of the next generation. So that, had Chinese sentiment alone prevailed, the successor to the ill-fated emperor should have been a grandson of Prince Kung, or at the least a child of his house in that generation. Prince Kung's son was at the

moment (had, indeed, often been) in disgrace; furthermore Prince Chun was married to the sister of the late emperor's mother. Peking officialdom was not, then, altogether taken by surprise when it was announced on the 13th of January, 1875, that "by a will of the late emperor" Tsai-tien, the two-year-old son of Prince Chun, had succeeded to the great inheritance. The child was carried in the night from his father's *fu* into the imperial palace, where he has since remained, in a seclusion unbroken except by a guarded journey to the eastern tombs or a brief visit to the ruined Wan-shou Shan.

His accession was received without much demur. One member of that remarkable institution the Censorate — which has cultivated a licensed, and in its essence honest, criticism of the throne till it has become a vice — chose to take his own life rather than see the manes of his master left without an heir; for the child Tsai-tien had been adopted not as heir to his cousin and predecessor Tsai-chun, but to his uncle Yi-chu (Hsien-fêng). An attempt was made to constrain the empresses dowager into an agreement that the eldest son of the new emperor Tsai-tien should succeed to the throne as heir to Tsai-chun; but their strong-willed Majesties bluntly declined to submit to dictation on this point. The empire at large accepted their choice with perfect indifference, for personal loyalty can hardly be expected in a country where for decades the sovereign has not shown his face to his people. And so the baby emperor began his reign, the *Kuang Hsü* or "Glorious Continuity," in the leading-strings of his aunt and her sister empress. The latter died in 1881, and since then this other wonderful woman has exercised all but absolute power. That power she has indeed shared of late with the emperor's real father, Prince Chun, though he has taken no nominal share in the government, nor could take. His son, from being his son, has become his nephew and sovereign, and should the prince have audience he must kneel and do homage like any other subject; but nature, even in the affairs of a Chinese court, cannot be altogether denied, and, to avoid such a reversal of the fitting relations between father and child, the father must abstain from open attendance at court. In private he is said often to see his son; indeed, during his late dangerous illness both the young emperor and the empress dowager have frequently visited him. Three years ago a new de-

partment of state was created, an admiralty, and Prince Chun appointed its president. As lord high admiral he visited Tientsin, Chefoo, and Port Arthur, and his return to the capital has been followed by an abandonment of the opposition to railway extension; by the introduction into Peking, indeed into his own palace, of the electric light; and by other hopeful signs of progress. Now, however, it has been decided that his son has attained his majority—he is seventeen or nearly so, and has been on the throne fourteen years—and that the, at any rate nominal, direction of affairs must be placed in the emperor's own hands. Before this is done in its entirety the young sovereign must mark his manhood, as every one of his subjects does, from noble to coolie, by getting married.

Preparations for this important event have long been making. In 1885 each official of the eight banners (Manchus of the conquest) was called upon to furnish a list of his daughters between twelve and eighteen years of age to—surely of all departments the most whimsical!—the Board of Revenue. The maidens would attend at the palace in the following year, and there await inspection and selection by the empress dowager. In what light this enforced tribute is viewed, Western residents, living as they do on the mere fringe of Chinese life, cannot pretend to judge. They rarely come in contact with this phase of an antique civilization (or barbarism if you will), but when they do, if the glamor fades somewhat from the old story of Esther and her rivals, the pathos remains. A staid member of our Consular Service in China (staid even then, though it was twenty years ago) was under orders to proceed from Canton to Tientsin. He had officially made the acquaintance of an officer of the Manchu garrison of Canton, and on calling to take leave was surprised, and not a little embarrassed, by his host's request to escort his daughter to Tientsin, on her way to the inspection that was to furnish a zenana for the then emperor. He had little choice but to comply, and exerted himself at Hongkong and Shanghai in pointing out to his young charge and her duenna the strange foreign sights. He was convinced that her father, in his desire to retain his daughter, had resolved on this desperate project of committing her to the care of a foreign barbarian, the least contact with whom should surely make her ineligible for the companionship of his Sacred Majesty. The girl, however, was among those

chosen, and perhaps in some corner of the palace still relieves the monotonous life of her less travelled fellows by stories of the bravery of Shanghai. Another tale comes from that storehouse of Chinese facts, the *Peking Gazette*. The governor of the province of Kiangsi, on the south bank of the Yangtzi, was a Manchu, and as such obliged to obey the call of the Board of Revenue, and send his daughters to the imperial harem. His embarrassment is better told in the official language of his own memorial to the throne:—

"The memorialist has two daughters, one fifteen years of age and the other fourteen, both of whom he is legally under an obligation to send to the capital, and, as the records will show, he has already sent in a return of their names to the Board and his banner. His original intention was that, in obedience to the limit laid down, they should start for the capital in the tenth month, but it happened that just then his second daughter caught cold and was unable to proceed on the journey. She has now made a gradual recovery under medical treatment, but has not entirely regained her usual health. The memorialist's one son is serving in the Board of War at Peking, and did not accompany him to his post, and with the exception of this son he has no relative or kinsman competent to escort his daughters on so long a journey by boat and cart, with its attendant risks. In a separate memorial, memorialist has solicited an audience, and if his Majesty should be graciously pleased to grant the same, he will forthwith hasten to the palace gate, and will avail himself of the opportunity to bring his daughters with him to be in readiness for selection, though he fears they will arrive somewhat late." To this pathetic appeal (for surely we must read between the lines) the only reply was the cold command, "Let the said governor depute persons to escort his daughters to Peking at once, there to await inspection and selection."

That selection over the maidens chosen remained to the discretion of the empress dowager, who was supposed to decide, after some weeks or months of careful deliberation, which of them was most worthy to be the consort of the Son of Heaven. In the mean while the Board of Astronomy (which would be far better styled the Board of Astrology) was called on to name two or more fortunate days in the coming year for the emperor's marriage. With their aid the empress dowager selected the 26th of February for the

marriage day, and the 4th of December for the day of betrothal. On the 8th of November the fateful election took place, and the Chinese world was informed through the pages of the *Peking Gazette* that their empress had been chosen. The decree of the empress dowager ran: "Since the emperor reverently entered upon the succession to his great patrimony, he has been growing day by day to manhood, and it is right that a person of high character should be selected to be his consort, and to assist him in the duties of the palace, to the end that the high position of empress may be fittingly filled, and the emperor supported in the pursuit of virtue. The choice having fallen upon Yehhónala, the daughter of Deputy-Lieutenant-General Kuei-hsiang, a maiden of virtuous character and becoming and dignified demeanor, we command that she be appointed empress." At the same time two other maidens, sisters, one aged fifteen, the other thirteen, daughters of a vice-president of a Board who died a few years ago in disgrace, were appointed *pin* or imperial handmaids.

The bride-elect immediately left the palace for her father's home. That father, Kuei-hsiang, is, it would appear, a younger brother of the empress dowager, and there can be little question, one would think, that her astute Majesty has determined that, if she must resign the sceptre she has wielded for close on seventeen years, she will still have it in her power to control the young emperor and to benefit her family. It is of course possible that the emperor himself may have seen his cousin, for such she is, and that the marriage may be one of more inclination than can usually be the case in China; but it is far more probable that the emperor, as every well-drilled Chinese youth would do, has left the choice submissively to his aunt and adoptive step-mother. That lady meanwhile has been honored in a way which must by now have grown somewhat stale for her, and exceedingly wearisome to all her secretaries. On the birth of her son she received as her title the four honorific characters, "tender, blessed, dignified, helpful." On her son's accession another pair of epithets was added (the translations are all at best but approximate), "reposeful and serene." When he assumed power on his majority these were increased by two more, "refulgent, contented," and when he married, by a further two, "sedate and serene." Now that her retirement and the present young emperor's marriage have taken place she

has been honored by the final couplet "reverent and long-lived." As in all decrees in which she figures her full style must be given, this wonderful princess is hence forth to be known as "the empress dowager Tz'u-hsi-tuan-yiu k'ang-i-chao-yü-chuang-ch'êng-kung-shou." A patent and title will be bestowed in good time on her successor, whose father has been raised to ducal rank.

The election once over the next step was for the Board of Rites to obtain the approval of the empress dowager to a programme of the ceremonies to be observed on the occasion of the imperial marriage. Little latitude was left them. When the Manchus conquered China in 1644, they found in existence a code whereby every conceivable act of the emperor and his government appeared to be prescribed and controlled. This they adapted and issued to the world as "The Collected Institutes of the Great Ch'ing Dynasty," a stupendous work in a hundred volumes, two of which (vols. 24 and 29) are devoted to the choice and establishment of an empress and to an imperial marriage. With this to guide them, the board could hardly have gone wrong, though it seems, from an angry decree of the empress dowager, that they contrived to do so. However, after suffering wholesale degradation (it was merely a question of offering prayers on one day or the next) they fixed at last on a programme which satisfied their exacting mistress. This was published on November 10th, and arranged the order of the various ceremonies thus: (1) sending of presents to the bride; (2) the marriage; (3) joint worship of the ancestral tablets; (4) conferring of a patent on the bride; (5) visit to the empress dowager; (6) reception of congratulations; (7) an imperial banquet. The board at the same time stated that they were causing "a golden patent and golden jewels" to be made for the new empress.

"Solitary man," as he calls himself, the emperor of China is still a man and (questions of origin apart) a Chinaman. Hence his marriage follows in the main the lines of every Chinese marriage. When a Chinaman seeks a bride, or when his parents seek one for him, the first and invariable step is to obtain the services of a go-between. The match being arranged, the next thing is to exchange the eight characters that mark the year, month, day, and hour of birth of bride and bridegroom. The parties are now indissolubly betrothed. When the marriage time comes round, the bridegroom

sends gifts to the bride, and after an interval of hours or days despatches a bridal chair and musicians, in charge of one of his intimate friends, to bring her to his home. When she has arrived there, he and she kneel down before the ancestral tablets, and together worship heaven, earth, and their ancestors, informing them of their union and, as it were, asking their blessing upon it. The next day, or a few days afterwards, the bridegroom takes his bride to do homage to his parents, in whose home, it is perhaps needless to say, he is living and, until their death, will continue to live. The emperor of China, like the meanest of his subjects, has his go-between—the empress dowager, or one of his predecessor's *fay*. He does not, it would seem, condescend to the interchange of horoscopes, but in other respects his marriage is assimilated to the ordinary Chinese ritual. With one notable exception: the bride is brought into the palace in the dusk, through streets screened and guarded from the vulgar gaze. When the late emperor was wedded, the Tsungli Yamen—the Chinese Foreign Office—sent a circular to all the foreign legations in the capital requesting them to prevent their nationals from intruding on the streets through which the procession would pass. At that time Mr. W. Simpson, the special correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, was at Peking, anxious to take notes. Through the kind offices of a resident he was able to secure a fleeting view of the bridal chair and its surroundings from behind the shutter of a loft, and he has since published his impressions in a most readable book, "Meeting the Sun." Those impressions, however, were necessarily limited, and it is to be feared that any similar attempt to view the marriage of the present emperor will have met with even less success. Fortunately for the curious in the details of a Chinese imperial wedding there is in existence a most circumstantial account of the whole ceremonial observed on this occasion. It happened that this marriage was the first celebrated by a reigning emperor of the dynasty since that of K'ang-hsi, in 1674, and whether with a desire to interest his subjects in the event, or to glorify himself, the youthful bridegroom directed the Board of Rites to issue a long and elaborate programme of every detail of the ceremony. A translation of this highly interesting paper was published shortly after the marriage by Miss Lydia Fay, the only foreign lady who, in the

estimation of the Chinese themselves, has ever attained to the dignity of a true

regard for precedent being what it is, there can be little doubt that the ceremonial of the present emperor's wedding has conformed in all essential particulars to that of his predecessor, and that the programme thus translated by Miss Fay gives as true an account of the later as of the earlier event. The first step in the ceremony consists in the sending of the bridal presents. This is done on the day before what may be taken to be the actual marriage, the bringing home of the bride. The wedding presents, besides gifts innumerable from the empress dowager and emperor, comprise of necessity the golden tablet on which is inscribed the consent of her Majesty to the marriage of her adopted stepson to Yehhónala, the bridal gown with veil of pendent pearls, and the silken wedding robes embroidered over with the phoenix—emblem of the bride as the dragon is of her imperial bridegroom. A sceptre and a seal of state form part of the indispensable paraphernalia. When all is ready these are laid out on three richly decorated tables in one of the palace courts. On the centre table is placed the sceptre, on the right the seal, and on the left, in a casket of gold and jewels, the tablet. Surrounding the court is an array of princes and nobles with guards, horses, chariots, banners, musicians, and, if any still survive, elephants. An officer of the Board of Astronomy gives the signal with a loud voice, "The hour of joy dawns," and through a space left open for him, the young emperor passes into the court to view his gifts. He is then led to a pavilion and seated, when the high officers present all do him homage by bowing thrice three times to the ground. A herald announces, "An edict from her Majesty the empress dowager." Then, all kneeling except the emperor, is read aloud the consent of her Majesty to the union of their sovereign with the princess Yehhónala, and the herald proclaims, "The appointed officers in the name of the lord of the dragon throne present to Yehhónala sceptre, tablet, and imperial seal." The music plays, "The Emperor's Triumph." That ceasing, the procession forms. The precious symbols on the table are delivered with all reverence to the master of the ceremonies who places them in the dragon car. The *cortège* defiles through roads levelled and screened to the residence of the bride, preceded by

banners and gonfalons innumerable, and escorted by princes of the blood. They are received at the outer gate by the bride's father, who conducts them to an inner court where tables have been prepared for the imperial gifts. At the entrance to this court all fall back and kneel while the dragon car containing the three symbols moves in. At the same time eunuchs of the palace carry into a further hall the bridal robes and crown. When the sceptre, seal, and tablet have been duly placed in position, the father is ordered to kneel and do homage while he listens to the will of heaven as embodied in the empress's edict. He then retires, and the doors of the hall being flung open, his daughter advances into the court arrayed in her bridal robes and crown of pearls. As she appears a chief of the eunuchs raises in both hands the sceptre, to which she kneels a moment and passes forward. Her attendant ladies do the same, then range themselves on either side. Kneeling again, all hear the edict read and listen to a congratulatory address from the empress. The tablet and seal are solemnly presented to the bride; she bows nine times to the sceptre, and retires into her apartment.

The next day the emperor must rise early and pay homage to his adoptive mother. He awaits her arrival in the throne-room, standing, and when, surrounded by her train of ladies, she has taken her seat, does her reverence by nine prostrations. She and heaven alone receive such worship from him, who exacts or expects it from the rest of the world. Her Majesty having retired, a similar reception is held by the emperor of his nobles, and the empress's consent is read again. The audience ended, comes the chief part of the ceremony, the bringing home of the bride. A gorgeous sedan-chair is borne by sixteen bearers from the palace, escorted by princes on horseback and preceded by banners, canopies, and emblems, quaint and rich, while the band plays, "We come for the Phoenix." The procession reaches the bride's home, and is received as before by her father. Listening again on his knees to the edict of consent he is told that "the will of the emperor is to receive his empress." He is then suffered to retire, and the chair being borne forward into an inner court, the empress-elect in her bridal robes is conducted by her mother and attendant ladies to the chair, where she is closely screened by curtains. The mother withdraws, and the chair is again met by the

father and so brought to his outer gate. The cavalcade re-forms and winds its way back by a different route to the palace. At the Golden Bridge, which no horseman may pass, the procession halts, and the senior prince present, bearing the sceptre, dismounts. "A herald proclaims, 'The phoenix chair is come,' and is answered from the courts within by a burst of music, by ringing of bells, by beating of gongs and drums, by clash of cymbals and blare of trumpets." Borne through court after court, the chair is at last set down in the great throne-hall, the princes who carried the sceptre, seal, and tablet retire, the eunuchs roll back the silken screens, and, as the chair-bearers fall down with veiled faces, attendants lead the bride to her throne. A herald cries, "The auspicious moment dawns, all is prepared for the joyful union." As he speaks, the emperor enters in his dragon-embroidered robes, escorted only by his eunuchs, and there receives, perhaps for the first time beholds, his bride. Wine is poured by the kneeling attendants from flagons of gold into two jewelled wine-cups, in which the imperial pair pledge each other, the bridegroom putting his lips first to his cup and then to that of the bride, and she in turn to his. "This, the real ratification of their marriage vows, is accompanied by bands of music outside, and clouds of incense within, as though sacrifice were being offered to heaven."

There is no place here for the after-ceremonial so charmingly translated by Miss Fay, or for the description which she gives of the wedding gifts. The same pageantry that then welcomed the luckless Aluté has by now welcomed Yehhónala, though the terrible scourge of famine laid on the northern half of the empire by the bursting of the Yellow River may have dimmed its splendor somewhat. Despite the omen, may a better fate befall this youthful bride and bridegroom, and their marriage mark happily the beginning of change; for, whether for good or evil, a change must come, is coming even now, over China and her ancient court.

W. H. WILKINSON.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
PILGRIMS TO MECCA.

EVERY year thousands upon thousands of pious believers in the name of Mohamed desert their homesteads and wend their way, both by land and by sea,

towards the country that saw the birth of their religion and witnessed the miraculous deeds of their arch-prophet. From China, India, and Persia; from every quarter of the Turkish Empire; from Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco; from Zanzibar and Senegal; from Kurdistan and *أفغانستان*; from the Soudan and the great Sahara, and from many other places whose existence we Europeans are but dimly conscious of, they throng — mostly poor, ignorant, and dirty, but devout and determined in their purpose. They are pilgrims to the holy cities of Arabia, Mecca and Medina, and to reach them they starve themselves for years to save up sufficient money to defray their expenses, and endure horrible privations by the way. They commit themselves to the mercies of the vast and awe-inspiring sea, dreaded by all true Easterns; they risk being robbed by the Bedouins or killed by the heat — and all with an amount of phlegm and good humor that is almost sublime. Whatever happens to them they care not; God will provide for them, and should they die on their way out they will be received all the more readily into the mansions and the arms of the voluptuous houris already provided for each one of them by their much-beloved prophet in the seven-storied paradise of Islam.

Last year (1888) the Great Hadj, or principal day when all the pilgrims have to unite in worship at Mecca, took place on Friday, August 17. It usually occurs about this time, but the exact date varies, and is fixed annually by the religious authorities at Mecca. It is incumbent on all good Moslems to perform this pilgrimage at least once, if they can afford it. Many perform it several times, and some make a business of it, and hire themselves out as substitutes for others; for a pilgrimage by proxy is considered to be as effective as one performed in person, provided that the person in whose behalf it is performed be dead. No one can hire a substitute during his lifetime, but he may leave a provision to that effect in his will. This pilgrimage must not be considered in the light of a penance, after which the hadji is to receive a plenary indulgence for past sins. It is an ordinance of the religion of Islam, of the same nature as our Eucharist, whereby the believer is supposed to be brought into closer communion for the time being with the Deity and his human representative. Of course it is easy enough to declare that one is not able to afford the expense of the un-

dertaking — and many, without the least odium being attached to them, excuse themselves on that plea — for it is expressly ordered that no man unable to pay his own way without being an incumbrance to any one else should attempt it. The necessary expenses vary according to the station of the hadji. A poor man starting from the shores of Persia could perform the whole pilgrimage and get back for about three hundred and fifty rupees, or about 23*l.* 10*s.* of our money — according to the present relative value of the rupee and sovereign at Bushire, the chief seaport of Persia. A person of any consequence would probably spend a thousand rupees; and of course a rich man could, if he liked, spend a much larger sum. Yet not much opportunity for display is allowed. All around Mecca there are certain places, forming a circle round the city, after passing which the pilgrimage begins in earnest. For men no covering is allowed but a couple of white towels or bits of calico sheeting, one fastened round the waist and the other thrown over the shoulder. On women, also, no jewel or ornament of any description is tolerated — robes of snow-white linen constitute their only apparel.

It is a mistake to suppose that women are not considered fit to take part in this important religious duty, or, indeed, in any religious services whatever. There is a prevalent idea amongst us that Moslems do not allow to their women the possession of souls. This is a mistake. It may be to the point to mention that I am writing this in Busrah, on the Euphrates, and that just as I finished writing the last sentence a sheikh of great learning and influence in this place came in, and on asking him the question, he gives me to understand that in the eyes of God women stand on the same footing as regards a future life as men, and that women are allowed to enter a mosque and pray therein; but that it is not customary for them to do so. This summer I accompanied a steamer carrying pilgrims from the Mediterranean and from the Persian Gulf to Jeddah, and amongst them we had quite a large number of women. One middle-aged lady — a person of great importance, for she was one of the wives of a powerful Persian sheikh — I have heard holding forth to quite a crowd of male listeners outside the impromptu tent that shielded her from their view, on the deepest mysteries of the unknowable, with the same surprising assurance, and utter contempt of all logic, as if she had been one of our own fair

countrywomen, and had just returned from morning service. It may be interesting to know that in Persia if a rich woman marries she retains complete control over all her property; if she dies without issue it returns to her parents, or she may will a part of it to her husband; if she has a child the whole goes to it at her death, whether it be a boy or a girl; if she has two children, one a boy and the other a girl, the boy gets two-thirds, and the girl one-third—the husband is entitled to nothing.

These women are not such complete slaves to their husbands as is generally supposed. A Moorish officer we took to Jeddah from Tangiers had his wife with him. She was his only wife, and, though only eighteen years of age, had been married to him five years, and had had three children, one of whom was dead, and the other two alive and left behind at their home in Fez, whence they came. He had twice before performed the hadj, and each time had been accompanied by his young wife. This time they were taking her mother with them; and indeed the thoughtful and considerate way in which he treated them occasioned me a good deal of surprise. This bigoted Mussulman—looked upon by his European brethren as a jealous tyrant of women, as one utterly incapable of appreciating their higher qualities, and merely using them as means wherewith to gratify his coarse passions—could certainly have shamed many of them in this matter. The ship was lying in the bay about a mile from the city of Tangiers; the sea was running pretty high, and long before they came alongside, both ladies were very sick. Gently he lifted them on board and laid them down in a quiet corner, whilst he rushed about to seek the best place on deck whereon to fix his tent. Then he tore open his packages, and drew out from them carpets and pillows and curtains, and in a short while a well-fitted tent was ready, and into it he carried the two women and laid them down and made them comfortable. There they lay till the next day, as much like two bundles of clothes as anything else, for even their faces and hands were invisible, and I really believe they did not move once, although in a few hours, as soon as we had got through the Straits and entered the Mediterranean, the sea became perfectly calm; and a great deal of their indisposition must have been of that inexplicable nature which would have tried the patience of many a Christian husband considerably. But he busied himself

about and lit a fire, and presently turned out a nice little dinner, and didn't lose his temper a bit because they would have none of it, but only gazed sorrowfully at the provisions that were to be wasted. Then he made them some tea, and then some coffee, and left nothing untried in the whole category of things to make them comfortable, patiently sitting there fanning them, or anon starting up to get them some water or any other thing they might want. When, the next morning, the ladies had been induced to look over the side of the ship, and had convinced themselves that the sea was as calm as it possibly could be, and that therefore they could not any longer be sick, then did they bestir themselves and do their proper work in attending to the house and doing the cooking. They took great pride in making the tent look clean and neat, and altogether they seemed a very happy couple.

These pilgrims scramble on board with great agility, and with no regard whatever for dignity or decency. A ladder, of course, is always welcome; but if one is not handy, they are quite capable of swarming up ropes, or climbing up the sides. If the women are unable to help themselves, they are handed up like any other bundles. For an hour or two after the decks give one the idea of a pandemonium of yelling demons. Everybody seems to be fighting with everybody else; screams of distress, yells of furious anger, threats and prayers, curses and blessings, succeed each other in bewildering and ludicrous confusion. The gesticulation is startling. Arabs certainly excel Frenchmen in this accomplishment. The disturbance, whilst it lasts, is something awful, and is produced by the search after and identification of baggage and selection of sites for erecting tents or spreading carpets. Women are no less forward in this business than they are in any other, even amongst us. One fat old negress we took up at Tangiers came on board, and instantly took a fancy to a part of the deck which three grave, long-bearded Moors had taken possession of the night before. Furiously she ordered them away, and as at first they seemed too much lost in astonishment to comply with her modest request, she proceeded to give them a practical demonstration of her meaning by preparing to pull up the carpets on which they were sitting. On this they started up and not only let her take the best spot for herself and her husband, who stood by looking on in a half-fright-

ened manner, but also served her submissively in bringing up her boxes and massing them around her, whilst she squatted on her haunches and treated them to her views of things in general.

One Turkish lady came on board at Busrah, with a husband who was stricken with ague. She had herself the appearance of one who in her younger days had possessed considerable beauty; but at present she was most remarkable for her stature and the length of her arms. Until we got up steam and glided down the river she was certainly the most conspicuous figure on the decks; wherever the din was greatest, or the aspect of things most threatening, her black shroud could be plainly distinguished, and her arms, widely sawing the surrounding atmosphere in frantic expostulations or soul-withering imprecations, gave her the appearance of an inspired windmill. Yet under all this she possessed as kind a heart, and a nature as sensitive to the sufferings of others, as any of her decorous and tender sisters of the West, and the attention she lavished on her sickly husband, and the efforts she was continually making to alleviate the discomforts of any one else unwell near her, won for her a general regard. A few days after we arrived at Jeddah, this woman met the captain and myself walking in the bazaar. She stopped us with an exclamation of delight and surprise, and asked us how we were, and when we were going away, and showered blessings down on our heads, all in a breath, when suddenly a donkey passing too near her person, gave her an unexpected push, which considerably disturbed the equilibrium both of her body and her temper. Turning round rapidly, with a sudden and startling change of expression on her face, she administered to the man following the donkey, whose remissness in not calling her attention to the approaching quadruped had been the cause of her discomfiture, one of the neatest and most effective back-handed slaps on the nape of his neck I have ever had the pleasure of witnessing, for with a yell of anguish he sprawled incontinently on his stomach, and in that undignified position received the volley of oaths she hurled at him. Not satisfied with this, she suddenly sprang after the donkey, and, with a clever movement of her hands, dislodged the load it was carrying, and sent it off at a lazy trot by means of a well-directed kick; whilst its unfortunate driver sprang up and took to his heels amidst the jeers

and laughter of the onlookers, squatting on their benches in the adjoining cafés. Then with a countenance as composed and unruffled as if this singular performance had been but a dream on my part, she turned to us again and continued the conversation, and gave us the last news of herself and her husband, and told us that that very night they were starting off for Mecca.

Fights are not uncommon when the pilgrims first come on board. This happened to us at a place on the Persian side of the Euphrates called Failyah, when the passengers from this place set upon some others from Bagdad, and then ensued a beautiful scrimmage for a while, until our agent's clerk, who is stout and of a gouty build, and who had been perspiring freely with emotion at the sight, suddenly lost command over himself, and, seizing hold of a tremendous spar that lay close by, charged full tilt into the very midst of them, like another Don Quixote de la Mancha. This proceeding spread such consternation amongst the combatants that incontinently they left off, swore eternal friendship, kissed one another on both cheeks, and proceeded to look after their dead and wounded.

It is oftentimes not undesirable that such quarrels should arise, for if divided by dissensions amongst themselves, they are less likely to give any trouble to the captain and the crew. This is not a matter of small importance, or one to be treated lightly or with scorn. There have been such things as general risings amongst these pilgrims, when the officers and crew have had to defend themselves with their revolvers and such other arms as they possessed, as best they could. Individual cases are not uncommon when on some slight provocation the glittering knife of a fanatic has been buried deep in the flesh of an unbelieving dog of a Nazarene. My own experience does not embrace any such unpleasant occurrences; on the contrary, we were quite friendly. But no one who knows the wild, fanatic, and suspicious nature of these people, and the hatred they bear to the Christian, and the thousand and one little causes of friction between them and the crew daily in operation, can consider such events as very improbable. We had plenty of arms, though we never used them; but our best safeguard, no doubt, was, that in each trip we made with them they belonged to various sects and to various countries. And amongst these semi-barbarous people the principle of distrust

and latent enmity between different clans or tribes obtains to a high degree. It is not long since they were at open war with each other, and the slightest incident serves to rekindle the old feud. The people we took up at Tangiers were composed of two separate parties, one of which was located on the fore half, and the other on the after half, of the upper deck. The Moorish officer I have before mentioned belonged to the latter, and his tent, always kept in perfect order and cleanliness by his busy little wife, had something of a palatial appearance beside the squalor and dirt of the other tenements. The people on the fore-hatch were a particularly dirty lot, and their spleen appears to have been excited by the sight of so much prosperity and order. Especially, it appears, were the women moved to anger; for the ladies of the tent would have nothing to do with them, and they were greatly exasperated by the assumption of such airs, and determined to make it manifest to all the world that they considered themselves equal in every respect to them. So one day, whilst the officer himself was far away leaning over the bows and watching the ship cleaving its way through the blue water, and the innumerable jelly-fish, two or three of the women from the fore half came to the tent on the pretext of a visit, and made themselves obtrusively at home, and presently went so far as to request the loan of certain utensils, such as a teapot, pans, etc., for their own use. On this being refused, they began to be abusive in their language, and then they were pitched out by the mother-in-law and one or two others. The mother-in-law was furious, for one of the women, who had a green veil over her head, had addressed herself to her in particularly dirty and filthy language — indeed, the curses and terms of hatred in common use amongst these people are unequalled as examples of refined obscenity. Although the latter had been bundled off to her own part of the ship, she was not satisfied. She fetched out a bludgeon, evidently manufactured in the first instance for the purpose of manslaughter, with a knob on it as big as a good-sized water-melon. With this, as far as we could gather from her incoherent language, she intended to damage that green veil somewhat. To appease her, or to hold her, was impossible; five women sat on her to no purpose, and finally, as a last resource, she was muffled up in mattresses and carpets, and a couple of heavy boxes put over all to keep her

down, and there she lay venting her passion in hysterical screams. The officer now arrived on the scene of battle, and a discussion took place as to what was to be done. Meanwhile the other women had returned to their people, and, by their lamentations and the description of the treatment they had just received, greatly excited their wrath. One young fellow in particular seemed deeply moved. He spoke not a word, but glared to such good purpose that on the spot he became affected with a permanent squint, and, seizing a big stick, advanced grimly aft. Hardly had he passed the engine-room when he was disarmed, cast down, and had we not rescued him, his life would have been cut short in its early prime. Special measures were then taken to prevent people from either side crossing over; but it was not till some time after that all danger of a general conflagration had disappeared.

There are amongst the Moslems two great divisions, the Sunnites and the Sheites. The Turks are all Sunnites, the Persians all Sheites. They differ in that the latter regard Ali, the nephew and son-in-law of Mohamed, with greater love than they do Mohamed himself. Ali married Fatima, Mohamed's daughter, and by her had two sons, Hassan and Husein. It is said that Mohamed predicted their death; and indeed one day Ali and his two sons, and a large number of friends and adherents, were massacred. The Sheites declared that Mohamed encompassed their death, and to this day the two sects hate each other even more than they do the Christians. The anniversary of this fatal day is celebrated religiously every year amongst the Sheites. They gather in groups around a certain man, who, seated in their midst on some elevated spot, begins the recital in a monotone of the tragedy. Gradually he warms up, he becomes excited, he throws up his hands, he even sobs with anguish as he proceeds and graphically describes the misfortunes of the ill-fated Ali and his two sons. And his audience, with downcast eyes reverently shaded with their hands, follow with all-absorbing interest his words. Presently they begin to sob, and finally to cry aloud with anguish and beat their heads and breasts and tear their hair. The reciter sways his audience with thronging words of passion, with soft whispers of entreaty, with broken ejaculations of agony. Then suddenly his mood changes. What has passed has been a confession of their sin and a confession of the justice of any punishment that might fall on

them. For the Sheites were originally Sunnites and approved of the death of Ali, and it was only later that they became Sheites and seceded from the Sunnites; and by this ceremony they lament over and expiate the sins of their forefathers. And now succeeds earnest prayer with upraised hands to God to receive Ali and his sons into favor and to pardon them in his mercy. Then, when this is finished, narghilehs or hubble-bubbles are handed round, and the whole company enjoy a quiet smoke to calm their excited feelings. In some places knives are made use of, and fearful wounds self-inflicted, and in some cases death has resulted. Last year (1888) the anniversary was on September 10. But with the pilgrims we had this ceremony continually, night and day, until it became a nuisance, and orders were given that after 8 P.M. no more noise should be made. Yet, strange to say, whilst accusing him of this murder and condemning his action, the Sheites do not deny that Mohamed is the true and only prophet of God. With the Sunnites Ali and his sons are of no account.

We were agreeably surprised to find these pilgrims not half so dirty in their habits as we had been led to expect. Even the Persians, who are supposed to be the worst in this respect, were not so bad. With a few exceptions—and we carried several hundreds of them—they came on board with clothes clean and in good order. They were always willing to clear the decks of their belongings, in order to allow of their being washed, though this was necessarily attended with a good deal of trouble and inconvenience to themselves. They washed their hands and faces every time before and after food, and frequently bathed themselves. Some that we brought from Tangiers were filthy and lousy; their only garment consisted of a sort of sack, with one aperture to allow of the passage of the head, and two others for the arms. These cloaks were hideous, and had apparently lasted them for a long time. But they had come from the wilds of the great Sahara, and were little better than savages. One old gentleman from Senegal could speak French with the fluency of a Parisian; he was the blackest negro I have ever seen, with the figure and muscles of a Hercules, and looked a grand sight as he strutted about the decks in a magnificent robe of orange-colored silk and a bright scarlet fez. He was treated with consideration by the others, and apparently was of consequence in his own country. Withal he

was a pleasant-spoken man, and could converse intelligently on general subjects.

These pilgrims do not take long to make the acquaintance of those settled in their immediate vicinity; and thus soon the whole crowd is split up into separate and distinct groups. Each group messes in company, prays in company, reads the Koran in company, smokes in company, and drinks tea in company. These are the principal occupations during the voyage, but most important is the tea-drinking. They are always at it, especially the Persians. They have very good tea, and drink it in small glasses, with lime-juice instead of milk. The Moors flavor their tea with mint. They are most generous in the way of offering to others anything they may themselves be eating; but this is rather a nuisance, for their cooking is not suited to European palates, and one has to be very careful not to offend them in refusing.

I have said before that all around Mecca there are certain points after passing which the pilgrimage begins in earnest. By sea from the north this is at Arába; from the south at Yelúmlum. On reaching these places they put off their ordinary clothes, bathe themselves, shave their heads, and put on snow-white garments, in case of men these consisting of only two towels or bits of calico. The Sheites, on arriving opposite Yelúmlum, whilst the ship stops for the space of five minutes, shout out a sort of doxology, which, as each group has its own time and its own key, is very distressing to those who have any delicacy of aural perception, and are not carried away by the same religious fervor which appears at this moment to have bereft them of their senses. After this ceremony, and until the pilgrimage is over, they are not allowed to wear any other garment, nor shoes, nor head-covering. Sandals they may wear, but with nothing to cover the feet. Whilst at rest they can make use of umbrellas, but whilst progressing towards Mecca they must trust to Allah, and not shield themselves from the sun. Some time ago the question arose whether it was lawful for them to remain under the awnings of the ship which was carrying them towards their destination, which it was said the captains would not allow to be removed; and the religious authorities declared that in such case of necessity their sin would be pardoned to them on the sacrifice of a sheep on their landing at Jeddah. (On hearing this, our captain offered to have the awnings removed, but this they begged

him not to do, as they preferred paying for the sheep to dying from sunstroke. A sheep costs about 7s. 6d. of our money.) Every little transgression they commit during the pilgrimage must be atoned for by the slaughter of a sheep, and these transgressions are numerous, for if a fly settles on them they must not kill it, and if anybody strikes them they must not swear at him. Thousands upon thousands of sheep are sacrificed in this way every year, and the shepherds of Arabia drive a good business, and pray every year that the sins of their brethren may be increased.

Arrived at Jeddah there ensues a scene which, whilst it defies description, is well worth coming all the way to witness. As soon as the ship comes into the middle harbor, forty or fifty dhows or lateen-sailed native boats come swooping around and attempt to secure passengers. But the quarantine flag is still flying at the mast-head, and Turkish men-of-war's boats course round the ship and drive off the dhows with much cursing and swearing. Presently the doctor's boat with its snow-white sail and Turkish flag above it comes rushing along, and as soon as he arrives alongside and sees the papers *pratique* is given. Now is the time for the dhows and the coolies on them. They swarm into the ship like so many demons, never take the trouble to ask anybody any questions, but seize everything they can lay their hands on, and shove it into their boats. The women are tossed overboard like so many bundles, no matter whose wives they may be. Coolies are not soft-

hearted; they pay no more heed to the prayers, protestations, tears, and curses of the pilgrims than if the latter were dogs. Woe to the pilgrim who tries to resist! One man tried to secure his luggage by sitting on it. Three sets of boatmen attacked him. After much struggling, one set walked off with the coverings of his packages, another with the contents, and the third with the pilgrim himself. They mostly secure all their possessions at the custom-house after paying a good deal of "backsheesh."

Jeddah is only forty miles or so from Mecca, and the pilgrims usually start in the evening. Yet the journey is not devoid of danger, for the Bedouins on the way do not hesitate to relieve their co-religionists of their property. An armed guard always accompanies the pilgrims. Nearly everybody in Jeddah goes off. The bazaars, a few days before full of life, now are silent and deserted like the streets of a city of the dead. Many white-clothed and helmeted Europeans are seen about, for during the time of the hadj there are as many as twenty or twenty-five large steamers in the harbor. After going to Mecca for the Great Hadj, such pilgrims as have not come early and visited that city first of all, go off to Medina, a distance of ten days' journey. Many of them die from the heat and the privations to which they are exposed. And woe to the ships that have to carry them back! They are then indeed a sorry and mangy-looking crew, and often bring amongst them cases of infectious disease which play great havoc in the ship after a few days.

HIDDEN TREASURE IN ALLAHABAD.—The Allahabad papers received by the last mail describe a curious search for treasure believed to be buried in the Alford Park in that town. It seems that some years before the Mutiny the then prime minister of the king of Delhi resigned his appointment and brought his family and worldly possessions to Allahabad, where he built a large house and an underground chamber to keep his jewels and treasure. This latter is said to have included a lakh of gold mohurs, of the kind now valued at twenty-eight rupees each. Shortly before the Mutiny he died, and, during the disturbance, his family fled, covering up the chamber as best they could. When order was restored a line of barracks was constructed by order of Lord Canning on the site of the village in which the ex-premier's house was built, and the existence of the underground chamber was forgotten by all except some relatives who, on trying to reach it on one occasion, were so

stung by hornets which they had disturbed that it was taken as a sign that it was God's will that the treasure should be reserved for a future generation. In course of time the barracks were also demolished, and the present park laid out. Recently the existence of the treasure was brought to the attention of Captain Hamilton, an old resident of Allahabad, who had helped to prepare the site for the barracks. He obtained as much information as could be got from the existing relatives, and obtained from the collector permission to dig and a police escort. On May 22 about sixty coolies were set to work, and they soon came upon some masonry; but unfortunately a young cobra was unearthed just then, and the men refused to work any more, believing that the treasure was guarded by cobras, and that it was an act of sacrilege to dig for it. The excavations, however, were going on when the mail left.

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MEADOW-SWEET.

THE meadow-sweet was uplifting
 Its plumelets of delicate hue,
 The clouds were all dreamily drifting
 Above in the blue,
 On the day when I broke from my tether,
 And fled from square and from street;
 The day we went walking together
 In the meadow, Sweet.

The meadow, sweet with its clover
 And bright with its buttercups lay;
 The swallows kept eddying over
 All flashing and gay;
 I remember a fairylike feather
 Sailed down your coming to greet,
 The day we went walking together
 In the meadow, Sweet.

Ah! the meadow, Sweet! and the singing
 Of birds in the boughs overhead!
 And your soft little hand to mine clinging,
 And the words that you said
 When—bold in the beautiful weather—
 I laid my love at your feet,
 The day we went walking together
 In the meadow, Sweet.

FRANCES WYNNE.
 Longman's Magazine.

A WARNING TO NEW WORLDS.

You far-off star serene and cold,
 You've lived through cycles more than we.
 In you the mystery is unrolled
 Right to the end, whate'er it be.
 What light would on our darkness rise,
 Could we observe your bleak expanse,
 Know why you left, all coldly wise,
 The shining stellar dance!

Ah, could some kindly messenger
 The lesson of your life rehearse,
 He might remark, to Jupiter:—
 "Beware of changing bad for worse.
 The ills of incandescence bear,
 Firmly a solid crust refuse.
 Of protoplasm never dare
 The use or the abuse!"

What havoc saved among the stars
 That did not rush upon their fate!
 Too late for Venus and for Mars,
 For this poor planet, all too late—
 Star militant among the spheres,
 A star with many woes oppressed,
 Who now the unknown watchword hears
 That passes to the rest.

Ere being's germ the strong sun bears,
 Ours shall have fled, for good and all,
 This luckless planet, from its cares
 Voices of fate already call,
 And year by year to rest it wins.
 How many a millennium
 Before the sun *his* life begins,
 With all his woes to come!

Too late for even the youngest star,
 When nebulae, as it appears,
 Without premeditation are
 Condensing into rising spheres,
 And *they* will follow the old plan,
 Will name their system as they pass,
 The system that in gas began,
 And that will end in gas.

They are no politician's care,
 No missionary travels through
 The gaseous vapors that prepare
 New worlds, new woes, for races new.
 Philanthropists—ye do your best.
 One world—how many worlds there be!
 Convert the masses—but arrest,
 Arrest the nebulae!
 Longman's Magazine. MAY KENDALL.

"LOVE AND THE MAIDEN."

(Mr. Stanhope's Picture.)

WHO cometh, maiden, through the myrtle
 grove,
 What gracious stripling cometh unto thee,
 There through the full-flushed oleanders?
 See,
 He hath a bow of gold, wings as a dove,
 Soul-wings to soar withal, far, far above
 The level wastes of life, and enter free
 A world more ample and divine; ah me!
 Maiden, methinks this stripling should be
 Love!

Ay, thou dost know the advent of the god,
 And a change comes upon thee, such a change,
 So full of tremulous pure light, and strange,
 As over-steals the mountain snows untrod
 At daybreak; such that awe of sweet surprise,
 And wealth of wonder in those earnest eyes.
 F. T. MARZIALS.

SUNSET.

DAY—like a conqueror marching to his rest,
 The warfare finished and the victory won—
 And all the pageant of his triumph done—
 Seeks his resplendent chamber in the west.
 Yon clouds, like pursuivants and heralds
 dress'd
 In gorgeous blazonry, troop slowly on,
 Bearing abroad the banners of the sun,
 That proudly stream o'er many a warrior's
 crest.
 In the azure field a solitary star
 Lifts its pale signal, and the glorious train
 Of errant sunbeams, straggling from afar,
 Reform their glittering ranks, and join again
 Their father Phœbus in his golden car,
 Whose panting steeds have snuffed the
 western main.

GEORGE MORINE.

From The National Review.
WILLIAM GIFFORD.

IN the ranks of self-made men we shall find few more remarkable and, in some respects, few more interesting figures than William Gifford, the man who, beginning life as a shoemaker's apprentice, lived to become first editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and one of the most influential personages of his time in literature and politics.

It was by the sheer force of energy, industry, and native genius that the literary oracle of the Tory party in the days of Liverpool and Castlereagh, the colleague of Canning in the management of the *Anti-Jacobin*, and the "Magnus Apollo" of Byron, raised himself from his originally obscure and humble condition. Although at the present day but dimly remembered, he was in his time a figure of considerable potency, and in the course of his earthly pilgrimage did and suffered much more or less worthy of remembrance.

As Gifford's boyhood, with its trials, struggles, hardships, is by no means the least interesting portion of his career, a brief sketch of it will serve to introduce a narrative of his connection with Canning and the *Anti-Jacobin*, and with the *Quarterly* and its contributors.

In the account of his early years, prefixed to his translation of Juvenal (one of the best fragments of autobiography in the language, and admirable for its manly simplicity and sincerity of tone), Gifford tells us that he was born at Ashburton, in Devonshire, in the year 1756.

A harmless vanity, at which he smiles himself, induces him to lay some stress on the fact that he came of no ignoble stock, but of a family "among the most ancient and respectable of this part of the country." His great-grandfather was a man of wealth and station, and kept a pack of hounds — which, perhaps, is even more a proof of respectability than that famous one of keeping a gig — but in the chances and changes of life his descendants had sunk lower and lower in the social scale, so that Gifford's own father followed the humble trade of painter and glazier. He was of a wild and roving

character, and given to drinking. He died when his son William was about twelve years old, without having made any provision for his family, and within a year his wife — a really admirable woman, and, according to her son's testimony, a most devoted wife and mother — followed him to the grave, leaving behind her two orphan children, William, the subject of this article, and an infant brother.

"I was not quite thirteen," says Gifford, "when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world."

A man named Carlile, who had seized for money advanced the few things the mother had left behind her (and, according to Gifford, amply repaid himself thereby), took charge of the two children.

The younger he sent without ceremony to the almshouse, but put the elder for a few months to the free school at Ashburton, where he had already spent three years in his father's lifetime. One of Gifford's contemporaries at this school, and his lifelong friend, was John Ireland, afterwards Dean of Westminster, the founder of the Ireland Scholarship at Oxford, to whom are addressed some lines in the "Maeviad" — perhaps the best in that long-forgotten poem. Carlile, however, soon "sickened at the expense" of keeping a boy who had no claim upon him — except, indeed, the claim of humanity — and began to look out for some way of getting rid of him. His first venture was to put him on board a coasting vessel. Aboard this ship Gifford spent about a year. His master was not unkind, but the life was a rough one, and necessarily entailed many hardships, especially to a lad of delicate frame like Gifford, who was never at any time physically robust. What he seems to have felt most (reminding us oddly enough of Mr. James Payn, and his boyish experiences in the hunting-field) was the absence of anything to read, as the only book his master possessed was a copy of the "Coasting Pilot."

The spectacle of the boy "running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers" appears to have scandalized the neighbors, and to have shamed Carlile into withdrawing him from such an un-

suitable occupation. He was, however, just as little disposed to support him as before, so, after a few months' more schooling, he again got him off his hands, and this time finally, by apprenticing him, in his sixteenth year, to a shoemaker.

The portrait of this singular character must be given in Gifford's own words:—

He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter Controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became in consequence of it intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph; he was possessed of "Fenning's Dictionary," and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym, or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the simple term, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning his victory was complete.

With this man did Gifford spend four or five miserable years. He hated his trade and never made any effort to learn it, having indeed a far different end in view, namely, to perfect himself in mathematics, for which he had a passion, and by the knowledge of which he hoped to qualify himself for the post of mastership in the Ashburton Free School. Naturally enough his master did not favor these studies (besides, he destined his own son for the post which Gifford coveted), so the luckless apprentice had to pursue them in secret.

I possessed [he says] at this time but one book in the world; it was a treatise on algebra, given to me by a young woman who found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up, for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction. This was precisely what I wanted, but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greater part of several nights successively, and before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I

could now enter upon my own, and that carried me pretty far into the science.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink, and paper therefore (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford) were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource, but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest, my memory was tenacious and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.

Gifford next discovered that he had some talent for versifying, and by writing squibs and short pieces of a lampooning kind (so early did he begin his career as a satirist), and reciting them, managed to scrape together a little money, which he devoted to the purchase of mathematical books. But a great disaster awaited him. The shoemaker, enraged at his 'prentice neglecting his work, and "hitching his customers into rhyme," ordered him to give up his papers, and when he refused, "my garret was searched, my little hoard of books discovered and removed, and all future repetitions forbidden in the strictest manner." As sorrows never come singly, this disaster was followed by another blow, even harder to bear, and Gifford learnt that the post on which he had set his heart had fallen vacant only to be given to another. This was the darkest hour of his life, and he appears, under the pressure of these repeated misfortunes, to have given himself up to a state of sullen despair.

Help, however, was close at hand, and at the very time when the *nodus* of his fortunes seemed well-nigh inextricable, a *deus ex machina* appeared in the shape of a Mr. Cookesley, a local surgeon, who rescued the future critic from his ignoble toil, from a drudgery at which his whole soul revolted, and set his feet in the path leading to fame and fortune. This most worthy and truly benevolent man, Gifford's talents having come to his knowledge, issued a subscription on his behalf, and a sufficient sum was collected to free him from the remainder of his apprenticeship, and to enable him to study with

a tutor for a couple of years. Afterwards a bible-clerkship was procured for him at Exeter College, Oxford, where he matriculated in his twenty-third year, and made such progress as might be expected from a man of his vigorous intellect, retentive memory, and extraordinary powers of application. A Gifford scholarship at Exeter, founded by Gifford himself, and open to natives of Ashburton, still commemorates his connection with the college. It is to Gifford's credit that he always retained a lively recollection of Mr. Cookesley's timely assistance, and testified his gratitude by bequeathing by far the largest part of his fortune to the son of his old benefactor.

While at the university, an accident made him acquainted with Lord Grosvenor, in whom he found a munificent and powerful patron. This nobleman continued his warm and steady friend for twenty years, and it was as tutor to his son, Lord Belgrave, that Gifford twice made the tour of Europe.

Such, in brief, is the story of Gifford's youth. He relates it himself in a measured, restrained style, with an exactness of detail and an apparent absence of emotion that remind us somewhat of Defoe, but it is really the very simplicity of the narrative which makes it interesting. One slight but touching incident in it should not be passed over. The state of misery and despair into which Gifford sank when his little hoard of books was ravished from him and, at the same time, the humble post on which he had fixed his eyes was given to another, has been already mentioned.

From this state of abjectness [he says] I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbor; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my Wolfius in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile, or a short question put in the friendliest manner, endeavored to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me; it revived at the first encouraging word, and the gratitude I felt for it was the first pleasing sensation which I had ventured to entertain for many weary months.

The poor student and his gentle sympa-

thizer have long since vanished from the kindly earth into the eternal silences, where neither love nor learning can avail us any more, but the incident, slight as it is, still retains a certain charm. With his entry into college, Gifford sailed, as it were, into smooth water, and the rest of his life, as if in compensation for the distresses of his youth, was singularly peaceful, prosperous, and uneventful. The remainder of this paper, therefore, will be devoted chiefly to giving some account of his work in literature.

While still an undergraduate at Oxford, Gifford projected and began his well-known translation of "Juvenal"—a work in which he was encouraged and assisted by Mr. Cookesley—and proposals were issued for its publication by subscription. But for several reasons the work was not continued at the time, and, being laid aside, was not completed or published for many years—indeed, not till 1802. In the third edition a translation of Persius was added.

Gifford's version of "Juvenal" is a performance of many merits (Scott, by the way, calls it one of the best versions ever made of a classical author), and of some, perhaps, unavoidable defects. Like most verse translations, it contains a good deal that is not to be found in the original, and the dense sententious brevity of the Roman satirist is sometimes expanded into too many flowing rhetorical English lines. But, on the other hand, Gifford knew his author thoroughly, for he had studied him in many texts, versions, and commentaries, and, being familiar with most of the ills of poverty which Juvenal describes so movingly, he shows to great advantage in his renderings of those terse and striking and vivid passages in which the great satirist has painted the calamities of the poor, and the insolence and luxury of the great, in that wicked and splendid Rome of the Flavian Cæsars.

Such passages, and they are sufficiently numerous, are usually rendered with astonishing fire and spirit; nor, when the subject rises, does Gifford fail to rise with his author. His version of that famous passage, the fall of Sejanus, in the sublime tenth satire, is one of the most favor-

able specimens of his method and merits as a translator.

In a lighter mood, Juvenal's charming description of his two boyish attendants, in the eleventh satire, beginning, —

Plebeios calices et paucis assibus emptos
Poriget incultus puer, etc.

(xi. 145-58)

is very sweetly rendered.

The notes, considering that Gifford was rather a man of letters than an exact scholar, are of considerable excellence. They are especially rich in parallel passages from the Roman satirists, from the Elizabethan writers, and from the old English imitators of Juvenal, such as Hall.

After leaving the university, Gifford, as has been already mentioned, travelled on the Continent for some years as tutor to Lord Belgrave, Lord Grosvenor's son. On his return he settled in London, and devoted himself henceforth to literary pursuits.

In 1791 he published the "Baviad," and in 1794 the "Maeviad;" a couple of forgotten satires on forgotten scribblers. Nor is it surprising that they should have lapsed into oblivion, for clever and caustic as these satires undoubtedly are, yet the individuals satirized, the once notorious clique of Della-Cruscans, were so contemptible, such mere nits and midges, that the world, having long ago comfortably forgotten all about them, is by no means anxious to be reminded that they ever existed. As Byron says, "They were but a sad set of scribes, after all." Who has heard, who cares to hear, of the famous Mrs. Robinson, the illustrious Mr. Parsons, the egregious Mr. Bertie Greathead, or any of the other contributors to Mrs. Piozzi's *Florentine Miscellany*? Dead these many years, their works have followed them, and a hundred fashions of literary folly have run their course, and expired, as all such fashions eventually do, of ridicule, since the long-forgotten folly of the Della-Cruscans.

Little remembered, however, and little read as the "Baviad" and the "Maeviad" may be now, they brought Gifford into considerable notice at the time they were published. They were received with loud applause, and regarded, indeed, as the happiest inspirations of wit and genius.

It is to be regretted that this judgment of Gifford's contemporaries does not possess greater significance, but really, hardly any period in our literary annals has been more destitute of works of true merit in the poetic art than the last decade of the

last century. It would not be too much to say (with all deference to Mr. Hallam, who prefers the age of William III.) that that period marks the nadir of English poetry. It was the dark hour before the splendid dawn which immediately followed. The old school of Pope and of Pope's imitators, who had made poetry "a mere mechanic art," was dead or dying, while the new school, the school of the romanticists, was not yet arisen.

In the year 1791, when the "Baviad" appeared, Byron was a child three years old, Shelley and Keats were not yet born, Campbell was a boy of fourteen, while Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge were young men of about twenty years of age.

The "Lyrical Ballads," by Wordsworth and Coleridge, which may be regarded as the prelude to the "melodious burst" of song which filled the first quarter of the present century, were not published till 1798, and the state of English poetry from 1790 to 1800 may be judged from the fact that the amiable Mr. Hayley was regarded as the greatest poet, and his "Triumphs of Temper" as the greatest poem of the age.

In November 1797 the *Anti-Jacobin* was started by some of the more lively and gifted members of the Tory party, chief among whom was George Canning, and Gifford was appointed to the responsible post of editor. This famous publication, as its title indicates, was designed to meet the revolutionary spirit of the times, the Jacobin principles as they were called, and to support, by such resources of wit and argument as its contributors had at their command, the established constitution in Church and State. "Of Jacobinism," says the writer of the prospectus (Gifford most probably), "in all its shapes, and in all its degrees, political and moral, public and private, whether as openly it threatens the subversion of States, or gradually saps the foundation of domestic happiness, we are the avowed, determined, and irreconcilable enemies."

The greater part of each number of the *Anti-Jacobin* was taken up with an exposure of the blunders and misstatements of the chief democratic organs of the day, such as the *Morning Herald*, *Courier*, etc.; this paper being divided into three parts, headed respectively "Lies," "Misrepresentations," and "Mistakes."

These articles formed Gifford's share in the work, and although their interest has, naturally, by this time for the most part evaporated, they still afford, to any one familiar with the period, ample proofs

of the range and accuracy of his political information. They are strongly charged with his usual mordant, scornful satire, and the preparation of them must have afforded to a man of his acute and sarcastic intellect an occupation in the highest degree congenial. But the best part of the *Anti-Jacobin*, and that which alone has not become obsolete with the lapse of time, is the poetical part. Canning contributed (sometimes, as in the "Loves of the Triangles," in conjunction with Hookham Frere) the brilliant verses with which it is adorned, and which contain the very cream of his bright ingenious fancy. There are no more delightful specimens of polished humorous verse in the language than the "Loves of the Triangles," "The Needy Knife-Grinder," or the "New Morality," which last, by the way, contains a spirited apostrophe to Gifford.

In 1802 appeared the translation of Juvenal, as already mentioned. In 1805 Gifford published his edition of Massinger, in 1809 his edition of Ben Jonson. His editions of Ford and Shirley were published after his death. These works are still known and valued as standard authorities by students of the Elizabethan drama. Few men, indeed, have ever been better acquainted than Gifford with that branch of our literature, and to a knowledge of the period of the ripest and soundest he added an acuteness and a fund of common sense not always to be found in the tribe of commentators. Lovers of Ben Jonson owe Gifford a debt of gratitude for so completely demonstrating the falsity of that hoary legend which attributed to "rare old Ben" an undying and malignant jealousy of the greatest of his contemporaries, Shakespeare. This ingenious theory Gifford triumphantly demolishes, and so harries and bedevils the chief promulgator of it in modern times, the eminent Mr. Edmund Malone, the Shakespearian critic, that the latter must have wished he had never meddled with Ben Jonson or any of his works.

In 1809 appeared the first number of the *Quarterly Review*, a publication set on foot by Canning, Scott, Southey, Hookham Frere, J. W. Croker, and some others, as a rival to the *Edinburgh*, and Gifford was selected as its editor. This event marks an important epoch in his career, as until his retirement in 1824 the editing of the *Quarterly* formed the chief occupation of his life. The importance of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Review* as literary and political organs during the earlier

decades of the present century can hardly be overestimated. In the latter capacity they have since been more or less superseded by the newspaper press, and in the former by the weekly reviews and the monthly magazines; but, as Mr. Jennings judiciously observes in the "Croker Papers:"—

In those days, it must be remembered, the newspapers did but a small part of the work which they undertake now, and the great movements which were impending in political parties were known to the public only by vague rumors, or were kept confined to the knowledge of a few well-informed men. It frequently happened that news of the gravest importance was first made known to the country through the medium of the political article in the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly Review*. Almost always that article was founded upon intelligence which had been communicated by the heads of the Ministry, or by the originators of some measure which was soon to become the universal theme of discussion.

It follows that, as Mr. Jennings justly says, "The raw material of much of the political history of the present century, from 1809 onwards, will be found scattered in profusion, though mingled, no doubt, with strong partisan opinions, in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*." (Croker Papers, vol. i., pp. 25-27.)

Gifford's management of the review was by no means of an easy-going character. He appears to have been in the habit of revising the articles which appeared in it with an unsparing hand, and complaints of his severity are by no means unfrequent. Southey, for instance, "frequently and bitterly complained of the mutilation of his papers, and of their being toned down to the measure of the politics the review was intended to represent, and gauged often by ministerial timidity." (Southey's Life and Letters, edited by his son, vol. iii., p. 185.)

Similarly, in a letter to Grosvenor Bedford, under date January 29, 1814, Southey writes: "I hope you have secured the MS. of my article on the Dissenters, in which I suspect Gifford has done more mischief than usual." (Ibid., vol. iv., p. 58.) And again, in another letter to the same correspondent: "I have been obliged to complain to Gifford of the mutilation which he has made in this paper." (Ibid., vol. iv., p. 362.)

Southey, by the way, was an almost constant contributor to the *Quarterly*, both during Gifford's editorship and that of his successor, Lockhart; and it is interesting to note that his famous "Life of

Nelson" was expanded from an article which originally appeared in the review.

Any one who would like to see a couple of typical specimens of Gifford's own manner of reviewing may turn to the notice of Lady Morgan's "Woman; or, Ida of Athens," in the first number of the review, and to that of Keats's "Endymion" in the number for April, 1818.

The latter deplorable production, made "famous infamous," like the name of Danton, "in every land" by Shelley's memorable denunciation of its author in the "Adonais," some words of Southey's in a letter to Edward Moxon may serve to explain, though not to defend. Writing of Gifford, he says: "He had a heart full of kindness for all living creatures except authors; *them* he regarded as a fish-monger regards eels, or as Isaac Walton did slugs, frogs, and worms."

This review of Keats's book is supposed (erroneously, let us hope), to have been the proximate cause of the poet's death, a theory to which Byron alludes in the hackneyed lines:—

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

And it cannot be denied that the review was "sadly to seek," not only in critical judgment, but also in ordinary courtesy and good feeling.

Gifford should have perceived in the somewhat lush luxuriance of "Endymion" the splendid promise of greater things, and even if it had been one of the worst of poems (as very likely its critic honestly believed it to be), nothing can excuse the manner in which it was received, favorably as that manner compares (as Mr. W. M. Rossetti acknowledges in his recently published biography of Keats) with the boisterous brutality of the *Blackwood* article. But we may feel sure that Gifford never anticipated the effect this review had upon Keats. Accustomed to give and receive hard knocks with equal indifference, he made very little allowance for the more sensitive feelings of others, and having, like Dr. Johnson, a rooted conviction that "hard words break no bones," he would have scoffed at the idea that they may, and sometimes do, break hearts.

Moreover, it must be remembered that Keats's poem was in flat contradiction to all those literary canons which Gifford was accustomed to revere, and the intolerance displayed by critics of that age of any new departure in literature and politics is a thing hardly to be credited

in our own eclectic days, when novelties of every kind are only too eagerly welcomed.

Wordsworth's early poems were assailed in much the same way and with much the same weapons, scoffs and jeers that is to say, as Keats's "Endymion." Quite as determined an attempt was made to burke some of his finest works as was made to burke Keats's poem; and Jeffrey openly boasted that he would "crush the 'Excursion.'" Every one knows Wordsworth's retort, "Tell him," said the bard of Rydal, with proud but justifiable self-confidence, "tell him that he might as well attempt to crush Skiddaw." Wordsworth indeed was made of sterner stuff than Keats, and "steered his course right onward," regardless of the passing criticism of the day, knowing that he had to "create the taste by which he was to be enjoyed," and serenely confident of the favorable judgment of posterity.

In a biographical notice of Gifford, in the *Annual Register* for 1827, it is stated (I know not on what authority) that he "never stipulated for any salary as editor (of the *Quarterly*); at first he received £200, and at last £900 per annum, but never engaged for a particular sum. He several times returned money to the publisher, Mr. Murray, saying 'he had been too liberal.' In 1824 Gifford was compelled by ill-health to retire from the editorship of the *Quarterly*, being succeeded in the management by John Gibson Lockhart. He only survived his retirement two years, and died in 1826 of a complication of disorders, of which asthma was the chief. He was never married.

Gifford's personal appearance has been hit off by Sir Walter Scott in a single expressive sentence. "He was a little man, dumpled up together, and so ill-made as to seem almost deformed, but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance." (Scott's *Diary*, under date January 17, 1827, in Lockhart's "Life.") In Finden's illustrations of Byron's works there is a good likeness of the famous editor engraved from a painting in the possession of Byron's publisher, Mr. Murray. The head is long rather than broad, but large and well developed, with plenteous brown hair falling loosely around it. The most noticeable features of the face are the rather prominent nose and fullish lips, and the countenance as a whole gives one the impression of alert composure and conscious intellectual strength. Gifford lost the use of one eye at an early period, and in some verses addressed to his friend

Ireland, in a footnote to the "Maeviad," he describes himself as having

one eye not over good,
Two sides that to their cost have stood
A ten years' hectic cough.

Shortly before his death Gifford consented to the request of his life-long friend, Dean Ireland, that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey, and there, in that last resting-place of England's mighty dead, he now lies, dust in dust, beneath the monuments to Camden and Garrick, and near the grave of Dryden.

Such, then, was the life-history of William Gifford; a man, with all his faults, surely not unworthy of some meed of admiration for his courageous struggle with adverse circumstances of many kinds, with poverty, ill-fortune, ill-health. It may be granted that his character was hard, and that his views in literature and politics were narrow, but he was notwithstanding a man of whom his country may well be proud, for it is such men as he, men of stout heart and clear intellect, of robust moral and intellectual fibre, who have made and kept England great, and it will be ill for England and not well, when she ceases to breed such men or ceases to honor them.

CYRIL A. WATERS.

From The Fortnightly Review.

HOW H.M. THE SHAH TRAVELS IN PERSIA.

IT chanced that the day before my wife and I arrived at Teheran Shah Nasir-ed-Din left his home for his extensive European tour; officially he was not announced to depart until the following day; but to avoid the terrible formalities of a royal egress, he left his capital privately, and sought a quiet garden outside the walls, where his tents were pitched, his retinue and baggage collected, and the Persian world awoke on the 13th of April last to find that their king had gone.

Rumors of the difficulties of travelling in the royal track induced us to delay our own departure for ten days, hoping thereby to avoid the discomforts of passing through villages emptied of food, and where every available beast of burden had been pressed into the royal service, for the shah's progress from his capital to the frontier was one of true Oriental magnificence, more suited to the bygone ages of display than to our matter-of-fact nineteenth century.

Thirty days were to be spent in proceeding from Teheran to the Russian frontier at the Araxis—a distance of about three hundred miles—and during those thirty days all the rank and fashion of Persia—ministers, generals, an army of soldiers, royal wives and their attendants—were to be on that road in the royal retinue.

As it was our intention to leave this main route at a town called Zenjan, it was at length considered time to depart, and our humble caravan set forth on the same road, and in the due course of events reached the stage before Zenjan without let or hindrance.

Here we learned rather to our dismay that the shah and all his retinue were only a few hours ahead of us, and would actually be at Zenjan when we arrived; nevertheless, the accounts of his equipage and its magnificence were so dazzling that we determined to go on regardless of such paltry details as lack of food and lodging, for Persian travellers soon accustom themselves to putting up with very inferior specimens of both these, and surely, thought we, there must be some scraps to be picked up amidst so multitudinous a host.

The first intimation that we had of our approach to the royal progress was the return of three white horses with their long tails dyed pink. This is a privilege of Persian royalty, and not a very becoming one either; our own white horses had their tails, manes, and backs dyed with henna, it is supposed to strengthen the skin and prevent sore backs, and it certainly does cause the hair to grow somewhat thicker; but neither royal pink nor the bright yellow of plebeian henna are becoming to the animals in question, making them to European eyes appear as if they had been thus decorated for a circus clown to ride.

At Sultanieh, the last village we stopped at for lunch before reaching Zenjan, the shah's progress was the talk of everybody—what presents he had received and what he had given in return; for a hunter here presented to him he had given two cashmere shawls of considerable value; for minor presents he had ordered handfuls of certain small gold and silver coins to be given to the donors. These coins are a curious Persian invention, being struck solely for the shah and his ministers. Five of the silver ones are of the value of 7d., but they are not accepted in circulation, and the recipients either make necklaces of them for their wives, or take them to the nearest bazaar and sell them for their

weight in silver or gold. When starting on this journey, his Majesty took a large supply of them to meet the contingencies of presents, alms, etc. At the ceremony of New Year, bags of these coins are given as presents to foreign consuls and officials, but what was the origin of the custom I was unable to find out.

The shades of evening were fast falling as we approached Zenjan, prettily situated in a fertile valley amidst the wild mountains of Azerbaijan, the border town between the Persians proper and the Tartar Turks, who inhabit nearly the whole of the northern province of the Persian kingdom. Only a few years ago Zenjan was the centre of the Baali insurrection, and this curious sect of dissident Mahomedans are still very strong in the locality. Report says that the shah was a little nervous about his reception here, and had accordingly strengthened his retinue until it took the form of a considerable army. The blue-tiled dome of the new mosque (the old one was destroyed by the Baali), stood out in silhouette against the reddening sky, and we skirted the town and its ruined mud walls by a new road made expressly for the shah, but it took us nearly two miles out of the way, not a pleasant addition to already weary travellers.

It was pitch dark as we approached the royal camp, and the appearance presented thereby was very extraordinary. There appeared to us to be miles of white tents, each with a camp fire burning before it. There were camels, mules, and horses in every direction that our eyes penetrated. It was as if we had suddenly been plunged into the midst of a vast army, and well it might be, for the following are roughly the statistics of the retinue which accompanied the shah from his capital to the frontier.

Four thousand quadrupeds, including mules, horses, and camels, for carrying the luggage and drawing the carriages.

Three thousand tents, to accommodate seven thousand to eight thousand individuals.

Twenty-five carriages for the royal suite alone.

Three royal wives, and their forty female attendants.

The shah's tent arrangements cover over an acre of ground. He has two sets of tents: one is sent on two stages in advance, and is pitched ready to receive him on his arrival; the other is taken down and sent on immediately on his departure.

So no wonder we grew rather nervous about our food and lodging as we approached the *caravanseraï*, the usual receptacle for the weary traveller in Persia; but having taken the precaution to send on a servant in advance, we learned, to our satisfaction, that a room was secured for us, or rather a dark cell, to which we climbed by mighty steep steps, and where we made our beds and partook of what meagre travellers' fare we had with us. The knowledge of the existence at this and the neighboring stations of a certain vile insect, known as the Persian bug, or bite-stranger (*gareeb gez*), as the Persians call it, did not contribute to our peace of mind. The wretched insect is poisonous, and those bitten by it suffer from acute fever for days after, and, according to Persian medical men, must eat no fat things, but plenty of sugar. The ignorant think it advisable to introduce, on the sly, a specimen into the food eaten by the stranger, dexterously concealed in a raisin or a fig, and then he will be proof against the attacks of the venomous insect. We shall never know if we ate one or not, but we attribute our immunity from this animal more to the copious use of insect powder than anything else.

It was a truly awful night that we passed in this overcrowded *caravanseraï*. All night long our sleepless hours were enlivened by the departure and arrival of caravans, the clanging of the huge camel-bells, the tinkling of the mule-bells, the cursing of the drivers, and the din of an infinity of human beings swarming like bees about the place; and early, very early, next morning we arose, for we heard that the shah proposed to depart in good time, and if we wished to see the *tamasha*, as the Persians describe every curious sight, including a travelling mountebank, ourselves, and a lovely mosque, we must not lie in bed too long.

Breakfast was a farce. No eggs to be had, the kettle would not boil, our bread was stale — and Persian bread, when stale, is no longer bread, but leather. Luckily, the more than usual filthiness of our surroundings dispelled all desire for food, and the sun had not long risen when we were in the saddle galloping to the royal camp.

The huge red tent inhabited by the still slumbering monarch was visible from afar. It was pitched in a grove of poplars, by the side of a tiny lake, and surrounded by a wall about eight feet high, made of Resht embroidery — that is to say, an embroidery of chain-stitch, uniting little bits

of colored cloth, which we know well enough in England in the shape of table-covers and antimacassars, and for which I have never really felt any great affection; but still, when it decorates a high wall enclosing an acre of ground, the effect is startling and magnificent. Finer table-covers of the same material were spread as saddle-cloths over the many gaily caparisoned horses around us, and just as we approached, quantities of mules were on the point of starting, with royal and other baggage, with bright red palls cast over their burdens.

All the carriages were waiting ready before the gate into the royal enclosure, which was formed of poles painted red, looking not unlike a gallows. Anisi Dowlet, the shah's favorite wife, was just going to start in her gilded carriage, drawn by six gaily caparisoned horses. She is a remarkable woman, who has held her position of favorite for thirty years. She has no children, she is not young, and I am told not beautiful; but her intellectual qualities are such and her manners so bright, that they have placed her far ahead of the other ladies in the royal harem. She always started an hour or two before his Majesty, presumably acting as a good wife should, to see that all was in order and the slippers ready at the other end.

There, too, was the shah's own horse, called "Beest Sitoun," or "Twenty Pillars," with its beautiful and neat gold bridle and its saddle-cloth of very fine Resht embroidery partially covering its glossy flanks. From the bearing-rein two straps of gold lay across his chest; he is a splendid animal, and always held in readiness for his Majesty to ride when tired of driving in his carriage.

Close to "Twenty Pillars" stood another horse in readiness to carry his Majesty's pipe-bearer; the pipe a luxury indulged in by all Persian grandees when travelling. His Majesty's own *kalyan* or water-pipe is carried in a drum-shaped case, covered with purple velvet and gold, and strung from the saddle. At the other side are suspended the fire-box and the water-gourd similarly decorated and all ready, so that at a moment's notice the pipe can be prepared when the shah expresses a wish for a whiff of tobacco.

Amongst the horses were the bodyguard with their silver and gold batons, the running footmen clad in red with hats not unlike fools' cockcombs, any number of generals, officers, and soldiers. The scene was one of the greatest animation and

brilliance, lit up by the searching rays of a Persian sun.

But still the monarch and his grand vizier Anim-i-Sultan slept, and our hurry in repairing so early to the scene of action had been unnecessary. Close to the royal enclosure were the tents of the more immediate attendants—that of the French physician, and the Swedish dentist, and that of Mohendessol Memalek, the aide-de-camp; into this latter we were invited to rest for a while, and found ourselves in a cool and capacious tent, the inside of which was lined with Ispahan cotton, and at either end air-holes were cut in an elegant pattern, so that a draught could be obtained in hot weather. But just now it was unusually cold, and the aide-de-camp told us how the royal progress had encountered bitter winds on its way, and even snow. We found him a charming companion, he had passed many years in Paris, and spoke French with ease, and we greatly relished the tea he gave us after the meagre breakfast of the morning.

After an hour's rest Anim-i-Sultan, the grand vizier, sent his *farrash bashi*, literally chief carpet-spreader, but really chief secretary, in whose special charge we were, to fetch us. His tent was surrounded by a train of adorers, with their hands clasped on their belts and their heads bowed low. Anim-i-Sultan is quite a young man, only twenty-eight, dark and handsome; and having had some dealings with him anent some excavations we proposed to make in the neighboring mountains of Azerbaijan, we had much to talk over and more tea to drink; then, as the hour for the shah's departure drew nigh, we went outside and took up our position on a favorable bit of rising ground to watch events.

His Majesty walked slowly out of his tent alone, all his attendants standing at a respectful distance. Presently he stood and gazed around, and when he caught sight of an English lady and gentleman he turned and asked questions respecting them, and then beckoned to us to come, which we accordingly did, with a humble curtsy and a bow. I felt very uncomfortable at not removing my hat, but luckily knew that it was indecent to expose my naked head; likewise I felt conscious and sorry that I stood in a cutaway coat, knowing that this garment amongst the Persians is not considered respectable.

Shah Nasir-ed-Din speaks French with a very good accent, and he attacked us for a long time with a series of very intel-

ligent questions concerning our tour and its object. For half-an-hour he conversed with us with his face to the sun, and was obliged to shade his eyes, which are weak. We longed to do something or say something to alter this strained position; but to imagine that the king of kings' eyes are not like those of an eagle would have been most rude, as we had been previously told not to inquire after his health, which would imply that he could not command himself to be as well as he liked.

He had on an overcoat, and under it a regular Persian full-skirted coat of cashmere, trimmed with gold and with gold cords across at irregular intervals. This was to leave room for the pocket, in which was his watch on a long chain around his neck, and passing through an eight-sided slide with a yellowish diamond a good deal larger than a shilling, which caused his august countenance to shine. He is certainly better-looking than any of his photographs make him, and uncommonly well preserved for his age. He possesses a great fund of general knowledge, and I only wish some of those journalists who make their ignorant and vulgar remarks in our papers concerning the personal habits of the Persian grandees could have been at Zenjan, and accompanied us over the royal tents after his departure, where everything was so scrupulously clean and delightful.

My wife had on a little deerstalker hat, decorated with the legs of the red partridge; this caused his Majesty to wonder so much that he put his hands on it and asked why she wore such things, doubtless imagining that it was a talisman to ward off the evil eye. This caused the bystanders, who stood around with belts clasped and dropping heads, much perplexity, and my wife's hat was the subject of much comment in Zenjan that evening.

No adieus were said: it would have been rude to wish his Majesty a good journey, which he could of course command, so he stepped into his carriage and drove off.

Then we stood and watched the royal ladies take their departure. I took up a more distant position than my wife for fear of getting into trouble, and we saw the eunuchs coming out of the enclosure with bags of sweets for the delectation of the ladies on their way; and then out came a series of muffled black bundles who stepped into carriages and drove off. Last of all came an elderly stout lady, who got into the grandest carriage of all. This was Anim-i-haftdast, the guardian of

the harem, the jewels, and the clothes. She wore in addition to her white, flowing veil a curious black mask of horsehair, fastened by a cluster of little diamonds above her forehead. She beckoned to my wife, who went to the carriage. The black eunuch ordered this good lady to give my wife her hand, which she did with considerable diffidence; then they exchanged a few remarks in Persian, and the eunuch bade my wife "Be off," and the interview was over.

When everybody had gone we were permitted to visit the royal tents, where men were busy at work pulling down the structures to be carried on. The interior looked perfectly charming; the shah's own tent was made of pink cloth and was fifty feet long by thirty wide; on the ground were spread out Persian carpets, and the tent opened on a pond railed off for the occasion to prevent accidents. His bedroom is a wooden house twelve feet by eight opening into the tent, which can be dexterously taken to pieces and put up again. Adjoining the big tent was another, thirty feet by twenty, and close to this were the wooden bedrooms for the wives and their attendants; the brilliant coloring of the whole gave it a most remarkable appearance—quite fairylke amongst the green trees and by the placid water.

By the time we came out nearly everybody had gone and the shah's retinue had started for its daily journey of about twenty miles; clouds of dust arose on all sides and this was our last view of the royal procession. All this great host would accompany his Majesty to the frontier of his realm and then they would return, wives and all, to Teheran, except the forty chosen men who were to accompany him through Europe. In the autumn when his Majesty returns this same host will appear to greet him on the shores of the Araxis, and the same scenes will be gone through on his return to his capital.

J. THEODORE BENT.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE HILL-TRIBES OF CHITTAGONG.

THE military expedition sent by the Indian government against the tribes who dwell in the hill country between Chittagong and Burmah has made an effective beginning of its work. It has opened roads into the hills, and established fortified posts at the dominating points of communication. The column has ad-

vanced into the enemy's country and has destroyed the stockades of the chiefs who were specially inculpated in the late raids on the plains of Chittagong. The avenging force has now stayed its hand for the present. A proclamation has been issued exhorting the hill-men to submit themselves to British authority, and they have been told that whatever happens a military expedition will be despatched in November to march over the hills into Burmah. It is very much to be hoped that the tribes may see the wisdom of tendering their submission before it is too late. They have neither the strength nor the heart to resist the British power. I will now venture to record something of my own experiences with these mountaineers dating back more than forty years ago, to show that they have not always been unmanageable or unreasonable in their dealings with us.

I will try to dispense as much as possible with hard Indian names. The Bengalis, who dwell in the plains, used to call all the hill-men by the name of Kookees. On further acquaintance we learnt to distinguish them as being divided into Kookees, Looshais, and Shindoos. But these distinctions were, I think, devised by the tribes as much for their own convenience as for anything else. If there was any raid or foray from the hills, and we taxed the Kookees with it, they said: "Please sir, it was not our doing; it was some of those wicked Looshais;" and then if we asked for satisfaction from the Looshais, they replied that it was none of their doing, but that the Shindoos must have been the offenders. To my fancy, these hill-tribes were all very much tarred with the same brush. If this had not been so, we might have been able to employ one tribe to punish the other; and we might have decimated the warriors of the contending tribes by some such policy as that which led to the immortal combat between the clan Chattan and the clan Quhele.

My first introduction to the hill-men was in this wise. In December, 1845, there had been a Kookee raid on one of the villages in the south of Chittagong, when twenty persons were killed, and as many more men, with numerous women and children, were carried off into captivity in the hills. One morning on going to the little court-house, where I sat as an assistant magistrate, I found a large crowd at the door. They were staring at four big hill-men, heavily fettered and handcuffed, and guarded by policemen with

drawn swords. I found a letter from the district magistrate directing me to hold the preliminary trial of these men, who were charged with having been concerned in the raid just mentioned. The police reported that the prisoners had been apprehended by a friendly frontier chief as they were returning to the fastnesses of their native hills.

The four men were placed before me, and I wished to get them to plead guilty or not guilty. But they did not understand a word that was said to them. The language of my court was Bengali, and my native clerks knew no other tongue. There was a court-interpreter who spoke Burmese, which is called Mughee in Chittagong, but the prisoners did not understand what he said. At last we got hold of a man who knew both Burmese and the Kookee language, and so we opened communication with the prisoners. It was a tedious process. I took notes in English of the questions put and answers given. I spoke Bengali to my clerk, and he passed it on to the Mughee interpreter, who could not understand my classical Bengali; the interpreter communicated it to the Kookee, whom he had impressed for the occasion; and so eventually it got to the accused, whilst their answers came back through the same roundabout channel. I was very young and zealous, and in the intervals of interpretation took sketches of the prisoners, with their broad faces and flat noses and Tartar eyes, and masses of hair rolled up on their heads, like the Thracians of Homer. Eventually it came out that these men had been sent in as having confessed their guilty share in the raid, and they were expected to repeat their confession to me. But meanwhile something had happened; the special interpreter, who had been sent in with the prisoners, had been taken ill on the journey and could not appear. It would have been his business to interpret the prisoners' statements as confessions of guilt, and we should not have been able to detect him. But the improvised Kookee interpreter who talked Burmese, not having been primed for the occasion, very innocently repeated what the accused men really said, which was that they did not know anything about the crime imputed to them.

This was a grave interruption to the course of justice, according to the ideas of the native police. When I examined the Bengali witnesses for the prosecution, who were supposed to be the survivors

that had fled from the village when it was raided, I found that they all deposed, with perfect confidence, to the identification of each of the prisoners, although they had never seen them before in their lives, and never stopped for a moment to look at them. Of course, inexperienced as I was, I was not to be misled by such incredible evidence; and after a long day's work at the case, I sent up my notes with a report to the magistrate recommending that the accused should be released. The magistrate had left his office, so they had to be taken to jail for the night.

The next day the magistrate ordered the prisoners to be released; and as I had taken so much interest in the case I went to the jail to see that their fetters were knocked off and their handcuffs removed, for the police had suggested to me that this could not be done with safety until these formidable savages had been returned to the frontier-chief who had apprehended them. But when the poor fellows, who had never before seen a white face, found that I was taking an active part in their deliverance, they soon showed that they valued my kindness, and made several attempts to say something. I again got hold of my Kookee interpreter and, after a long struggle with our linguistic difficulties, I elicited the story that these men were Kookees, who had come down to trade about an elephant at Bunderaban, the residence of the Mugh frontier chief, styled the Phroo. They had first been plundered by the Phroo's people, and then found themselves put in irons and sent in to Chittagong, with the intimation that they would be hung without benefit of clergy. The Phroo thought he had thus done a great stroke of business, for he had first plundered his Kookee enemies, and had then offered them up as a peace-offering to the English government, who wanted to punish some one for the raid. I tried to make some compensation to the poor men for what they had undergone; and though I never set eyes on them again, I believe that they went home with the impression that a white man was not such a demon as they had been told. It may be that the sons or grandsons of these men are among the hostile tribes who are now arrayed against us. I can only remember their ugly but smiling faces when they had been brought to my house that my wife might see them. They went away delighted with the present of some tobacco and some paltry strings of glass beads for the adornment of their wives

and children; and for some reason or other unknown to us there were no more Kookee raids in the south part of the district for some time.

Two or three years afterwards, about 1848, I had temporary charge of the district of Chittagong as magistrate. One afternoon as I was leaving my office there was a great hubbub among the people, and I found that some policemen had just arrived with six corpses, which were the headless bodies of some villagers who had been killed in a Kookee raid, at a place only about thirty miles due east of the station near the banks of the Chittagong River. The raid had occurred two days previously, and the native police-inspector had sent in a long report that he had been to the village and found the dead bodies, and that the rest of the inhabitants — men, women, and children — had been carried off by the Kookees up the Chuktai-Nullah, a tributary of the Chittagong River. I consulted the officer commanding the native troops at the station, but he was unable to let me have any of his men without orders from the general of division, which it would take several days to obtain. So I determined to set off at once with such feeble forces as I could raise, six men, to wit, armed with old Tower muskets from the jail-guard and my own guns and rifles, to see if we could rescue any of the people who had been carried off. We embarked in the guard-boat, and a strong tide carried us rapidly up the river to the raided village, which was a scene of misery and desolation. Then we pushed on as far as the tide would serve us, until a dense fog compelled us to stop for the night. The next day we rowed on again till we reached the mouth of the Chuktai-Nullah, where we came upon traces of the raiders, as they had left behind them the decapitated bodies of a young man and a girl, who had either attempted to escape or had broken down with fatigue. My companions were rather dismayed at the unpleasant sight, and would gladly have stopped. But I insisted on going up the Nullah for the chance of finding some others of the captives who might have escaped into the jungle. The water in the Nullah was so shallow that we had to leave the guard-boat and proceed in small canoes or dug-outs, which we impressed. We made very slow progress over the boulders and shallows, and again a heavy fog came on and stopped us altogether. This was perhaps fortunate for us, for when we began to creep on the next morning through the

fog, we heard voices, and suddenly found ourselves close to the raiders and their prisoners, whom they were dragging along up a steep path over the hills. I use the word dragging, because each of the poor captives was secured by a sort of rope, made of jungle creepers, which was passed through a gash cut under the *tendon Achilles* of the left leg; and as the wound must have been very sore, the captives could only hobble rather slowly whilst their captors goaded and dragged them along. I should not omit to state that at that period the Kookees had no guns, nor any knowledge of the use of firearms. Great therefore was their surprise and terror when we fired a volley at them, and kept up a hot fire as fast as we could reload. I do not know if we hit any of the Kookees, for they instantly fled into the jungle and disappeared, leaving their captives to their fate. These poor creatures were almost as much terrified at the firing as the Kookees had been, and tried to hide themselves in the jungle. When the firing had ceased for some time, my men began to call out in the Bengali language, and at last two of the captives — a woman and a girl — peeped out of the jungle and came to us. The rest of them remained in hiding, but eventually found their own way out of the jungle to their homes. We lost no time in getting our canoes down the Nullah, and only felt that we were safe from any reprisals when we got out into the big river again. I believe, however, that the Kookees never thought of making any resistance, but fled away as fast as their legs could carry them to their own strongholds. It was a great piece of luck that we were able to recover any of the captives and to make the Kookees abandon their prey. The firing of our guns must have had a good effect, for the Kookee raids in this quarter ceased for a considerable time.

Many years passed, and I was employed in other parts of the country. In 1861 I returned to Chittagong as commissioner of the division, and had an opportunity of renewing my dealings with the hill-men. In the mean time, however, great changes had occurred. The government had sent a military expedition into the hills and had destroyed some of the Kookee villages. The legislature had passed a law by which a large slice of the hills was formally annexed to British territory; and an English officer had been appointed as superintendent of hill-tribes, with a strong military police to support him — their stockaded outposts being ad-

vanced deep into the hills, so as to control the movements of the hill-men if they showed any disposition to raid. A school, and a jail, and a dispensary had been established, so that the hill-men might enjoy the humanizing influences of civilization if they pleased. The superintendent of the hill-tribes was always ready to hear their complaints and administer a simple form of justice to them. By this time we had also learnt to distinguish more nicely the three chief tribes — the Kookees, the Looshais, and the Shindoos. The Kookees, as nearest the frontier, had been brought well into subjection. Next behind them came the Looshais, and the Shindoos were further off, towards the south.

In 1861 our difficulties lay chiefly with the Looshais. Their chief was named Ruttun Pooiya, and it must be admitted that he had gained such an ill report for his misdeeds that his name was a terror to all the Bengalis of the plains, and quite a bugbear to almost all the English officials in Chittagong and Calcutta. But the superintendent of the hill-tribes, Major John Moore Graham, was no ordinary man. Tall and handsome, with a kindly heart and a sound head, he devoted himself to his lonely duties over his savage subjects. He went among them, and listened to their troubles; he doctored them in their accidents and illnesses, and was a general favorite with men, women, and children. He was a great sportsman and an excellent shot, and often astonished them by his prowess against the tigers and wild buffaloes. Gradually he so far gained the confidence of the men that he was able to enlist several of them in his military police. But Ruttun Pooiya, the great Loosha! chief, still held aloof, and studiously avoided the interviews which Graham sought to hold with him.

At length an opportunity arose by chance. One of the wives of Ruttun Pooiya met with an accident when she was on a visit at her father's village, and Graham was instrumental in helping to restore her to health. When she returned to her husband she naturally spoke warmly in his praise, and after a while Ruttun Pooiya agreed to go to our outpost at Casalong to see Major Graham. The ice once broken, he soon took a liking to the Englishman; and the latter, without hurrying or alarming him, gradually led him on to consider the advantages of placing himself on friendly terms with the British government.

Major Graham, as superintendent of the-

hill-tribes, was immediately under my authority as commissioner of the division. He came to Chittagong to consult me, and we agreed that I should go up with him to Casalong to see Ruttun Pooiya and enter into some amicable agreement. There was a steam-launch, or small gun-boat, at our disposal, which enabled Graham to go up and down the river at his convenience. No doubt this gun-boat, with its steam-whistle and its brass three-pounder, had made some impression on the minds of the hill-men; and the echo of the gun, which was fired every morning and evening by Captain Maclean, who commanded and engineered the steamer, was regarded as a symbol of British authority. Ruttun Pooiya was known to be very much interested in the steamer; Major Graham had let him have a trip in it, while Captain Maclean had taught him to sound the steam-whistle and to fire the gun with his own hand. Ruttun Pooiya and Captain McLean had also baptized their friendship with strong potations of rum, for which they both had a liking.

When Graham and I arrived at Casalong we were received by the guard and escorted through the stockade, to take up our abode in the superintendent's house. This house was very like Robinson Crusoe's castle. It was built some thirty feet above the ground, supported on the trunks of large forest trees, still growing with all their branches overhead, supplemented by extra supports where necessary. We climbed up the bamboo ladder or staircase into the ante-room or hall that led into a good-sized sitting-room, behind which there were two bed-rooms. It was fairly comfortable, although the floors made of split bamboo seemed rather elastic at first. Here we established ourselves, and had a good dinner and slept well, only disturbed towards morning by the screeching and calling of a tribe of Oolook monkeys in the adjacent forest.

It was arranged that Ruttun Pooiya should be introduced to me after breakfast. I put on my blue and gold political uniform, with cocked hat and sword, whilst Graham was arrayed in full military dress. When Ruttun Pooiya had climbed up into our room he was rather awed at first by our costumes, especially as he had never seen Graham in his uniform. However he soon recovered himself. He was a strong and well-built man about five feet eight inches in height. His features were regular, not in the least like those of the common hill-men, and he wore a dress, chiefly of white muslin,

like that of an ordinary Bengali land-owner. We soon got to business, Graham acting as interpreter. The chief difficulty lay in settling about the restitution of captives who had been carried off in former raids. Some general terms being arranged, it was proposed that we should drink the queen's health, and a bottle of champagne with three tumblers was produced. Following our example Ruttun Pooiya drained his glass, but the sparkling liquid puzzled and almost choked him. However when he had got over his surprise, he promptly held out his glass for a further supply, and had evidently taken a great liking to it.

In the course of the conversation it occurred to me that it would be a very good thing for Ruttun Pooiya to take him down to Chittagong and show him some of the wonders of civilization of which he was utterly ignorant. We put it to him that courtesy and etiquette required him to return my visit; and that it would be for his advantage to know more of us before he ratified the agreement which we proposed to make. I promised him that on the third day after his leaving Casalong he should be brought back in safety and landed there. Luckily he had none of his *muntris*, or ministers, with him to dissuade him. He sent for two of his personal servants to bring his baggage on board the steamer; and as soon as we ourselves could embark, we set off at full speed towards Chittagong.

So soon as his natural trepidation caused by the novelty of the situation had worn off, Ruttun Pooiya was delighted. When after a few hours' rapid steaming we emerged from the hills and passed through the plain country he admired everything; and when we reached the port of Chittagong, where numerous ships were lying, he was much puzzled, and asked if they were mountains. When we landed, we sent him off in a *palkee* to the lines of the military police, in which, as has been already mentioned, some of his own countrymen were enrolled, so that he had confidence in them; whilst the Sikh native officers, under Major Graham's orders, entertained him till late in the night with feasting and dancing and singing, for which we provided the needful supplies.

The next day he came to visit me. I held a sort of *darbar*, at which he was invested with the best dress of honor that we could improvise — a dark velvet fancy costume, with sword and buckler, and a brocaded turban. I then arranged that he should be taken to see the public

offices; and all the bags of silver in the treasury; and our English Church; and the salt go-downs, containing many hundred tons of salt, which greatly impressed a man who had never seen more than a few pounds of salt at a time. By good luck a war-steamer of the Indian navy came into port, and the captain kindly let him go on board and see her big guns—sixty-four-pounders—at which he was amazed. He was driven in a buggy through the principal streets and bazaars, which he greatly enjoyed after he had recovered from the alarm of sitting behind a horse for the first time in his life. When he came again to see me in the evening his professions of delight were unbounded. He passed another festive night with his friends in the military police-lines; and on the morning of the third day Major Graham took him on board the gun-boat, and carried him back to Casalong, as we had promised. It is hardly necessary to say that so long as Major Graham was superintendent of the hill-tribes Ruttun Pooiya and the Looshais remained on the best of terms with us. Other officers have in the last twenty-five years succeeded Major Graham and ruled over the hills. Ruttun Pooiya has been dead for many years; and it is not in my power to explain why there has been an interruption of our amicable relations with the hill-men; or why they have again taken to raiding on the inoffensive villagers of the plains. The military expedition has already been successful beyond expectation; and I venture to hope that a peaceable mode of negotiation may succeed in bringing the tribes to submission without our having further recourse to the arbitrament of battle.

C. T. BUCKLAND.

From Longman's Magazine.

MRS. FENTON: A SKETCH.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER I.

IN a gloomy, spacious bedroom of a gloomy old house at Oxford an old man lay dying. There could be no doubt as to the fact that he was dying; that same morning the doctor had whispered to the housekeeper that it was now only a question of days, perhaps even of hours; nor was he himself ignorant of his condition, for at the very beginning of his short, sharp illness he had observed that he

would not get over it. Yet any one, looking at his hard, stern, handsome face, might have found it difficult to believe that he was really near his end. It betrayed few symptoms of suffering or exhaustion, and it was the face of a man who never gives in. Not by any means the typical British bulldog countenance, but rather one of a kind which is more commonly seen north than south of the Tweed. The high, narrow forehead, the bushy white eyebrows, the thin lips, the long, square chin—all these made up a whole which, if not attractive, was at least free from any element of weakness. His eyes—those terrible grey eyes with which, all his life long, he had been wont to stare down those who came into contact with him—were closed now; but one could guess what they must be like, and perhaps it was not very strange that the possessor of such a face should, at this hour of extremity, be utterly alone, save for the old housekeeper who was sitting by his bedside and who glanced furtively at him from time to time, without daring to ask whether he wanted anything.

In fact, the Dean of St. Cyprian's, though a personage in the university and one whose name was tolerably well known outside university circles, by reason of his great reputation for scholarship and on account of certain learned works which he had published, was probably as friendless and lonely a man as could have been found in all England. His near relations, it is true, were dead and gone; but if they had been still living it would have made no difference, for he had quarrelled with them all. He had quarrelled with his only brother; years ago he had quarrelled mortally and finally with his only child, who had run away from his house to marry her music-master; he had quarrelled, not quite finally, to be sure, because that would have been too inconvenient, still pretty sharply and continuously, with every dignitary in Oxford, except with the master of All Saints; and he would certainly have quarrelled with him too had it not been a thing beyond the power of human achievement to quarrel with dear old Dr. Drysdale. And so now he lay grimly and silently waiting for death, with only his housekeeper to bear him company; and she scarcely counted.

It was evening—a bitter, stormy March evening—and he had not addressed a word to her since midday, merely signing to her every now and again to give him the weak brandy-and-water or the beef-tea which the doctor had ordered. The poor

woman had sat up with him for two nights and was almost worn out; yet she did not venture to leave the room without permission or to suggest that one of the other servants might take her place for a time. She was wondering whether any very awful consequences would ensue if she were to indulge in forty winks, when a cautious tap summoned her to the door. There was a brief whispered consultation, and she returned to the bedside.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said she, "Mr. Breffit has arrived."

The dean opened his eyes. "Let him come in, then," he answered, in a deep, husky voice.

Mr. Breffit, the lawyer, came in; a brisk, middle-aged man with a rosy face, made rosier than usual by the east wind. "Sorry to find you so poorly, Mr. Dean," he began in a cheerful voice; but the old man stared at him, and the remarks which he had been about to make upon the inclemency of the weather remained unuttered.

Mr. Breffit, like the rest of the world, was afraid of the Dean of St. Cyprian's. However, it does not do for a solicitor to look frightened; so presently he resumed: "I have lost no time in obeying your summons, you see."

"You would have neglected your duty if you had lost time," said the dean; "there is no time to be lost. Mrs. Simpson, you may leave us. I sent for you, Mr. Breffit, because I wish to make a fresh will. You will find writing materials on the table. Sit down, if you please."

Mr. Breffit had no very lengthy task to perform. Lawyers, as a rule, do not much relish drawing up the concise, intelligible testaments which are more in favor nowadays than they used to be; but what are you to do when you have to deal with an opinionated and peremptory client, who knows his own mind and will tolerate no superfluous verbiage? In less than a quarter of an hour the dying man had revoked all previous wills made by him (there had been a good many such), and had disposed of his realty and personality after a fashion which seemed likely to be final.

When the butler and the footman had been summoned to witness their master's signature, and when Mr. Breffit was once more left alone with his client, he lingered, as if he had some observation to make.

"Well," said the dean sharply, "what is it? You think I have acted unfairly perhaps?"

"Oh, no," answered the lawyer; "no, I don't know that anybody could call it ex-

actly unfair—and, after all, it will come to the same thing, most likely. It isn't quite—quite what was expected, of course."

"I am not answerable for anybody's expectations," said the old man, "nor can I pretend to sympathize with anybody's disappointment. Expectations are frequently unreasonable and, according to my experience, are seldom fulfilled. I may say that my own expectations have been strictly reasonable; yet they have not been fulfilled. However, I am not concerned to defend myself. If I were, I might, with some show of plausibility, claim to have done an act of tardy justice."

The lawyer looked down and smiled slightly, but made no rejoinder.

"Good-bye, Mr. Breffit," said the dean presently; "perhaps you will be so good as to touch the bell as you pass. Thank you."

The lawyer accepted his dismissal without a word, beyond a muttered "Good-bye, Mr. Dean." A living dog is better than a dead lion; but the old lion was not dead yet, and while he still breathed he continued to inspire inferior beings with the awe which they had always felt for him.

On the staircase Mr. Breffit recovered himself and laughed. "Tardy justice, indeed! Well, if it's justice it's certainly tardy; but taking everything into consideration, it doesn't altogether realize my idea of justice. The chances are, however, that the woman died long ago. We should have heard of her before now if she had been alive, you may depend upon it." Then he betook himself to the oak-panelled dining-room and had a very good dinner, doing full justice to the dean's old port, before he returned to London.

While the lawyer was thus fortifying himself against cold and fatigue, a visitor called to inquire, and, strange to say, this visitor was presently shown up into the dean's bedroom. He was a tall, lean, old man, with a stooping figure, a bald head, and a kindly, wrinkled face.

"Well, Drysdale," said the dean, as he entered, "so you have come to see the last of me."

The master of All Saints took his old friend's hand and looked down at him sadly. "I hope not, Musgrave," said he; "I think not. It seems impossible that you should be taken before me—with your splendid constitution, too! You have not to me at all the appearance of—of being in danger."

"You would argue with a stone wall, Drysdale," returned the other. "I have

no strength left for controversy, but in twenty-four hours or so you will have to admit yourself in the wrong. Take a chair, Drysdale; you are the last man whom I shall talk to in this world, and I don't suppose that I shall be able to talk to you very long." After a pause of a few seconds he resumed: "Do you remember my daughter Laura?"

"To be sure I do. Oh, yes, I remember her very well, poor child! I'm glad you remember her too, Musgrave, and I only wish she could be with you now."

"I have a tolerably good memory, and in any case I presume that few men can forget the existence of their children, although they may have good reasons for wishing to do so. I cannot say that I share your wish to have Laura with me at the present moment. Considering that she has allowed twelve years to elapse without troubling herself to communicate with me or to express one word of regret for the disgrace which she has brought upon me and upon herself, I am unable to feel that a meeting with her would be agreeable or desirable. However, I have just made a will in her favor, under which she will inherit all that I possess, with the exception of a sum of 10,000*l.*, which I have thought it right to bequeath to my nephew Frederick."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Dr. Drysdale. "Well, really you surprise me, Musgrave! So Fred will only get 10,000*l.*; dear me! But have you—excuse my asking the question—any knowledge of your daughter's whereabouts?"

"Not the slightest. As I tell you, she has never communicated with me, directly or indirectly, since the day when she fled from my house with her blackguard of a music-master. In the letter which she left for me then she informed me that she proposed to sail for New Zealand. I do not know whether she carried out her intention or not; I do not know whether she is living or dead. If the latter, my property will go to the next of kin. I could think of no other satisfactory manner of disposing of it," added the dean a little regretfully, meaning, perhaps, that he could think of no other manner of disposing of it which would not be eminently satisfactory to somebody.

"Ah!" said his friend meditatively. And then: "Won't you have Fred telegraphed for, Musgrave?"

"Certainly not. I have no wish to see him, nor can I imagine that he has any wish to see me. He has thought fit to disobey and defy me, and he has deliber-

ately refused to take up any career worthy of a gentleman."

"Well—hardly that, has he, Musgrave? He has been called to the bar, has he not?"

"Because I insisted upon it. I have led him to the water, but he has given me to understand that I cannot make him drink. Instead of practising or qualifying himself for a legal appointment he is pleased to spend his time in writing plays. Plays!"

"Men have achieved distinction in that way before now," observed the master of All Saints mildly.

"Have they, indeed? I was not aware of it."

"Well, there was Shakespeare, you know."

"Oh, if you are driven to resort to a *reductio ad absurdum* there is an end of argument, of course. But indeed I have neither the wish nor the power to argue with you. I have more than done my duty to my nephew. In spite of his disobedience I have left him 10,000*l.* to play the fool with; added to which there is a strong probability of his coming into my entire fortune. Under the circumstances, he has perhaps no just ground for complaint if I decline to read his literary productions or to be annoyed by hearing him talk about them."

"I dare say he wouldn't talk about them," suggested the peacemaker; for it really seemed a grievous thing that poor Musgrave should pass away without so much as a word of farewell to the nephew whom he had adopted and whom for some time past he had treated as his heir. True, there had of late been a coolness between them, amounting almost to a breach, and it appeared that Fred was to be punished by inheriting 10,000*l.* instead of a considerable fortune; still it was undoubtedly the young man's duty to be with his uncle at the last, and he ought to be summoned.

His uncle, however, did not seem to think so. "I don't want to hear him talk about that or any other subject," he declared. "I don't want to hear anybody talk—except, perhaps, you for a minute or two. I have heard enough of talk in my long life, and I am weary of it. I am going now to a land where talking is unknown. At least, that is the natural presumption, since talking presupposes a tongue and a tympanum, and I am about to lose mine."

"When a man dies his spirit returns to God who gave it," said the master of All Saints.

"I suppose so. But what that means I do not understand, nor do you, my friend."

The Dean of St. Cyprian's had always been broad, not to say unorthodox, in his theological views. Many a bitter and heated argument had he had with other ecclesiastical dignitaries upon questions of dogma, but never a one with the master of All Saints, whose habit it was to listen and shake his head, but to return no answer when attempts were made to draw him into such discussions. He made no answer now; but presently he lowered himself stiffly on to his knees by the bedside and said an audible prayer for the dying man. It was a great liberty to take; it was just the sort of thing that Musgrave would not like at all; only, for all his mildness and meekness, he was not and never had been in the least afraid of Musgrave, which peculiarity of his was possibly one of the reasons why they had remained such good friends.

When he rose the old dean smiled at him and held out his hand. "Good-bye, Drysdale," said he; "thank you for coming."

"I will come again to-morrow," said the other.

"Ah—to-morrow! I am not sure that you will find me here to-morrow. Still, if you are passing this way and care to look in—— For to-night, however, I must dismiss you; I am fairly tired out."

So the worthy Dr. Drysdale departed, and, instead of making straight for home, went to the nearest post-office, whence he despatched, upon his own responsibility, a telegram to Mr. Frederick Musgrave in London.

He might have spared himself the trouble; for, as it chanced, Mr. Frederick Musgrave was dining out when the telegram reached his rooms, nor did he receive it until past midnight, before which hour the Dean of St. Cyprian's was dead.

CHAPTER II.

As the pendulum of the clock swings to and fro, ticking off the minutes and seconds from the limited period of time allotted to each of us as our share of sojourn upon the surface of this planet, the process of decay and renewal, which alone renders it inhabitable, goes on without interruption.

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

We cannot be always mourning with those who mourn or rejoicing with those who re-

joice; for, if we could, our lives would be spent in a perpetual state of hysterics, which would altogether incapacitate us for the performance of our daily duties. Yet every now and then we receive a disagreeable shock when we find that we have unconsciously and in a figurative sense been dancing over the graves of our friends, and it was certainly an unfortunate and incongruous circumstance that while the Dean of St. Cyprian's was gasping his life out in his solitary room at Oxford, his nephew should have been enjoying himself very much at a cheery London dinner-party.

General Moore's dinners were always cheery, as indeed, for the matter of that, was General Moore himself. It is the right, not to say the duty, of a retired officer with an ample income, a handsome young wife, and a commodious mansion in South Kensington to be cheery. The general liked seeing his friends, of whom he had plenty, and his wife liked entertaining. Perhaps the skill and tact displayed in the selecting and assorting of the guests who assembled so constantly in the house in Cromwell Road should be credited rather to her than to him. She was his second wife and his junior by something more than twenty years, her step-daughter Susie being now eighteen. She had four small children of her own; but that did not prevent her from being an excellent step-mother, as step-mothers go, and resolved to do her very best for Susie, who had made her formal entrance into society at the last drawing-room. That is to say, that whenever she issued invitations for a dinner-party, she took care to consult Susie's interests by the inclusion of at least one eligible young man in the list.

On this particular occasion she had two; namely, Mr. Frederick Musgrave, and Captain Claughton of the 4th Life Guards, to both of whom had been assigned parts in the private theatricals which were to take place later in the evening. As for Captain Claughton, it was perhaps going a little bit too far to describe him as strictly eligible. He was well-bred and by no means bad-looking; he seemed to spend a good deal of money, and his father had a considerable property. But then he was not his father's eldest son; and young fellows in the Household Brigade are only too apt to spend a good deal of money which they do not possess. Mr. Musgrave, however, was certainly all right. It was well known that he would in due season inherit the fortune of his uncle, the

Dean of St. Cyprian's, an old man in failing health, who, as Mrs. Moore had heard upon the best authority, had been economizing more than half of his income for many years past. Mr. Musgrave, therefore, might be encouraged with a clear conscience, and of late Mr. Musgrave had received as much encouragement as any young man could wish for. These theatricals, for instance, had been got up entirely by his wish and under his supervision. He knew something about theatrical matters, for he was the author of a little comedy which had been accepted by a London manager, and was even now being performed nightly; besides which, he had, when at Oxford, been somewhat notorious as an amateur actor. And so, in permitting him to arrange this entertainment, and to instruct Susie in an art of which she had hitherto been ignorant, one seemed, as it were, to be killing two birds with a single stone; because, of course, one wishes one's entertainments to be successful almost as much as one wishes one's step-daughter to be provided with a husband.

Fred Musgrave fully intended the entertainment to be successful; perhaps, too, he intended to oblige his hostess in the other particular specified. At all events, he was beginning to think that he did; and the somewhat forward behavior of Captain Cloughton made him think so still more. Trim, slim Captain Cloughton, with his closely cut black hair, his slight moustache, his perfectly fitting clothes and his eye-glass, assumed during dinner a certain air of confidential familiarity in talking to Miss Moore which struck the other young man as rather offensive. As, however, the other young man was very good-natured and easy-going, he did not lose his temper, but only wondered whether Miss Moore really liked that sort of thing, and hoped she didn't, and was a little bit afraid that she did. It seemed quite possible that she might, nor was there any reason why she shouldn't; for Cloughton was a very pleasant-mannered fellow, and she had already seen enough of him to have discovered that his admiration was not given to everybody. If he admired her, he paid her a compliment which no doubt she deserved, but which she might nevertheless be pardoned for appreciating.

Susie Moore, though not likely to achieve renown by reason of her beauty, had been pronounced to be "decidedly upon the pretty side" by her step-mother. "She has points," that unbiassed critic

had declared. "Of course, if you take her piecemeal, there isn't much to be said for her; but she has a genuine complexion, and her hair and eyes are of a rather nice shade of brown, and the general effect is quite pleasing. Besides, she is as good as gold."

The latter encomium may have been irrelevant, but it was true, and it certainly deserved to be reckoned among Susie's charms. One may venture to say, without fear of giving offence (because no young woman would think of applying the remark to anybody except her neighbors), that, whatever may be the charms of *débutantes* of the present day, that is scarcely the one for which the majority of them are conspicuous, and perhaps it was Susie's possession of it that had aroused the interest of Captain Cloughton, who had dawdled through many London seasons. Possibly also it may have been that which had attracted Fred Musgrave; though he was a man of quite another type, and had had fewer opportunities of discovering its rarity.

He himself might almost have been cited as coming under the same denomination. Notwithstanding his twenty-seven years, he had remained to most intents and purposes a boy. He was liable to be carried away by occasional enthusiasms, such as his present craze for the drama; he had a fine, healthy belief in his fellow-creatures, nearly all of whom he liked, and, having always been extremely popular, he had fallen into the habit of taking his own way and expecting that other people would see the reasonableness of making their convenience suit his. Probably he would have been rather a spoilt boy but for the natural sweetness of his disposition, which had enabled him to keep upon tolerably good terms even with his crabbed and arbitrary old uncle. In respect of personal appearance he had the advantage of Captain Cloughton, being tall, broad-shouldered, and handsome, with curly fair hair, blue eyes, and regular features. In a vague sort of way he was understood to be clever, though it cannot be said that he had as yet done much to earn that reputation, save by the production of the comedy above mentioned.

When one has such a number of things to make one happy as health, strength, good looks, popularity, and a rich uncle, one must be abnormal indeed if one does not enjoy life, and Fred Musgrave enjoyed it thoroughly. He enjoyed General

Moore's dinner, in spite of the slight disturbance of equilibrium which has been alluded to; he enjoyed making preparations for the play afterwards, and giving last instructions to Susie, whom he had been carefully drilling during the previous fortnight; and most of all he enjoyed the play itself, which proved an unbroken triumph for him from beginning to end. Captain Claughton, to be sure, had to figure in it as Susie's lover; the exigencies of the piece demanded that. But Captain Claughton's histrionic abilities were but slender, and though he got through his part respectably, he did not throw much animation into it or obtain much applause from his audience. Fred, on the other hand, was applauded loudly, and a great many flattering things were said both of and to him after the conclusion of the performance, which was succeeded by what Mrs. Moore was pleased to call "a little impromptu dance."

"Fine young fellow, that young Musgrave!" one of her guests remarked to her as she stood in the doorway, smiling benignly upon the dancers; "one doesn't often see such a happy combination of brains and physique. Pity he has no regular occupation."

"Well, perhaps," agreed Mrs. Moore indulgently; "but he seems to be able to make plenty of occupations for himself, and he will never be under the necessity of working for his living, I suppose."

Mrs. Moore's friend, who was a middle-aged gentleman of large experience, shook his head with a sceptical smile. "I understand that he is entirely dependent upon his uncle, Dean Musgrave, the most cantankerous, cross-grained old wretch in the three kingdoms. Suppose his uncle were to take it into his head to cut him off with a shilling to-morrow!"

"Oh, but he would never do such a wicked thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore, quite shocked.

"There's no saying *what* an old man may not do," returned the other impressively. "I myself had an uncle who married when he was nearer seventy than sixty, and, if you'll believe me, that man had three children before he died. Left the whole of his money among them too, though for years he had been in the habit of spending the greater part of every summer in our house and growling at the cook. Besides, hasn't old Musgrave got a prodigal son somewhere or other, whom he kicked out of doors in days gone by?"

"Oh, no, I don't think so," answered

Mrs. Moore; "I never heard a word about his having had any children."

"Well, I have. Upon second thoughts I'm not sure that it wasn't a prodigal daughter. Anyhow, there was somebody."

Mrs. Moore made a mental note of the alleged circumstance. She did not know very much about Mr. Musgrave or his belongings, and perhaps it might become her duty to make inquiries.

Meanwhile Fred, unconscious of the disagreeable possibilities which were being forecast on his behalf, was dancing with pretty little Susie Moore, and it so chanced that when their waltz was over, and when he had led her into the apology for a conservatory which adjoined the ball-room, she began, in the innocence of her heart, to question him about his present manner of life and his plans for the future, of which she was even more ignorant than her mother. Fred did not object to being questioned; he had nothing to conceal, and he was pleased that Miss Moore should display any interest in his career.

"My present ambition," he informed her, "is to develop into a dramatic author. That is a very respectable sort of ambition, it seems to me, though my uncle thinks differently."

"Your uncle and you generally do think differently, don't you?" asked the girl.

"I should hardly say that; we get on wonderfully well, considering all things. As for our thinking alike, it is impossible to tell whether we do or not, because my uncle has a sort of mania for opposition. It would go to his heart to have to confess that he agreed with you upon any given subject. He disapproves strongly of my writing plays; but that's a matter of course. I suppose he would disapprove of my accepting the office of prime minister, if it were offered to me."

"That must be rather disagreeable for you."

"Oh, I'm accustomed to it, and I don't mind. It's only his way. Every now and then we have a quarrel — we are supposed to be in the midst of a quarrel at present — but it blows over after a bit, and we go on as before."

"Does that mean that you always end by doing what you wish?"

"Well, pretty much; but then I never wish to do what he has any business to dislike."

"I should think he must have been very kind to you," observed Susie, after a

moment of reflection; "you seem to live only to amuse yourself."

"Oh, Miss Moore, what a cruel thing to say! I am sure I have every wish to lead a useful existence; but I really don't see why I shouldn't amuse myself into the bargain. My amusements are quite healthy and innocent. I play cricket; I shoot a little, when I get the chance; I hunt a little, if anybody is good enough to give me a mount; and sometimes I take a part in private theatricals. There's no harm in all that, is there?"

"No; only I should have thought that, with your talents, you might have been better employed."

"I know what you mean; I ought to have a profession. Now, I'll tell you exactly how that matter stands. Shortly after I matriculated my uncle gave me my choice of the professions which he said were the only ones open to a gentleman. There weren't a great many of them. The navy of course was out of the question; so that there remained the army, the Church, the bar, and diplomacy. I chose the army. He said, very well; only I must take my degree first — which practically disposed of that. Diplomacy wouldn't do, because of my ignorance of foreign languages; I didn't feel that I had any vocation for the Church; and accordingly I swallowed the requisite number of dinners and became a barrister. But the study of the law is simply loathsome to me, whereas I really do think that I have some little turn for the composition of dramatic dialogue. Consequently I write plays instead of pleading cases. According to my ideas, the one is as much a profession as the other; but my uncle can't be brought to admit it."

"And is he very angry with you?"

"Oh, he says he never was so disgusted and disappointed in all his life; but that is a mistake. He has been quite as much disgusted and disappointed scores of times before, and he will continue to be so to his dying day."

Susie laughed. "Poor old fellow! But don't you think you ought to try to do what he would like?"

"That would be an impossible ideal to strive after, because nobody has ever yet discovered what he would like. I would a great deal rather try to do what you would like, Miss Moore."

"I? Oh, but I am not your uncle."

"Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that you are my aunt; you will find me a dutiful and submissive nephew. Only issue your commands, and you shall

be obeyed to the best of my poor ability."

Susie declined the responsibility which it was sought to thrust upon her; yet, on being a little further pressed, she did not refuse to state what — supposing that she had any reason to feel a personal interest in Mr. Musgrave's career — she would desire on his behalf. And it was gratifying to hear that, in that event, her aspirations would not, after all, differ very widely from his own. A man, she thought, ought always to set some definite object before himself and work towards it; but she admitted that the circumstance of his being a barrister does not compel him to keep one eye forever fixed upon the woollack. One may very well deserve to be lord chancellor without attaining to that dignity, whereas one can scarcely become the most successful dramatic author of the period without deserving it. Therefore the ambitious playwright is rather more likely to reach his goal than the ambitious barrister, while both ambitions must be pronounced equally legitimate.

Now, anybody can guess what course a conversation thus initiated was sure to take, and if Fred Musgrave, when he left the house, had not declared his love to Susie Moore, that was because he was a conscientious young man, and knew that he had no business to propose to any one without having previously obtained his uncle's permission to do so. He was not, however, so conscientious but that he had made his wishes tolerably clear, and Susie certainly had not seemed to be displeased with him. And so, as he was being driven in a hansom towards the chambers in St. James's where he dwelt, he whistled light-heartedly and had visions of a happy future. He would go down to Oxford the very next day, he resolved, and make it up with his uncle. That, probably, would not be difficult. He had had periods of estrangement from the old man before now, and had always been able to terminate them when it had pleased him to do so. In fact, he had a pretty strong conviction that he was essential to his uncle's comfort, and also that that terrible old gentleman's bark was worse than his bite. "I suppose," he thought, "I shall have to make some concession. Perhaps I might promise to go circuit once a year, upon the understanding that I must be allowed to occupy my spare moments in composing comedies. Of course, when I first introduce the subject of my possible marriage there will be a tremendous explosion, but he'll cool down

before night and see that I might do worse. The Moores are all right as far as breeding and connections go — that's one comfort."

Then, having reached his destination, he ran up-stairs, and on the table he espied the telegram from the master of All Saints, which had been lying there for the last six hours or more.

"Come here as soon as you can. Your uncle is dangerously ill."

The young man was startled and sobered. He had heard nothing of this illness, and was quite unprepared for a summons which, unfortunately, he could not at once obey. The first train for Oxford would leave at 5.30, and it was now nearer three than two o'clock. It was hardly worth while to go to bed, so he changed his clothes, packed up a few things, and smoked until it was time to start. Upon further reflection he did not feel very much alarmed, his temperament always inclining him to hope for the best; still, although the delay which had occurred in his departure was due to no fault of his, he was sorry about it and afraid that the old man might set him down as heartless. As a matter of fact he was really fond of the old man — more so, perhaps, than the old man had been of him. But that is a point which can never be decided; for the secret of Dean Musgrave's affections, supposing that he possessed any, remained in his own keeping and died with him.

CHAPTER III.

It was still early morning when Fred Musgrave reached Oxford, and walked up from the station to the venerable college in which for so many years his uncle had been more feared than loved. The ancient buildings looked grim and mournful under the leaden March sky; the soft stone of which, like all except the most modern Oxford edifices, they had been constructed, was peeling and crumbling away, and to a fanciful spectator they might have worn an ominously suggestive aspect of death and decay. Fred Musgrave, however, was not at all a fanciful person, and he only thought that it was a horrid raw morning, and that he would be glad to warm himself before the dining-room fire. Nor did he draw any gloomy deductions from the circumstance that all the blinds in the dean's residence were drawn down; most people's blinds are down before eight o'clock on a wintry morning.

It was, therefore, a great shock to him when Williams, the butler, appeared with

a very long face, and, in answer to his inquiry, said: "It's all over, sir, I am sorry to tell you. The dean expired peacefully shortly after eleven o'clock last night, sir."

The housekeeper followed, with confirmatory sighs and shakings of the head. Neither she nor the butler had been much attached to their late master — indeed, it was quite impossible that they should be — but decency commands us to look sad when anybody dies, even though he may have been an old man and a tyrant into the bargain. As for Fred, his distress was genuine, though he could not for the moment find any words in which to express it.

"How awfully sudden!" he exclaimed.

"Well, I don't know as we can call it that, sir," answered the housekeeper, twisting her cap-strings between her fingers. "For three days past I 'aven't 'ad no 'opes myself, and when the doctor come yesterday he give me to understand as nothing more could be done."

"And yet you never sent for me!"

"We durstn't do it, sir, without orders. Day before yesterday I says to Mr. Williams — which he can bear me out in that — 'Didn't somebody ought to telegraph for Mr. Frederick?' I says; and Mr. Williams he quite agree. But I couldn't take upon me to mention it, you see, sir; and when Mr. Breffit was here yesterday I spoke to him; but he couldn't give me no authority to hact. 'Well,' he says, '*under the circumstances,*' he says —"

"It doesn't much signify what Mr. Breffit said," interrupted Fred, who perhaps was not particularly anxious to hear the circumstances in question dilated upon; "the upshot of it is that, among you, you have managed to prevent me from saying good-bye to my uncle."

"Which no one can deplore that more than I do, I'm sure, sir," returned Mrs. Simpson with an injured air.

The butler begged to associate himself with that expression of regret. At the same time, he felt bound to say that in his opinion no blame attached to Mrs. Simpson. Mr. Frederick must be aware that instant dismissal would have been the fate of any servant who should have presumed to offer a suggestion to the late dean.

Mr. Frederick was quite aware of it; and indeed he was also aware that both Williams and Simpson were inspired by more friendly feelings towards himself than any that they had ever entertained for the old man, who had paid them handsomely but had treated them like slaves.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "it was no fault of yours, I suppose; but I wish Dr. Drysdale had thought of summoning me a little sooner."

Then he asked for some particulars of his uncle's illness; and then, since we must eat, whatever happens, he had his breakfast.

Later in the morning he went up-stairs and looked for the last time upon the stern, calm features which had never been quite so terrible to him as they had been to the rest of the world. His uncle had not been his friend, nor anything approaching to his friend; no confidences had ever been exchanged between them, nor had the severity meted out to him been even tempered by justice. Yet he could not but remember, and had no wish to forget, that he owed everything to his uncle. He well recollected the day when, as a boy of fifteen, he had been sent to Oxford, had been introduced into the presence of his alarming relative, and had been coldly informed that henceforth he would be provided for and "educated in the manner customary amongst English gentlemen" — always supposing that he did not grossly misconduct himself. He had since often wondered what would have become of him if he had not been adopted by the old dean. He had at that time been an orphan, absolutely alone in the world, and absolutely without means of subsistence. His father, after having amassed a large fortune as a China merchant, had lost everything through some unfortunate speculations and had dropped down dead on the very day that his bankruptcy was announced. Then the Dean of St. Cyprian's, who had broken off all relations with his brother from the moment that the latter had engaged in trade (an avocation which, according to the dean's ideas, was utterly disgraceful and degrading to a Musgrave), thought fit to take charge of his brother's only child; and it is but fair to add that he behaved quite as generously to Fred as he would have done to a son of his own. He was not tender; he made no allowances for the young fellow (except, in due season, a pecuniary one, which was sufficiently liberal); he took very little interest in his pursuits or tastes; but he tolerated him, and that, after all, was more than he had been able to accomplish in the case of any other living mortal, with the solitary exception of the master of All Saints.

Fred had not distinguished himself at the university, save in the matter of athletics; but he had been steady and sensi-

ble, and had not run up bills. Such differences as he had had with his uncle, until that rather serious one arose about the question of his career, had for the most part had their origin in mere trifles, and the younger man had always given in — or at any rate appeared to give in — with a grace and good humor which the elder had been unable to resist. To Fred these needless quarrels and reconciliations had seemed more comical than provoking; he had taken a very indulgent view of the perversity which had brought them about; probably he had to some extent understood his uncle, though it is doubtful whether his uncle had ever understood him.

Well, it was all over now; and henceforth this once destitute orphan would not only be his own master but the master of considerable wealth. He could not help thinking a little about that, though he was rather ashamed of admitting the thought at such a time. That he would be the sole inheritor of his uncle's fortune he did not doubt for a moment; who else was there to inherit it? And this reflection naturally led to the further one that there was nothing now to debar him from proposing to Susie Moore.

The moment that the breath is out of the body of a king his successor seizes pen and paper and indites a manifesto to the nation. Custom requires of him that he should do this, and also that, in doing it, he should use certain conventional expressions of grief; but it will be observed that these manifestoes, when stripped of conventionalisms, usually amount to nothing more or less than: "I beg to inform you that I have ascended the throne. Three cheers for me!" In private life something of the same sort is very apt to occur; and indeed there is no help for it. The world is for the living; a man must needs face his new duties and responsibilities and privileges; one should not be too hard upon an heir who finds that his sorrow is mingled with an excitement which is not very far removed from joy. But Fred did his best to choke down any such sentiment, and he received some help in doing so from the master of All Saints, who called later in the day and who asked to see him.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed the old man, "I'm dreadfully distressed about this — dreadfully distressed to hear that you did not arrive in time! I blame myself for it; though I assure you I had no idea that my poor friend's life was in danger until yesterday afternoon. As soon

as I knew that I telegraphed; but unhappily it was too late. If only you could have met, he would doubtless have forgiven you. Not that you have much to reproach yourself with; for, after all, it is no crime to write a play. Still ——"

"I don't think my uncle was really very angry with me," said the young man, somewhat surprised. "And even if he was, I am sure he forgave me before he died."

"Yes; well — perhaps. Let us hope so," answered Dr. Drysdale, who had been going to say a little more, but who changed his intention. It was possible that no such will as the dean had described to him had actually been executed; and again it was quite possible that, if executed, it had been revoked. Perhaps the best plan was to keep his own counsel for the present, since the truth must so soon be known. He contented himself, therefore, with a few oracular utterances upon the uncertainty of all earthly things and with making some excuses which seemed a little unnecessary for his dead friend.

Fred quite mistook his meaning. He thought he was receiving a mild lecture for his selfishness and wilfulness, and he was not at all sure that he didn't deserve it. Certainly there is no crime in writing a play, but perhaps he might have shown a little more deference to the wishes of his benefactor, whose wishes could never be enforced again. As a matter of fact, the wishes and wills of deceased benefactors can be and are enforced, with all the majesty of the law to back them; but this view of the case did not present itself to Fred, and after Dr. Drysdale had left him he was as penitent and melancholy as his uncle would have said that he ought to be.

He had, of course, a good deal to occupy him during the next few days. Every morning the post brought him instructions from Mr. Breffit, who appeared in person to attend the funeral, accompanied by one Sir James Le Breton, an ex-Indian judge and a brother of the late dean's wife. With this gentleman the dean had remained on terms of amity, although — or more probably because — they had never met, and he had, therefore, at Mr. Breffit's suggestion, been requested to pay the last tribute of respect that could be paid to his kinsman.

Fred and he represented the family of the deceased between them; there was absolutely no one else who could have been asked to figure in that capacity, although the ceremony was attended by a large number of ecclesiastical dignitaries, and some distinguished literary and scien-

tific men came down from London in order to be present at it. The majority of the visitors, having borne their part in a rite which was rather imposing than touching, hurried away; a few returned to luncheon at the late dean's residence, and after these had departed Mr. Breffit stated, not without a certain mournful solemnity, that it would now be his duty to read the will.

From this it appeared, first of all, that the master of All Saints and Sir James Le Breton were nominated as executors, and that to each of them was bequeathed a sum of 100*l.* as a small token of regard. The valuable library of the testator was left to the College of St. Cyprian's; the servants took substantial legacies; then, after a pause and with something of a sigh, Mr. Breffit announced that a sum of 10,000*l.* was to go to "my nephew Frederick Musgrave," and that the residue of the estate, real and personal, went to "my daughter, Laura Fenton," whom failing, the next of kin was to inherit in her place.

Whether, as a general rule, it is amusing or not to be a solicitor must of course depend upon what people's notions of amusement may be; but if a solicitor's duties are in the main a little dull, they are no doubt susceptible of occasional enlivenment by the power to bring about a truly dramatic situation, and any satisfaction that Mr. Breffit may have been able to derive from the knowledge of having thoroughly astonished his hearers was not denied to him. Sir James Le Breton, a thin, white-haired old gentleman, who had been rather annoyed to find that he was to be saddled with the duties of an executor, and somewhat consoled on hearing that he was to have a hundred pounds for his trouble, started up, exclaiming, "God bless my soul! — his daughter, Laura Fenton! Why, I always understood that she had died long ago."

Fred's amazement was even more profound, since he had not until now been aware that such a person had ever existed. He sat with his mouth open and made no remark.

"I am almost entirely without information upon the subject," Mr. Breffit said. "When Dean Musgrave first did us the honor to entrust us with the management of his affairs, his daughter was already married, and the references which he has instructed me to make to her in previous wills have been unimportant, and — and I may say hypothetical. From other sources, however, I have learnt that about a dozen years ago this lady contracted an alliance

of which her father disapproved, that she has not since then held any communication with him, and that she and her husband emigrated to New Zealand immediately after their marriage. If living, she is probably in New Zealand now."

Sir James Le Breton rubbed his ear impatiently and said, "How the deuce are we to get hold of the woman?" To which Mr. Breffit replied, "Well, I suppose we must advertise."

The master of All Saints, who was also present, but who had not opened his lips up to now, observed in an apologetic tone that nobody would quite like his daughter to run away with the music-master, and that one could easily understand how a man upon the threshold of death might hesitate between the conflicting claims of paternity and — and — and, in short, other claims.

Mr. Breffit regretted that he did not possess the same facility of comprehension. It was not for him to express any opinion as to the action of his late client; but he was bound to say that in all his experience he had never met with a man less given to hesitation. This appeared to exhaust all that there was to be said about the matter. A short period of silence supervened, and shortly afterwards the conclave broke up. The master of All Saints, before leaving the room, patted Fred on the shoulder and looked sympathetic, but as he could not think of anything consolatory to say he adopted the wise course of saying nothing.

Mr. Breffit was more outspoken. Mr. Breffit knew Fred well, and liked him. The late dean, who had been a most litigious person and had kept his legal advisers pretty constantly employed, had often invited Mr. Breffit down to Oxford for a day or two at a time, and thus an acquaintanceship, which was almost a friendship, had sprung up between the lawyer and the young man who had always been understood to be his uncle's heir. When, therefore, these two were left together, the former did not allow professional reticence to deter him from exclaiming, "Upon my word it's a confounded shame! And so I would have told him if it would have been of the slightest use. But you are as well aware as anybody that your uncle was not the man to brook interference."

"Oh, I don't know about it's being a shame," said Fred; "it seems to me quite right that he should have provided for his daughter, since he had a daughter. The extraordinary thing is that neither he nor

anybody else should have breathed a word about her to me in all these years."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "In my opinion, and in everybody else's opinion, she was virtually, if not actually, dead; and your uncle did not like his family affairs to be talked about. I might have warned you that there was just the possibility of a doubt about your succeeding to his property, but I had no reason to suppose that there was such a possibility, so I thought it best to hold my tongue with regard to matters which did not concern me."

"It's all quite as it should be," Fred declared. "Discoveries of this kind rather take one's breath away; but I certainly have no cause to complain. Ten thousand pounds is a good round sum."

"Oh, you think so, do you? You imagine that you will be able to live upon the interest of 10,000? You imagine, perhaps, that you have hitherto been living upon such an income?"

"There's no imagination about it. My uncle allowed me three hundred a year."

"And paid the greater part of your expenses into the bargain."

"Well, he helped me out with a cheque from time to time; but if I can get five per cent. for my money —"

"You can't get five per cent. for your money — nobody can. And you have no profession worth speaking of. I confess I should look upon it as a bad business if I didn't feel tolerably certain that your cousin Mrs. Fenton is no more."

"Why shouldn't she be alive and well?"

"Simply because she has given no signs of life for twelve years. Just consider what the position of affairs is. Here is a woman, married to a musician who certainly can be no great master of his craft, or he wouldn't have emigrated. She is the only child of a rich man — for, mind you, the dean inherited from more than one relation, and he held house property which has greatly increased in value. I shall be very much surprised if his estate realizes a penny less than 200,000. Well now, I ask you, is it likely that a woman so circumstanced would have allowed all this time to elapse without so much as trying the effect of saying, 'I beg your pardon'?"

"It doesn't strike me as impossible. I wonder whether you will succeed in unearthing her!"

"I hope that she is a little too far beneath the surface of the earth for that; but of course every inquiry will be made, and I trust that our labors may be re-

warded by the discovery of her burial certificate."

"Thanks; but it seems rather shabby to wish her dead, poor thing! Anyhow, I had better assume that she is alive."

"Oh, yes, you had better assume that in the mean time. And if I were you, I should abandon all thought of a literary career. Literary earnings are very precarious at best, and then, you see, literature leads to nothing. A barrister may not make his fortune while he is young; but he has always the prospect of dropping into some snug berth or other by the time that he is growing old."

Fred, however, did not seem disposed to listen to well-meant advice upon that point.

From The Fortnightly Review.

GOETHE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

BY EDWARD DOWDEN.

IN his relation to the thinkers and poets of young Germany who were coming to manhood in his elder years, Goethe has been compared by Heine to a venerable oak, which with its great boughs overshadows and for a time checks the growth of the woodland saplings. Bitter murmurs, he says, began to be heard against this majestic king of the forest. To the extreme right of religious orthodoxy was united in opposition to Goethe the extreme left of the Revolution. Those who held by the old faith were afflicted because they could not find in the tree-trunk one niche sanctified by the image of a saint, and because the dryads, all undraped, with their heathen witcheries, had here their haunt; and, like St. Boniface, these people would have rejoiced to level to the ground with some consecrated axe the old enchanted oak. Those who held by the new faith, the apostles of liberalism, were angry because they could not appropriate it as a tree of liberty, nor even construct from its timber a barricade. "In truth," goes on Heine, "the tree was too high; they were not able to plant on its summit the *bonnet rouge* and dance the *carmagnole* at its foot. The public in general, however, honored the old oak because it stood erect in lordly independence, because it filled the whole world with its perfume, because its

branches rose so majestically to the sky that it seemed as if the stars were only the golden fruits of this wondrous tree."

We cannot plant the *bonnet rouge* on the tree-top; and yet Goethe belonged to the century of Revolution, and was, as much as any man, a child of his own time. In considering his relation to the revolutionary movement critics have erred by fixing their attention too exclusively on those works of Goethe which deal in a polemical or critical spirit with the Revolution, as it manifested itself with sanguinary violence in France, or was propagated by its missionaries in the neighboring countries. These works are indeed worthy of attention, and we shall do well to give them their place—a minor one—among the creations of his genius. But the Revolution which has changed the face of Europe was not confined to France, nor did it begin its work in the year 1789. Republican Paris discredited the Revolution by madness and crime, and prepared the way for a gigantic military tyranny. The disastrous orgies of anarchy were in no sense inevitable, except as shipwreck is inevitable when the crew is mad with strong drink and a blinded helmsman steers for the boiling surf. But Robespierre and Marat, Hébert and St. Just, were not the true representatives of the European revolution; they were only its madmen or its bandits. The great movement which they and such as they misrepresented and deformed was, as its apologist Mr. Frederic Harrison has lately said, a movement of the human race towards a completer humanity. Adam Smith and John Howard, Turgot and Condorcet, are names more important in the history of the advancing movement of the human mind in the eighteenth century than those of the brigands and assassins who betrayed, robbed, and strangled freedom and justice. That movement, indeed, in its inner spirit was, as its apologist has asserted, an *evolution* rather than a *revolution*. It aimed at much more than political liberty, at much more even than social reform; it aimed at freedom for the thinker—intellectual liberty; at the emancipation of the artist from barren rules and worn-out conventions; at a return to nature, a simplification of life, a fuller deploying of the emotions, a more complete development of all the powers of our manhood. And who will question that Goethe bore a part, and no inconsiderable part, in the great war of liberation? But before 1789 the poet of "Goetz"

* An address delivered by the writer as president of the English Goethe Society, in Westminster Town Hall, June 28, 1889.

and "Werther" had passed through his revolutionary period of destruction, if he ever cared to destroy, and had set himself actively to the work of constructing, to the work of reconciling. "Goetz von Berlichingen" had been a cry for freedom, such freedom as the natural man by his generous but rude instincts, and his spontaneous but rude sense of justice may attain. The central figure, after whom that play is named, is a vigorous and noble child of nature. He is tough and brawny as our English Robin Hood; a lover of free air, and if a draught of wine cannot be had, the stream will satisfy his needs; joyous of temper; ruling his followers by the bonds of personal loyalty and affection; not overhearing in prosperity; undepressed in adverse circumstances, except when all things darken towards the close; merciful to the poor; bold against tyranny; a man, as Brother Martin describes him, whom princes hate but to whom the oppressed throng; a promise-keeper; loyal to the emperor; a lover of his wife; bound to his fellows by the bonds of faithful comradeship. And all this virtue of his is unlearned by rule or rote; it is native to his soul. In his own perceptions and his own will lies the initiative of his deeds. Rule and precedent he scorns, and under God and the emperor he knows no lord or master save his own sense of right. When his head falls back in death it is with the cry, "Freedom! freedom!" upon his lips.

In point of form also the drama of "Goetz von Berlichingen" was an assertion of independence. But the freedom of the artist was more expressly maintained in the "Prometheus." The great shaper of statues, the moulder of man and woman, acknowledges no other almighty and immortal power above him than time, which shall subdue the Olympians. And when his brother Epimetheus urges compliance with the will of Zeus, and predicts that the gods will give him a place upon Olympus from whence he may rule the earth, if only he will submit to their authority, Prometheus rejects with disdain the thought of acting as deputy for another. No; let each keep his own.

Epimetheus. And how much then is thine?

Prometheus. The circle my activity doth fill!
Nor more nor less than this.

In his essay of 1772 on German architecture, Goethe describes the artist as a demigod who breathes the breath of his own spirit into his creations; schools and doctrines can but trammel him; in order

that art may be living it must needs be "characteristic;" and characteristic art must spring directly from the inward, individual, independent genius of the artist.

But in due time Goethe put himself in many ways under discipline. When Prometheus reappears in the "Pandora," written some four-and-thirty years later than the drama and monologue which bear his name, how different is the conception of the great artist and patron of humanity! He has sunk into the utilitarian toiler; a vigorous master-smith, content to forge serviceable weapons of war, and fearing not a little those visions of ideal beauty, which, arising smoke-like from the casket of Pandora, may draw away his workers in iron from their appointed task. The Titans, declares Eos in the closing words of the fragment, may make a large beginning; but to lead to everlasting good and immortal beauty is the work of the gods. Not by the storm of passion—such is the teaching of Goethe's allegory—can true beauty in art be attained; not by this, but by clear and solemn thought inspired by purified emotion. Phileros, the son of Prometheus, must rise from the sea, with all his grosser ardors purged away. Epimelaia, the daughter of Epimetheus, must rise ennobled from the flames, before they can be wedded in the Temple of Peace, when Pandora shall have returned to earth, restored in joy to her rejuvenated husband.

Goethe's years of Titanism were past before the earthquake began to rumble in revolutionary Paris. He had inherited from his father a sense of order and method which could not fail in time to assert itself. We know how in his elder years it was a happiness to him to arrange his scientific and artistic collections in the way which best exhibited their meaning. When the boy Mendelssohn played for him, Goethe requested that the musical pieces might be given in a chronological sequence. We are told that he was exact and neat even in the folding of a letter. And the ordering of his external possessions was only the projecting outwards of what constantly went on in his mind. He tabulated his facts, methodized his ideas, endeavored to introduce order into his feelings, aimed at bringing each observation, each thought, as he himself would express it, under its proper rubric; trusting all the while that the one spirit of life within him would animate and give unity to the accumulated items, and that the result would be no lifeless classification but an organic whole.

He had uttered his cry for freedom in "Goetz" and in "Prometheus." But he had learnt that true freedom for the individual comes not through tumult of passion, not through anarchy of will, not through the vague and infinite longing of a Werther, but through wise limitation, through intellectual clearness and order, through purity of feeling, and through activity within a definite sphere. The Revolution, we are told, was a movement of the human race towards a completer humanity. Goethe, if any man of the eighteenth century, aspired towards this completer humanity; but he thought it was to be attained, if at all, by patience and discipline, by love and toil, not by the intoxication of intellectual abstractions qualified by the intoxication of the guillotine.

His public services to the State, his scientific studies, and his feeling for art as matured during his sojourn in Italy, alike indisposed Goethe for sympathizing with the revolutionary spirit in France. He had learnt, from his own experience as a public functionary, how much can be effected by a steadfast effort at reform and improvement, apart from violence. He had in a great measure put aside the tasks and the joys which were dearest to him in order that he might devote himself to the concerns of the State. He had set himself to revive the mines at Ilmenau; to plan and superintend public buildings in Weimar; to see that the roads were not swamps and hollows, but fair ways of passage; to inspect the public domains, and perform the duties of an enlightened steward or land agent; to reform the finances by constant care and the most watchful economy; to regulate the War Department, softening as far as it lay in his power the harshness of military discipline, and lessening the burden which the common people bore. He had undertaken all this, and effected much; nor did he neglect the interests of art, for while his time and strength permitted he endeavored to elevate and purify the dramatic performances in the Weimar theatre; while at Jena he busied himself in the affairs of the university, and made such effort as he could towards a complete system of school reform. "Goethe," said his keen if friendly critic Merck, "is all-important and all-directing, and every one is content with him, because he serves many and injures none. Who can resist the disinterestedness of the man?" Goethe took things up where he found them, and tried by close attention to principles and to details to make things better.

He did not start from the year one, nor lay down laws for all mankind, nor hatch a series of brand-new constitutions, nor expect the millennium. He could not be an optimist, for he knew something of the nature of man; but a meliorist of the most earnest and practical kind Goethe was. Among many good works of his perhaps the best was that he helped to form the grand duke's character, so that from a crude and passionate youth Karl August grew to be a wise and beneficent ruler; but it does not appear that at any time Goethe had a desire to serve humanity by cutting off the grand duke's head.

His scientific studies led him in the same direction; they taught him to expect much from a gradual evolution; they taught him to believe that the way of natural development is not a way of violent cataclysms. Goethe's discovery of an intermaxillary bone in man may seem to have only a remote connection with his feeling towards the French Revolution; but his joy in that discovery was part of the happiness with which he contemplated the external universe as a great harmonious whole, as an eternal process moving on, free from convulsive interruption and lawless change; and his contemplation of nature as a harmonious whole governed by law predisposed him for trust in *evolution* rather than *revolution* in the affairs of men. His theory that the skull is only a modified vertebra, his theory of the metamorphosis of plants, his preference for the Neptunian over the Plutonic hypothesis in geology, are tokens of an intellect which loved to trace out harmonies and connections and order in nature; and such an intellect is little pleased by the presence of catastrophes in the history of society.

It is, indeed, under the similitude of a geological catastrophe that Goethe, in his Rabelaisian fragment, "The Travels of the Sons of Megaprazon," describes the huge convulsion in France. Pantagruel, in the fourth book of Rabelais's extraordinary work, embarks on shipboard to visit the oracle of the holy bottle, and on his voyage makes acquaintance with certain strange islands. In Goethe's unfinished romance of the early Revolution days, Pantagruel's descendants, the six sons of Megaprazon, each endowed with his own peculiar gift of craft, wisdom, beauty, strength, persuasive speech, inquisitive skill, sail for the Rabelaisian islands of Papimany and Pope Figland, which have curiously suffered since the epoch of the Revolution.

From an inhabitant of Papimany the voyagers hear of strange occurrences in the neighboring island of Monarchomany. This land of monarchy, in the first intention of the allegory, obviously means France. It had been one of the most famous and beautiful islands of the Papi-manian Archipelago. The palace of the king, a building of superb dimensions, was planted upon a lofty promontory. Hard by were rocky heights, beautified by art, and adorned with all flower and fruit-bearing trees, whereon stood the splendid mansions of the aristocracy. The country generally was fruitful, and was tilled by a vigorous peasantry; but by a law of the island these tillers of the fields were forbidden ever quite to satisfy their hunger with the fruits of their toil. The aristocracy suffered much from gastric diseases, but they could always tempt their appetite with every dainty. The king could do, or thought he could do, as he pleased. Unhappily, the island was of volcanic origin, of which there was abundant evidence in scoræ, shoots of flame, earth tremors, and boiling springs. The lively temper of the inhabitants seemed to have in it something that betrayed a kinship to this fire. Recently, earthquakes had been felt, especially where the fields of the laborers adjoined the heights occupied by the dwellings of the nobility; and at length at this point a volcano made a vent for the subterranean forces. One night the sky seemed all aflame, and the sea was violently disturbed. When morning dawned the island of Monarchomany no longer existed; it had been split into three fragments, and each fragment, torn from its roots below the sea, went floating hither and thither, like a rudderless ship driven before the winds of heaven. The majestic promontory with its palace had drifted into the dim north-east. Sailors brought reports that the rocky headlands, crowned with noble dwellings, had been observed aimlessly wandering in some wild and distant sea. What had become of the main body of the island, where the humbler inhabitants had lived and labored, was as yet unknown in Papimany. Such was Goethe's gloomy view of the events in France; and we cannot wonder that those of his friends who trusted that some day the island might be more fertile than ever it had been before, and that its poor inhabitants might for the first time eat freely of the fruits of the field, were little pleased with this offspring from the earlier and more joyous "Pantagruel." Few, however, will dispute that the subterranean

fires still exist in the island, no longer named Monarchomany; that the volcano has from generation to generation been in active eruption, and that the quaking and gaping of the soil may even now justly give rise to grave apprehensions.

If Goethe's work as a servant of the State and his scientific studies alienated him from the revolutionary spirit and revolutionary methods, so also did his convictions and feelings with reference to art. "Oeser taught me," says Goethe, "that the ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose;" but this lesson of his early master was not fully learned until the pupil had studied in Rome, as in the high school of the world. There his vision was calmed and purified; there his energy was at the highest, and at the same time his repose was most profound. In the presence of the masterpieces of classical sculpture he felt that intellectual sanity and obedience to law produce nobler results in art than eruptive fervors or fantastic caprices of the imagination. In Italy Goethe finally decided in favor of the Olympians as opposed to the Titans. His period of revolt was at an end; he would henceforth build up, if possible upon true lines, and he would waste none of his strength in destroying. Or if he annoyed dulness, hypocrisy, and folly, it should be with his sling, in jest and epigram, as a humorous recreation after earnest toil. In the Hellenism of such works as "Iphigenia," recast from prose to verse in Rome, and "Hermann and Dorothea," Goethe was in a certain sense doing the work of the European revolution of the eighteenth century; he was seeking after a completer conception of humanity; he was delivering the ideal man alike from the faded fripperies of courtly art and from the violences and sentimentalities of the earlier revolutionary days to which belong his own "Goetz" and "Werther." But the spirit in which these products of Goethe's Hellenism were conceived and executed lay as far removed as is possible from the spirit which could be carried away in sympathy with the fierce and turbid passions of the Parisian demagogues.

And yet this very Hellenism of Goethe, which opposed itself to all turbulence of passion, had certain points of contact with the French revolutionary movement, even in its days of wildest frenzy. The young republic loved to demonstrate, in somewhat theatrical fashion, its kinship with the republics of antiquity. Altars of liberty and high-priests of the god of nature:

were to the taste of the time. The actor Talma, as Proculus in the tragedy of "Brutus," appeared no longer in eighteenth-century costume, but wearing a veritable Roman toga. "How absurd he is!" exclaimed his sister artist, Louise Contat, "he looks like an antique statue!" The painter David, a deputy for Paris in the Convention, designed ceremonies in the Greek or the high Roman fashion, for the great public functions. His last words, as he gazed with dying eyes at the engraver's proof of his "Thermopylæ," expressed a pride in his art as true to the classical ideal: "None but myself could have conceived the head of Leonidas." And the exquisite singer and victim of the Revolution, André Chenier, who dedicated to Louis David his ode "Le Jeu de Paume," is the author of poems which, for antique grace and beauty fresh and young, yet withal severe, are unsurpassed even by the Hellenics of our English Landor.

In truth there was a certain relation between the politics of the Revolution and its classical or pseudo-classical art. Each tended towards the abstract; each was an effort towards simplification. A multitude of concrete details, specialities of time and place, were disregarded both in art and in politics, in order that the ideal or abstract man might appear disencumbered of his accidental surroundings. It was not the rights of Frenchmen or Germans or Englishmen concerning which the politician declaimed—not these, but the rights of "man." And the artist desired to exhibit typical or representative characters rather than individuals, so that Goethe himself, in "The Natural Daughter," defines neither dramatic place nor time, and refuses to give the persons of his drama any other names than certain general titles. The king, the duke, the count, the monk, the abbess, appear before us; but in dealing with a work of art we must not ask the questions which have a merely historical interest, What king? and king of what country? "The high symbolism with which it is handled," wrote Schiller of this play, "so that all the crude material is neutralized, and everything becomes portion of an ideal whole, is truly wonderful." But as in politics it is easy to advance from useful generalizations to vacuous abstractions, so in art, if we abandon what is concrete and individual, it is easy to pass on from what is ideal to colorless and lifeless symbols, nor did Goethe or Schiller always know where lay the true bounding-line of dramatic characterization.

But in politics Goethe was almost as little inclined as Burke was to adopt the abstract way of thinking. He concerned himself much less about the rights of man than about the needs, especially the intellectual and moral needs, of his own countrymen. And as he felt strongly that each individual makes the most of his powers when he consults his own turn of mind and peculiar character, so he felt with respect to nations. He would capture for the uses of his countrymen whatever they could really appropriate and assimilate from foreign nations, and he willingly set himself to the task of a translator and adapter from Voltaire and from Diderot; but he could not tolerate any attempt to Gallicize the German people, and he looked with impatient scorn on efforts to transplant the revolutionary ideas into a soil to which they were not native. He was a German. He confessed that he often thought with sorrow of the weakness of his country in its days of division; he confessed that in art and science which belong to the world he at times found wings to raise himself above such sorrow. But he found his best comfort in his faith that a great future awaited Germany. "I cling to that faith," he said. He confidently looked forward to a Germany united in heart and will, while yet the several centres of culture should retain each its own special character. "I am not uneasy," he said a few years before his death, "about the unity of Germany; our good highroads and future railroads will of themselves do their part. But, above all, may Germany be *one* in love! and may it always be *one* against the foreign foe!"

Goethe, however, as all who know anything of him must be aware, though an admirable public servant, was not a political thinker in the higher sense of the word. He was deficient in the historic sense, and the universal culture towards which, like Bacon, he aspired, hardly included the study of political history. The history of science, the history of literature and of art, interested him profoundly, but he cared little to follow the career of dynasties, or to investigate the causes which underlie the rise and fall of governments. It often happens that those who are profoundly occupied with what is inward in man, with what belongs to character, acquire a certain degree of indifference to the external machinery of society. And such persons, as being free from party passions and on the watch for whatever can aid the intellectual and moral devel-

opment of men, are by no means the least useful members of the community, and form an admirable reserve power ready to throw in their weight on either side in favor of moderation and good sense. But it is also true that they are liable unjustly to depreciate the importance of the external conditions under which men pass their lives. It seemed to Goethe, as Chancellor Friedrich von Müller said of him, that an honest and vigorous will could make to itself a path, and employ its activity to advantage, under every form of civil society. "Sir," cried Dr. Johnson, "I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual." And on another occasion: "They make a rout about *universal* liberty, without considering that all that is to be valued, or indeed can be enjoyed by individuals, is *private* liberty. Political liberty is good only so far as it produces private liberty." There is a portion of truth in this paradox of the sturdy old Tory, who doubtless would have sacrificed several half-guineas to displace the "Whig dogs" from power. Goethe's political indifference did not extend as far as this professed indifference of Dr. Johnson. Among the "Venetian Epigrams" we read the following:—

All the apostles of freedom to me have ever been hateful:

Each in the end desires license alone for himself.

Would he enfranchise the people? Up then, and venture to serve them!

Ah! but the danger of that only a trial will show.

Yet an epigram hard by pleads against any attempt to deceive the multitude, and closes with the words: "Only be honest, and you will lead the populace on to humanity." And that Goethe was not indifferent to the intellectual gains which result from political freedom another epigram may suffice to prove:—

"These men are mad," you say of the eager and violent speakers

Whom in France we hear declaiming in street and in square;

I too think they are mad; yet a madman utters in freedom

Wisdom's words, while ah! wisdom 'mid slaves must be dumb.

Goethe was not indifferent to freedom; but it seemed to him that most men have some special non-political business of their own to do, which they will probably do well if they attend to it closely, ill if

they attend to other things; and he believed that the country in the long run gains more by each man doing his own work well than by every one doing badly the public work of the nation or of the government. He felt very deeply the demoralizing effect of violent party spirit, and especially its ill-effects in relation to culture and learning. Addison, writing at a time when the strife between Whig and Tory ran high and a furious party spirit divided the nation against itself, proposed that honest men of all parties should enter into an association for the vindication of truth and the defence of merit, to whatever party it might belong. According to the articles of association each member should set his hand to a declaration that as long as he shall live he will call black black, and white white. "And we shall upon all occasions," so ran the declaration, "oppose such persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes." Goethe might serve as patron saint of such a guild as this. In "The German Emigrants" he has represented the disinterested enthusiasm of one enamored of French republican ideas in the person of Cousin Charles. His estates are in the hands of the enemy, and yet he cannot hate a nation whose principles he approves and in whose large promises to the world he still confides. Privy Councillor S., who joins the party of which Cousin Charles is a member, has also suffered much from the French invasion. "He had come," says Goethe, "to know the license of the nation which spoke only of law, and felt the tyranny of men who had always the cry of freedom on their lips." But it is his error to view all things in a splenetic way, and to yield up his sounder judgment to passion. He speaks with bitter mockery of young people who are inclined to idealize every object, while Charles is equally severe against men who can tolerate nothing which does not agree with obsolete forms and lifeless precedent. The amiable baroness would fain keep the peace between the contending parties, but her efforts are in vain; her old friends leave the house in wrath, and as a last resource she proposes that among those who remain there shall be a general agreement to avoid subjects of dispute, and seek for such pleasant neutral ground as without contention they may occupy in common. And so begins in the midst of the revolutionary storms that series of tales which, like the romantic and mirthful stories of the "De-

cameron" narrated in the happy garden while the plague raged outside in Florence, were to withdraw the mind from the troubles, vain fears, vain hopes, and rancorous party passion of the time.

But the infection was in the air, and who could escape the fever of the age? In "The Travels of the Sons of Megaprazon," the symptoms of this malady—the "time-fever" (*Zeitfieber*), or, as some call it, the "journal-fever" (*Zeitungsfieber*)—are described. "The sufferer all at once becomes oblivious of his closest concerns, mistakes his truest and most obvious advantages, sacrifices everything, even his desires and passions, to a notion which has become his master passion. If help is slow to arrive, the notion fixes itself in his brain, and forthwith becomes the axle around which whirls a spirit of blind delusion. The man neglects the business which benefited his domestic circle and the commonweal; he sees father and mother, brothers and sisters, no more." Such is Goethe's diagnosis of the disease from which he saw his friend Knebel suffering, and from the attacks of which Herder and Fichte were not free. Three youths of high and generous temper in our own land, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, had their imagination dazzled for a time by what seemed the splendor of the rising sun of liberty; and assuredly in young men it was a venial error. To hope too boldly of human nature, Coleridge has admirably said, is a fault which all good men have an interest in forgiving. But Goethe was a man of forty; he had been actively employed within his own sphere during many years in the work of a high-minded reformer, the work of an earnest meliorist; and who can blame him because he was unwilling to risk the fruits which had been obtained by the sweat of his brow in order to pursue what might prove to be the phantom fruits of a mirage, and perhaps to find himself at last in a burning waste of sand?

It was the affair of the diamond necklace, revealing as it did the depths of baseness and the heights of audacity in France, that first startled Goethe, and stared upon him, as he says, like the Gorgon's head. In his earliest design for a dramatic rendering of the affair, he made the mistake of supposing that the subject could be treated as an opera. Such a theme could not call forth a joyous spirit, and the opera made no progress. In 1791 he took up his unfinished work, recast it, and produced, in the theatre at Weimar, his prose comedy, "Der Grosskophtha."

The reception of the piece was not favorable, nor can the fact surprise us. Knaves and dupes are indeed excellent material for comedy, but when their frauds and follies rise to the dignity of an affair of State, and when we see their doings stand forth from a wide and dark historical background, the artist must handle his material somewhat in the spirit of our Aris-tophanic humorist, Carlyle, whose "Diamond Necklace" serves as a brilliant dramatic prelude to his huge farce-tragedy of the "French Revolution." Thus, and thus alone, can the theme be ennobled. Goethe, to afford the spectators some relief from the company of titled thieves, and charlatans, and fools, introduces a feeble love-episode, which fails to interest us. The only piece of human virtue in the play to which our heart gives a prompt response is the obedience to orders of the Swiss guards who, in the garden scene, arrest the grand impostor, and care not a straw for his supernatural pretensions. "Are you aware," asks Cagliostro, rising to the height of the occasion, "that I am the Conte di Rostro, di Rostro, impudent fellows, a foreigner, honorable, and everywhere held in honor, a master in the occult sciences, one who has power over spirits —" at which point he is roughly interrupted by the Swiss soldier: "Tell this to our captain, look you, who understands the Italian lingo; and if you don't walk straight, we shall give it to you right and left in the ribs; we will show you the way, as he has given us orders." *Cagliostro*. "You fellows, have you no human understanding?" *Swiss*. "He has who gives us our orders." And for once the magician, unable to command the spirit of the rough soldier, thinks it the part of prudence to obey.

But Goethe's play, although unsuccessful as an acting drama, is interesting in two respects. It gives us a view of the corruption of French society, and especially society of the upper class, in the days which preceded the Revolution; and it is a very curious and striking study of the arts of the impostor who plays upon the credulity of mankind in what we may call the grand style of charlatany. We can investigate in the play the nature of that hotbed in which the gigantic mushrooms of mendacity and folly sprouted and spread; we see a society in which the very virtue of simple truth seems extinct; in which there are eager and exorbitant desires, but not the honesty to compass those desires by the slow and toilsome methods of nature. As long as men hold fast by

the old truth of experience that in order to have oaks we must plant acorns, they afford no chance to the charlatan; but when we would fain possess worldly fortune and power, or know the heights and depths of science, or even enjoy the illumination of divine wisdom, and at the same time look for some short cut to grandeur or wisdom or spiritual illumination, then is the fortunate moment for such a pretender as Cagliostro. At such a moment he becomes, as it were, the incarnation of our own desire for self-deception. The fact is somewhat remarkable that the eighteenth century, which has been named the *seculum rationalisticum*, the age of enlightenment, when every old belief was cited to the bar of reason to justify its existence, was also towards its close, as Carlyle has said, the very age of impostors, swindlers, and enthusiasts; "quacks simple, quacks compound; crack-brained or with deceit prepense; quacks and quackeries of all kinds and colors." A cynical observer of mankind might allege that there is always about the same dose of folly in the human brain, and that when it is not afforded a safe mode of relief in certain time-honored superstitions, prejudices, and conventions—that is, in nonsense which has grown inert or quiescent—it takes its revenge by breaking forth in more active and mischievous forms of absurdity. And it is undoubtedly true that persons who throw away the crutch of tradition, and would fain walk by the aid of reason alone, are often precisely the persons who find their way into the most guarded enclosures of folly. There is a pride and joy in the possession of nonsense which has on it the bloom of novelty, and which is not the common heritage of mankind.

But, indeed, Goethe's Grand Cophta, Cagliostro, with his "greasy prophetic bulldog face," is a great artist who can touch the various stops of the human soul, and make it discourse much curious music. He knows how to mingle truth with lies, to appeal to the generous as well as the baser instincts of men, to overawe and to cajole, to assume the air of universal benevolence and superiority to all self-interested passions, while he is in fact devoured by vulgar greeds. And he has learnt the profound truth that the appetite for delusion grows by what it feeds on.

He has promised his disciples to reveal to them the Grand Cophta, that mysterious being whose envoy he is; and when the veil of the awful stranger is removed, behold the greasy prophetic bulldog face

of Cagliostro himself! Ah, slow of heart! has he been thus moving among them and watching over them, and have they not known that it was the greatest of all mortals who was in their midst? The mouths of his dupes, which had gaped for some new wonder, gaped delightedly still wider to meet the larger miracle. This is indeed charlatanry in the grand style. Should a political Grand Cophta ever arise in our own or any other country, what serviceable lessons in the art of moral jugglery he might gather from Goethe's play!

The "Bürgergeneral," written in three days in April, 1793, is a dramatic jest, but not without a serious intention underlying the fun and frolic. Goethe found his character ready-made to his hand in Florian's comedy "Les deux Billets," together with the connected French plays and the German adaptations. But Florian's comedy had no relation to politics, while Goethe's "Civilian-General" is designed as a light satire directed against the attempts made to convert the quiet rural population of Germany by means of the evangel of Jacobinism. The newly wedded George and Rose are the happy peasants of the eighteenth-century stage, contented with rustic toil and rustic love. But old Martin, the father of Rose, is afflicted with the fever of the age, which some call the "journal-fever." He pores over the latest gazettes, and is much concerned on behalf of the oppressed French nation.

Rose. And when father reads the newspapers, and troubles himself about the affairs of the world, then we press each other's hands.

George. And when the old man is disturbed because things go so wrong elsewhere, then we draw closer and rejoice that all is so peaceful and quiet here with us.

Rose. And when father cannot imagine how he will save the French nation from debt, then I say, "George, we will at all events take care that we don't go into debt ourselves."

George. And when he is beside himself because yonder in France they rob every one of his goods and chattels, then we consult together how we may improve our bit of land which we think of buying some day with lottery-prize.

And the kindly nobleman who is their landlord commends the excellent sense of these prudent and happy young people.

The greybeard Martin, however, is no disciple of this egoistic philosophy of good sense; and wily gossip Schnap knows how to play upon the old man's

infirmity to his own advantage. Schnaps has become possessed of the uniform of a French prisoner of war who had died in the neighborhood, and has found in the poor devil's haversack a *bonnet rouge* and tricolored cockade. Bearing these borrowed plumes in his carpet-bag (which carpet-bag in the first representation was one actually picked up on the French frontier by Goethe's servant), Schnaps appears in solemn secrecy before old Martin, and announces that he has received his commission as civilian-general under the French republic; for the Jacobin Club had heard of his liberal opinions and secured his adhesion to the cause through the agency of an accredited envoy; in proof of which assertions behold the uniform of freedom, sabre, cap, cockade, and over and above all these a magnificent pair of mustachios, which it has been decreed every civilian-general must wear. The German revolution is to begin forthwith, and in this very village. There are presently alarms and excursions in the cottage caused by the unexpected return of George, threatening a drubbing to the rogue Schnaps if he be found on the premises. But George withdraws baffled, and Schnaps reappearing from the hayloft resumes his exposition of revolutionary principles, and employs, to honest Martin's dismay, for the purposes of demonstration, the various good things in Rose's cupboard, this standing for a village and that for a fortress, which the learned expositor greedily eyes with intent to devour. The fun as we read this scene seems laborious and overwrought, yet we are told that it went merrily on the Weimar boards. In the end the impostor Schnaps is of course discomfited, and is rudely reduced from his rank of civilian-general. The whole winds up with a moral address from the amiable lord and landlord, who expresses, perhaps even too plainly for dramatic art, Goethe's own convictions. Let Rose and George continue to love each other, to cultivate their field and tend the house. Let old Martin be proud to know the nature of the soil and seasons and the succession of crops; as to the political heavens and the signs of the times, it will be enough if he study them on Sundays and feast-days. Let each one begin with himself and he will find enough to do; so he will in the end contribute most to the good of all. And for the judge who is impatient to unmask the grand Jacobinical conspiracy, and to punish the offenders, this wise moderator has also a word:—

Be at ease! unseasonable orders, unseasonable punishments only cause an outbreak of mischief. In a country where the prince is always accessible; where the classes and the masses think kindly of each other, where no one is hindered from his proper activity, where sound views and knowledge are spread abroad, —there no parties can come into existence. What goes forward in the world will claim our attention; but the seditious sentiments of entire nations will have no influence. We in our quietude will be thankful that we see above our heads a calm heaven, while miserable tempests devastate boundless tracts of country.

Such was Goethe's lesson of practical wisdom for rural Germany in the days of revolution.

Let us not forget that Goethe had himself seen the horrors of an invasion. He had advanced into France with the allies in the autumn of 1792, and had heard the thunders of the cannonade at Valmy. He accompanied the invading army not as a soldier, but as a student—a student of new and profoundly interesting aspects of life. Nor could he in the midst of the turmoil forget those studies in natural philosophy which calmed and fortified his spirit. He was told that once only—and that was when he had to part from his "Lexicon of Natural Philosophy"—did he show a peevish countenance, once only did he fail to sustain his friends with wise words or else to entertain them with witty ones. He observed all things in a disinterested spirit, and did not fail to note the citizen dignity, kindness, and graceful bearing of the inhabitants of the French provinces, maintained even in the presence of the enemy and amid accumulating miseries. "Of such a state of society we can form no conception," he says, "either from the actual condition of our own country, or from its attempts to imitate its neighbors." And with what he describes as the idyllic, Homeric country life in France Goethe was delighted. All the more deeply therefore did he suffer when he saw how rudely war dealt with the deep affections and strong if simple passions of the cottier and the husbandman. Wordsworth has told in an affecting poem of the tears shed by a strong man as he bore in his arms for sale the last lamb of his dwindled flock. Goethe was an intellectual aristocrat, but his sympathies with the common folk were deeper than those of many who compensated for their indifference to the joys and sorrows of men by a zeal on behalf of the rights of mankind. The German invaders did not pillage as they advanced; they obtained

supplies by a convenient and highly moral method of compulsory purchase, giving bills for the value of what they secured upon King Louis XVI., the father of his people. Such a piece of imposition greatly exasperated the people of the towns and villages through which they passed.

I myself [Goethe writes] witnessed a scene which I remember as a most tragic one. Several shepherds, who had succeeded in uniting their flocks, in order to conceal them for safety in the forests, or other secluded places, were seized by some active patrols and brought to the army, and found themselves at first well received and kindly treated. They were questioned as to the several owners; the flocks were separated and counted. Anxiety and fear, but still not without hope, hovered upon the faces of these worthy people. But when the proceedings ended in the sharing of the flocks among the regiments and companies, while the papers drawn upon Louis XVI. were politely handed to the proprietors, and their woolly favorites were slaughtered at their feet by the impatient and hungry soldiers, I confess that my eyes and spirit have seldom witnessed a more cruel spectacle or more profound manly grief in all its gradations. The Greek tragedies alone have anything so purely, deeply pathetic.

With which scene may be compared for tragic effect, though of a different kind, the march out from Mainz of the conquered French garrison, as described by Goethe — first the columns of infantry, short, black-looking men, dressed in rags of all colors, some faces grave and sullen, but all resolute, even in defeat; then the *chasseurs à cheval*, their band playing to a slow measure the ominous revolutionary Te Deum, the Marseillaise: "It was impressive and fearful, and a solemn sight when the troopers drew near, long, lean men of somewhat advanced years, whose mien accorded well with the melancholy music; singly you might have compared them to Don Quixote; in a body they looked most venerable."

The strain of the events told upon Goethe, in spite of his efforts to possess his soul in calm. When he visited Pempelfort, almost immediately after the campaign in France, his kind friends there, Jacobi and the members of his household, gave him his own "Iphigenia" to read aloud to them in the evening. But he could not endure this work of calm, ideal beauty and unclouded moral feeling. The "Ædipus at Colonus" was then produced. Its lofty sanctity, Goethe declares, was hateful to his mind, hardened as it was by the events of the late campaign. "I could

not read a hundred lines of it." More in accord with his mood at this time was that famous satirical beast-epic of the Middle Ages, "Reynard the Fox." Here he found the animal nature of man — his greeds, and lusts, and wiles — of which he had himself seen and heard too much, represented with a certain cheerful humor. The satire mirrors rather the life in princely courts than the life of the people; it was in this respect at least a change from what had chiefly occupied his mind. But in modernizing the narrative Goethe could not resist the temptation to insert a piece of what he held to be good doctrine for the masses, in a passage not to be found in his original (Achter Gesang, v. 152-160), a passage which dwells on the madness of men who, in the pride of their self-will, suppose that they can govern or rearrange the world. If each man, he says, could keep his wife and children in order, could hold insolent servants under restraint, could quietly be happy with a modest competency while fools lavish their means, things would improve. But how is the world to amend? Every one gives himself up to license, and would violently compel others to his will, and so we sink deeper and deeper into evil. If this teaching of Goethe's is only a fragment of the entire truth, it is certainly a fragment which has important uses at certain times and seasons of the nation's history.

In the unfinished drama "Die Aufregten," which we might name in English, "Agitators and the Agitated," and which originally bore the title "The Signs of the Times" (*Die Zeichen der Zeit*), is contained not indeed a complete confession of political faith, but one which more nearly approaches completeness than any that can be elsewhere found in Goethe's writings for the stage. Here the characters are admirably conceived, and the partisan spirit is conspicuously absent. The scene is a German village, whose humbler inhabitants have been grievously wronged by the selfishness of a deceased lord of the soil and the fraud of an unjust steward. The grandfather of the present count, who is still a child under his mother's wardship, sensible of the burdens under which the good folk of the village labored, had granted them certain generous remissions, and a deed to that effect had been drawn up, but the document has since disappeared; the copy which exists has no legal force, serving only to make known to the villagers that their privileges have been forfeited. The good count's immediate successor — a hard and selfish mas-

ter — would make no concessions, and the iniquitous dues are still exacted. His widow, the countess, fearing to compromise the rights of her son during his minority, has done nothing, although her kind heart prompts her to all that is liberal. But the ideas of 1789 have taken wing and have flown across the Rhine. The surgeon, Breme von Bremenfeld, a worthy man, now well advanced in years, but of infinite energy, and much possessed with a notion of his own fitness to figure on the great political stage, passes the long winter evenings at the pastor's house, in reading the journals which contain the latest news from Paris, in arguing endlessly, and forming plans for effectively asserting the claims of the defrauded peasantry. "What good or ill the French Revolution has done I cannot determine," cries his niece, Louise, a maiden of true German prudence, who sits up to make her uncle's midnight coffee. "I only know that this winter it has knitted several pairs of stockings for me."

But the French Revolution, as it appears, has in fact done good, and the good extends to this province of Germany; for the large-hearted countess has been for a time a resident in Paris, has seen many things there to sadden her and few to make her glad, and has brought back to her German home an ardent resolve that she at least will add nothing to the accumulating wrongs of the world. "Since I have seen with my own eyes," she says, "how human nature can be oppressed and degraded, but not suppressed or annihilated, I have made a firm resolve to abstain for my part from every act which seems to me unjust, and to express my opinion aloud with reference to such acts in society, at the court, and in the town. I will no longer be silent in the presence of any injustice, I will tolerate no meanness under a fine appearance, even though I also were to be derided under the hated name of a democrat." And her wise and trusted friend the councillor commends her resolution. Let her point out the faults of her own class in society; we can never be quite sure that we are right when we criticise those either of a higher or lower station than our own; for which reason he, the councillor, being a bourgeois and intending to remain one, may declare that he recognizes the great importance of an aristocracy in the State, and that he cannot tolerate the bourgeois vices — petty jealousies and envies, blind hatred of rank nourished by a miserable egoism, which pretentiously attacks pre-

tensions, and becomes formal in condemning formalities; nor will he ever deny that to have descended from illustrious ancestors is a real advantage, no, not if they should brand him with the odious name of an aristocrat.

These two, the countess and the councillor, represent the temper of moderation and good-will in the play, a temper which is alike helpful in noble, bourgeois, or peasant; and the surgeon's niece, with her practical sense and cheerful disposition, makes a third of the group. Minor personages present the vices, or the mingled vices and virtues of the several classes in society; the young baron, who takes thought only of the frivolous pleasures of an aristocrat without remembering that high station has its duties; well acquainted with the amusement of love in idleness, and impertinent in his advances to persons of lower rank and another sex than his own; the countess's daughter, self-willed, proud, domineering, but energetic, ardent, and capable of acts of capricious kindness; having the good qualities and the defects of her caste; it is she who, by her prompt and determined action, discovers the whereabouts of the concealed document; and, on the other side, the worthy but not over-wise surgeon Breme, who organizes the peasants' revolt; the clerical tutor to the young count, devoured by the discontent and envy of the baser Radical; and the rustic folk who follow the leadership of the great Breme von Bremenfeld, and for whose political capacity Goethe had as little respect as had Shakespeare, though, like Shakespeare, he recognizes the fact that a good heart may often go with a very poorly furnished head. Unhappily, the play is a fragment; but though the entire fifth act and some earlier scenes are wanting, we possess materials by which we can trace the whole of the intended action. We have particularly to regret the lack of a faithful scene in which, on the suggestion of the baron, almost all the *dramatis persona* were to form themselves into a mock National Assembly, each playing a characteristic part, and humorously setting forth the views of rival parties on the great events of the day.

If we have cause to lament that "Die Aufgeregten" is unfinished, much more must we lament that only a single play exists of the vast trilogy in which Goethe, at a later date, designed to embody all his maturest views and reflections with reference to the French Revolution. "The Natural Daughter," founded — but with

a free hand — on the “*Mémoires historiques de Stéphanie Louise de Bourbon-Conti*,” is but the exposition of the great theme, and unfortunately Goethe’s memoranda with reference to the scheme of the later plays are so slight, that in many places they leave ample room for the rival conjectures of contending critics. The play which we possess presents as the background of the intrigue that forms its plot a view of monarchy toppling over into anarchy. The later plays would have exhibited the wild confusion of the time, and the creation from chaos of a better order. Through all the high-hearted heroine would have moved as one connected with the court through her parentage and her devotion to the throne, and at the same time connected with the people through her union with the worthy republican magistrate, who, to save her from banishment and the persecution of a brother, had given her his loyal affection and the name of wife.

“The Natural Daughter,” in which Goethe’s Hellenism tends perhaps in some respects to an ideality proper to sculpture alone, has been described as marble-smooth and marble-cold. The remark of Goedeke, that the coldness is more apparent than real, seems to me to be just. But however this may be, there is one work of Goethe’s, the happiest offspring of his period of Hellenism, which no recent critic, unless it be the late M. Scherer, has described as cold — that most charming of epic-idiyls, “*Hermann and Dorothea*.” Here once again the French Revolution, with the invasion of Germany by the armies of the republic, forms the background. The betrothed of Dorothea, her first love, had been drawn into the revolutionary maelstrom, and had perished in its mad vortex. She herself is a fugitive from her home, driven forth as an exile by the armies of freedom and fraternity. In the book of the poem which bears the name of the Muse of History, the magistrate tells in vivid words of the high hopes inspired by the ideas of 1789, and of the melancholy blight which had fallen upon those hopes :

Who will deny that high within him his heart
was uplifted,
And that his pulses throbbed with a freer and
purer emotion,
When he beheld the sun uprise in his fresh-
ness and glory;
When of the Rights of Man he heard as the
wide world’s possession,
Heard of Freedom, Equality — glorious names
and inspiring?

But soon the sky was overcast, the rain
descended, and the floods came. A vile
crew strove for the mastery, men too base
to be authors of anything that is good : —
Murderers one of another, and foul oppressors
of new-found
Neighbors and brethren, commanding their
ravenous hordes o’er the frontier.

And so this once enthusiastic believer
in the new gospel of the age has come
almost to despair of human virtue.

But the author of the poem of “*Hermann and Dorothea*” does not despair. The poem is throughout ennobled by the presence of goodness, courage, hope, and love. Iphigenia, the priestess daughter of Agamemnon, is an admirable figure; her spirit is one of pure and high devotion; yet I am not sure that I do not love better the daughter of the people, Dorothea, noble in her large simplicity, with her strong, sweet German heart, sound to the inmost core, as she tends the feeble mother and new-born infant, or holds her water-jug to Hermann’s lips, or flushes with honest indignation at the imagined affront to her maiden dignity in the guest-chamber of the Golden Lion, or as she stands at last by the side of her betrothed making his life so full of worth. In the background we see the wild storm of the Revolution; but here all is blessedness and peace. To build up one happy home, Goethe would say, after all serves the earth better than to discourse infinitely of rights of man or to enforce the doctrine of fraternity at the point of the bayonet. May this better way be the German way! Such is the closing aspiration of the poem :

Thus she spoke, and she placed the rings by
the side of each other,
And the bridegroom spoke with a manly ac-
cent of feeling :
All the firmer amidst this universal disruption
Be Dorothea the tie! And thus we will hold
and continue
True to each other, and still maintain the
good that is given us;
For the man who in wavering times has a
mind ever wavering,
Only increases the evil and spreads it wider
and wider;
But who firmly stands he moulds the world to
his posture.
Not the German’s work should it be, this
fearful commotion
Onward to urge, or to reel in his courses this
way and that way.
“Here we take our stand.” Such be our
word and our action!

And thus in the strength and love of
the German home, Goethe sees the founda-
tion and the root of German society.

In 1807, after the Peace of Tilsit, the members of the ducal family, parted for a season by the events of the Napoleonic war, were reunited, and for the occasion was written one of the most admirable of Goethe's later poems, and one which is as wise in thought as it is beautiful in expression—the "Vorspiel" of that year. Germany at this date might almost be described as lying in ruins. But Goethe did not indulge in weak lamentations. He had faith that Germany might be built up anew; not by doctrinaire abstractions; not by beginning with the human race and descending from it to patriotism, civic virtue, domestic loyalty, and individual self-culture; not thus, but by the reverse process: by a gradual ascension from the individual and the family to the city and to the State, and in the end perhaps to universal humanity; by each man and each woman doing the duty that was nearest to him, and gradually widening, if possible, the sphere of this beneficent activity. It was a modest but a sound programme. Do not, says Goethe, despise little things.

For in little things as in the greatest
Nature ever works, the human spirit
Works, and each alike is a reflection
Of that primal Light from highest heaven
Which invisible all the world illumeth.

Who then is the true patriot? He, answers Goethe, who begins with ordering his own house, who builds up himself first, in order that by-and-by, with other worthy assistants, he may help to build up the commonweal.

Er ist Patriot, und seine Tugend
Dringt hervor und bildet Ihresgleichen,
Schliesst sich an die Reihen Gleichgesinnter.
Jeder fühlt es, Jeder hat's erfahren;
Was dem Einem frommt, das frommt Allen.

Such is Goethe's unpretentious, but not useless lesson in political wisdom.

From The Leisure Hour.
A HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.
BY MARY E. PALGRAVE.

First, Peace and Silence all disputes control,
Then Order plays the soul;
And, giving all things their set forms and hours,
Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth stand,
Expecting a command:
Than whom, in waiting, nothing seems more slow;
Nothing more quick, when she doth go.

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys:
But griefs without a noise:
Yet speak they louder than distempered fears,
What is so shrill as silent tears?

This is Thy house; with these it doth abound;
And where these are not found,
Perhaps Thou com'st sometimes, and for a day,
But not to make a constant stay.

GEORGE HERBERT.

AMONG the minor difficulties of life—the little thorns which beset the daily path of conscientious people, and make it the prickly progress that it often is—I believe none are more harassing than the perplexities which arise from the unfortunate way in which one truth—or one aspect of a truth—is insisted on at the expense of another. There are—if it is not irreverent to say so—fashions in religion as well as in more trivial matters; and one day one class of virtues, or one aspect of the great foundation-truths of our faith, is held up to our imitation, and another day their opposites are insisted on as of supreme importance; till we are so perplexed and discouraged that we feel as if there were no stable ground at all on which to rest our feet.

If we could realize the fundamental harmony that lies at the root of these varieties of teaching as clearly as we recognize their superficial diversity, our perplexities and heartsearchings would be far less troublesome than they are. We are always wanting to make truths *meet*, instead of realizing that, for this life at any rate, they are *parallel* truths, and that their point of contact lies far, far ahead of us, away out of sight in the haze of eternity. We are too apt, I think, to tear asunder things that were meant to run harmoniously side by side, and set them up as rival poles of attainment, both of which can never be compassed by the narrow span of one human soul; one of which must be chosen for striving after, at the expense of the other.

Among these divorced truths, as we may call them, there are none which have suffered more from the sundering I speak of than the two aspects of life which are generally classed as the active and the contemplative aspects—the Martha and the Mary views—the life of work and the life of prayer. Between these two views of life the pendulum of opinion is always on the swing. By one age, or by one individual mind in any age, the retired life of prayer and contemplation is held up as the most excellent way of serving God; by another, the life of active work is pointed out as the way to Heaven, and prayer and meditation may take their chance in any odd corners left unoccupied by more important pursuits.

We do not see, as we ought, that these are only different sides of one great shield

of truth — the truth that we are to serve God with our spirits and souls and bodies; serve him equally with *all* our powers. They were surely never meant to be set up on rival thrones, and the one to be taught and inculcated at the expense of the other; so that people have come to fancy that they could choose either this or that manner of serving God; and that zeal in the one direction would in some undefined way atone for slackness in the other.

There cannot be much doubt which of these two views of life is uppermost at the present moment, and which is in danger of being jostled out of existence; and in this our day of wonderful activity and unwearied work for all sorts of good objects, it may be worth while to go aside from the multitude for a little while, and take a look into the life of a family who, in such stormy and restless times as we know nothing of, did combine the life of work and the life of prayer, as God meant them to be combined; and blended them into a stately harmonious whole which it is like a good dream to read of.

Right in the heart of England, where the flat green midland landscape stretches away to a seemingly infinite distance on every side, and the air blows soft and languid as if feeling its remoteness from the sea, stands a homely brick farmhouse, and near it a little stone-fronted, gable-roofed chapel, knee-deep in grass, and backed by a grove of elms and aspens — the Little Gidding of the present day. You turn aside to find it off the great north road, which runs like a yellow-white ribbon between the fields in an almost straight line from London to York, and see the buildings across a green close or meadow, fringed with trees which maybe the Farrars planted there. It is not fine or striking country, this round Little Gidding, scarcely even to be called pretty; but there is a sense of boundless freedom and elbow-room about it, with its vague green distances melting into the sky without any sharply defined horizon, and its absence of startling features of any kind, which have a charm and a peace of their own. London and all great cities and bustling life and throngs of men seem indefinitely remote; one feels this serene sober midland landscape to be, somehow, the fittest setting for that calm, monotonous, yet rich and fruitful family life which was lived out in its green framework of woods and pastures some two hundred and fifty years ago.

No doubt they made their blunders, these Ferrars and Colletts. It may be that the whole scheme of their establishment at Gidding was founded on a mistaken view of life, and of the part which religion was meant to play in life. But there are some mistakes of the children of light which one would rather have made than have shared in the wisest performances of the children of this world; and the ray which shone forth from Little Gidding was, beyond all doubt, a beam of the Sun of Righteousness, through however fanciful a medium it may have passed on its way out into the world.

Of the large and roomy mansion which Nicholas Ferrar built — using, in part, the remains of a "crazy and ruinous house" which he found standing on the estate when he first came to it in 1625 — no trace remains; unless a slight undulation, like a green billow, on the surface of the field close to the farmhouse may be supposed to mark its site. It probably fell into ruins after the devastation of the place by the Puritans; and has vanished, like other famous houses which were dignified and beautiful nurseries of English home life before that destructive time.

Neither is the chapel, as it now stands, the same in actual fact as the one where the Ferrars worshipped; though there is much more remaining here than in the case of the house. It is a little oblong brick building, only fifty-eight feet in length, with a west front of dressed stone (date 1714), in an odd debased classical style which yet has a certain picturesqueness. Within, it has been fitted up by the present lord of the manor — "the second restorer of Gidding" — with oak panelling and stalls facing north and south like a college chapel; and in the small, dimly lighted chancel stands the communion table, under a somewhat staring window which can hardly date from the time of Nicholas Ferrar.

Although the chief part of the furniture of the chapel, and perhaps much of the actual building itself, must be reckoned as modern; still there are relics enough remaining of the founders to give some satisfaction to the minds of pilgrims who visit the spot. The tall, elegant brass font, more like a great brazen cup than anything else, with a long, slender stem and wrought cover, was put there by the Ferrars; and so was the brass eagle, only it originally had silver claws, which disappeared when the Puritans laid hands on it and flung it into the stream near by. The cedar communion table, with its silk

carpet, and the brass tablets over it bearing the Creed and Ten Commandments, are the original ones given by the Ferrars; and a piece of the communion plate has an inscription on it, setting forth that it was the gift of Nicholas Ferrar's faithful friend, Sir Edwin Sandys.

The most interesting of all the Ferrar relics, however, stands outside the chapel, in the middle of the flagged path leading to the west door. It is a plain altar-tomb of brick, with a stone slab for its top, bearing no inscription whatever. Under it lies the dust of Nicholas Ferrar, the founder and sovereign spirit of the little community. It was his dying wish to be laid in that spot, as recorded in the life of him written by his brother. "Some three days before his (N. F.) death, lying in his bed, about eight o'clock in the morning, he called his brother John Ferrar, his sister Collett, and all his nieces to him, saying, 'Brother, I would have you go to the church, and at the west end, at the door, where we go into the church, I would have you measure from the half-pace, when we go into the church, of stone that you tread upon seven foot to the westward, and at the end of that seven foot there let my grave be made.' His brother looking very sadly upon him, with his eyes full of tears (and so all the standers-by did), he went on, saying, 'Brother, that first place of the length of seven foot I leave for your own burying-place, you are my elder; God, I hope, will let you there take up your resting-place till we all rise again in joy.'" (*Life*, p. 53.) That was in 1637. When, twenty years later, having lived through all the storms of the Civil War and seen the break-up of Little Gidding, John Ferrar died, his body was laid under the flags of the churchway path, in the "seven foot" left him by his brother. A brass plate marked his grave; but it is now nailed up, with the other family brasses, inside the chapel.

Nicholas Ferrar was the third son of a wealthy London merchant. His parents had seven children, but of these only three, the founder of Little Gidding, his elder brother John, and Susanna, afterwards Mrs. Collett, played an important part in the life we are describing. Susanna was eleven or twelve years older than her famous brother, and was married to Mr. John Collett while Nicholas Ferrar was still quite a child; so that her large family of eight sons and eight daughters were beginning to grow up before their

uncle had more than reached manhood. The home of the Colletts, till they were transplanted to Little Gidding, was at the village of Bourne, a few miles from Cambridge; and visits to his sister in her country home formed a frequent rest and diversion to Nicholas Ferrar, when a student at Clare Hall.

Little Gidding—also within a day's journey, though a longer one, of Cambridge—was a "lordship" or manor in Huntingdonshire, which Mrs. Ferrar, the mother of Nicholas, had chanced to purchase about a year before the family first settled there. Huntingdonshire—that part of it especially—is a sparsely populated, little-frequented part of England even now; but in the age when fate led the steps of the Ferrars thitherward, Little Gidding was "so obscure a village it scarce had any name in our most accurate maps." There was "no house in the parish, but only the manor house and a cottage for the shepherds, who, together with their dogs, were very sufficient managers of the whole estate, which lay in pasture." (*Jebb's Life of Ferrar*, p. 220.)

The external impetus which drove the Ferrar family to Gidding is not far to seek. It was a visitation of the plague, which ravaged London in the year 1625, and of which five thousand people are said to have died in one week. But the inward motive power which made so many separate individuals, of such diverse ages and characters, so completely of one mind as to the manner in which they could best serve God, and identified the life of the private family with that of the religious community in such a remarkable way, is not quite so easy to discover. One's first inclination, no doubt, would be to ascribe it all to the influence which the character of Nicholas Ferrar, with its strength of will, purity of aim, and intense fervor of devotion, exercised on those around him. But although the first idea of going apart from the world, to lead a life of prayer and good works, did apparently originate with the devout ex-member of Parliament and man of the world, still the accomplishment of it was at least as much the work of his mother; and one cannot but fancy that the source of an influence which was strong enough to draw Susanna Collett and her husband and children from their pleasant home in Cambridgeshire, and fill them all with the same spirit that animated the rest of the household, must be sought for at least as much in the character of the mother as in that of the son.

It is evident that, both inwardly and outwardly, "the old gentlewoman" — a common title for Mrs. Ferrar in the "Lives" of her son — was a remarkable person, and one who left a vivid impression on the minds of those who came in contact with her. One Mr. Edward Lenton, who paid a visit of curiosity to Little Gidding and has left us a memorial of his visit in a vivacious and amusing letter, happily still extant, describes Mrs. Mary Ferrar, with great respectfulness, as a "tall, straight, clear-complexioned, grave matron of eighty years of age;" and all the incidental notices of her which we meet with in the "Lives" of her famous son show her as a dignified, loving, enthusiastically religious woman, whose pure, strict outward life was the counterpart of the pure, noble soul within.

We see her, on her first arrival at Gidding, refusing to enter the house till she had visited the church, kneeling there weeping amid the litter and filth with which the neglected place was filled, and then sending for all the workmen who were busy repairing the manor house and making it fit for her habitation, and ordering them "to fling out all the hay at the church windows, and to cleanse it as well as they could for the present. She was obeyed, and she saw all this done before she would stir or set her foot in the house."

We see her, with her daughter and son, toiling to repair and adorn the church, putting in the brass font and eagle lectern, which still remain; adorning the communion table with "carpets of blue silk embroidered with gold," blue "taffety" cushions on the benches, "and all the rest was suitable and very noble." We see her rising at five, summer and winter alike, to take her part in the household prayers and praises; walking daily to church on the arm of her son; sitting in her chair in the manor-house parlor, entertaining the guests, or presiding over the employments of her granddaughters and the amusements of the children who were too young to attend school in the "dis-pigeoned dove-house" near by. We see her standing at the head of the table presiding over the Sunday dinner, not thinking herself—in the quaint words of Dr. Jebb—"too good to follow our Saviour's example of girding himself and serving his disciples; for oftentimes she set the first dish upon the table with her own hands." We see her blessing her children and grandchildren as they kneel before her morning and

evening, and in all things we find her truly such "a pattern of piety, benevolence, and charity" as one would expect the mother of such a son to be.

Nicholas Ferrar appears to have been himself the architect and designer of the large and spacious dwelling which presently rose upon the ruins of the "old crazy house" near the chapel. It had need to be a roomy abode, for the household was a large one. Besides old Mrs. Ferrar and her two sons, and the elder one's family of two sons and two daughters, there were John and Susanna Collett and their fourteen or fifteen children, a modest proportion of maidservants, three schoolmasters, who were employed to teach the children of the house and of the neighborhood, and a little flock of "poor alms-widows," who were lodged and cared for under this hospitable roof. Also, as time went on, various orphaned children belonging to other members of the family, and a young cousin, whose father "could nowhere else procure him so sound a training," were added to the establishment.

A curious rambling collection of rooms, little and big, the manor house must have been, for apparently it was considered fitting by its founder that each one of his nieces and female relations, "according to their ages and conditions," should be provided with a separate bed-chamber or "closet," to be her private sanctum and place of retirement. Then there was the "great dining-room," where the family meals were partaken of in plain but well-ordered fashion, to the accompaniment of reading aloud; and a certain "great chamber," which was "handsomely furnished with a fair suit of hangings," and had a grand blazing fire in cold weather, and "a great large compass (qu. bay?) window" looking over the garden to the church. This room seems in some measure to have answered the purpose of a private chapel, for in it stood the "pair of organs" to which the frequent hymns were sung, and here the hourly psalms were recited by a certain number of the young people, each "watch taking their appointed turn." Besides these living-rooms of the family there was another, "a long, fair, spacious room," which they called the Concordance Chamber. This was the workshop of the ladies of Gidding, whence they sent out into the world those famous harmonies of the Gospels and of the Books of Kings and Chronicles which were the pride of Little Gidding to produce, and the delight of kings and nobles to possess.

The manor house stood in a garden, in which were flower-borders and "walks of pleasure," designed for the enjoyment of the family, and also beds full of the herbs and plants from which the skilful virgins compounded ointments and balsams and "cordial waters" for the use of their poor neighbors when they were sick; and at the end of the garden, "some forty paces" from the house, rose the chapel, with its steeple bearing three dials on its northern, southern, and western sides, "all of them large and fairly painted in colors, with suitable mottoes on them." Beyond this little oasis of life stretched on all sides a quiet, solitary, pastoral landscape, with roads so bad as to be at times reckoned impassable (notably so on one occasion, when Queen Henrietta Maria, having heard of the fame of Little Gidding, and being anxious to see it with her own eyes, proposed to pay a visit to Mrs. Ferrar, but was absolutely prevented from coming by the appalling condition of the cross-country roads), and with neighbors of the fewest and poorest.

Such were the surroundings of the life of this very remarkable family. Among the individuals who composed it, the most important members, next to old Mrs. Ferrar and her son Nicholas, were the seven daughters of Susanna Collett,* the "virgins of Gidding," the "Arminian nuns" against whom so many shafts of spite and calumny were winged in vain. And as, in every group of girls, there is sure to be some leading spirit who, by her special gifts, stands forth as ruler of the rest, so among these seven young women the eldest, Mary Collett, appears as the acknowledged queen and "foremost of them all." She and another sister, Anna, had from the first, it seems, resolved to lead single lives, specially devoted to the worship and service of God, and no doubt the prominent place in the community which she held was part of the royal prerogative belonging by nature to one who leads a strict and self-denying life, as well as due to the natural gifts which she possessed.

It was one of the quaint devices of this family to give each other characteristic titles, under which — on state occasions, at any rate — they were wont to speak of and to each other. Thus John Ferrar's title was the Guardian, Mrs. Collett's the Moderator, one daughter was the Patient, another the Affectionate, a third the Sub-

miss, a fourth the Cheerful. Mary Collett's title was the Chief, and chief she afterwards became, in fact as well as in name, for, on the resignation — owing to age — of old Mrs. Ferrar, she was chosen to be mother of the "religious academy," passing over Susanna Collett, whom one would naturally have expected to find succeeding to the office on the retirement of the original foundress.

Quite contrary to the assertions of their defamers, who would have it that the whole company of young women were vowed and veiled nuns, the other five Miss Colletts were all destined to be eventually "matched unto the clergy," and with a view to this were most carefully trained in all domestic lore and accomplishments — each of them acting as housekeeper for a month in rotation, and being taught to keep accounts on a system that would rejoice the heart of the best of bookkeepers. They did, in point of fact, all marry.

Bunyan's "grave and beautiful damsel named Discretion" might have been the sister of these seven happy, busy daughters, as they are described in the lives of Nicholas Ferrar. We can almost see them going cheerfully yet soberly about the house, clad in their gowns of "black stuff, all of one grave fashion always the same, with comely veils on their heads;" now dressing the wounds or ministering to the ailments of the poor, who flocked to Gidding, when in sickness or distress, from all the country round; now gathering in their appointed order in the great chamber for the short service of psalms and hymns and prayers with which each hour was piously begun; now busy over their needlework or singing, or "exercising their humility and diligence in gilding and binding of books," under the superintendence of the old grandmother, who sat "inspecting her daughters and grandchildren as they sat at their books or other good employments in great silence, or at least avoiding all vain talking and jesting that was not convenient." (Jebb's Life, p. 243.)

It was part of Nicholas Ferrar's wisdom to be well aware that no foe to the peace and happiness of his little community was so much to be dreaded as idleness. His theory for his own life was a frequent change of employment, an often "shifting of the scenes," so that each hour should have its own allotted occupation; and this plan he pursued with his household also. "Each hour," writes John Ferrar, "had commonly some employment or other for them; the making the Concordance, their

* We read that Mrs. Collett had eight daughters, but it appears that only seven of them came to live at Gidding.

singing, their playing on their instruments, their writing, ciphering, and so never idle." "Their business," writes Hacket, in his life of their diocesan and staunch friend, Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, "was, either they were at prayer, or at work; nothing came between; the devil had the less power to tempt them; that he never found them idle."

It must not, on this account, be supposed that they had no pastimes; their founder had too much common sense mingled with his enthusiasm not to recognize that "the bow might not stand bent continually." The young people had their "gardens and walks of pleasure," and "places for running and vaulting and shooting at butts with bows and arrows." At Christmas time, in place of the rude and boisterous sports and revels which were the fashionable way of keeping festival in those days, the young people of Gidding had certain "innocent and profitable entertainments and recreations," devised for them by the master of the house, in the form of stories and dialogues, to be partly acted, partly recited, intermixed with hymns, accompanied by the viol and organ. These exercises were all, it is needless to say, of a serious and moral turn; the dialogues were fitted with "forcible applications" to the particular circumstances of the performers; and very dull work we should probably have thought them. But to the quiet, unsophisticated minds of the "maiden sisters" they afforded the highest delight; and the evenings when these diversions were to take place were looked forward to with the keenest of pleasure; not only by the Colletts themselves, it appears, but by any guests they might happen to have staying in the house.

The guidance of the evening's exercise was committed to the different sisters in turn; the one to whose lot it fell having to sing the hymn and open the discourse with an appropriate story, gathered from history or biography. The substance of these stories, it seems, was supplied by Nicholas Ferrar, but they had to be repeated in the performers' own words. Some of the young ladies appear to have been troubled with shyness and diffidence, and required leave to *read* their stories — on the first attempt, at any rate — instead of reciting them from memory; but Mary Collett, the Chief, seems to have had a ready tongue, and a nimble mother-wit to guide it. Her little opening speech, in one of the "colloquies," is very attractive

in its refined simplicity. "For stories," says the Chief, "which you so long after, my resolution is, if you continue me in the place (*i.e.*, of mistress of the Christmas ceremonies), to make them serve for Christmas cheer. You may cashier me, if you please; but if you hold me in, you must give me leave to govern as belongs to my profession. It must be a very sober table which a virgin sits at the head of: and they must be simple cates which are of her providing."

Nor was society wanting at Little Gidding. The family kept up "a fair correspondence with their neighbors and the gentlemen of the county," occasionally visiting them at their houses, but more often entertaining them under their own roof. As the fame of Nicholas Ferrar and his "religious academy" increased, many were the visitors who turned aside off the north road to visit the lonely Huntingdonshire manor house; to talk with the wise, kindly master of the house and his stately old mother; to witness the services in the beautiful chapel; and to behold as much as they were allowed to do of the quiet, holy life led within those walls. So many were the guests who came, that the Ferrars were obliged to make it their rule not to invite visitors to meals or to stay the night, "unless their intimate acquaintance, or in cases of necessity and charity." But so great was the general curiosity to behold "this wonderful person and the orders of his family," that absurdly elaborate devices were resorted to in order to get a footing within the manor house. We read of "men of birth and fortune" sending "their servants into the neighboring villages to wait them there next morning; whilst themselves strayed all alone in the dark to Gidding, pretending they lost their way, and entreating a night's lodging." (Jebb, p. 248.) Such sham wayfarers were treated better than they deserved, for we read that they were hospitably received by the kind inhabitants, and "quickly set down to an extemporary supper, such as their oven supplied, of warm baked meats, of which they were seldom unprovided."

The most distinguished of all these inquisitive guests was King Charles I., who came to Gidding in 1642, on his way from London to York, after his ill-judged attempt to arrest the five members had brought the gathering political storm to a crisis. He came one . . . attended by the Prince of Wales, . . . of Lennox, and some other nobles. John Ferrar

gives a detailed account of the royal visit, in an appendix to his life of his brother, telling how the king visited the chapel and the house, and inspected a large and splendid book, bound in purple velvet, stamped and gilded and adorned within with "a stately garnish of pictures," which was then being made for the Prince of Wales by the industrious workwomen of Gidding. It was probably a Concordance or Harmony of the Gospels, such as they manufactured with marvellous pains and skill, the text being given in parallel columns, cut out often line by line, pasted on the blank leaves, and rolled under such powerful presses that the pages had the effect of being one uniform sheet.

The account of the king's leave-taking, read in the light of subsequent events, has a ring of unconscious pathos about it. "While the king was walking and talking and commending the fine and pleasant situation of the house upon a little hill, which it stood upon, to divers about him, saying, 'Gidding is a happy place in many respects; I am glad I have seen it,' the young lords had gone into the buttery, and there found apple-pies and cheese-cakes, and came out with pieces in their hands into the parlor, to the prince, and merrily said, 'Sir, will your Highness taste? It is as good apple-pie as ever we eat.' The prince laughed heartily at them; so wine was brought. The king came in, saying, 'It grows late; the sun is going down; we must away.' So their horses were brought to the door. The king mounting, those of the family, men and women, all kneeled down, and heartily prayed God to bless and defend him from his enemies, and give him a long and happy reign. He, lifting up his hand to his hat, replied, 'Pray, pray for my speedy and safe return again.' So the prince also took horse, and away they went. . . . And this is what then happened at the presenting of this book, which ever since hath been preserved at Gidding, and attends the happy hour to be delivered into the right owner's hand; which God Almighty grant in his due time! Amen, Amen, Amen." (Life, p. 154.)

The most unique and peculiar feature, perhaps, of the life of this modest community, and the one which most excited the ill-will of malevolent gossips, was the curious system of "watch-nights," inaugurated by Nicholas Ferrar as a special thank-offering to be continually made, by him and his, to God, in remembrance of

God to his family," for which he reckoned that extraordinary thanks were due. The account of these vigils is best told in the quaint, simple language of John Ferrar. The founder, having meditated long upon his devout scheme, and conferred upon it with several "religious, grave, learned divines," and notably with "his most entire friend and brother," Mr. George Herbert, laid his plan before his family, taking care that it should be obligatory on none of them, and that "none should be enforced, or the less well thought of, that did only not like of it, or would not be ready to take a part in it. So he found those that did desire to be partners in the action. It was that every night two at least should take their turns to watch one night in the seven, and should begin it at nine at night, and so continue till one in the morning. It was to be performed in their several apartments and oratories appointed for the same; the womankind had theirs at one side of the house, the men on the other side, a great way asunder each from the other; and the daughters had for their companion one of their sisters, or sometimes a maidservant, whose desire it was then to watch (for you are to know that most of the maids could read and say psalms without book). And the men that were actors had one of the boys at the least, if not two, that would also readily desire and strive who should watch, and they could say all the psalms without book readily. And the organs were so placed and tuned so low as that those that watched might, if they would, at some times sing and play to them, and yet no disturbance to any of the family in the house; but this was not usually every night done, only now and then. Now this was their occupation during their watch, and what determined the length of it: that they two that watched should carefully and distinctly say all David's psalms over in those four hours' time, from nine to one o'clock, they having both a glass and the clocks to let them know how the night passed away. One of the watchers said one verse of a psalm, and the other the other verse, interchangeably, by way of responsal. They performed it on their knees all the time, except at some spaces of time and intermission which they used when they, in winter, went to the fire to warm themselves, when extreme weather was. For in their rooms near them they had fires all night, and were otherwise provided that they took no cold to endanger their health, of which Nicholas Ferrar in all things was most careful. . . . Their

watch ended, they came and knocked at Nicholas Ferrar's door, bidding him good-morrow, leaving him a candle lighted at his door, who soon rose up and then went into his own study. This was that constant hour he always rose up at, to go to prayer and meditation, when it was not his own turn to watch.*

In the summer time, John Ferrar tells us, it was his brother's usual custom to keep his vigil in the church; and one of such watch-nights is the scene described in a certain famous romance, † to which, more than to any other source, is owing a present-day revival of interest in Little Gidding and the holy lives once lived there.

For a few pleasant, tranquil years this peaceful "academy" flourished; and then the rude hand of civil strife found it out, and at its touch the whole creation vanished like a dream. The manor house was ransacked; the chapel despoiled, and its fittings thrown into the neighboring stream; and such of the "daughters of Gidding" as still remained unmarried and under the old roof were scattered to the winds. As old Hacket—their sworn admirer and apologist—says: "It was out of season to confine themselves to holy rest, when civil dissensions began to flame, and there was no rest in the land. . . . Religion and loyalty were such eyesores, that all the Ferrars fled away, and dispersed, and took joyfully the despoiling of their goods. All that they had restored to the Church, all that they had bestowed upon sacred comeliness, all that they had gathered for their own livelihood, and for alms, was seized upon as a lawful prey, taken from superstitious persons." (Hacket's *Life of Williams*, ii. 53.)

The voice of prayer and praise ceased to go up from Little Gidding; and the intercessions for the king, which he had asked of the household at parting, and "wherein they never failed him at the public offices in their little chapel, till by the fury of the oppressor they were driven away," were no longer offered before its altar. Thanks to the care and piety of the present lord of the manor, the fittings have been restored and replaced; the "little chapel" is once more a seemly house of God; and the liturgy which Nicholas Ferrar loved so well, and used so constantly, is again to be heard there on Sunday afternoons.

But the family to whom it seemed indeed the gate of Heaven have vanished long ago, as entirely as the house which sheltered them. Only the dead Ferrars and Colletts keep watch from their tranquil graves, under the deep grass and the moss-grown flags. Yet, as we stand by the low wooden paling that separates the green churchyard from the green closes all around, and look up at the grey front of the chapel, and the low west door, and the mossy slab before it marking the grave of Nicholas Ferrar, we feel that the clear, deep, harmonious stream of life—bright with prayer and praises and sparkling with deeds of charity—which once flowed on so serenely in that quiet spot, cannot have been lived in vain; cannot have passed away and left no result behind it.

We may say, perhaps—and truly—that these people were fanciful in their religion; that there was a dash of eclecticism about the life they chose, and a certain luxuriousness about their way of serving God, which it would not be well for us to imitate. But whatever errors in judgment may have been theirs, we feel that what a contemporary says of them had truth in it: "The whole land was the better for their sanctity. They fasted, that famine might not be inflicted on our gluttony. They abridged themselves of all pleasures, that vengeance might not come down upon the voluptuousness of this riotous age. They kept their vigils all night, that the day of the Lord might not come upon us, like a thief unawares, that sleep in security. The whole world was the better for their contempt of the world."

They had learnt the blessed secret of how to blend together the life of work and the life of prayer, giving to each, day by day, its own due portion. Prayer did not

hold them back from works of love, Nor works of love from prayer.

May we, in our day, learn that secret too; that the length and the breadth and the height of our Christian life may be equal.

From Temple Bar.

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

WE read the other day a charming anecdote of Voltaire, who was very prejudiced against the Jews; that T. Bakkuk, and attributed to him such actions which are not to

* Ferrar's *Life*, p. 45.

† John Inglesant.

be found in the Bible. When this was pointed out to Voltaire, he answered, "*C'est égal. Habakkuk était capable de tout.*" We think the readers of the wondrous correspondence of the Scottish Horace Walpole will agree with us in opinion that he was *capable de tout*. The letters are filled with the raciest anecdotes about strange men and stranger women. Some of them are more than racy, and we do not know how to describe them. Lady Willoughby de Eresby, the daughter of Lord Perth, told Mr. Sharpe a curious anecdote about Rob Roy, who became a Roman Catholic in order to please the Perth family. He went to an old priest of the name of Drummond, and made his confession. Afterwards he said to a cronie, "I think I gart the carl sweat;" we think some of the stories related by Mr. Sharpe will put the reader in a similar state of deliquescence. "Strange that a man should be curious after scandal of centuries old," writes Sir Walter Scott of Mr. Sharpe. He revelled in an ancient scandal, but he loved it fresh and fresh, adds Sir Walter, and, being very much a fashionable man, he is always master of the reigning report. Sir Walter Scott thought that "C. K. S., with his oddities, tastes, satire, and high aristocratic feeling, resembled Horace Walpole, perhaps in person, also in a general way. His drawings were much admired." The etchings which adorn the book will be much appreciated, especially that one which represents Queen Elizabeth dancing high and disposedly, not to show how superior her saltatory performances were to those of the unfortunate Queen Mary of Scotland, but curvetting in her old age in order to delude the ambassador of James the Sixth into a belief that his master need not hurry his preparations for a southern journey.

Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the son of Charles Sharpe of Hoddan Castle in Dumfriesshire, was very proud of his pedigree, particularly his descent from the royal house of Stewart. There has been a dispute lately whether the name ought to be written Stewart or Stuart; Mr. Sharpe, the highest authority on such a question, invariably writes it Stewart. He was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, for his education, being intended for the Church (what a very queer parson he would have made!). His companions at Oxford were chiefly of the "tufted set;" his great friend was Lord Gower, the son of the Marquis of Stafford, who married the Countess of Sutherland, afterwards the duchess-countess, "that very great lady," as Mr. Rogers

always called her. The duchess became one of Mr. Sharpe's constant correspondents.

Whilst at Oxford, Sharpe went to London, and gives a graphic description of Lord Melville's trial:—

I went three days ago to Lord Melville's trial. The first was taken up, as the newspapers would tell you, by Whitbread's speech, who declaimed in a velvet coat, a bag, and lace ruffles. You would have laughed had you seen the sedulous care with which his friends gave him dips of wine-and-water to wet his whistle, and clouts for his mouth and nose. I thought his speech very clear, but in miserable bad taste; and so abusive, that Lord Melville smiled very frequently. That monster Fox was there, covered with a grey cloak—in which, I suppose, Mrs. Armistead formerly walked the streets—his sallow cheeks hanging down to his paunch, and his scowling eyes turned sometimes on Mr. Whitbread, sometimes on the rows of pretty peeresses who sat eating sandwiches from silk indispensable, and putting themselves in proper attitudes to astonish the representatives of the Commons of England occupying the opposite benches. Lord Melville will certainly get clear, and be made quite a saint of by his own party.

One of the first efforts of Mr. Sharpe in etching was a cruel caricature of Madame de Staël, with the motto,—

Corinne se consume en efforts superflus,
La vertu n'en veut pas, le vice n'en veut plus.

No description save her own, writes the able editor, could do justice to the fidelity of the satire, which is said to have inflicted the keenest wound the incarnation of female vanity ever received.

Madame de Staël (1813) was one of the most singular-looking foreign monsters that I ever beheld. Her face was that of a blackamoor attempted to be washed white. She wore a wig like a bunch of withered heather, and over that a turban which looked as if it had been put on in the dark; a short neck, and shoulders rising so much behind that they almost amounted to a hump. With this ugliness, all the airs of a beauty—forever . . . her shawl into new draperies, and distorting her fingers as you see them in the ridiculous French portraits by Mignard and his followers. As to her conversation—to people who like long rhapsodies, scarcely intelligible, the theme chosen by the speaker, I dare say it was charming: for my own part, I had the bad taste not to be able to endure either her writings or discourses. I believe posterity will be of my mind as to the former; of the latter it cannot judge.

This description of Madame de Staël's conversation is eminently unfair. When

Madame de Staël went to Bowood with Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Lansdowne declared that he had never heard conversation before.

Kirkpatrick Sharpe was, he tells us, an ingraided Jacobite. It is curious that the "Stuart Exhibition has demonstrated, that there is still a Jacobite party in this country." There were to be seen there believers in the divine right of James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth, and it is related that some of the fanatics were heard talking of the queen as a mere German princess. A few months ago, a granddaughter of Flora Macdonald died at Bath, and in the obituary notice it was stated, "she died a Jacobite." Mr. Sharpe was a great admirer of Flora Macdonald; but his favorite heroine was Lady Mackintosh, who raised the clan against her husband, routed, with the help of a blacksmith, Lord Loudon's forces, and rode at the head of the Highland army with Bonnie Prince Charlie.

And, now I am on this subject, pray tell me in your next whether the famous Miss Flora Macdonald is dead or alive. A friend of mine wishes to know her history. I think I have heard that she went to Jamaica and died there, but am not quite certain. Dr. Johnson says that her name will be remembered as long as courage and fidelity are esteemed virtues, and mentions his introduction to her at Kingsborough with much seeming delight; and she was an honor to her country and to human nature, and one of the many striking instances of how sadly the most exalted merit comes off in this villainous world. But the heroine among the Tory ladies who interests me the most is Lady Mackintosh. The trick she played to Lord Loudon and his rabble at Moy was very clever and diverting; and the description of her riding with Charles at the head of the troops in a blue velvet habit and gold lace hath charmed me from my youth up. Ask my aunt Murray, with my love, if she can furnish me with any anecdotes on the extraction of this courageous dame. I know that she was seized at Inverness by the Duke of Cumberland's miscreants after the battle of Culloden, but can trace her no further in any record.

Kirkpatrick Sharpe became a resident in Edinburgh. It is curious that he never seems to have seen his own country, never visited the Highlands; he disliked the country as much as Horace Walpole, who expresses his disgust to it, "because questions grow there, and that Christian commodity called neighbors."

It is now, let me see, a good thirteen years since my mind was made up concerning tours

Lowlands—by sea, or through the air in a balloon—that they are the most nauseous, miserable, comfortless amusements in nature. What can people cooped up in a cage or barrel, or straddling and jumbling together on horseback, do but quarrel? The very motion shakes up all the sentiment of ill-nature or peevishness in the soul, and every jolt of the carriage or stumble of the beast makes the cork of prudence fly out of the bottle, and your vinegar spirt upon one another's faces. Take Job, that Hebrew wonder, mount him upon a horse or ass, and clap patient Grizzle on a pillion behind him; or, if you please, put them both into a gig or tandem, or any other carriage mentioned on those tiresome boards with which toll-gates are adorned, and send them off on a jaunt to Melrose, Loch Catrine, St. Andrews, or the falls of Clyde. You would find, perhaps, ere they had got half way, Job overturned, and sitting once more upon a dunghill, cursing himself, his wife, all the world, but particularly Grizzle; while she, the jumbling having converted all her milk of human kindness into butter-milk or Corstorphine cream, returns flash for flash, and vows against her evil stars for having coupled her for ever so brief a period with such a rude, awkward, ill-tongued, ungovernable, ridiculous, ugly, old, bloody-minded rascal!

If Mr. Sharpe had entered the Church, we think his sermon on the wickedness of the heart would have caused considerable commotion in the religious world.

You must know that I have, ever since I knew the world, been firmly persuaded that our first parents, whether black or white, with tails or without (Lord Monboddie held the tail system, and several other things which the Rabbis dispute about), were certainly created without hearts. There can be no happiness with a heart. The heart is the seat of love, friendship, and compassion; consequently of that hell, jealousy, distrust, and pity, even for devils. My notion is, that our parents acquired hearts from eating that crab of an apple. Perhaps they swallowed the pips (hence black hearts), and so mischief grew. I am vexed whenever I think on it only. For a great many years I have never had the bad luck to meet with anybody that had a heart, which proves the common assertion that we improve daily, and I wish the elect joy. However, I have questioned some anatomists, and they tell me that in their subjects they always find a sort of heart, frequently ossified, and frequently very small. I scarcely believe them. Burnet says that the Duke of Lauderdale's heart was found at his death to be about the bigness of a walnut, which I firmly credit; but not that Hakston's trembled on the knife after it was cut from his bosom. Anatomists hold such a thing impossible. Of one thing we may all be certain, for Holy Writ hath it so—"the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

fie on Lady — for attempting to write on such an improper subject; pray advise her to give up the attempt to make anything decent out of such materials. The gossips here are making a great fuss about the Princess Charlotte's heart, and are most curious to know what was found therein. Foolish people! they might be satisfied that of all the worthless hearts a royal heart is the worst; but of that they are incredulous, and I will not attempt to make them believe that there is nothing worth finding in the poor princess's heart.

Mr. Sharpe is as cynical as Mr. Charles Greville, who wrote that it was a great consolation to think that princes were the most miserable of mankind!

A great sensation was caused in Edinburgh society by the death of one of its leaders, Mrs. Duff, the sister of the Duchess of St. Albans. Hydrophobia is not a subject that occasions merriment in ordinary mortals. The Scottish Horace Walpole, however, revels in ghastly details with more merriment than his English prototype.

Our fine gentlemen and finer ladies of E. received a dismal shock lately in the death of Mrs. D., who was sister to the Duchess of S., wife to Lord F.'s heir, and one of the most portentous signs in the zodiac of Ed. She could laugh without being diverted, eat and drink without being hungry or thirsty, and live without sleep; yet a slight scratch on the tip of the nose from the tooth of a lap-dog subdued this heroine, and she hath left "that name at which this world," etc. Eight months ago a mad cur bit three of Colonel D.'s canine friends and his wife's lap-dog. The husband's favorites were quickly hanged, but Pompey, poor dear, had too sweet a disposition to be dreaded, and was suffered to recline himself on his mistress's lap, till he took it into his head to start up and bite her nose. The wound was slight, and, though Pompey suffered death for his crime, no more thought of till a few days previous to the lady's decease, when being, however, not exactly mad, she exhibited many symptoms of hydrophobia, and expired in those shocking spasms incident to it. Immediately all Ed. was in an uproar; no nose was so much talked of since the days of Tristram's Don Diego, and a report prevailed that the ladies were all resolved to sacrifice their lap-dogs to the manes of Mrs. D., or, in other words, to the consideration of their own safety. Not a grain of *rouge* was left on a single cheek in E. with weeping; not one female tongue ceased talking of the catastrophe for a week. "Oh, she was such a sweet creature!" She had bought a whole cargo of silk stockings the day before she fell ill, and expected new liveries for her footmen every moment. Indeed, she had not one fault on the face of the earth. She was to have been at a ball the very night she died.

"No debate of a like nature," writes Mr. Sharpe, "hath interested the world so much as the contest respecting the estates of the Duke of Douglas. The following circumstances respecting his Grace, and others connected with that affair, may one day be thought amusing." Of all the *causes célèbres* we have ever read, the Douglas case is by far the most interesting.

Archibald, the first and last Duke of Douglas, was a person of the most wretched intellects — proud, ignorant, and silly; passionate, spiteful, and unforgiving. He possessed a handsome form, and was much about Court in the early part of his life, when Lady Jane, his sister, made a conspicuous figure, being a creature of much beauty and sweetness, and drew him into a duel with the Earl of Dalkeith, whom she jilted on a romantic punctilio concerning one of his former amours. This circumstance is alluded to in the papers of the Douglas cause. Some years after this, Lady Jane commenced a flirtation with a cousin-German of her own, a Captain Kerr of the Lothian family; and the Duke, who was as jealous of his sister as if she had been his wife, or perhaps thought she was about to degrade her family (concerning which they all made a ridiculous clamor on every occasion) by an unequal match, resolved to get to the bottom of the affair. He watched the young man the night before his departure from Douglas Castle so narrowly that he saw him enter Lady Jane's dressing-room in order to bid her farewell, and, fired with the most diabolical rage, repaired to his own apartment, and, seizing a pistol, waited until Captain Kerr should return to his chamber and go to bed. The unhappy young man had scarcely done so, when this fiend entered the room, and, pulling down the bed-clothes, shot him in the side with a deep and mortal wound.

A quarrel took place between the duke and his sister, and she left the castle, leaving her brother a prey to remorse. In 1746 Lady Jane Douglas, at the age of forty-eight, secretly married in Edinburgh the dissipated Colonel John Stewart, afterwards Sir John Stewart of Grandtully. Lady Jane then left Edinburgh, accompanied by Mrs. Hewitt, who attended her in the quality of a companion, and two maidservants. Colonel Stewart met her at Huntingdon, and they proceeded to the Continent. They arrived in Holland, stayed for some time at the Hague, then went on to Utrecht, and arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 26th April, 1747. It was not till March, 1748, that the marriage, which had still been kept secret, was announced to several persons. They left Aix-la-Chapelle in May, and travelled slowly to Rheims.

They remained there till the 2nd of July, when, accompanied by Mrs. Stewart, they started for Paris in the diligence, leaving their servants at Rheims. At Paris they took up their abode at the Hôtel de Chalons, kept by one Godefroy, who received a letter from a gentleman at Rheims, requesting the landlord to show every attention to Colonel Stewart and Lady Jane, who were proceeding to Paris to *buy goods*. Lady Jane's acquaintances at Rheims were very much surprised when she returned on the 14th of August with a child, and informed them that she had been delivered of twins on the 10th of July, at the house of a Madame Le Brun who let lodgings; that the reason of her not bringing the other child was that he was sickly, and had been left with the *accoucheur*, a certain Pierre La Marr.* Colonel Stewart and Lady Jane remained at Rheims till November, 1749, when they again set out for Paris in order to bring home their youngest child, who was named Sholto. The eldest son was Archibald, who afterwards became claimant for the Douglas estates. They afterwards returned to England, where Colonel Stewart was arrested for debt, and Lady Jane, if it had not been for the king's kindness in settling a pension on her, through the influence of Lord Mansfield, would have been entirely destitute. In 1752, Lady Jane travelled to Scotland to see her brother, the duke, who laughed at the story of Lady Jane's having twins in her fiftieth year, and called them the "Pretenders." On her arrival at Douglas Castle, the duke refused to see her, which threw her in the deepest affliction. Lady Jane then left for England, leaving the children at Edinburgh under the care of one of the servants who had accompanied her abroad. Sholto, the youngest son, who is said to have resembled Lady Jane, died of fever in May, 1753. This event threw Lady Jane into the deepest melancholy, and was the cause of her death. It is related how a few days before her death, though then reduced to the last extremity by pain, she took the sacrament at Edinburgh at one of the churches, and on the day she expired she called Archibald to her bedside, and recommended him to God as *her son* in the most tender and pathetic manner.

Colonel Stewart became Sir John Stewart of Grandtully on the death of his

brother in 1759, and settled a sum of money on his son Archibald, whose chances of succeeding to the estates of the Duke of Douglas seemed very improbable, when suddenly his prospects were miraculously changed. *Cherchez la femme*.

Margaret Douglas was a daughter of the Laird of Mains, and cousin to the duke; she was good-looking, though not handsome, with an eccentric and coarse manner (not devoid of wit), a manly courage, and most enterprising temper. She resolved to marry the duke, impelled by ambition, and a wish to mortify the Hamilton family, which she hated with all the cordiality imaginable; and repairing to a small inn near Douglas Castle, by flattery and pretending to wish for his opinion concerning some love affair, contrived to get access to his Grace, who first sent her a love-token of an ancient piece of family plate, and finally married her, to the surprise of all Scotland. On being questioned by some of her friends how she dared to wed a madman, she answered that when she pleased she could be as mad as he. She went to Douglas Castle to be married, in a hack-chaise, with the clergyman. When they arrived at Douglas Burn, it chanced to be *in spail*, and the postboy refused to drive through; but she held a pistol to his head, and he proceeded. She was wetted above the knees, and in that pickle married in 1753. She related the story herself, saying she was a very dragged bride. She burned down Douglas Castle to make the Duke go to Edinburgh.

The new duchess was determined that the duke should alter the will which left his estates to the young Duke of Hamilton. There was a quarrel between them on this point and she left the castle. A reconciliation took place, and she finally persuaded him to make a new settlement which left the property to his nearest heir, the so-called Archibald Douglas. On the death of the duke, which took place ten days after he altered his will, Archibald Douglas was served heir by the jury, who were satisfied with the proofs of his birth.

Amongst the documents submitted to them were four letters written by Pierre La Marr respecting Lady Jane's *accouchement*. The verdict of the jury was disputed by the guardians of the Duke of Hamilton, but was confirmed by the Court of Session.

The guardians of the Duke of Hamilton were not satisfied, and deputed one of their number, a man of the greatest ability, Mr. Andrew Stuart, to proceed to Paris to ascertain the truth. The results of his inquiry were astounding; he discovered that on the 10th of July, the date of the birth, Lady Jane Douglas was staying at the Hôtel de Chalons in perfect

* Colonel Stewart had known Pierre La Marr at Liège in the year 1721. He was a Walloon, and surgeon to a regiment. Colonel Stewart stated that he met him by *accident* in Paris.

health, that there was no such person as Madame Le Brun, at whose lodgings the children were said to be born, that no trace of Pierre La Marr could be found; above all, that at the very time when Colonel Stewart, Lady Jane, and Mrs. Hewitt were in Paris, the *enlèvement* of a male infant took place in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the parents having been persuaded to give it up to the care of a foreign gentleman and two ladies. It was also discovered that about the time Colonel Stewart and Lady Jane travelled to Paris to bring back little Sholto, another *enlèvement* of a child took place. These *enlèvements* were said to be quite unexampled. The legal advisers of the Hamiltons then recommended that a criminal process should be commenced against Sir John Stewart and Mrs. Hewitt in Paris, for the crime of procuring false children. This process was brought on by the advocates for the Douglases as eminently unfair, and as likely to prejudice the case of the claimant. The guardians of the Duke of Hamilton brought also an action in the Court of Session to deprive Archibald Douglas of his estate.

Another very serious discovery was also made by Mr. Andrew Stuart, that the four letters of Pierre La Marr were not written by a Frenchman, and it was acknowledged that the letters which had influenced the jury were forgeries. Sir John Stewart was supposed to have forged them with the connivance of Lady Jane Douglas. The great Douglas case was decided by the lord president, the lord justice clerk, and thirteen judges.

The lord justice clerk and six judges gave their judgments in favor of the Hamiltons, and seven judges decided in favor of the Douglases. The lord president gave the casting vote against the claim of Archibald Douglas. This decision was the cause of great rioting in Edinburgh.

We have seen a statement that James Boswell* headed the mob which broke the judges' windows. Boswell was a frantic supporter of the claimant, and readers of his "Life of Johnson" will recollect the lofty contempt with which the Duchess of Argyll treated him when on his visit to Inverary. The beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, who was said to have married the Duke of Hamilton at midnight, the ceremony being performed by a Fleet parson with the ring of a bed-curtain, was the mother of the young Duke of Hamilton,

and afterwards married the Duke of Argyll.

The Douglases appealed to the House of Lords, and the appeal was successful; then the judgment of a case was not confined to the law lords, but every member of the house might speak and vote. Lord Sandwich made a speech against the Douglases which was said to be worthy of a man midwife, and greatly shocked the bishops. But the judgments of Lord Camden and Mansfield were given in favor of the appellant. The judgments of the two law lords were bitterly attacked. David Hume writes: "Nothing could appear more scandalous than the pleading of the two law lords, such gross misrepresentation, such impudent assertions, such groundless imputations never came from that place." Wedderburn, whose speech for the Hamiltons, Fox said, was the finest he ever heard on any subject, was very bitter against Lord Mansfield, and wrote, the judgment made him think that "*no case was certain or desperate.*" Mr. Andrew Stuart published some scathing letters to Lord Mansfield which were much admired by Horace Walpole, who writes: "They will inform you how abominable abuse is, and how you may tear a man limb from limb with the greatest good breeding."

Mr. Stuart entreated Lord Mansfield to publish his speech on the Douglas case, in which he compared the forged letters to the *piæ fraudes* of the ancients, following the example of one of the Scotch judges, and expressed his opinion of the truth of the appellant's case, because a Dr. Menager* had known an *accoucheur* of the name of Delamarre who told him that he had delivered an aged foreign lady of twins. Lord Brougham writes "that Lord Mansfield's speech is poor in composition and argument; the main argument being that a woman of Lady Jane Douglas's illustrious descent could not be guilty of fraud." The speech as reported is evidently imperfect.

Mr. Stuart accuses Lord Mansfield of figuring as the "advocate and apologist of forgery" in the Douglas case; whilst in the Anglesea case, where Lord Anglesea's marriage certificate was suspected to be forged, Lord Mansfield advised the lords, if they were clearly convinced the certificate was a forgery, to disbelieve the positive parole evidence for the claimant, *swear it who will.*

* Boswell's father, Lord Auchinlech, decided in favor of Archibald Douglas.

* This witness was said to have been afterwards convicted of perjury in France.

Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who was *capable de tout*, contributes a most improbable accusation against Lord Mansfield.

Lady Jane Douglas is mentioned in Mrs. Heywood's "Utopia" in no very favorable terms. She was suspected of being prone to gallantry; and it was said that she had a child by Lord Mansfield, who afterwards proved so favorable to the cause of her son. There is a picture of her at Newbattle—pale, slight-looking, with blue eyes, and not pretty.

Mr. Sharpe gives some anecdotes about Miss Gordon, who was the mother of Lord Byron.

Old Mrs. Baron Mure told me that Lord Byron's mother was a fool and his father was a rascal. He poisoned his first wife, Lady Caermarthen, who was divorced from him because her father, Lord Holderness, left his money to her legitimate children, and he had nothing more to expect. Miss Gordon, though she was told of this, and had a fortune of £3,000 a year, married him. He spent all her estate, saving about £30 a year, on which she lived with her son in a garret at Aberdeen, supported in a great measure by her friends, who, when they killed a cow or sheep, would send her part. She was always fat. When Mrs. Siddons appeared first in Edinburgh, Miss Gordon took a hysteric fit in the play-house, clung round Mrs. Mure's neck, kicked off her shoes, and was carried out by Mr. Dundas, now Chief Baron, and put into Lord Napier's carriage, which conveyed her, screaming all the way, to George's Square, where she then resided with Baron Clark's mother.

Mrs. Siddons was acting Isabella in the "Fatal Marriage," and Miss Gordon was carried out, screaming like Isabella, "Oh, my Biron! oh, my Biron!" It is curious that at Harrow Lord Byron's name was always pronounced as if it were Biron.

One of the most pleasant correspondents of Mr. Sharpe was Lady Willoughby de Eresby, who kept him well informed of the tittle-tattle of the great world.

I heard a trait of O'Mulgrave the other day, which was very characteristic. Lord Glengall called upon him at the Castle, and was standing before the fire when the *Vice Roi* entered. He continued standing to warm himself; and at last Lord Mulgrave waved his hand with great dignity, and pointed to a chair and desired him to sit down. Glengall said, "Oh, my good fellow, that won't do with me! I shall always sit down in your presence whenever I like." Lord Waterford must be mad. Whilst driving about in the hackney-coach with the man he was going to fight and the two seconds, he address him: "Ah! you'll be a *stiff one* by to-morrow; you must button up yourself in your wooden great-coat with brass buttons." Mr. Sneyd said last night of Mr.

Rogers, "He is as jealous of the pretty girl as of an old wit;" and of Lady Shelley,* "That her voice is like a rattling old hack-chaise with both windows up, and when you get away it is with a headache and a bad cold. You know she always *suffles* and snorts."

Mr. Rogers's jealousy of pretty girls was modified by the idea that they would grow old and plain. The poet was not only troubled by young, but by old women, who mobbed him in Pall Mall, demanding money, and declaring that they were friends of forty years' standing. H. B. caricatured him defending himself with his umbrella against the assault of these too affectionate viragoes. The *mêlée* delighted Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who writes to a friend: "Your good papa's newspaper forms my principal pleasure, and an article in one of them last night made me laugh till my side quashed my mirth. It concerned old Rogers, the Pleasures of Memory poet, who is so annoyed by a number of old women, doubtless his *quondam* wives and daughters, whenever he goes out, that he is obliged to poke them off with a stick. Here are the 'Pleasures of Memory' with a vengeance. Then he ever was such a ghost of an old crab."

It is surprising to find in this correspondence the contempt which the writer entertains for the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Sharpe wrote to a friend who lent him "Nicholas Nickleby": "I have read no new thing of the kind that has amused me half so much and I am resolved to buy it. It is worth a hundred Sir Walter Scotts, because he paints (extravagantly) real manners; Sir Walter what never was, is, or will be."

In another letter he stigmatizes the Scott novels as "full of bad English, besides ten thousand blunders as to chronology, costumes," etc. Mr. Sharpe was for thirty-two years the intimate friend of Sir Walter; was the great magician ever acquainted with his sentiments?

There is a very amusing criticism of "Barnaby Rudge":—

I return you, with many thanks, "Mr. Rudge"—a novel I have perused from beginning to end—a wonder to myself, as not having done anything like it these twenty years, and I was much amused, often not in the way the author intends, and greatly interested here and there. But, after all, dear Madam, what a taste prevails now! The novelists of the present day are never easy out of Newgate or the stocks. One great merit they continually have—they never by any

* Wife of Sir John Shelley.

chance come near possibility. Their characters are all overdone and caricatures; their scenes, decorated with long descriptions of old broomsticks, two-legged stools, and broken dishes, are written to fill up the volume; and for *love*, which one generally looks for in such books—Sir W. Scott taught them how to make Cupid a *drone* bee. But in this book there is one feature, which may do a great deal of harm to silly young heads—I mean the ridicule cast on good breeding and common sense in the character of Mr. Chester, who is the only gentleman and sane person in the whole history. He is contrasted by Mr. Haredale (Hairbrain more properly)—a rude, absurd bear, whom we are to take as a model of honest excellence, though he did not give his niece a hiding (I write à la Rudge) when he caught her hugging her swain in his own proper parlor. Fie, old Hare! thou shouldst have been burnt in thy own warren. As to Barnaby and his mother, they are much cribbed from a poem called the “Idiot Boy” which I remember long ago, but Grip I have found nowhere. How that bird came to survive so many adventures I am quite puzzled to guess, and on this head the author gives us little or no satisfaction.

In Mr. Sharpe’s collection the horrible, but not the vulgar horrible, predominated, no pieces of the rope which hanged Burke or pistol that had penetrated into Weare’s brain, but there were portraits of celebrated murderesses, from Queen Joan of Naples, down to the portrait by Hogarth of Sarah Malcolm, who rouged herself in order to sit for it in Newgate. This was bought at Horace Walpole’s sale.

Mrs. Manning, after the murder of O’Connor, fled to Edinburgh, where she was, on trying to sell his scrip by a stock-broker, quickly detected. Mrs. Manning had been a nurse in the service of Mr. Sharpe’s friend, Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland.

You may be sure, madam, I have been much interested in the case of Mrs. M. and Co., and am convinced she has had a classical education, which made her roast a goose, the emblem of her lover (and indeed of the junco) over his corpse, to appease his offended shade. I think the Dss. of S. and Lady B. may be thankful that she did not “do their goose for them,” to use a vulgar phrase, as well as O’Connor. In this murder, as well as in the Stanfield affair, the most remarkable point is the folly of the perpetrators. It seems incredible that an ill-shaped monster like Rush could imagine it possible to conceal himself from those who knew him so well; and that this silly slut, who breakfasts on broiled ham, should have brought her scrip here to sell: she should have singed her goose with it. My delicacy condemns her to death for the broiled ham, without any other crime, as Madame

Lafarge ought to have been beheaded for stirring her husband’s drugs with her fingers, which was fully proved against her.

There were no greater favorites in London society than the Misses Berry; this fact seems to have roused the envy of the old maids of Edinburgh, who found a cordial sympathizer with their spiteful scandal in Mr. Sharpe, who writes in a letter to the Duke of Sutherland:—

As to what you tell me of the Misses Berry, it is delightful. I had dreamed they were dead; but some time ago, when Lord Orford’s latest letters were printed, I visited a club of—St. George’s Square—old maids, who subscribe and get such books, and who refreshed my memory (the ladies being all angry that the misses might have been Countesses) with a piece of family history. It seems that the grandfather of these heroines was nothing more than a tailor at Kircaldy, one of whose sons changed his name to Ferguson for the estate of Raith, purchased and left to him by a nabob, his mother’s brother. Now the amusing thing is, to think of Lord Orford’s horror had he married either of these ladies, and then discovered the goose in the Countess’s pedigree! He might have written a companion to “The Mysterious Mother,” “The Mysterious Grandfather,” and far more feelingly. Imagine the new Countess, like the old, announcing her crime to her husband, as the other did to her son: “Hear, hell, and tremble! Horace, thou didst clasp a tailor’s gosling!” The Count swoons in the Countess’s arms, and an earthquake shakes all the baubles at Strawberry Hill!

We think Horace Walpole would have taken the matter more philosophically than Mr. Sharpe is pleased to imagine. He professed to be proud of his maternal grandfather, a worthy timber-merchant, and Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe does not seem to be aware that there was already a tailor in the family. “Horace Walpole,” writes Sarah, the Duchess of Marlborough, “married the daughter of my tailor, Lambar.” Horace Walpole calls his uncle Horace’s wife a “stay-maker.” She was French, and when ambassadress at the court of Louis the Fifteenth the queen expressed surprise at her speaking such good French. Lady Walpole said she was a Frenchwoman. “*Française, vous,*” replied the queen, “*vous Française, madame, et de quelle famille?*” “*D’aucune, madame.*” Horace Walpole adds: “Don’t you think that *aucune* sounded greater than Montmorency would have done? One must have a great soul to be of the *aucune* family, which is not necessary to be a Howard.

"Never tell people how you are, they don't care," was the maxim of one who had unequalled knowledge of the world. Mr. Sharpe may be blamed for giving too much of his natural history to his correspondents, the woes of his fragile frame are full of details that might have been spared. Some of his correspondents follow his example, and the duchess-countess in her old age gives Mr. Sharpe a most lamentable account of the state of her teeth, which must have very much resembled that of Horace Walpole's friend, "who had as good a set of teeth as a woman can have, who has only two and those black." Mr. Sharpe had formed a curious collection of antiquities, but it was written of him :—

After all, he was himself his own greatest curiosity. He had come to manhood just after the period of gold-laced waistcoats, small-clothes, and shoe-buckles, otherwise he would have been long a living memorial of these now antique habits. It happened to be his lot to preserve down to us the earliest phase of the pantaloon dynasty. So, while the rest of the world were booted or heavy shod, his silk-stockinged feet were thrust into pumps of early Oxford cut; and the predominant garment was the surtout, blue in color, and of the original make before it became to be called a frock. Round his neck was wrapped an anti-Brummellite neckerchief (not a tie), which projected in many wreaths like a great poultice; and so he took his walks abroad, a figure which he could himself have turned into admirable ridicule.

One of the other mysteries about him was that his clothes, though unlike any other person's, were always old. Alas, for the end! Instead of leaving his collection to his own romantic town, he left it to his housekeeper, who, like a wise woman, converted it into cash whilst its mysterious reputation was fresh. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

There were several other racy remarks in his correspondence: how Dr. Parr was the very worst-bred brute, composed of insolence and tobacco, that he ever saw or heard of; how Shelley was a wicked wretch, trying to persuade people that he lived on arsenic and aquafortis; how he admired Moore's poetry, but was tempted to exclaim what his Oxford landlady screamed to her children, "Come here, you dirty little devil, and I'll give you the stick;" how Milton was an atheist, his poetry abominable, and his hero, Satan, the first Whig; how the divine Sarah Siddons, when he dined with her at Sir Walter Scott's, guzzled boiled beef and

mustard, swilled streams of porter, took snuff, and made the room shake with her laughter; how the preacher of the funeral sermon of the Duchess of Queensberry said to his weeping congregation, "But dry up your tears and weep no more, for this most illustrious lady, who was a great and good duchess on earth, is now a great and a good duchess in heaven;" how the clan Grant, thinking there was a misprint in some part of Genesis or Exodus, where it says, "There were giants in those days," altered it to, "There were Grants in those days;" how, last but not least, in 1846, the great Sir Robert Peel is considered likely to proclaim himself king, to divorce Lady Peel and marry the Duke of Wellington, whom all the world knew then to be an old woman! We have now concluded our difficult task, and we know well how imperfectly it has been performed; but we hope we have given our readers some slight idea of the eccentric peculiarities of the Scottish Horace Walpole.

From Longman's Magazine.

THE NATIONAL SPORT OF VIRGINIA.

It is a poor country, in the eyes of the Anglo-Saxon, that has no national sport. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America the national sport which they there found was the hunting of the buffalo by the Red Man. It was more than the national sport—it was the staple industry. Some while later the Red Man found the sport more varied. Not only did he hunt the buffalo, but the white man hunted *him*. There was no close time for either Red Man or buffalo; the former is, therefore, greatly reduced in number, and the latter, as if obedient to the law of supply and demand, almost extinct. The national sport of North America is now the hunting of the almighty dollar, which does not seem at all likely to become extinct, nor the zest of the pursuit to fail.

Meanwhile, in the Southern States, a different element was introduced by the longer prevalence of slavery. The national sport of the Southern States was, for a while—if we are to believe (which we are not) everything that was said and published of them at the time of the North and South war—hunting the fugitive darkie. But the fugitive darkie—who was much less frequently fugitive, or desirous of being so, than has been represented—had created unto himself, "on

ole Virginny's shores" and in "ole Virginny's" forests, a national sport. This national sport is still pursued, though bereft, like all the conditions of the patriarchal slavery of Virginia, of much of its olden glory.

But the darkies still sing in their rich, melodious voices, —

Oh, let 'possums and 'coons to my funeral
come,
For dey always was my pride.

For this is the quarry — the opossum and the racoon. You cannot say "possum" or "coon" to a darkie without making him grin. It is like "rats!" to a terrier.

The 'coon is the nobler quarry, in a sense — the bigger, the better fighter of "de dogs," giving the better run; the better-furred animal, the bigger depredator of poultry-yards and young Indian corn. But the 'possum is the dearer to darkie folk-lore — with the pouch in which Mrs. 'Possum keeps her babies, with the long prehensile tails with which husband or wife swing themselves to boughs, with their queer trick of "playing 'possum," shamming dead, and grinning consumedly when you tickle them in "de short ribs."

In late summer Virginia begins to don her garb of most brilliant splendor. The maple and the shumac stain the green woods with the first flecks of their autumnal scarlet. In the midst of this dawn of autumn coloring I was reluctantly obliged to end my visit, but shortly before I went my hosts said, "We must show John Bull a 'possum hunt, so he can tell them in the old country what our national sport is like."

"How do you go?" I asked. "Horse-back or on foot?"

"You can ride if you like, John Bull, but you'll find you'll get on a mighty deal better on foot. And you'd best put on your worst clothes, for we have to go slick through the weeds and the creeks and the cornfields. My! If we get on to de ole 'coon we'll have to go all we can to keep up with him."

"Well, I'm game for it," I said.

"That's right, then. O Ned," he said, turning to his young brother, with the peculiar Virginian use of the vocative, "won't you ride round to ole man Higgins and ask him won't he come on a 'coon hunt to-night? He's gotten the best 'coon-dogs you ever will see. A perfectly elegant tree-dog he has."

"Tree-dog!" I said. "Do you mean it climbs?"

"No, he doesn't do that way. He just marks the tree the 'possum's in. You wait — you'll see."

Ned was already preparing for a start. Some saddles and bridles lay in the porch, baking their dinginess and rustiness in the hot Virginian sun. Some long-tailed horses fed or strayed about among the apple-trees which grew around the house. Gay butterflies danced over the grass, and in the still blue overhead two turkey buzzards floated around in circles, without visible motion of the wings. Without waiting to make a selection, Ned took up the bridle that lay nearest his hand, and, walking out into the sunshine, allowed the same pleasing chance to determine the horse he should put it on. The one nearest happened to be restlessly engrossed with a persistent gadfly. Ned therefore bridled the next and led him up to the porch. There he saddled him, and jumping on his back, shot his feet into the great wooden stirrups, and with trousers halfway up to his knees went off at a gallop, while his straw hat beat time with its flapping brim.

We were at the midday meal when Ned returned. He hailed a darkie boy to unsaddle the horse and send him to play with the others. Then he came in and announced: "Ole man Higgins say no good go 'coon-hunting to-night. Cesar's away over the mountains."

Great dismay over Cesar's truancy, for Cesar was the celebrated tree-dog! (I am not sure if it should be Cesar or Seizer, but prefer the imperial orthography.)

"Well," said the elder brother, "I'm determined we'll give John Bull a 'coon hunt to-night — so there! Say, John Bull, won't you ride over with me to Mr. Clarke's this evening, and we'll get him to come along with his dogs? Then we'll get what dogs ole man Higgins has, as well, and we'll see if we can't get up some sort of a hunt."

"Mr. Clarke's not gotten such good dogs as ole man Higgins," said Ned. "He's not gotten a tree dog at all."

"Well, that's so," admitted the other. "But we'll surely catch something — if we're out all night for it."

"Riding over to Mr. Clarke's in the evening" meant driving over in the afternoon. In Virginia you "ride" in a buggy. In Virginia — a land of lotus-eaters otherwise — it is never "afternoon." The whole interval from noon to night is called "evening."

So after dinner, as we sat smoking in the porch, my host shouted, "O Hannie!"

In response came a black boy sleepily blinking through the splendid sunshine.

"Fix up Hannah in de buggy quick's ever you can. Now, you boy dar, fly 'roun'." They commonly clip their words, as the darkies do, when they talk to darkies.

Hannie did not fly much, but in course of time appeared driving round a hooded buggy with a small perch behind, to which Hannie transferred himself, accompanying us to open the gates. Betwixt the snake-fences, with frightful jolts over stones or into mud-holes, we go, now and again rattling over the loose arrangement of planks which does duty for a bridge over a creek, or floundering through the waters of a creek that is unbridged.

Thus we arrive at length at the abode of Mr. Clarke, — a superior whitewashed cabin. We find Mr. Clarke at home. He is a small tenant farmer, and has much the look of an agricultural laborer of the midlands. He is occupied, apparently, in regarding the face of nature — of which it is well worthy, in all its gorgeous hues, softening off into the mystical haze which envelops the far Blue Ridge mountains. The patches of maize corn are standing, still green, the height of a man's head, and the scarlet of the shumac brightens here and there the woods.

Mr. Clarke eagerly consents to the 'coon hunt, and treats with some scorn "Marse George's" lament over the absence of Cesar. We arrange to meet Mr. Clarke with his pack at a point in the woods some three miles from the house, and on our return journey call in upon "ole man Higgins," to acquaint him with the place of the meet.

Old man Higgins shows but little enthusiasm. He seems a laconic cynic, and scarcely tries to conceal his contempt of Mr. Clarke's qualities, or of those of his hounds as 'coon-hunters. Nevertheless he consents, with the air of making a concession, to favor the hunt with his presence and that of his hounds, always with the exception of the redoubtable Cesar. But he does so under obvious protest, plainly regarding Cesar's assistance at a 'coon hunt of an importance second only to that of one other personage — the 'coon.

After the tea-supper there is a general dispersal of the male members of the household in search of the worst articles of clothing — somebody else's preferably — that can be found. Whilst in process of changing, the booming of a cow's horn breaks upon the still night.

"Who's that, then?" we ask each other. It is early yet, for the sun has not long set, and the fireflies, which the natives less euphoniously call lightning-bugs, are still flickering, like little revolving lights, in the garden. However, the rays of a dim lantern reveal the horn-blower, surrounded by four or five of the black-and-tan foxhounds of the country. None other, in truth, than our friend Mr. Clarke, who, unable to restrain his impatience, has come all the way down to the house instead of going straight to the meet. With him is a young neighbor, Willy Williams by name, to whom I am introduced. He is said to be the keenest hunter of fur or feather in the county. And very keen and businesslike he looks, as lithe as a panther, and carrying in his hand a pair of leggings to put on when we arrive at our starting-point. Such a ragamuffin crew as we look was surely never seen. Mercifully the lantern throws into shadow our most gaping deficiencies. Most of the male darkie servants are gathering round, eager for the hunt.

"Whar's Harris, Ned?" the elder brother asks.

"He can't come till he's gotten the supper things put away," said Ned. "I'll wait for him, and we'll catch up on you afterwards," for Ned and the old house servant have been the closest of friends ever since the former's baby days.

"He's a first-class axe-man, Harris is," says Ned.

The "field" is a large one. Four of the house party, besides Ned; then there is Mr. Clarke, and Willy Williams, and an indefinite number of darkies of various sizes. Willy Williams draws a revolver from his pocket and fires it into the air as we leave the house, to proclaim that we are fairly off. This is a little startling, but I know him to be a first-rate shot. He is said to shoot squirrels with his revolver as they run along a bough.

For a mile or two our road runs along the railroad track; then we turn up into the woods, and walk up a cart-track in silence unbroken save by the continual "skreeking" of the katydids in the locust-trees. All of a sudden a "whoop!" as if all the fiends of Hades were loose, rends the air, and makes the woods echo again. Mr. Clarke is relieving his pent-up excitement in a mouth-filling, blood-curdling yell. It is full of encouragement to his pack, which dashes hither and thither among the crashing brushwood. Then there is silence again, and on and on we plod with a monotony relieved only by

frequent plunges into and scrambles out of mud-holes. Mr. Clarke occasionally enlivens us with a Tartarean yell, but the dogs are saying nothing.

All of a sudden there is a tremendous canine discord. I certainly think the game is at last on foot. But no, we are but passing two or three darkie cabins with their little corn-patches about them, and all their cur dogs are yelping a dire menace — which amounts to nothing more.

The darkies come out; one or two join us, and on we go.

"Now hyar's about whar we should meet ole man Higgins," I am greatly pleased to hear my host at last say. He has relapsed into the darkie idiom, now he is at the sport dear to the darkie's heart. "Sound up your horn, Mr. Clarke."

Mr. Clarke's horn booms into the night. There is no answer.

"I hear some one," says Willy Williams.

"So do I," says George; and presently two hounds spring from the darkness, setting up their backs in defiance of Mr. Clarke's pack.

"It's ole man Higgins," says Willy Williams, recognizing the hounds. "Hyar, Rock. Down, won't you, Savage?"

In another minute old man Higgins appears, in a slouch hat, with a big knife in his belt, and comes up to the party without a word. He gives a grin of welcome to Willy Williams, in whom he recognizes a kindred spirit, devoted to the noblest pursuit of man, the chase.

"Haven't you cyarried along yo' axe?"

Old man Higgins says no; so we have to sit down again in the silent darkness and wait while one of the boys is sent to fetch it from old man Higgins's house, which is luckily close by. Willy Williams has his pockets full of chinkipins (small nuts which grow inside a prickly covering, like chestnuts), which he liberally distributes. Their munching is flavored by a discussion of the merits of various hounds — notably of the truant Cesar, whose absence is deplored by all except Mr. Clarke, who depreciates him with faint praise.

"Hyar's dat boy wid de axe. Hey, Hannie, I done know yo' no gwine ter stay longer by yo'se'f in de dark dan you done help."

So now we are at last really off. Mr. Clarke is giving vent to yells which would seem to be rending his body in agony asunder. Occasionally we hear the dogs brushing near us. Of a sudden there is a

yelp, then another, and then a little chorus of music. Mr. Clarke yells more vociferously than ever.

"Dat dar's a rabbit!" says old man Higgins cynically — judging of the quarry by the quality of the canine melody.

"Is dat a rabbit, Mr. Higgins?" the boys inquire.

I perceive that old man Higgins is regarded as an oracle; also that he knows the true secret of preserving that reputation — silence.

He pays no attention to the question.

"It's a 'possum," says Willy Williams.

"It's my belief dat's a 'coon," says another.

"Ef ole Cesar was hyar I'd soon know what he was," says the oracle, travelling for once a little beyond his province.

Meanwhile, Mr. Clarke continues to yell wildly. Presently he pushes forward, and we follow under his guidance; for he is master of the ceremonies to-night, and not even old man Higgins — though all the boys refer to him — could assume a vestige of authority without a deadly breach of 'coon-hunting etiquette.

"How dat 'ar man do yell!" was the utmost *sotto voce* protest on which he could venture. "Yo'll head off the dogs," he said at length. "We best wait."

So all the party halted, except Mr. Clarke, who conspicuously declined to heed the *regulation*, and pushed on alone with his lantern. The chase went merrily on in the dark wood.

Suddenly the experienced ears of all the 'coon-hunters caught a different note in the canine music.

"Dat ar's a tree bark," exclaimed one.

"Treed!" was the monosyllable that sufficed most.

"Let's wait and hear again," said old man Higgins cautiously.

Again the same note — whereon all the party dashed forward through the thick woods.

"Come on," said my host. And "come on" I did — stumbling over logs, catching my feet in brambles, plunging into holes, receiving a stinging facer from a switch released by some one in front — and so we came to where Mr. Clarke was standing, with his lantern raying up towards a tree at whose foot was baying a hound, standing with fore-paws against the trunk, looking up.

"What is it, Mr. Clarke?"

"I think 'tis 'coon."

"Ole 'coon gwine ter give yo' longer hunt dan dat. Dat's 'possum," sniffed the old man Higgins oracle.

"Now den, whar's dataxe?" said Willy Williams. "Harris and Ned no done come yet. Blow yo' horn for dem, Mr. Clarke. Yo' boys, catch up dese dogs."

So then Mr. Clarke's horn boomed out, and the darkie boys held each a dog, lest the tree should fall on them, and the chips flew merrily as the axe was laid on to the trunk with a will, and I recalled the old saying of "a 'possum up a gum-tree," though this one was up a locust-tree.

Down came the tree with a crash, just as Harris and Ned, who had been answering Mr. Clarke's horn with constant yelling, came on the scene. Then the dogs were let go; we all rushed in, peered about through the foliage of the fallen tree, but not a sight of a living creature could we see.

"I could swear I heard him fall," said Willy Williams.

"Is he playing 'possum under hyar?"

"No, de dogs done find him ef he was."

"Dar, de dogs is on him! He's off again!" the boys exclaimed as the hounds took up the chorus again and rushed off down through the woods.

"He's no gwine to run far dis time," said my host as we started off once more in pursuit of the music.

And so it proved, for a very short chase brought us again up to where the quarry had taken refuge, in quite a small tree this time.

"Done got de ole 'possum dis un time," said all the darkies, fairly dancing with delight, as all dogs and men, surrounded the sapling, and by the light of the lantern we tried to make out something like a creature's shape up in the tree.

"Let me go up and shake him out," said Willy Williams.

"Yis," said old man oracle approvingly.

"Let Marse Willy go up, shake him out."

Mr. Clarke offered no opposition. So the young man shinned up the slender stem, and shook away. No result!

"He done gone twis' his tail roun' 'bout de bough, I s'pose."

"Give me up the lantern," said the climber, reaching a long arm downwards.

"I see him," he said, handing the lantern back, after a good look. "He's right up on top."

Up he went again while we all stood round in breathless excitement, till the sapling began to bend with his weight. More and more it bent, till there was a crash, and down fell the hunter with a thud and a crackling of twigs, for he had brought down a branch with him to the ground. In a moment he was on his feet

again, and as the dogs sprang towards him we saw that in one hand he held by the scruff of the neck a little pig-faced creature with snarling jaws, and in the other a branch, round which the creature's tail was tightly twisted.

Then such a yell of delight went up from darkie and white throats alike as if we had captured a white elephant at the very least. What a pandemonium we must have made of those solemn sombre woods, to be sure; and what a hero Willy Williams was in the eyes of all! The 'possum was but about three parts grown, it is true; but it was a feat of clever, plucky huntsmanship that he had done; and what I regarded as no small mercy was that the loaded revolver in his pocket had not gone off in the fall.

However, there we were with our little live 'possum twinkling its eyes and showing its teeth at us — a few more teeth, as it seemed, each time that a dog made a spring up at it. What was to be done with it? The darkies danced around and derided it. But old man Higgins was more silent and more businesslike. He cut down a long stick with his big knife and cleft the end of it. Into the cleft was inserted the end of poor little 'possum's tail. Whereupon he wound the rest of his tail lovingly round the stick and, clasping it round with his little arms, was borne along by Willy Williams — like a captive king in the triumph of a Roman emperor.

After a while, by dint of much blowing of sonorous cow-horn and Tartarean yelling, Mr. Clarke succeeded in distracting the attention of his pack from the captured 'possum, and inducing them to direct their energies to a quest for new quarry. The hounds occasionally struck upon a fresh trail — one of which led us right through a corn-field whose "shucks," as we swayed through them, deluged us with dew-drippings. Opinions were divided as to whether these diverse trails were 'coon, 'possum, or rabbit; but as they led to no "treeings" — to no result beyond much baying of the hounds, blowing of the cow-horn, and yelling of Mr. Clarke — the question of their origin must remain among those many problems which, humanly speaking, are insoluble.

At length hounds and hunters seemed alike wearied out, and a suggestion emanated from the oracle, "dat we should go up to yon old, disused darkie cabin, dat we should steal some corn by the way, dat we should there light a fire and roast and eat the corn, and dat after a couple of hours of rest we should sally forth again,

at which hour de ole 'coon would be likely to be making tracks homeward from his nocturnal business or pleasure." And the saying of the oracle seemed good in the sleepy and hungry eyes of the hunters.

So up towards the cabin we bent our steps.

"Don't take any of dis hyar corn," said the oracle. "Dis hyar is poor man's corn."

So we went into another field, of a man comparatively opulent, and broke off a great ear, or pod, apiece from the standing corn. Then in the cabin we lighted a fire of dry wood found lying around. The corn was thrown on the fire to cook in its "shuck," or outer sheathing. We found some apples on some trees hard by the cabin, and munched them while the corn was cooking. With yells of delight the darkies bent over the fire and pulled out the corn as it seemed sufficiently roasted. Then each, pulling off the shuck of his ear of corn, chewed away at it approvingly. The stick with the 'possum at its top was stuck into a cleft in the logs of the cabin, and the little beast clung there, alternately

looking appealingly from one as if to ask what it had done to merit such treatment. Then Willy Williams produced his revolver. A proposal that the 'possum should be the target was pretty unanimously negatived, and we practised, instead, at an apple stuck into a corner of the logs. Then gradually the men began to fall off to sleep. Willy Williams pillowed his head upon a sleeping hound, which seemed to be quite agreeable — the two hunting natures being in full accord. And the last thing I remember of the strange scene on which the flickering firelight was expiring was watching Harris telling Ned some of the old darkie folk-lore stories of the animals, and of "Miss Meadows and de gals," almost word for word as we read them in the pages of "Uncle Remus." "Brer rabbit" became, in Harris's mouth, "de ole har," and the affectionate title of "brer," accorded to the bear, the terrapin, and the turkey buzzard, was changed by local idiom into "bo'." In other respects the stories were identical, and Harris told them with much pantomime, imitating the manner in which "brer fox," as "de ole har's" riding-hoss, came "clippity-lipity" down the road.

So I slumbered off, half dreaming of, half hearing, the strange animal-human comedies, until I was awakened with a start by the booming of Mr. Clarke's horn sounding for action. So out we trooped again, stumblingly, stretching our limbs,

still half-stiff with sleep, and Mr. Clarke recommenced with renewed vigor the yelling as of disembodied spirits. The hounds, refreshed by their rest, dashed off into the woods, and we followed along a woodland track, with the 'possum borne aloft in our midst.

After a while thus spent in silent hunting on the part of the hounds, of spasmodic, brazen-throated encouragement from Mr. Clarke, there was a yelp, then a second, and a third, and a whole, emphatic, angry canine orchestra — a quickly travelling orchestra this time, too. Away over the brow of the wooded hill it led in an instant.

"Dat's de ole 'coon dis time, sure; now we're gwine to have a hunt, dat's mighty clear," and with that, Mr. Clarke, old man Higgins, and all of us together, dashed off through the woods at best speed, with no respect for persons this time — now that we were on an undoubted 'coon — not even for oracles. Mr. Clarke, with extraordinary energy, still led the way, and the yelling.

"Say, they haven't lost him!" — this in a voice of deepest despair from Willy Williams as the canine notes were silent a moment.

No, it's all right. The music begins again — they have caught up the trail.

Away we go, clear of the wood now — down over a sloping corn-field, crashing down, I fear, much of the "poor man's corn," down into a sort of marshy dingle, then up over the other side, with the perspiration beginning to pour off us, though the night is chilly. We have cut off a corner and are close on the hounds now; they race along the snake-fence of logs dividing the cornfield from the woodland. As they go they jump up towards the fence now and again.

"He done run along de fence dar," says the oracle, somewhat breathless. "Close upon him now!"

But Mr. Clarke is still ahead with the leading hound. Instead of turning into the wood, as we expect, we hear Mr. Clarke's next yell down over the field again.

"He's done gone down de creek. We're gwine ter lose him," says old man Higgins sorrowfully. He has quite forgotten the language of the white man in the excitement of the chase; and, sure enough, on the banks of the creek we all come to a standstill. Mr. Clarke, still yelling, is encouraging his dogs into the water. They plunge about in the stream, but make nothing of it. Then it is that we,

indeed, know the meaning of despair. Is there then no hope? Yes, indeed, by leading the hounds up and down the stream we may strike off the trail again; but the hope is slender. He may have gone up stream, he may have gone down stream, he may have gone a mile, he may have gone a yard — he may have gone into a musk-rat or other hole in the bank of the creek. There is but one thing of which you may be certain, "de ole 'coon" will have done just the one thing in all the world which you would least suspect him of thinking of doing. There is no gauging the subtlety of "de ole 'coon."

But hark! what is that? Away back, just, as we said, far from where anybody could have reasonably anticipated such a thing, there is a voice of a hound acknowledging the trail. The other canines cock ears, and at the second whimper dash off. Mr. Clarke yells intermittently.

"Back-trail, maybe," observes the oracle.

We listen in cruel suspense for the direction of the music. No. Joy! It is no back-trail. Away it leads in quite a new direction, along the low marshy ground. Oh, luckless "ole 'coon," that that vagrant hound should thus by evil fortune have chanced upon your track! Away we go again, floundering heavily through the squashy ground, for half a mile, maybe, when — "Treed! Listen! Yes! Treed! We done got him now, John Bull! Come on, and you shall see."

"John Bull," floundering in a deeper mud-hole than usual, is rather late in arriving. But they've got him. Surely there can be no mistake about it this time. Up in one of those low alders he is, that the dogs are baying around so. Yes, but in which one?

"Dat's de one he's in," says Mr. Clarke decidedly.

"No, I think he's in that one," says Willy Williams. "Anyhow, give me the axe. We'll soon see, if we're going to cut them all down to do it."

A few strokes brings down the first low alder. No, he is not in that one; and the dogs are still barking furiously and jumping up towards the dark foliage of the trees.

"I'm going to climb up and see if I can see him," says Williams, commencing the ascent of the sapling. "I do believe I see him," he says, as he reaches the first bough.

"Shoot him, den. Shoot him, Marse Willy."

"Shall I?" says he doubtfully, for there

is a certain etiquette about the hunting of the 'coon — that he should be allowed to settle matters between himself and the dogs, without human interference.

"Yes, may's well shoot him. He's done give us more'n enough trouble." It is the voice of the oracle. That decides "Marse Willy;" and, taking his revolver out of his pocket, he aims upwards.

"I'm not sure if it is him," says he doubtfully, lowering the pistol again. "Throw the light of the lantern higher, Mr. Clarke."

The next look seems to satisfy him. He says nothing, but takes a quick aim and fires. Then we wait in suspense, expecting the fall of the creature, but nothing happens.

"It isn't him, after all," says Williams a little sulkily, dropping to the ground again.

"Well, we must just cut all the trees down, then. Hold on to the dogs."

The axe falls — chop! chop! — twice when behold! not from the tree he is hacking at, but from the very next to it, down drops a darkish body with a thud to the ground. We each loose our dog, with a simultaneous yell. They rush in upon what the lantern's gleam reveals to be a 'coon on its back — their fighting position, all claws and teeth. The dogs close upon him in a body. In a body they recoil, as if they had bitten a porcupine. Then two rush in for the second round. There is a snap, a worry, a yell, a scramble, and — who knows how it all happened in the dark? But the 'coon is off again, with the dogs and Mr. Clarke yelling after him like all the fiends; and all "de ole 'coon" has left behind him is a scratch all down the face of one of the puppies and his eye half torn out.

Away through the marshy ground and the clinging golden-rod stems again, straight for the creek this time. And what became of him there nobody except those friends at home to whom the 'coon shall relate the story of this night of stirring incident will ever know. For at the creek we lost him, definitely this time. Maybe he swam down a long way before leaving its shelter, or maybe, as with the cunning of sin he was quite capable of doing, he went back to the woods on his own back-trail. At all events he was a bold sportsman, and had given us a good night's hunt, and I, for one, was not at all sorry that he retained his life and his liberty.

By this time the deep darkness of the night was fading, over the Blue Ridge

mountains, into a slaty gray. It was the first forewarning of the dawn, which in those regions climbs quickly up the mountains with little interval of twilight or half-light. It was time that every well-conducted 'coon should be in bed. There was no more to be done that night.

The house is four miles away, and long before reaching it we suspect that we are tired, we are certain that we are hungry. Out of the housekeeper's store-room we hunt up some bread and some lovely blackberry jam, which we wash down with draughts of "sweet" milk. "And so to bed," as Mr. Pepys would say, after a night quite different from any of those recorded in his diary, with the sun, just risen clear above the mountains, staring roundly in our faces.

And what of the poor little 'possum all the while? Well, when I awoke, somewhat late in the day, and came down-stairs, I found all the members of the household gathered together on the porch, inspecting him. Ned was holding him up at arm's length, by the tip of the tail. The 'possum was working itself upwards to try to get at his hand, but by keeping it gently jogging Ned defeated its efforts. As I appeared he began to do the office of showman for the unenlightened Britisher, and became so engrossed in his natural-history oration that he forgot to keep the creature jogging. It clawed hold of the root of its tail with one arm, and, hoisting itself with this, worked its way up, hand over hand, until Ned caught sight of its manœuvres as its nose was just within about an inch of his finger. He dropped it with a yell, in the midst of screams of laughter from the party gathered on the porch.

And what did the silly little 'possum do then? Make a bolt of it, as he might well have done? Not a bit of it. To my surprise he just began "playing 'possum" — that is to say, "shamming dead." There he lay, as if lifeless.

"Now," said Ned, "keep quiet all, and we'll see him begin to come to life again."

We were silent and motionless for about a minute; and so was the 'possum. Then he very slowly lifted up his head; looked in one direction out of one cunning little twinkling eye; then turned his head right round and looked in the other direction, still keeping his body perfectly still. Then, seeing no sign of movement or danger, he slowly gathered himself up on his short little legs and made off at a slow, rolling, ungainly trot.

Ned let him go about twenty yards and

then started in pursuit. But long before he reached him the 'possum rolled over and lay, deathlike, on the grass.

"Now," said Ned, "see him grin when I tickle him."

So Ned just touched him in the ribs with a little stick, and a shiver went all over his skin, and his lips curled back over his sharp little white teeth in a most unmistakable grin. It was the funniest little comedy imaginable.

I begged hard for the life of our little 'possum, and he was allowed to shuffle off and trot up a neighboring locust-tree, where he sat, wrapt in thought. But an hour or so afterwards I heard a shot, and was told that Ned had been unable to resist the solicitations of his friend Harris, whose darkie soul hungered after the delights of 'possum flesh.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

From The Swiss Cross.
CONCERNING COBWEBS.

EVERY one has noticed the cobwebs which hang upon each shrub and bush, and are strewn in profusion over every plat of grass on a fine morning in autumn; and, seeing, who can have failed to admire? The webs, circular in form, are then strung thick with tiny pearls of dew that glitter in the sun. No lace is so fine. Could any be wrought that would equal them in their filmy delicacy and lightness, it would be worth a prince's ransom. But for such work man's touch is all too coarse. It is possible only to our humble garden spider, known to scientific people by the more imposing name *Epeira diadema*. These spiders belong to the family of *Arachnidae*; and the ancients, who were great lovers of beauty, observing their webs, invented the pretty fable of Arachne. Arachne was a maiden who had attained to such expertness in weaving and embroidering that even the nymphs, leaving their groves and fountains, would gather to admire her work. They whispered to each other that Minerva herself must have taught her; but Arachne had grown vain as she grew dexterous, and, overhearing them, denied the implication with high disdain. She would not acknowledge herself inferior even to a goddess, and finally challenged Minerva to a trial of skill, saying: "If beaten I will pay the penalty." Minerva accepted the challenge, and the webs were woven. Arachne's was of wondrous beauty, but

when she saw that of Minerva she knew that she was defeated; and, in her despair, went and hanged herself. Minerva, moved by pity for her vain but skilful opponent, transformed her into a spider; and she and her descendants still retain a portion of her marvellous gifts of spinning and weaving. Now let us see how the garden spider uses its inherited talent. Each individual is endowed with a spinneret, or natural spinning machine, through which can be drawn innumerable strands, so fine that they can be seen only under a powerful microscope (Leeuwenhoeck claims that it takes four million of these strands to make a thread as thick as a hair from a man's head). First, our spider begins to draw from out her spinneret a cord of as many of these strands as seem to her good, and fastens it to some leaf or twig, then runs on another leaf, spinning all the while; fastens again to that; and to another and another; continuing until a circle is formed inclosing as large a space as she designs for the outer boundary of her web. Then she passes back and forth over her work, adding fresh threads, and strengthening this outer line, which she secures to every possible object. Finally she stops, fastens her thread with special care, and begins to run around the circle, spinning as she goes; but now carrying her fresh thread carefully raised upon one hind foot, thus keeping it from touching the older strands and becoming glued to them. When half-way round she stops, pulls her thread tight, fastens it very strongly, and a firm line is drawn straight across the centre of the circle. She runs down this centre line to the middle, fastens another thread to it there, carries it to a new point upon the outer edge, fastens it, and we now see that she is engaged in making those lines in the web that look so like the spokes of a wheel. She repeats this operation again and again, until all the radii or spokes are formed. When they are done she carefully tests each thread by pulling, to make sure that it is firm and strong; and, if one proves unsatisfactory, she either strengthens or remakes it altogether. Now that the main lines are built, our spider goes once more to the centre point, and begins to spin again — this time in circles — fastening to each radius as she passes. At first these circles, or more correctly spirals, are placed quite close together, but she leaves ever a wider and wider space between as she approaches the outer edge. The outer circle and the radii were spun of a silk which becomes dry directly after

leaving the spider's body, is of great strength and very firm; but these spirals are formed of a substance which differs essentially. When first drawn from the spinneret it is extremely glutinous — a most important property, as by this it is enabled to adhere tenaciously to the radii — and it is, besides, so highly elastic as to be capable of being pulled far out of place without breaking. When the spirals are finished, the spider returns again to the centre, and proceeds to bite off the points of all the radii close to the first encircling line, by which she much increases the elasticity of her web. It is in or beneath this central opening that the spider usually sits and watches for the coming of her prey. But while these circular creations are perhaps the most beautiful, they are by no means the only cobwebs. You have probably seen, or rather felt, the long gossamer threads that sometimes draw across the face, as one walks beneath the trees on a summer evening. At certain seasons they are very numerous. They float in the air, they fall upon the grass, they gather on the trees. These are all cobwebs. They are made by spiders, and in a manner so marvellous as to be almost incredible. The spider spins the silk from its spinneret, pushing it off into the air. It is so light that it does not fall. It rather rises in the air. It grows a longer and longer thread, until it is carried by some current against an object, often at a surprising distance, to which it attaches itself. This spider's slack rope is quite strong enough to serve the little spinner as a bridge, over which it can pass at its pleasure. Indeed, in the tropics spiders' webs are found of gigantic size, sometimes even spanning streams; and of a strength so great that humming-birds are caught and held by them, as flies are by the cobwebs of our own land.

From *The Lancet*.

THE LOW DEATH-RATE IN LONDON.

THE remarkable decline in the death-rate of the huge aggregation of urban population in London continues. The registrar-general reports that the annual death-rate in the London population during the thirteen weeks of the second quarter of this year was as low as 16·0 per 1,000, against 18·0 and 16·9 in the corresponding periods of 1887 and 1888. The death-rate in London in 1888 was far the lowest recorded in the metropolis since the commencement

of civil registration; and yet during the first half of this year the annual death-rate was 17·8 per 1,000, against 19·5 in the first six months of 1888. In connection with all vital statistics of large towns, there is at the present time an unpleasant element of doubt arising from the fact that it is now more than eight years since the last census was taken in England, and that consequently we have no accurate and trustworthy knowledge of the present population of our towns. The registrar-general estimates, on the doubtful hypothesis that the metropolitan population has increased since 1881 at the same rate that prevailed between the two censuses of 1871 and 1881, the present population of London to be rather more than four and a quarter millions, and it is upon this figure that the official death-rates are calculated. It is, therefore, quite possible either that the present population of London is over-estimated and the death-rate under-stated, or that it is under-estimated and the death-rate over stated. Experience, however, has shown the rate of increase of the London population to have been very steady in previous intercensal periods; and on other grounds there appears to be no good reason to doubt the approximate accuracy either of the present official estimate of population or of the recent death-rate. That it has been abnormally low, and that its decline has been continuous in recent years, is indisputable, although more authoritative facts as to the present population of the metropolis, as well as of other towns, would add materially to the confidence inspired by the calculated death-

rates. The recent low death-rate from zymotic diseases, as well as the decline of infant mortality, moreover, corroborate the assumption, based upon the low death-rate, that continuous improvement in the health condition of the metropolitan population is in active progress. The annual death-rate from the principal zymotic diseases in registration London in the thirteen weeks ending last Saturday was 1·9 per 1,000, and very considerably below the average, notwithstanding the epidemic prevalence of measles during the greater part of the quarter. Not a single death from small-pox has occurred among the population of London since the beginning of the year, and the mortality from enteric fever and from scarlet fever was considerably less than half the corrected average. The recorded deaths from whooping-cough were also considerably below the average; and the deaths attributed to diarrhoea only showed a slight excess in the last week or two of the quarter in consequence of the high temperature. The only zymotic disease which considerably exceeded the average during last quarter was diphtheria, which caused 318 deaths, against 188, 193, and 226 in the corresponding second quarters of 1886, 1887, and 1888. The rate of infant mortality, measured by the deaths under one year of age to registered births, was 120 per 1,000 last quarter, and 5 below the exceptionally low rate that prevailed in the corresponding quarter of last year. Such facts as these place beyond doubt the fact that the mortality of the London population during the first half of this year has been unprecedentedly low.

LEPROSY AND THE STATE. — The need for a renewed investigation into leprosy and its contagiousness is becoming imperative; and we are glad to see that the College of Physicians are prepared to urge the matter upon the government, for it is a question that vitally concerns the interests of the empire. If, as some assert, leprosy be spreading in certain of our colonial possessions, it is incumbent on the State to determine why so frightful a scourge occurs, and to take the best possible counsel as to the measures to prevent its ravages. What is required is not merely the perusal of reports, but the actual study of the disease in the affected districts, and the circumstances under which it occurs. It would cost money, but is this empire so poor or so selfish as to be unable or unwilling to devote some of its resources to a work which is of practical humanitarian interest as well as of

scientific importance? Meanwhile, there is good work being done in leper asylums under British dominion. The report of one such institution, small though it be, lies before us. It is that of the Asylum of Lepers, at Dehra Dun, North-West Provinces, India, and is issued by Surgeon-Major Maclaren, M.D. The statistics it contains clearly show that by enforcing the segregation of the sexes this asylum has, during the past ten years, wrought a great benefit to the district. Dr. Maclaren calculates that it has prevented a probable increase in this period of at least seventy, and possibly of as many as one hundred and twenty cases; and he pertinently remarks that with a thousand such institutions throughout India the disease might eventually become as rare as it is in Europe. For there is no known remedy for the disease. Prevention alone can cope with it.

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THE LIME-BLOSSOM AFTER RAIN.

HERE by the rectory garden's old red wall,
The limes and chestnuts side by side grow tall,
And, thickly even, mass against the sky,
Their bloom and scents tossed to the passer-
by.

And every spring and summer, pink and gold,
They greet the new year, as it were the old,
Closing their draperies with welcome-words
Round every little nest of singing birds.

But yester-eve we walked the curving way,
And drank the still heat of the summer day,
When only winged things could stir the air,—
As though the sunlight trembled where they
were!

And where with paler green the lime-trees
spread,
The humming bees were swinging overhead,
Or climbing, stem by stem, the blossom-
sprays,
A moving cloud of black and amber rays.

And yet, this night more sweetly bears the
breeze
Their fragrant burden from the fresh-splashed
trees;
Oh, sweet the lime-breath pours, when still
the sound
Of rain drips musically to the ground!

I stand and hold the beauty of the scene:
The branching nut and quince's darker green;
Lime-blossom swaying in the glistening light;
The stealing footstep of the summer night!

Strange thoughts arise, and stay the spreading
gloom:
The gentleness of strength,—that these should
bloom;
The young leaf folding blossom,—and I see
The gold-haired children clinging round her
knee!

Then, sudden, float the voices of the choir
From the dark church beyond; and my desire
Falls, hushed forever, with the sobbing sound
The rain-drops murmur to the thirsty ground.
Spectator. GEORGE HOLMES.

THE RINGED DOTTEREL.

HEED not the lures of copse or lea,
Or bushy dell,
But skirt the rising tide with me,
Ringed Dotterel.

Black veil drawn close athwart the eye,
Black collarette,
And white cravat, beseech the spry
And trim coquette.

By sandy level shell-bestrewed,
By crumbling caves,
Flirt with the saucy winds, elude
The gallant waves.

Outstrip the breeze and skim the ground
With flying run,
And take each breaker at a bound,—
Incarnate fun!

From lowly nest beguile away
The robber hand,
Well-skilled to try your artful play
Along the strand:

To pipe the wistful anxious wail,
And gaze askance,
Then shyly trusting seem to hail
A near advance.

Guiltless impostor, do not quake
For chicks or eggs;
Dear heart, I'd leave them for the sake
Of those pink legs:

And for the model mate and wife,
Whose highest good
Is faithful love, and more than life
To love their brood.

Had I a gun, your pretty charm
Would make me miss you;
Nay, why that scuttle of alarm?
I'd like to kiss you.

Go where the fattening shrimp has dined,
The larva squirms,
And juicy mites are safe to find,
And ripest worms.

The inner law let each fulfil
Without a care;
One Power has taught both you to kill,
And me to spare.

Spectator. E. S.

IN HAPPY DAYS.

THE harvest moon stands on the sea,
Her shining rim's a-drip;
She gilds the sheaves on many a lea,
The sails on many a ship;
Glitter, sweet queen, upon the spray,
And glimmer on the heather;
Right fair thy ray to show the way
Where lovers walk together.

The red wheat rustles, and the vines
Are purple to the root,
And true love, waiting patient, wins
Its blessed time of fruit;
Lamp of all lovers, lady-moon,
Light these glad lips together
Which reap alone a harvest sown
Long ere September weather.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

From The Quarterly Review.
OLD AGE.*

IT is a proof, and a noticeable instance, of the unity and continuity of human life, that the arguments in favor of old age, its compensations and its enjoyments, should still be those which Cicero put into the mouth of Cato nineteen centuries ago. And the expansion and continuation of those arguments, as the progress of civilization has perpetually presented new facts in support of them, show a variety in that unity, a progress with permanence, no less noteworthy. Nor must we pass by without recognition the genius of Cicero, which enabled him to apprehend, and to bring into clear view, and in anticipation of so much later experience, those truths which, in this matter, are still the master-light of all our seeing. For great, infinitely great we may say, as has been the growth of human experience and knowledge on this subject since the days of Cicero, it is not the less certain that all that knowledge and experience still centre themselves in Cicero's two principles and ultimate facts in which he finds the proper happiness of old age—the benignity of nature, and the hope of another life. And we, who now read the "Dialogue on Old Age," may sum up our own experience and that of the great Roman philosopher in the words of Lord Tennyson:—

Through the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the
process of the suns.

But when we propose to ourselves to look at old age in the light of past and present experience, and when in so doing we take for granted that old age is the natural end of life, we are stopped on the threshold of our enquiry by the argument, which Montaigne puts with the shrewd cynicism which characterizes him, that length of years and old age are not the ordinary, and therefore not the natural, conditions of our life. Old age he maintains to be the exception to which very few attain, in comparison with the greater

number who are carried off by the accidents or the diseases which open like pitfalls before every step in the journey of life, and into one or other of which hardly any man does not fall. How then can we talk of old age as natural? We cannot deny that there is truth in the paradox; but it is a half-truth, which leaves us still in possession of the other half. We do not deny, but fully recognize, the uncertainty of man's life; and the fact cannot be recognized in stronger language than that which Cicero makes Cato employ in the discourse before us. He says:—

Who is so foolish, though he be young, as to be certain that he will live till evening? For youth is liable to many more accidents than age: the young fall ill more easily, their illnesses are more severe, and are more hardly cured: thus few come to old age. Did not this happen so, we should live better and more wisely. For thought and understanding and counsel are the endowments of the old, and without these no State can stand. . . . That death is common to the young and old, I, too, had to know in the death of my most excellent son, and in that of your brothers, Scipio—men whom we looked to see among our most honored statesmen.

There are, and always have been, other ideals of the course and the end of a man's life than that of a benign and happy old age; nor has it ever been denied that the former have sometimes been more noble, and more to be desired, than the latter. The thought and the belief, that "he whom the gods love dies young,"* have cheered many a desolate home, in one or other of the many forms into which they have been translated and paraphrased, and of which perhaps none is more beautiful than Longfellow's "Reaper and the Flowers." The emperor Julian in his dying speech declared that his religion had taught him that an early death was often the reward of piety.† In all ages would the choice of Achilles of an early but glorious death have found approval; and poets have never ceased to win the widest and heartiest response to their praises of

* 1. *Marci Tullii Ciceronis Cato Major*, B.C. 44.

2. *Locksley Hall: Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*. The Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. London, 1888.

* "Ὁν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος."

MENANDER.

† Gibbon, with a curious but characteristic cynicism, suspects that this speech of Julian may have been prepared beforehand for the possible occasion.

the lot of him who, in the full vigor of manhood, dies for his country and his own honor : —

How fair his death, who in the foremost band
Falls bravely fighting for his native land ! *

TYRTÆUS.

Go, tell the Spartans, friendly passer-by,
That we obeyed their orders, and here lie. †

SIMONIDES.

'Tis sweet, and well becomes a man,
For his dear home to die. ‡

HORACE.

And certainly a man hath most honour,
To die in his excellence and flower :
And gladder might his friend be of his death,
When with honour is yolden up his breath,
Than when his name appalled is for age.

CHAUCER.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !

COLLINS.

And the whole anthology, ancient and modern, of which these are but specimens, may be summed up in Manoah's outburst of heroic sentiment when tidings reached him of Samson's death : —

Come, come ; no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause : . . .
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail.
. . . Nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

And a yet nobler death, and one beyond the reach of ancient Greek, or Roman, or Hebrew, was that of the five hundred soldiers who went down in the Birkenhead, and silently, and without the exciting enthusiasm of battle, or the prospect of glory, gave up their lives that they might save those of the women and children whose places they could so easily have taken in the boats : —

Beautiful was death in him, who saw the death,
but kept the deck,
Saving women with their babes, and sinking
with the sinking wreck.

* Τεθνάμεναι γὰρ καλὸν ἐπὶ προμάχοισι πεσόντα, ἰνδρ' ἀγαθὸν περὶ ἥ πατρίδι μαρτυρόμενον.

† 'Ω ζεῖν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίους, ὅτι τὰδε κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

‡ Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

In the English versions of Tyrtæus and Simonides, and the reference to the heroes of the Birkenhead, we have followed the writer of an article in the *Con-temporary Review* of February, 1871, on the subject

In the prose idyll of Solon and Cræsus, in which Herodotus gives us a picture of a simple age, Solon counts Tellus the Athenian the happiest of men, because he had enjoyed the love of all his children, and his children's children, all, like himself, the citizens of a noble State, and at the end of a prosperous life had at last fallen in battle in the defence of his country. And next to the claims of Tellus to the name of "happy" he says were those of Cleobis and Bito. These two young Argives, crowned conquerors in the games, when there were no oxen available for their mother's chariot, themselves drew her in it to the temple and festival of Héré, a distance of forty furlongs ; the assembled multitude applauded, while the women envied the mother of such sons ; and she herself asked for them from the goddess the greatest blessing that man could receive. Her prayer was granted ; when the festival was ended, they lay down to sleep in the temple, not to wake again. Their countrymen raised statues to their honor, at Delphi.

Cicero himself, while here discoursing on the happiness of old age, recognizes elsewhere as no less happy the lot of him who dies in earlier manhood for his country ; and when the world of moral worth and political freedom was falling in ruins around him, he pronounced one of his friends to be happy in the opportuneness of his death, and vindicated the resolution of another to shut out, by his own act, the sight of those ruins. We, in the light of a higher faith, have reverted to that better philosophy which Socrates had already taught, that not by his own act but only by the command of his superior may the sentinel leave his post, under any circumstances whatever. We now approve Cicero's conduct rather than his doctrine, and hold the calmness and dignity with which he met his fate at the hands of Antony's murderers, happier and more opportune than if he had died, like the younger Cato, by his own hand, although he himself might have attributed to the want of courage, which he confessed, that he had lived so long.

of the proper translation of ῥήμασι in the Lacedæmonian epitaph.

The Hebrew prophet, like the Roman statesman and orator, held that to be a happy and opportune death which saved a lover of his country from witnessing its ruin; and we, who in happier times neither need nor can avail ourselves of such consolations of despair, yet daily witness the apparently untimely death of men devoted to the service of their country and their fellow-men, and this often just as their powers had reached maturity, and promised a long future of increasing activity and usefulness. Nothing but unhappy and inopportune for his country seems such a death as that of the late German emperor Frederick; and other names, in less wide spheres, yet each in its way of real importance, present themselves to the thoughts of us all. That even so they have done and left behind them good work which will not die with them, we know. We may believe with the philosophical poet that

God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,

but neither philosophy nor faith can enable us to understand how such early death can be a survival of the fittest, nor to decide whether it belongs to the evil or to the good elements inextricably interwoven in the web of our existence. We can say to him who is gone:—

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages:
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;

but whether it were better or worse for us that his work was over in midday, it is hard to know. Still we cannot question or doubt that here, too, is one of the ideals of a noble life and death. This, with those of childhood and old age, make up the sum of man's existence; and the Christian Church, which claims to be the embodiment of humanity, has consecrated and canonized them in the persons of the Innocents, of St. Stephen, and of St. John.

Having thus justified Cicero and ourselves against the suspicion of having overlooked or underrated that argument of Montaigne's, let us turn again to what

we have made our main subject for consideration—the happiness of old age, as Cicero saw it, and as we may see it now. There is more dramatic interest in a philosophical dialogue carried on between Socrates and Alcibiades, or by Cato with Scipio and Lælius, than when the speakers are only Piscator, Venator, and Auceps; the Philalethes and Philaleutheros of our fathers; or the Ellesmere Milverton and Dunsford, or, still more prosaically, the author and friend of our own day. And as the late Frederick Maurice made the Socrates of Plato more real to us by showing that he is the same man with the Socrates of Xenophon, and even of Aristophanes, so we may say that the arguments which Cicero makes Cato bring forward in the “Dialogue on Old Age” come with a greater weight, and more living force, because this Cato is the same man whose portrait Plutarch and Horace have given us.

There is the same manly strength and force of character, the same simplicity of manners and love of country life, combined with an almost pompous self-assertion of the rank and dignity of a great noble, statesman, and general; and a morality of which some characteristics are generous and lofty, and others mean and low, not only as judged by our own but by the best ancient standards. And this, the Cato of history, Cicero brings before us with a dramatic art which may not unfitly be compared with that of the “Dialogues” of Plato. The modest deference of the two young men, Scipio and Lælius, for the grand old man their father's friend, and their desire to listen to his wisdom, and not themselves to talk; the somewhat garrulous wisdom of the sage of eighty-four years, of which with quiet humor he shows himself conscious, “as is the manner of old men,” and by which he almost converts the dialogue into a monologue; the pride in his own career implied in his references to the names and deeds of the great men among whom he had played a part, and to his having filled all the highest offices of the State; his display of familiarity with Greek philosophy and letters; and the little vanity with which he reminds his hearers that he had learnt

Greek in his old age: these are among the touches of dramatic art which charm and fascinate the reader before he attempts to find in what the charm consists.

The dialogue opens with the request of the young men to know how it is that Cato finds old age so pleasant, while to other men it is a burden. He first answers, generally, that it is true that to many old men their old age is a wretched condition, and one which is deservedly contemptible as well as wretched. And he gives instances both from history and from his own observation of living men. But he says that this is not the fault or defect of nature, but of the men themselves, who by habitual disregard of the laws of nature in their youth and manhood have brought these consequences on themselves. And if old age is pleasant to himself, and if he is at all worthy (as he desires to be) of the name of wise which his friends are wont to give him, it is because he has always obeyed the laws of nature, and submitted to her guidance as to that of a god. It is not likely that she, who has brought us well through all the stages of life, should, like some indolent poet, fail in the last act. All things must have an end; and for man to be dissatisfied when the fruit is at last ripe, is, like the giants, to war with the gods.

Cato then finds four causes why old age is thought to be miserable: that it calls us away from the transaction of affairs; that it renders the body more feeble; that it deprives us of almost all pleasures; and that it is not very far from death. Each of these he takes in succession; and while he grants that each has a fact on which it rests, he goes on to show that in each case it is the fault of the man himself, and not of nature and the laws of nature and life, if he cannot and does not turn his apparent loss to glorious gain.

Laying down these premises of his argument, he proceeds first to show, by a number of examples from Greek and Roman history, much of the latter of which he himself had been at the making of, that so far from old age taking men away from the transaction of business in the affairs of State or of their own homes, it on the contrary gives them new qualifications for the work, which they did not, and could not, possess before. It is true that the old man can no longer himself take part in campaigns and in battles; but he is able, in the Senate, to guide the conduct of the men who have now taken his place in those active duties, with an experience and wisdom which their youth-

ful powers cannot provide, and which must be counted of greater worth than theirs, as the force of intellect is more worthy than strength of body, though the latter is to be prized in its own place and time. And thus, the second objection to old age, that it makes the body more feeble, is also met. For such increased feebleness is met by a corresponding cessation of the demand for the more active duties of manhood. Cato instances himself, as one who, at the age of eighty-four, was not only able to transact all business, whether of the State or of his private life, but to continue his various literary pursuits, which he enumerates; and he says that he no more desires the strength of his youth in old age than he did that of a bull or an elephant when he was young. But he warns Lælius and Scipio that old age is liable to the vices of inactivity, sloth, and drowsiness, and that against such old age we must make a stand — *SENECTUTI RESISTENDUM EST* — and fight as we fight against disease. And to this end we must maintain health of body by habitual temperance while we keep the mind in vigor by constant employment of its energies.*

To the complaint that old age has no pleasures, Cato retorts, "O noble privilege of old age if it indeed takes from us what is the greatest defect of youth!" He maintains that in a virtuous and temperate old age the diminished pleasures of life are always balanced by a corresponding diminution of the desire for them; and at the same time there is an absolute and very great gain in the increasing mastery of reason over that eager pursuit of pleasure which often wrecks the whole life of the young. Judged even by the Roman ideals of womanhood as represented by the Vestal Virgin and the matron, there is something not only coarse in language but implying a low moral level of thought, in some of the arguments and illustrations on this subject which Cicero puts into the mouth of Cato, and which no doubt represent the mind of the one no less than the other. Still, there is a fine, hard Roman virtue and simplicity in the disdain of the pleasures of sense, and preference for the enjoyments of reason. If there is less enjoyment of the pleasures of sense in old age than in youth, there

* Cicero would keep the body in health for the sake of the mind: an eminent physician of our own day dealing (as his business is) with the converse proposition, says to the man of intellectual pursuits: "Never give up exercise as necessary for bodily health." — exercise."

is not only a corresponding diminution in the desire for them, which leaves the practical enjoyment the same; but as the pleasures of youth and the desire for them fade together, this is felt by the old man to be a real deliverance from what he has learnt to be only a bondage. He finds his mind set free for higher and purer pleasures. Cato tells of the delight with which he has learnt Greek in his old age, and so entered into the enjoyment of Greek literature; and he names men among his contemporaries, who in their old age devoted themselves with intense delight to astronomy, to the drama, to history, to pontifical and civil law, and even to oratory. "What pleasures of the senses are comparable to these pleasures?" And these are the pleasures of the mind which, too, with the sensible and the cultivated, increase with increasing age, recalling a noble saying of Solon, that as he grew old he was ever learning much, day by day. "Truly, than such pleasures of the mind none can be greater."

And, after all that can be said of the gain for the enjoyment of the mind when old age has set it free from the pleasures of the senses, Cato maintains that old age, too, has a special pleasure of the senses, of which the young know less than the old, the pleasure which comes of all the various occupations of the farm and the garden. So delightful are these occupations to Cato, that he says that to his mind they are the nearest approach to what the life of a wise man should be. And he excuses himself on this ground for an old man's talkativeness about country life, on which he indulges himself with a long discourse, adding humorously that he thus admits that old age has some failings.

Then Cato turns again to one of the pleasures of old age of which he had already spoken, and which, from its very nature, can be only enjoyed by the old — the honor, respect, and reverence paid to them by the young. He says: —

Old age, especially in men honored by their country, commands a respect of more account than all the pleasures of youth. But remember that in all that I say, I am praising that old age which has been built up from its foundations in youth. Grey hairs and wrinkles cannot of themselves command respect; but a life spent honorably reaps the fruit of reverence at the last. For that men should salute you and desire your notice, give place and rise up before you, attend you on your way, escort you home again, and ask your opinion and counsel: these things are honorable, though they may seem slight and

trivial.* For in our own and in other states these things are most scrupulously observed in proportion as a high tone of morals prevails. It is related that Lysander the Lacedæmonian used to say that Lacedæmon was the most honorable home for old age, for nowhere else was such reverence paid to age. And this was shown and put on record, when, during the games at Athens, a man of great age came into the theatre, and no room was made for him by his fellow-citizens in that great assembly; but when he came to the place where the Lacedæmonian ambassadors were sitting together, all rose up, and gave the old man a seat among themselves. And when the whole assembly applauded with one consent, some one said, that the Athenians knew what was right, but would not do it.

The fourth and last complaint against old age which Cato undertakes to consider and reply to is, that it brings us near to death, which can never be far distant from old age. With the readiness of the old Roman soldier who had often faced death fearlessly, and with the pride of the great Roman noble conscious only of his virtues, he exclaims: "O wretched old man, who in so many long years of life hast not learned that death is a thing to be despised! Death may plainly be disregarded if it altogether extinguishes life; and is no less to be wished for, if it leads us to a place where the soul will live forever. There is no third condition possible. What then should I fear, if I am about to be either not miserable, or else blessed?"† In an argument from which we have already quoted, Cato maintains that so far from death being specially an evil of old age, it so constantly comes to the young no less, if not more, than to the old, that the old man is the better off; for he has actually attained that long life which the young man only hopes for. The death of the old, too, comes in accordance with the ever benign laws of nature, while that of the young is in repugnance to those laws. The green fruit must be plucked by force, the ripe falls of

* "I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare
not." (Macbeth, v. 3.)

† With dramatic effect, the tale of Cato disdains any notice of the prospect of future punishment for evil-doing, the dread of which is described as so serious in the very passage of Plato's "Republic" from which he has just been quoted. We are reminded of the reply of the Duchess of Marlborough to Lady Huntingdon, when the latter warned her to think of the judgment to come: "Depend upon it, madam, God Almighty thinks twice before damning a person of my quality."

itself; the flame of youth is quenched as by a flood of water, that of old age goes out of itself. And this end seems to him so pleasant, as he approaches nearer to death, that it is like the sight of land as one comes into port after a long voyage.*

Yet, while thus insisting on the benignity of nature through the successive stages of life, and the harmony of their several conditions with each other, Cato recognizes the difference between the last and the previous stages of life, inasmuch as these are successive forms of progress, while death is but decay and dissolution. It therefore demands some compensation not required by them; and this he finds in the promise of another, immortal, life. For the support of this his faith, he brings arguments from philosophy, and from the moral and mental convictions of himself and of the wise and good who have held the same faith. Some of the philosophical arguments we may pass by as fanciful, but others still hold their ground among ourselves. Above all is this the case with the arguments from personal consciousness and conviction. The too early death of his beloved son had awakened in him the certainty that that son was but waiting for him in those regions where his father was to join him. He is confident that he shall meet again the great and good men whom he had known and loved on earth; and not only these, but the great of former times. And then with an argument in singular analogy with that which the Jewish Sadducees were told should have been sufficient to meet their incredulosity, he declares for himself and for the great patriots among whom were the fathers of the young men to whom he spoke, that neither they nor he could have chosen a life of anxious and strenuous toil instead of a life of ease, unless they had believed that they would themselves consciously share in the glory which posterity would accord them. They did not aim at great exploits merely because these would live in the recollection of posterity, but because they saw that posterity belonged to them, and would live to them. In a like spirit Cato had previously said that if a man were asked why he planted trees for the benefit of another generation, he should answer: "I plant them for the immortal gods, who have willed not only that I should receive them from my

fathers, but that I should hand them down to those who come after me." We give in such English as we can* the concluding words of this burst of prophet-like eloquence:—

I find no disposition to deplore the loss of life as many even learned men have done, nor does it repent me to have lived, since I have so lived that I count myself not to have been born in vain: and I depart from life as from an inn, not as from a home, for nature has given us an inn to sojourn in, and not a home to dwell in. O most glorious day when I shall set out to join that god-like assemblage and company of souls, and leave this sordid crowd behind! For I shall go to join not only the great men of whom I have spoken, but to my own Cato, too, than whom no better man was ever born, nor more distinguished for filial piety. His body was laid by me on the funeral pyre, instead of mine by him as had been fitting. But his soul, not deserting me, but often looking back, doubtless departed to those regions to which he saw that myself would come. I seemed to bear my loss with fortitude: yet I so bore it, not from indifference, but because I consoled myself with the thought that there would be no long distance nor separation between us. For these reasons, Scipio (to reply to the wonder which you and Laelius have expressed that it should be so), old age sits lightly on me, and is not only not irksome, but delightful.

Cicero makes Cato express his sure and certain hope of another life with a straightforward peremptoriness appropriate to the man; but it was not the habit of his own mind to dogmatize in philosophy, which indeed is the aspiration and search after truth, and not an actual revelation of it from above. And, therefore, with the humility of a great mind he proceeds to represent Cato as qualifying his confidence by recurring to that suggestion of the possible alternative which he had already recognized to that of a happy immortality. And he thus concludes the "Dialogue":—

If I err in this, in believing that the souls of men are immortal, I gladly err: nor while I live will I consent that this my error, in which I delight, shall be wrested from me. But if—as certain insignificant philosophers hold—I shall when dead know nothing, I shall not be afraid of dead philosophers laughing at my error. But if we are not to be immortal, we must wish that a man's life should end at its proper time. For nature has a term

* Now strike your sailes, ye jolly mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode.
(The Faerie Queene, I. xii. 42.)

* Here, as elsewhere, we give our own version, but not without regard to the paraphras. of מלך המלכות the close translation of Edmonds. מלך המלכות Edmonds is often vigorous; and the מלך המלכות and good taste in that of Melmoth, though it needed some boldness to attempt to improve on the eloquence of Cicero.

for life, as for all other things. And old age is like the last scene of a play, from which we ought to withdraw when we are tired, and have had enough. Thus much have I to say upon old age. May you reach it, and so by your own experience prove the truth of what you have heard from me.

The readers of the original "Dialogue," and, we hope, even those who only know it through our summary, will understand how Cicero, in sending it to his friend Atticus, should have said that "in the composition of the book he has come to see that old age may not only be cleared from the charge of discomfort but shown to be easy and delightful."

Such is a sketch of the arguments by which Cicero maintains that old age is happy when it is reached and continued to the last in accordance with the benign laws of nature which governs man's life; and where there is the prospect of another happy life beyond that of nature here below. And the statement of the arguments is sufficient to prove the first point of our contention — that they are as true now as they were nineteen hundred years ago, and that one unbroken thread of purpose has run through the life of man in all those ages. Let us now go on to enquire how far "men's thoughts have widened" on this subject during those ages.

The first thing that we notice is, that the centre of ideal representation has shifted. Cicero's ideal old man is a great Roman noble; of high birth and rank; eminent as a soldier, an orator, and a statesman; rich and prosperous; of stern command of himself and of others; and, at the age of eighty-four, in full vigor both of mind and body. Nor is it easy, nor we may say possible, to conceive that Cicero could have found an actual embodiment of his ideal of old age in his own times, except in such a man as Cato the Censor of history. The simple manners of an age which could accept with sympathy and approval the story of Solon and Croesus as given by Herodotus, and from which we have already quoted, had long passed away. And the ever-widening and continually hardening system of slavery had made the greater part of the community the mere chattels of the more fortunate few, while it fostered and maintained in those few the habit of dealing with the great body of their fellow-men on the principles of the cattle-breeder and cattle-dealer. It is not to be supposed — for the supposition would be in contradiction to the facts — that the contented acceptance

and approval of this detestable system by such men as Cicero, as of Plato and Aristotle before him, was incompatible with the co-existence of high and noble ideals of life. On the contrary, we have shown that Cicero's ideal of old age rightly deserves to be so called. Only we would point out, that our political and social horizon, and with it our power of vision, have widened to an extent which he never thought of as even possible. And so we are able to look for, and to find, ideals of life in regions to him unknown; and to prefer such ideals to his, though his, too, are within our ken, if we choose to have them. The German emperor William, little more than a year ago, was the living counterpart of Cicero's Cato, in all the main characteristics of the latter; and we of the generation now passing away remember in the Duke of Wellington a still more complete and exact resemblance to the old Roman noble. If we look for the perfect embodiment in a modern Englishman of Cicero's ideal of old age, we have it in the Duke of Wellington: —

Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

Yet who among us, even if himself a "warrior-statesman," would see in the old age of a Wellington or a Cato the highest realization of his own dream of the old age which he desires for himself? Who, if he think at all on these things, and specially if he have himself already entered on that last stage of life, does not feel that

Another race hath been, and other palms are won,

and that a happier, more peaceful, and more pleasant old age is the lot of the humble many, if they will accept it, than is possible for the few great men of the earth. We say, "if they will accept it," for we do not pretend that the time of old age is not, to many men and women, the poor and the humble and the rich and the great alike, a time of wearisome querulousness and discontent, whether from the actual pressure of growing infirmities of mind or body, or from regret for the loss of the active powers and energies which those infirmities more and more control and take away. All these evils of old age are as real now as they were when Socrates talked of them with Cephalus, and Cato with Scipio; and the reply now is still the

same as it was then — that the evils are real and frequent, but that they are not the necessary consequences nor accompaniments of old age itself, but rather of the man's own disposition and habits of mind when he arrives at that time of life. Nor is this less true when disease, and poverty, and griefs greater than even these, come upon man in his declining days; for we know that these too can be, and often are, met with a temper and spirit of resignation and endurance which is not unhappiness, but rather the noblest form of happiness, though one to which few attain. And as there are other kinds and periods of death besides those which come at the end of a long life, so there are conditions of old age itself other than those of the benignant operation of the laws of nature. In the one case as in the other there are malignant operations of nature not less real nor less frequent than the benign; and in each, too, the former may, and happily often do, evoke the controlling and mastering action of a power able to turn the evil to a higher good.

Remembering then that these limitations and variations in the condition of actual old age must be assumed in all discussions of the subject, though they may not be perpetually repeated, let us see what Shakespeare has to tell us of old age. For to Shakespeare all Englishmen turn, as to the man who has seen every form of man's life in its idea, and has given to every such idea a local habitation and a name. It were idle to ask, for we shall never know the answer to the question, what was Shakespeare's private opinion — the opinion that he might have given to Ben Jonson at the Mermaid, or to the boon companions he was entertaining at New Place, on this or any other subject. What we can know is, who and what is each man and woman whom he brings before us, as he or she actually is, and (what is quite another matter) what each seems to the other persons in the play. Thus, to the cynical Jaques, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" and the old man is to him nothing more than "the lean and slipper'd pantaloon," soon to pass into

second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-
thing.*

But no sooner has Jaques ended this bitter scoffing than he is confronted by

the entrance of old Adam, whose full portrait, at the age of "almost fourscore," we must give from his own hand: —

I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providentially caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.*

Nor is Lear the mere contemptible dotard which those she-wolves Regan and Goneril take him to be. Though his former habits of imperious and masterful rule of his kingdom have fallen into the wilfulness and raging passion of a wayward child, yet he retains a royal dignity which commands our respect as well as pity; and we feel that he is not altogether unworthy of the devotion of Kent or the love of Cordelia, though we see plainly enough the deficiencies which they are able as well as willing to hide from themselves. Nor must we see Polonius with the eyes of Hamlet, who dislikes the old statesman whose worldly wisdom is in such contradiction to his own philosophy, and whom he suspects of siding with his uncle in the late election to the throne. If we look at Polonius as he is, we see that his mind is indeed breaking down with the decay of old age, but that it was once a mind of considerable political and practical sagacity. He had been a trustworthy as well as trusted councillor of State, and he is still an affectionate and conscientious, though over-anxious and over-calculating, father. His advice to Laertes, and even his schemes for learning how the young man conducts himself in France, are full of fatherly feeling, though with a certain worldliness of tone; and we must read his too harshly expressed commands to Ophelia in connection with his freedom from any design to entangle the prince in a match, which would have been so much to his own advantage as well as that of his daughter; and with his self-reproach for his undue suspicions.

* As You Like It, ii. 7.

* Ibid., ii. 3.

We have already quoted Macbeth's description of the honorable and honored old age from which his crime has shut him out forever. Of Falstaff, in life and death, we ask ourselves whether the matter for that wonderful creation of the poet's art was supplied by a benign or a malignant nature. Utterly heartless, yet not only jovial but genial in all his wickedness, he seems through old age, and death itself, to enjoy an abundant share of the pleasures to which the good alone can rightly make a claim; and yet—such is Shakespeare's art—we never feel a moment's sympathy with the vices we laugh at, but learn from the representation of them every lesson of gravest reproof and warning. We know that his doom has fallen on him at last, and that he has reaped what he has sown, when he "cried out God, God, God, three or four times;" and how vain was the consolation of the poor victim and sharer of his wickedness, when she "to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet."* From this ignoble old age of utter selfishness, we turn to the old age of Prospero, whose hour of complete self-assertion is also that of entire self-sacrifice. He breaks his staff, and drowns his book, which gave him mastery over all nature; he freely forgives all his cruel enemies when they are in his power; he gives up joyfully his one treasure, his daughter, for her own sake, to Ferdinand:—

So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal: but my rejoicing
At nothing can be greater.

And then he sums up his life:—

And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-below'd solemnized:
And thence return me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.†

Far apart as these pictures of Falstaff and Prospero stand from each other, we may put in contrast to them both that of John of Gaunt. For, on the one hand, he passes away not declining gently and peacefully through a long summer evening, but in the black winter of grief and shame, and loss of all that made life dear, and the "unkindness" of his king joining with sickness, "To crop at once a too long withered flower." While, on the other hand, Gaunt, like Prospero, rises

above all thoughts of himself, affecting almost indifference to the exile of his son in order to cheer him up to bear what is all the while an agony of hopeless grief to himself; and then turning from his forebodings of evil from the course of the weak and vicious young monarch, to that swan-like burst of patriotism which not even Shakespeare himself has elsewhere equalled:—

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this
England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their
birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear
land,
Dear for her reputation through the world.*

Shakespeare's sketches (like those of Michael Angelo and Raffaele in another kind), show the master-hand no less than his finished and full-length portraits; and the discovery of new truth or beauty still repays the repeated study of the lineaments of Capulet and Montague, Leonardo and Antonio, Dogberry and Verges, or Justice Shallow. And when we have gone through all Shakespeare's gallery, our choice of the best picture of serene and happy old age must lie between Prospero and Adam, and will be decided, not (as Cicero and Cato must have decided it) by asking whether the happiness of a serving-man can be equal to that of a prince, but by estimating the comparative self-sacrifice of each as the proof of which had the happier lot: whether it were nobler for the poor man to give away from love to his master the savings of his life, and in his old age begin that life again, trusting to him who feeds the raven and caters for the sparrow; or for the prince who, while entering on all the blessings of a peaceful old age, had, by his own act, and for his daughter's sake, lost the priceless treasure of her presence which would have been the best stay and light of that old age.

* King Henry V., ii. 2.

† The Tempest, v. 1.

* King Richard II., ii. 1.

Shakespeare was not "of an age, but for all time;" and we might therefore, perhaps, be thought to have proved by his witnesses our case that the thoughts of men on this subject of old age are in one sense the same as they were nineteen hundred years ago, yet that in other senses their circle has been widened, and their centre shifted—shifted from self-assertion to self-sacrifice. But we will come nearer to our own times. Addison's "Spectator" and Johnson's "Rambler," in their philosophic moralizings on old age, follow closely their classical models; nor in truth are their pictures of old age so bright and cheerful as those of Cicero. But there is this marked difference, that while the ancient philosopher's hope of another life is something apart from the consolation which he draws from the benignity of nature while this life lasts, the modern recognize and insist upon the Christian faith as not only opening a prospect in the future, but as transfusing a new and better consolation and happiness into the life which now is. It is a sombre and sad, though not unmanly, description of old age which Johnson qualifies with the declaration that "piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man."* In his "Vanity of Human Wishes," Johnson has a fine and pleasing description of old age:—

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience
cheers;

The general favorite, as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

But this description is both preceded by a frightful picture of the old age of selfishness, and followed by another only less painful of the grief and misfortunes which may come even on the virtuous aged man; and to him he says:—

Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,

These goods He grants, who grants the power
to gain;

With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

Lord Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," form together a dramatic piece with a unity of action which, as in another "Winter's Tale," bridges over the interval between the first and last scenes. We do not ask how far the poet reveals, or desires to reveal, himself and his own philosophy, social or political, in the person of Amy's youthful lover, now the aged grandfather, remaining with his grandson the last of all the race. Neither in his youth nor in his old age does this hero of the drama embody the highest ideals of a chivalrous generosity in the forms proper to each time of life; but he is dramatically consistent with himself. He is not ignoble nor narrow-minded; on the contrary he has nobleness of character and largeness of mind, and sixty years of a chequered life have not diminished the one or the other. But the petulance of youth has been succeeded by the peevishness of old age. The whole character has a large admixture of earthly alloy; and though this doubtless makes it consistent with the average of even the better sort of men, as well as consistent with itself, it is not an ideal man whom we see before us. But the twofold picture is a fine piece of art, fully worthy of our great poet, and takes a high place among his many embodiments and interpretations of human life to the men of his own generation.

Coleridge, who for beauty of imagination and expression is hardly surpassed by any one but Shakespeare, has among his later poems given us two exquisite little pieces on this subject: "The Improvisatore, or John Anderson my jo John," and "Youth and Age." Like much else that he has written, they are overshadowed by that cloud of an unhealthy self-consciousness which was perhaps born with him, though probably partly the work of the brutal tyranny of his schoolmaster; which through life frustrated his longings for a home such as his heart was always craving for; and from which, and from its accompanying remorse, he was content to escape through resignation, though there was little hope of happiness remaining for him on this side the grave. He could fold his mantle with manly dignity; and memory brings back to us an occasion when he recited to a lady who was visiting him at Highgate the lines on "Youth and Age," and after touching his grey hairs at the words "these locks in silvery slips," he added, "Nothing personal, madam;" though those lines tell of a lifelong misery which was

* The Rambler, No. 69.

only too personal. But though we have thus passed for a moment by the way to express our sympathy with the man, it is to the thoughts which show his philosophic insight into the relations of married love with old age that we desire to ask our readers' attention. It is here that we come upon the greatest difference and contrast between the moral sentiment of Cicero's times and our own, and realize the greatness of the advance which we have made. Cicero's Cato, following the Cephalus of Plato,* can rise to no higher moral level in this matter than to quote with approval the saying of Sophocles that in old age he had escaped from the pleasures of love as from a savage and furious-tempered master; while we know and say with Coleridge that he never loved who so thinks of love. The old morality is good and true, no doubt, within its own sphere, but what a grovelling sphere it is!

If in old age we reap what we have sown in youth, then the love which Christian poets have sung and the Christian Church has consecrated and blessed, should, and does, find its consummation and fruition in old age. If, with Shakespeare, we raise the structure of our building on such foundations as these:—

If not complete, O, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him: †

or say with Beaumont and Fletcher:—

We'll live together like two wanton vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another;
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one
fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief
mourn,
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us
happy: ‡

or with the Prayer-Book, that "marriage was ordained for the mutual society, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity;" and that they who pledge themselves to this fellowship shall hold the pledge binding "till death us do part,"—in such case we shall have no thought with Sophocles of merely escaping in old

age from the thralldom of a violent master, but (in the words of Coleridge) we shall "dare make sport of time and infirmity, while in the person of a thousand-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged virtue the caressing fondness that belongs to the innocence of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies which have been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty." And with Coleridge we will quote from Burns, what, if we read not only the words but the thoughts which lie there not the less clearly because they are too deep for expression, is a perfect, as well as the most simple, picture of a perfect old age—the tender and touching ballad of "John Anderson, my jo, John:"—

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither:
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

This is old age in its happiest form and conditions, when the law of decay and dissolution, to which all things in nature are subject, wears its most beneficent aspect, when husband and wife together rest from their work, at the close of the winter evening—"frosty but kindly"—of their life. Their labor is done, as the aged poor say of themselves in the Somersetshire cottages. The anxious cares and responsibilities of active life, which however bravely faced and borne were present in every waking hour, are made over to younger shoulders, able and willing to take up the burden. The mother may live again a happy childhood and maidenhood, not in memory only, but in the lives of her daughters, and her daughter's children, and so "in her girls again be courted;" while the father again "goes a-wooing in his boys,"* and sees them

* And when with envy time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You in your girls again be courted,
And I go a-wooing in my boys.

(Winifreda, in *Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*)

* We do not forget the "Phædrus;" but the ideal of the "Phædrus" is not that of marriage.

† King John, ii. 1.

‡ The Elder Brother, iii. 5.

grow up in the attainment of many a success and honor, and in the fulfilment of duties to their country and their fellow-men, to which he had only aspired with hopes not to be fulfilled—though now best fulfilled—in his children. And sharing all such memories and experiences together, they find a happiness perhaps greater, because more peaceful and serene, than even that of happy childhood. Here too, and here most of all, is our ideal of old age nobler, and our thoughts of old age larger, than they were nineteen centuries ago. It is not, indeed, given to all, even of those who might seem most worthy of the boon, to keep their golden wedding. There are few on whose tomb can be written: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided." Yet he or she who remains to know the full significance of the words, "till death us do part," may find in old age many of the enjoyments of which we have just spoken, though he or she cannot share them with the other. The mellowing hand of time turns the acutest griefs into tender and happy memories; the love and dutifulness of children, and the warmth of their new interests in life, will ever "make new things as dear as old," and old friendships will still survive, or be replaced by those which the young so willingly form with the old, who seldom fail to receive from them all the respect and deference that their character deserves. The young are as eager to listen and to learn as the old are ready to speak and teach. Old age is garrulous, but the young man will not complain of this, but rather welcome the old man's talk, if it brings out the stores of memory and experience. Only, in this as in all the other relations of old age, it must never be forgotten that age has its duties as well as its rights, that these are correlative, and that he who claims the former must fulfil the latter. The young man has his own path marked out for him, and his own work in life to do; and the old man must beware how he hinders him in the way. The old man must be ready to help the young, not only by the counsels of his experience, and the sympathies awakened by the recollection of his own difficulties, but no less also by his readiness to give place to him. He must remember that another is now waiting to take that place with the like hopes and aspirations to those with which he once too entered on it; and that as another one who was before him yielded it to him, so he must now yield it to him who comes after him. Dr.

Johnson* quotes the saying of a Greek epigrammatist who imprecates on those who are so foolish as to wish long life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century; and Swift, in his frightful picture of the Strulbrugs, has shown the significance of the curse. And the warning of the Strulbrugs should never be absent from the mind of the old man, if he feels reluctant to surrender, and longs to retain, those active functions of life for which the proper time has come for their committal to younger hands. Let him remember that though he cannot fix the time of his going, he may and should so govern his stay that he may not, like the belated guest, wear out his welcome by the long delay. The heir more easily rises above the mere natural desire to enter on his inheritance, in proportion as the possessor associates him with himself, and makes him feel and know that the chief thought of that possessor is how he can more and more make way for his heir. The fault of Lear, with all its consequences, was less that he divested himself of two-thirds of his kingdom in favor of Goneril and Regan, than that he did not give to Cordelia her rightful share, in giving which he would have found and secured to himself the happy old age which his poor foolish heart craved for. He gave up too little, not too much.

If our readers can bear with us in again referring to the poetry of a generation which to some of us has hardly passed away, we would turn to some of Wordsworth's thoughts and sayings on old age. Coleridge takes us into a lovely flower-garden in which skill and judgment are shown in beauty, and art vies with nature in a creation in which the one finds matter and life, and the other gives the fashion. Wordsworth takes us to the bracing air of a mountain-top, and shows us beauties as great, though of another kind, as we measure round the landscape far and near. He has given us several pictures of old age. Among these we have that of his promise "To a Young Lady," of

An old age serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night.

We have his "Old Cumberland Beggar," in which he describes the unconscious moral influence and teaching which the men, women, and children of the villages through which he passes for his daily alms, are raised to higher thoughts—an influence and teaching which will, by the

* The Rambler, No. 69.

very greatness of the contrast, remind us of the old bedesman, Edie Ochiltree, in Scott's "Antiquary." Above all, we have the portrait, from the life, of old Matthew. The poet paints that "soul of God's best earthly mould" as happy and full of glee, even till "worn out with fun and madness;" and yet of a spirit not only profound and serious, but sad, in its recollections of a past life which he, nevertheless, did not wish to bring back; and in the sense of his loss of "the household hearts that were his own," which makes him declare that

many love me, but by none
Am I enough beloved.

The happiness and the glee of the grey-haired man were as real as his serious sadness; but we are reminded by him, as we were by Cato, that any estimate of the happiness of old age must be an unreal and a foolish dream if it does not take into account the fact that, notwithstanding all the compensations and consolations which are so benignantly provided by nature, it is a time of ever-increasing loss, decay, and infirmity, to end in sickness and in death. The reflections which Wordsworth tells us were those of old Matthew as they lay by a fountain under a spreading oak, are full of truth and wisdom. Yet we must take some exception, if not to the meaning, yet to the words of the old man, when after sadly recalling the memory of the days when he sat by that fountain a vigorous man, he adds:—

So fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.

We have known an old man recite these lines, and then exclaim, in allusion to the words of Eckermann,* "Oh, thou great and beloved one, even thou dost not know all things!"—adding that he should change "Than what" into "So much" in the last line, and assert (in opposition to the poet) that instead of "what is left behind" being an evil which aggravates the loss of "what age takes away," it is a blessing and an enjoyment, the sense of which is deepened by that loss. Rome did not regret that the Sibyl had spared

three books when she had burnt the other six. And we think he was right, though we do not deny that there is a true meaning under the words. We think that Wordsworth, from a love of paradox, has gone beyond the proper limits of paradox, and has said what is not only obscure, but in real, and not merely apparent, contradiction to itself. And we say this, not for the sake of indulging in a literary criticism, but because the point has a real bearing on the subject which we have in hand. We say then that the assertion that the wiser mind mourns less for what age takes away than for what it leaves behind, is contrary to the fact. Take for instance the case of Mountstuart Elphinstone's old age. He became so far blind that he could no longer read, though he could still write, see the faces of his friends, enjoy the beauties of nature which he loved, and retain most of the uses of his eyes except that of reading. Great as this deprivation must have been to a man of his love of books and habits of study, his friends saw no sign that he mourned at all for what age had thus taken away; but whether he did so mourn at all, it would be obviously absurd to say that he mourned more, or mourned at all, because age had left him all those remaining powers and uses of sight. These were the mitigations, not the aggravations, of his loss. And this instance, we venture to say, is an instance of what is and must be the fact in every possible case of such a loss. What the poet really means, though not what he says, is, no doubt, that the wise man mourns less for the loss than for the lingering regret and discontent with which he has to contend in his endeavors cheerfully to view his loss. But this regret and discontent thus left behind are a part of the original mourning; and to say that he mourns less for his loss than he does mourn for it, is a contradiction in terms, a passing from one use and meaning of the words to another. There might seem to be a possible exception in the case of the decay of the passions from which Sophocles hailed his escape as from the rage of a furious master. But even this exception is more apparent than real; there can be no comparison between the loss, more or less, of what is good, and the escape from what is evil.

We do not look to France for the solution, or even the adequate enunciation, of the deeper problems of human life; we are content to see the tips of the question lighted up by a graceful and brilliant

* Our friend's version was rather free. Eckermann says: "Goethe observed in the hedges a number of birds [yellow-hammers, sparrows, and other hedge birds], and asked me if they were larks. 'Thou great and beloved one,' thought I, 'though thou hast investigated nature as few others,' have, in ornithology thou appearest a mere child.'" (Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Sorel, translated by John Oxenford, ii. 3.)

criticism that makes each object which it touches sparkle. Such a criticism, so treating of old age, is that of Edmond Scherer. Scherer had taken refuge in a philosophy of doubt, that he might escape alike from the theology of Geneva and the unbelief of Paris, which latter he protests against as no less dogmatic than the creed which it denies. He desired a true scepticism, which should really look at all things from all sides, and then remain in a state of mental and moral equipoise. And when he reached his seventieth year, Scherer rejoiced to believe that he had found in old age the needful condition for the realization of his philosophic hopes. Old age was to him, not merely, as to Sophocles, a deliverer from the tumult of the passions, but a deliverer from all youthful ideals, enthusiasms, and strivings after absolute truth; while it gave in place of them a peaceful mind, freed from illusions and content to rest in the experiences of actual life. Only he demanded health as the first condition of all such enjoyment — a demand hardly logical in a philosophy of universal doubt, especially as it has not been always made by old men. He says :

Délicieuse chose que la vieillesse, la vieillesse approchant ou même déjà venue ! Avec la santé, bien entendu, cette condition première, ce substratum de toute jouissance, et avec les facultés assez intactes pour vous épargner les preuves de la décadence. Les passions sont calmées, mais les sentiments peuvent être vifs encore : le talent, s'il y a eu talent, a gagné en acquis, en savoir faire, ce qu'il a perdu en verve ; le temps, qui a dissipé les enivrants de la jeunesse, nous a donné en compensation l'étrange joie du désabusement. On a appris à ses dépens, mais on a appris, et cette vie qui échappe on la ressaisit par l'expérience ; on se possède, et en se possédant on domine ce qu'il nous reste de destinée à accomplir.

Que de chose ne se comprennent qu'avec l'âge ! Seulement, il ne faut pas s'y tromper, c'est un avantage qui isole. Il empêche qu'il n'y ait pleine sympathie de nous avec notre siècle et de notre siècle avec nous ; il nous constitue, jusqu'à un certain point, étrangers au milieu de la génération qui a succédé à la nôtre. On n'a pas vécu, et surtout vécu de la vie de la pensée, sans avoir appris à douter, et alors on est disposé à se plaindre comme Fontenelle, effrayé, disait-il, de l'horrible certitude qu'il rencontrait partout dans sa vieillesse. Il serait, j'imagine, encore plus effrayé de nos jours. Non qu'on se fasse faute de nier aujourd'hui, mais on nie, comme on croit, dogmatiquement. On n'a pas appris à douter de ses négations, et l'incrédulité n'est que l'envers de la crédulité, aussi légère et aussi affirmative qu'elle. La vraie doute, lui, n'a pas hâte de trancher, il ne court pas aux

conclusions, il réserve son opinion. Faites en pensée le tour de votre monde, et demandez-vous combien vous connaissez d'hommes qui aient l'habitude de suspendre leur jugement, et le courage, au besoin, d'avouer leur ignorance.*

Here we close the evidence by which we undertook to show that the benign laws of nature in the working of which Cicero maintained old age to be a peaceful and even delightful condition, are still in operation, though that operation has been extended in many forms, and into many regions not known, nor thought of, by Cicero himself. We have, indeed, admitted that Cicero's ideal, if ideal it can be called, of domestic relations is far below the standard of the best Roman life. Nor would it be just to classical antiquity not to recall the Phrygian legend, or rather (to follow Müller's distinction) mythus, of Baucis and Philemon, which Ovid told some fifty years later than Cicero's dialogue, and in an age still more corrupt. The story of the aged couple, their love for each other, and their piety towards the gods, rewarded by the transformation of their cottage into a temple of which they were the guardians in life and death, seems an almost exact anticipation of the picture given us by Burns; while the words we have quoted from Beaumont and Fletcher express in the language of the higher poetic imagination the same thought, which underlies the more material description of the sprouting out of the oak and linden trees at the same moment. We are willing to believe that this ideal of old age was not without meaning to Ovid and to those for whom he wrote; there is certainly more serious sympathy with his subject than Swift shows in his burlesque of the story. Yet it cannot be denied that, to the Roman poet and his time, personages like Baucis and Philemon had become almost as little real as were their counterparts, Jupiter and Mercury.

We now turn to consider the like question as to the consolations of old age which are found in the hope and prospect of another life.

The Cato of Cicero draws the arguments for his belief in another life after death from his own philosophy and that of Pythagoras and Plato, and from a personal conviction awakened into consciousness by the death of a son and of friends dear to him. Less than a hundred years after Cicero wrote, the teaching of what

* Etudes sur la Littérature Contemporaine, par Edmond Scherer, viii., Préface.

probably he, like Tacitus, would have held to be a pestilent superstition, began to assert the truth of the doctrine, on grounds at once different in kind from those of the old belief, and yet capable of such an infusion into that belief as would "give to every power a double power, above its functions and its offices." This is not the place for a discourse on the Christian faith; but we may show what, under its action, are some of the new directions and forms which the old belief of Cicero has taken, and so conclude our inquiry how far his ideals of old age have been raised and extended, while yet remaining essentially connected by the bond of a common humanity with our own.

Wordsworth saw "intimations of immortality in the recollections of early childhood." To the child, he says, earth and the things of earth are surrounded and filled with a glory and a joy which are not their own; and this glory and joy are tokens and proofs that the child has a life above that of nature—a life from God, and therefore, like the life of God, immortal. The man sees this splendor of his childhood "fade into the light of common day;" but meanwhile the deeper and truer human life has been growing up in the man through the trials and the hopes of his earthly existence; and in this the poet finds more than compensation for the loss. Wordsworth writes in the strength and pride of a noble manhood; and being thus conscious of the reality of his human and spiritual life in the present, he is not here more concerned to anticipate the future than to regret the past. He knows, and asserts, that the blue sky of truth and goodness, into the unfathomable depths of which he is always gazing, is the same heaven which lies about us in our infancy. He does not say—this was not the occasion for saying—that it will still lie about us in our old age, when the proper splendor of manhood no less than that of childhood has passed away. But to those who look for them there are "intimations of immortality" in the experiences of old age no less—nay, much more—than in "the recollections of early childhood."

It would be a mistake to suppose that old age always is, and must be, unhappy if not cheered by the hope of another life. Death, even without that hope, is accepted as a welcome deliverance to many, perhaps to most, of those to whom nature has been as hard and cruel and hateful in the time of old age as in all other

times; and among those to whom she is gentle and kind, and whose habits and circumstances are favorable to tranquillity and contentment, there are many who easily submit to the inevitable, and, without apparent expectation of a future life, give up one by one the activities of life, with more of pleasant memory than painful regret. No one, indeed, can tell what thoughts and hopes of another life may be silently cherished by those who express nothing of them to others. But there are, we believe, many Comtists and modern English Buddhists to whom the cessation of all personal existence at death is not an unpleasant creed, and who are willing to sleep a long, endless sleep from which there is no awakening, without the sad sense which the Greek poet confesses,* even if they do not revel in the thought of annihilation, as one of Comte's enthusiastic disciples has assured us that she did. A tree will put out leaves for a time after it has been cut down; and so, perhaps, something of the old Christian belief in a resurrection may linger in the hearts and affect the thoughts of those whose life has been severed from that faith, but who still maintain that strange life-in-death, the worship of the goddess Humanity, on the basis of a scientifically ascertained annihilation of the individual.

It is noticeable that whatever men's hopes or fears, expectations or beliefs, as to another life, they have in all ages and countries preferred to speak of death as sleep, not as decomposition. We have quoted the well-known lines of Moschus; it was probably in intended contrast to these that a later (probably Christian) Greek wrote:—

Sleep sweetly, dear one; thou wilt wake at dawn; †

* *Ἄμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι, καὶ καρτεροὶ, ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες, ὅποτε πρῶτα θανῶμεν, ἀνάκοοι ἐν χρόνῳ κοίλῃ, εὐδομεῖς εὐ μύλα μακρὸν ἱστέμονα, νήγρετον ὕπνου.*

When once we die, we men, great, strong, and wise,
We sleep, with dull cold ear, and earth-sealed eyes,
A long, long, endless sleep, no more to wake and rise.
MOSCHUS.

† *εὐδε, φίλῃ ψυχῇ, γλυκέρῳ καὶ ἐγέρσιμον ὕπνον.*
These words are inscribed on the tomb of the wife of the late Dr. Symonds of Clifton, the author of the very beautiful translation of the epitaph on Proté, of which the original and this translation are given in "Studies of the Greek Poets," by John Addington Symonds, p. 356:—and it will not be out of place if we here give the latter:—

Thou art not dead, my Proté! Thou art flown
To a far country better than our own;
Thy home is now an island of the blest;
There 'mid Elysian meadows take thy rest:
Or lightly trip along the flowery glade,
Rich with the asphodels that never fade!

and sleep will remind us of waking in spite, no less than by help, of whatever epithets may be added to it. And if it be true, as Wordsworth says, that the thoughts and feelings of childhood tell us that "our birth is but a sleep," it is even more true that the experiences of old age tell us that death is but a sleep also. If in our earlier days the joys of earth taught us to forget "the imperial palace whence we came," memories of that palace — tokens of its real, if far-off, existence — come back upon us as old age takes away those earthly joys one by one. As the bodily frame tends perceptibly to inevitable decay, the human spirit finds in itself a growing conviction that it is not sharing in that decay, but ever rising more and more above it. As the stone walls and iron bars of time and space close ever more narrowly upon us, the spirit becomes more and more conscious that these make no prison for it, but that it is getting ready for a freer action than was ever possible in any earlier and most favorable condition of its former life. Even as regards the material universe, the starry heavens and the mountains and green fields, as the bodily eye grows dim to these we become more fully aware that this eye at its best could see but a very small part of them, and that we have in us a capacity for infinitely wider and deeper sight of all these things, if only the needful conditions were given us. The ideals of literature, of art, or of action, which we have been striving through our lives to realize, and the realizing of which we have now to give up as a thing of the past — these ideals, which once seemed to us so lofty and so satisfying, we now perceive to be in themselves, and not merely in their possible realization, most inadequate and imperfect. In this world we might be able to do nothing better if we could begin the past work of our lives over again; but the vision of far nobler — of infinite, not finite — ideals rises before us, for the realization of which there must be fitting conditions possible.* And still more is this consciousness of the capacity for

another life, and this conviction that such another life is possible, borne in upon us by the experiences of old age in those affections and thoughts which lie deepest in the human heart. The lifelong love of husband and wife, and of parents and children, are experiences which take new and more beautiful forms as old age comes on us, and which in every form declare that here is a life beyond the reach and power of time or death, a life which has no signs of decay, but rather of survival in the dissolution of all earthly things. It is not only passionate grief which finds consolation in the belief that "we shall know them when we meet." That belief is to old age one of its calmest and most assured convictions. It is beautifully expressed in Lady Nairn's "Land o' the Leal," which forms the proper and worthy counterpart of Burns's "John Anderson:" —

But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean,
And joy that's aye to last,
In the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This world's cares are vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and aye be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

If these intimations of immortality from the experiences of old age find their fullest and most assured existence when combined with the Christian faith, this is not because they are not the proper experiences of the human heart, and convictions of the human reason, but because the Christian is the highest and truest form of human life and thought. To the philosopher who declares that all these things, being incapable of verification, must be held to have no objective reality, but to be the projected forms of our imaginations, we grant that no such verification is, from the very nature of the case, possible. If faith is not the highest and truest act of the reason, if there is no substance in hopes until they are realized, and no evidence except that of sight, then we grant the philosopher's conclusions. But we refuse to admit his premises, and content ourselves with saying, "That which is, is." We turn to Cicero again, and from Cicero to Tennyson, and repeat with the latter, that

through the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the
process of the suns.

Nor pain, nor cold, nor toil, shall vex thee more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger, on that happy shore;
Nor longings vain (now that blest life is won)
For such poor days as mortals here drag on;
To thee for aye a blameless life is given
In the pure light of ever-present Heaven.

* Goethe said to Eckermann: "To me the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity. If I work on incessantly till my death, Nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit." (Conversations with Goethe, translated by John Oxenford, ii. 122.)

From The Spectator.

IN the very interesting and skilful article on "Old Age" in the *Quarterly Review*, which shows so intimate an acquaintance with the literature bearing on the praise or censure of the last period of life, there is perhaps, on the whole, a tendency rather to overrate than under-rate the advantages of old age. We can not, for instance, attach any serious importance to the assertion put by Cicero in his "De Senectute" into the mouth of Cato, that the old enjoy the respect and reverence paid to them. Perhaps they used to enjoy it in his time. But do the more shrewd and cultivated of our own day take any like enjoyment in the no doubt sincere regard which is paid to their experience, their long services, and their proved fidelity? Christianity has at least effected this for us, that men are much more sensible of their shortcomings than they used to be, and much less easily satisfied with their achievements. This has taken the heart out of the small gratifications which Cato insisted on, if there ever was — as there no doubt sometimes was — much heart in them. Wordsworth says that the gratitude of men, far more than their ingratitude, has oftener left him mourning; and at the close of his noble lines on Burns, he exclaims, —

The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!

And though that may go beyond the ordinary feeling of average men, we suspect that even Cato himself must have been sensible of rather mixed feelings, — a measure of self-scorn mingling with his self-esteem, — when men "gave place and rose up" before him, "attended him on his way and escorted him to his home," to do him honor. Very likely he felt that they were quite right in doing him honor, that he had in some respects and to some extent raised the ideal of his day; but unless he was a poorer creature than we have any reason to believe, he must have felt, as Socrates felt, though not as a Christian would have felt, that he had fallen far short of what he would willingly have been, and that he could hardly have risen up in honor of himself if he had given any exact expression to his own feeling about his own career. In our own day, at all events, even those who are not Christians, are far too much accustomed to a more inward and severer self-criticism, to take much satisfaction in expressions of a kind of regard and reverence which only means at best that the

objects of that reverence have not been quite wanting to themselves in their past lives. Men are perfectly well aware that, for the most part, public praise is a very poor test indeed of public virtue, and is worth little more than evidence that those who receive the praise have not conspicuously failed to come up to the vague standards of the hour. Amongst men who are worth anything, Cato's notion that old age delights in the tokens of universal deference which it receives, is surely obsolete. Mr. Gladstone has often expressed the feeling of humiliation with which such demonstrations affect him, — and, we have no doubt, with perfect sincerity. The long plaudits and congratulations with which aged statesmen and other benefactors are received, may be legitimate subjects of satisfaction so far as they are a pledge of public support for the future, but they are certainly not evidence with which to soothe and flatter the conscience of any sane and sober human being. We do not for a moment admit that the deference paid to old age is a set-off of any importance against the pain of that diminished energy and diminished vividness with which the aged certainly have to reckon. In fact, we seriously doubt whether the most discriminating amongst the old do not extract at least as much occasion of suffering out of the external regard paid to them, when they come to compare what men say of them with what they would say of themselves, as they get occasion of exhilaration.

But there is another and deeper aspect of the subject, on which the *Quarterly* reviewer seems to us to have made his estimate of old age too favorable. He holds that Wordsworth was guilty of paradox when he said: —

So fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

And Wordsworth *would* have been guilty of paradox if he had only meant what the reviewer imputes to him, that the lingering regrets and discontents of old age at its lessened powers are even more to be deplored than those lessened powers themselves. Seeing that these regrets and discontents are the mere consequences of the sense of diminished power, it would be paradoxical and misleading to speak of them as survivals from a time when there was no sense of diminished power at all. But it is perfectly clear that that is not in the least Wordsworth's meaning.

He goes on to explain himself by contrasting man's old age with that of the creatures whose old age is "beautiful and free:"—

The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are silent when they will.

With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

But we are pressed by heavy laws,
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore.

Now, that is not in the least a complaint of the regrets and discontents which accompany the loss of youthful powers. On the contrary, it is a complaint of something totally different, of the tenacious perseverance, in the old, of habits of speech, and indeed of habits of thought, which no longer represent the real feelings at the bottom of their hearts,—though they do express the feelings of a time that is gone by. What Wordsworth bemoans is the unreality with which the old often continue, out of mere inertia as it were, to say the things which were appropriate to youth or middle life, and to half-believe that they are still possessed by the thoughts and feelings which these words express, though the substance of the thoughts and feelings themselves has really vanished. This is one of the most painful experiences of age, a consciousness of a kind of moral ventriloquism,—of the utterance of feelings which it once had and has no longer, of thoughts which do not continue to represent its actual state of mind, but only the state of mind which it has got into the habit of assuming for itself as actual. The old constantly find themselves talking as they would have talked years ago, but as they are perfectly conscious that they would not talk now if habit had not gained so tyrannical a power over them. And it is of this overbearing power of habits formed in one period of life, and which assert themselves against the protest of the inner mind in a period when they could never have been first formed, that Wordsworth makes his old friend justly complain. The old are not expert in casting the slough of habits of expression which are no longer appropriate to their inner experiences. There is nothing more painful than this sense that a man often has of talking the language of the past and

not of the present, and of hardly knowing how to change it so as to suit his present attitude of feeling. One constantly finds men talking in the light ironic strain of earlier years, though that strain does not in the least represent their present tone of thought. And yet they adhere to that strain, not because they wish to affect a juvenile state of mind, but because their mind has got itself into a groove from which it cannot extricate itself. Yet the newer state of mind may be, and often is, in every respect the deeper, wider, graver. This reminds us of the finest passage in the *Quarterly* reviewer's paper, in which he indicates what he calls those "intimations of immortality" which belong properly to old age:—

And if it be true, as Wordsworth says, that the thoughts and feelings of childhood tell us that "our birth is but a sleep," it is even more true that the experiences of old age tell us that death is but a sleep also. If in our earlier days the joys of earth taught us to forget "the imperial palace whence we came," memories of that palace—tokens of its real, if far-off existence—come back upon us as old age takes away those earthly joys one by one. As the bodily frame tends perceptibly to inevitable decay, the human spirit finds in itself a growing conviction that it is not sharing in that decay, but ever rising more and more above it. As the stone walls and iron bars of time and space close ever more narrowly upon us, the spirit becomes more and more conscious that these make no prison for it, but that it is getting ready for a freer action than was ever possible in any earlier and most favorable condition of its former life. Even as regards the material universe, the starry heavens and the mountains and green fields, as the bodily eye grows dim to these we become more fully aware that this eye at its best could see but a very small part of them, and that we have in us a capacity for infinitely wider and deeper sight of all these things, if only the needful conditions were given us. The ideals of literature, of art, or of action, which we have been striving through our lives to realize, and the realizing of which we have now to give up as a thing of the past—these ideals, which once seemed to us so lofty and so satisfying, we now perceive to be in themselves, and not merely in their possible realization, most inadequate and imperfect. In this world we might be able to do nothing better, if we could begin the past work of our lives over again; but the vision of far nobler—of infinite, not finite—ideals rises before us, for the realization of which there must be fitting conditions possible.

This seems to us the better aspect of that painful experience of which Wordsworth complained in the lines which, as we believe, the *Quarterly* reviewer has

misunderstood. The aged lose the art which the young possess, of so choosing their words and gestures and so moulding the expressions on their countenance as to make their lips and their whole bearing say exactly what they feel. The dramatic period of life is youth, and not age. So far as regards the power of expression, age lives to a great extent on the accumulated capital of earlier days, and does not seem to have the gift of coining afresh the right language and gestures and modes of expression for the thoughts that arise in it. But it is this very knowledge,—that the man is thinking a new class of thoughts, and experiencing a new class of feelings and convictions for which he has no longer the art to find a fitting language, so that he is almost compelled to use the words, and, in a certain sense, affect the feelings of a bygone time, which forces upon him the belief that he is approaching a time when his newer attitude of mind and his newer width of feeling will be furnished with new organs of expression which now he lacks. It is the very consciousness of the painful ventriloquism with which age continues to utter a language which is not its own, while it is nevertheless conscious of a much steadier and truer experience, and a much steadier and truer view of life, for which it can find for the moment no proper utterance, that convinces the old of the approach of a change of state in which a new outward expression will be found for the new inward life.

From Temple Bar.

SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

CHAPTER XIII.

AT Slumberleigh you have time to notice the change of the seasons. There is no hurry at Slumberleigh. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter, each in their turn, take quite a year to come and go. Three months ago it was August; now September had arrived. It was actually the time of damsons. Those damsons which Ruth had seen dangling for at least three years in the cottage orchards were ripe at last. It seemed ages ago since April, when the village was a foaming mass of damson blossom, and the "plum winter" had set in just when spring really seemed to have arrived for good. It was a well-known thing in Slumberleigh, though Ruth till last April had not been aware of

it, that God Almighty always sent cold weather when the Slumberleigh damsons were in bloom, to harden the fruit. And now, the lame, the halt and the aged of Slumberleigh all with one consent mounted on tottering ladders to pick their damsons, or that mysterious fruit, closely akin to the same, called "black Lamas ploums."

There were plum accidents, of course, in plenty. The Lord took Mrs. Eccles's own uncle from his half-filled basket to another world, for which, as a "tea and coffee totaller," he was, no doubt, well prepared. The too receptive organisms of unsuspecting infancy suffered in their turn. In short, it was a busy season for Mr. and Mrs. Alwynn.

Ruth had plenty of opportunities now for making her long-projected sketch of the ruined house of Arleigh, for the old woman who lived in the lodge close by, and had charge of the place, had "ricked" her back in a damson-tree, and Ruth often went to see her. She had been Ruth's nurse in her childhood, and having originally come from Slumberleigh, returned there when the Deyncourt children grew up, and lived happily ever after, with the very blind and entirely deaf old husband of her choice, in the grey stone lodge at Arleigh.

It was on her return from one of these almost daily visits that Mrs. Eccles pounced on Ruth as she passed her gate, and under pretence of inquiring after Mrs. Cotton, informed her that she herself was suffering in no slight degree. Ruth, who suddenly remembered that she had been remiss in "dropping in" on Mrs. Eccles of late, dropped in then and there to make up for past delinquencies.

"Is it rheumatism again?" she asked, as Mrs. Eccles seemed inclined to run off at once into a report of the goings on of Widow Jones's Sally.

"Not that, my dear, so much as a sinking," said Mrs. Eccles, passing her hand slowly over what seemed more like a rising than a depressing in her ample figure. "But there! I've not been myself since the Lord took old Samiwell Price, and that's the truth."

Samuel Price was the relation who had entered into rest off a ladder, and Ruth looked duly serious.

"I have no doubt it upset you very much," she said.

"Well, miss," returned Mrs. Eccles with dignity, "it's not as if I'd had my 'ealth before. I've had something wrong in the cistern" (Ruth wondered whether she meant system) "these many years.

From a gell I suffered in my inside. But lor! I was born to trouble, baptized in a bucket, and taken with collect at a week old. And how did you say Mrs. Cotton of the lodge might be, miss, as I hear is but poorly too?"

Ruth replied that she was better.

"She's no size to keep her in 'ealth," said Mrs. Eccles, "and so bent as she does grow to be sure. Eh, dear, but it's a good thing to be tall. I always think little folks they're like them little watches, they've no room for their insides. And I wonder now" — Mrs. Eccles was coming to the point that had made her entrap Ruth on her way past — "I wonder now —"

Ruth did not help her. She knew too well the universal desire for knowledge of good and evil peculiar to her sex, to doubt for a moment that Mrs. Eccles had begged her to "step in" only to obtain some piece of information, about which her curiosity had been aroused. "I wonder, now, if Cotton at the lodge has heard anything of the poachers again this year, round Ar-leigh way?"

"Not that I know of," said Ruth, surprised at the simplicity of the question.

"Dear sakes! and to think of 'em at Vandon last night, and Mr. Dare and the keepers out all night after 'em."

Ruth was interested in spite of herself.

"And the doctor sent for in the middle of the night," continued Mrs. Eccles, covertly eying Ruth. "Poor young gentleman! For all his forrin ways, there's a many in Vandon as sets store by him."

"I don't think you need be uneasy about Mr. Dare," said Ruth coldly, conscious that Mrs. Eccles was dying to see her change color. "If anything had happened to him, Mr. Alwynn would have heard of it. And now," rising, "I must be going; and if I were you, Mrs. Eccles, I should not listen to all the gossip of the village."

"Me listen!" said Mrs. Eccles, much offended. "Me, as is too poorly so much as to put my foot out of the door! But, dear heart!" with her usual quickness of vision, "if there isn't Mr. Alwynn and Dr. Brown riding up the street now in Dr. Brown's gig! Well, I never! and Mr. Alwynn a-getting out, and a-talking as grave as can be to Dr. Brown. Poor Mr. Dare! Poor dear young gentleman!"

Ruth was conscious that she beat rather a hurried retreat from Mrs. Eccles's cottage, and that her voice was not quite so steady as usual when she asked the doctor if it were true that Mr. Dare had been hurt.

"All the village will have it that he is killed; but he is all right, I assure you, Miss Deyncourt," said the kind old doctor, so soothingly and reassuringly that Ruth grew pink with annoyance at the tone. "Not a scratch. He was out with his keepers last night, and they had a brush with poachers; and Martin, the head keeper, was shot in the leg. Bled a good deal, so they sent for me; but no danger. I picked up your uncle here on his way to see him, and so I gave him a lift there and back. That is all, I assure you."

And Dr. Brown and Mrs. Eccles, straining over her geraniums, both came to the same conclusion, namely, that, as Mrs. Eccles elegantly expressed it, "Miss Ruth wanted Mr. Dare."

"And he'll have her, too, I'm thinking, one of these days," Mrs. Eccles would remark to the circle of her acquaintance.

Indeed, the match was discussed on numerous ladders, with almost as much interest as the unfailing theme of the damsons themselves.

And Dare rode over to the rectory as often as he used to do before a certain day in August, when he had found Ruth under the chestnut-tree; the very day before Mrs. Alwynn started on her screen, now the completed glory of the drawing-room.

And was Ruth beginning to like him?

As it had not occurred to her to ask herself that question, I suppose she was *not*.

Dare had grown very quiet and silent of late, and showed a growing tendency to dark hats. His refusal had been so unexpected, that the blow, when it came, fell with all the more crushing force. His self-love and self-esteem had been wounded; but so had something else. Under the velvet corduroy waistcoat, which he wore in imitation of Ralph, he had a heart. Whether it was one of the very best of its kind or warranted to wear well is not for us to judge; but, at any rate, it was large enough to take in a very real affection, and to feel a very sharp pang. Dare's manner to Ruth was now as diffident as it had formerly been assured. To some minds there is nothing more touching than a sudden access of humility on the part of a vain man.

Whether Ruth's mind was one of this class or not we do not pretend to know.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was Sunday morning at Atherstone. In the dining-room, breakfasting alone, for

he had come down late, was Sir Charles Danvers. His sudden arrival on the previous Saturday was easily accounted for. When he had casually walked into the drawing-room late in the evening, he had immediately and thoroughly explained the reasons of his unexpected arrival. It seemed odd that he should have come to Atherstone, in the midland counties, "on his way" between two shooting visits in the north, but so it was. It might have been thought that one of his friends would have been willing to keep him two days longer, or receive him two days earlier; but no doubt every one knows his own affairs best, and Charles might certainly, "at his age," as he was so fond of saying, be expected to know his.

Anyhow, there he was, leaning against the open window, coffee-cup in hand, lazily watching the dwindling figures of Ralph and Evelyn, with Molly between them, disappearing in the direction of Greenacre church hard by.

The morning mist still lingered on the land, and veiled the distance with a tender blue. And up across the silver fields, and across the standing armies of the yellowing corn, the sound of church bells came from Slumberleigh, beyond the river; bringing back to Charles, as to us all, old memories, old hopes, old visions of early youth, long cherished, long forgotten.

The single bell of Greenacre was giving forth a slow, persistent, cracked invitation to true believers, as an appropriate prelude to Mr. Smith's eloquence; but Charles did not hear its testimony.

He was listening to the Slumberleigh bells. Was that the first chime or the second?

Suddenly a thought crossed his mind. Should he go to church?

He smiled at the idea. It was a little late to think of that. Besides, he had let the others start, and he disliked that refuge of mildew and dust, Greenacre.

There was Slumberleigh!

There went the bells again!

Slumberleigh! Absurd! Why, he should positively have to run to get there before the first lesson; and that mist meant heat, or he was much mistaken.

Charles contemplated the mist for a few seconds.

Tang, teng, ting, tong, tung!

He certainly always made a point of going to church at his own home. A good example is, after all, just as important in one place as another.

Tang, tong, teng, tung, *ting!* went the bells.

"Why not run?" suggested an inner voice. "Put down your cup. There Now! Your hat's in the hall, with your gloves beside it. Never mind about your prayer-book. Dear me! Don't waste time looking for your own stick. Take any. Quick! out through the garden gate! No one can see you. The servants have all gone to church except the cook, and the kitchen looks out on the yew hedge."

"Over the first stile," said Charles to himself. "I am out of sight of the house now. Let us be thankful for small mercies. I shall do it yet. Oh, what a fool I am! I'm worse than Raca, as Molly said. I shall be rushing precipitately down a steep place into the sea next. Confound this gate! Why can't people leave them open? At any rate it will remain open now. I am not going to have my devotions curtailed by a gate. I fancied it would be hot, but never anything half as hot as this. I hope I shan't meet Brown taking a morning stroll. I value Brown; but I should have to dismiss him if he saw me now. I could never meet his eye again. What on earth shall I say to Ralph and Evelyn when I get back? What a merciful Providence it is that Aunt Mary is at this moment intoning a response in the highest church in Scarborough!"

Ting, ting, ting!

"Mr. Alwynn is getting on his surplice, is he? Well, and if he is, I can make a final rush through the corn, can't I? there's not a creature in sight. The bell's down? What of that? There is the voluntary. Easy over the last fields. There are houses in sight, and there may be wicked Sabbath-breakers looking out of windows. Brown's foal has grown since July. Here we are! I am not the only Christian hurrying among the tombs. I shall get in with 'the wicked man' after all."

Some people do not look round in church; others do. Mrs. Alwynn always did, partly because she wished to see what was going on behind her, and partly because in turning back again, she could take a stealthy survey of Mrs. Thursby's bonnet, in which she always felt a burning interest, which she would not for worlds have allowed that lady to suspect.

If the turning round had been all, it would have mattered little; but Mrs. Alwynn suffered so intensely from keeping silence, that she was obliged to relieve herself at intervals by short, whispered comments to Ruth.

On this particular morning it seemed as if the comments would never end.

"I am so glad we asked Mr. Dare into our pew, Ruth. The Thursbys are full. That's Mrs. Thursby's sister in the red bonnet."

Ruth made no reply. She was following the responses in the psalms with a marked attention, purposely marked to check conversation, and sufficient to have daunted anybody but her aunt.

Mrs. Alwynn took a spasmodic interest in the psalm, but it did not last.

"Only two basses in the choir, and the new *Te Deum*, Ruth. How vexed Mr. Alwynn will be!"

No response from Ruth. Mrs. Alwynn took another turn at her prayer-book, and then at the congregation.

"I am become as it were a monster unto —" Ruth! *Ruth!*"

Ruth at last turned her head a quarter of an inch.

"Sir Charles Danvers is sitting in the free seats by the font."

Ruth nailed her eyes to her book, and would vouchsafe no further sign of attention during the rest of the service; and Dare, on the other side, anxious to copy Ruth in everything, being equally obdurate, Mrs. Alwynn had no resource left but to follow the service half aloud to herself, at the times when the congregation were *not* supposed to join in, putting great emphasis on certain words which she felt applicable to herself, in a manner that effectually prevented any one near her from attending to the service at all.

It was with a sudden pang that Dare, following Ruth out into the sunshine after service, perceived for the first time Charles, standing, tall and distinguished-looking, beside the rather insignificant heir of all the Thursbys, who regarded him with the mixed admiration and gnawing envy of a very young man for a man no longer young.

And then — Charles never quite knew how it happened, but with the full intention of walking back to the rectory with the Alwynns, and staying to luncheon, he actually found himself in Ruth's very presence accepting a cordial invitation to luncheon at Slumberleigh Hall. For the first time during the last ten years he had done a thing he had no intention of doing. A temporary long-lost feeling of shyness had seized upon him as he saw Ruth coming out, tall and pale and graceful, from the shadow of the church porch into the blaze of the midday sunshine. He had not calculated either for that sudden disconcerting leap of the heart as her eyes met his. He had an idiotic feeling that

she must be aware that he had run most of the way to church, and that he had contemplated the burnished circles of her back hair for two hours, without a glance at the fashionably scraped-up headdress of Mabel Thursby, with its hogged mane of little wire curls in the nape of the neck. He felt he still looked hot and dusty, though he had imagined he was quite cool the moment before. To his own astonishment, he actually found his self-possession leaving him; and though its desertion proved only momentary, *in* that moment he found himself walking away with the Thursbys in the direction of the Hall. He was provoked, angry with himself, with the Thursbys, and, most of all, with Mr. Alwynn, who came up a second later, and asked him to luncheon as a matter of course, also Dare, who accepted with evident gratitude. Charles felt that he had not gone steeple-chasing over the country only to talk to Mrs. Thursby, and to see Ruth stroll away over the fields with Dare towards the rectory.

However, he made himself extremely agreeable, which was with him more a matter of habit than those who occasionally profited by it would have cared to know. He asked young Thursby his opinion on E. C. cartridges; he condoled with Mrs. Thursby on the loss of her last butler, and recounted some alarming anecdotes of his own French cook. He admired a pallid water-color drawing of Venice, in an enormous frame on an enormous easel, which he rightly supposed to be the manual labor of Mabel Thursby.

When he rose to take his leave, young Thursby, intensely flattered by having been asked for that opinion on cartridges by so renowned a shot as Charles, offered to walk part of the way back with him.

"I am afraid I am not going home yet," said Charles lightly. "Duty points in the opposite direction. I have to call at the rectory. I want Mr. Alwynn's opinion on a point of clerical etiquette, which is setting my young spiritual shepherd at Stoke Moreton against his principal sheep, namely myself."

And Charles took his departure, leaving golden opinions behind him, and a determination to invite him once more to shoot, in spite of his many courteous refusals of the last few years.

Mrs. Alwynn always took a nap after luncheon, in her smart Sunday gown, among the mustard-colored cushions of her high-art sofa. Mr. Alwynn, also, was apt

at the same time to sink into a subdued, almost apologetic doze, in the old arm-chair which alone had resisted the march of discomfort and so-called "taste" which had invaded the rest of the little drawing-room of Slumberleigh Rectory. Ruth was sitting with her dark head leant against the open window-frame. Dare had not stayed after luncheon, being at times nervously afraid of giving her too much of his society, and she was at liberty to read over again, if she chose, the solitary letter which the Sunday post had brought her. But she did not do so; she was thinking.

And so her sister Anna was actually returning to England at last! She and her husband had taken a house in Rome, and had arranged that Ruth should join them in London in November, and go abroad with them after Christmas for the remainder of the winter. She had pleasant recollections of previous winters in Rome, or on the Riviera with her grandmother, and she was surprised that she did not feel more interested in the prospect. She supposed she would like it when the time came, but she seemed to care very little about it at the present moment. It had become very natural to live at Slumberleigh, and although there were drawbacks — here she glanced involuntarily at her aunt, who was making her slumbers vocal by a running commentary on them through her nose — still she would be sorry to go. Mr. Alwynn gave the ghost of a miniature snore, and opening his eyes, found Ruth's bent affectionately upon him. Her mind went back to another point in Anna's letter. After dilating on the extreme admiration and regard entertained for herself by her husband, his readiness with shawls, etc., she went on to ask whether Ruth had heard any news of Raymond.

Ruth sighed. Would there ever be any news of Raymond? The old nurse at Arleigh always asked the same question. "Any news of Master Raymond?" It was with a tired ache of the heart that Ruth heard that question, and always gave the same answer. Once she had heard from him since Lady Deyncourt's death, after she had written to tell him, as gently as she could, that she and Anna had inherited all their grandmother had to leave. A couple of months later she had received a hurried note in reply, inveighing against Lady Deyncourt's injustice, saying (as usual) that he was hard up for money, and that, when he knew where it might safely be sent, he should expect her and her sister to make up to

him for his disappointment. And since then, since April — not a word. June, July, August, September. Four months and no sign. When he was in want of money his letters heretofore had made but little delay. Had he fallen ill, and died out there, or met his death suddenly perhaps in some wild adventure under an assumed name? Her lips tightened, and her white brows contracted over her absent eyes. It was an old anxiety, but none the less wearing because it was old. Ruth put it wearily from her, and took up the first book which came to her hand, to distract her attention.

It was a manual out of which Mrs. Alwynn had been reading extracts to her in the morning, while Ruth had been engaged in preparing herself to teach in the Sunday school. She wondered vaguely how pleasure could be derived, even by the most religious persons, from seeing favorite texts twined in and out among forget-me-nots, or falling aslant in old-English letters off bunches of violets; but she was old enough and wise enough to know that one man's religion is another man's occasion of stumbling. Books are made to fit all minds, and small minds lose themselves in large-minded books. The thousands in which these little manuals are sold, and the confidence with which their readers recommend them to others, indicates the calibre of the average mind, and shows that they meet a want possibly "not known before," but which they alone, with their little gilt edges, can adequately fill. Ruth was gazing in absent wonder at the volume which supplied all her aunt's spiritual needs, when she heard the wire of the front-door bell squeak faintly. It was a stiff-necked and obdurate bell, which for several years Mr. Alwynn had determined to see about.

A few moments later, James, the new and inexperienced footman, opened the door about half a foot, put in his head, murmured something inaudible, and withdrew it again.

A tall figure appeared in the doorway, and advanced to meet her, then stopped midway. Ruth rose hastily, and stood where she had risen, her eyes glancing first at Mr. and then at Mrs. Alwynn.

The alien presence of a visitor had not disturbed them. Mrs. Alwynn, her head well forward, and a succession of chins undulating in perfect repose upon her chest, was sleeping as a stout person only can — all over. Mr. Alwynn, opposite, his thin hands clasped listlessly over his knee, was as unconscious of the two pairs

of eyes fixed upon him as Nelson himself, laid out in Madame Tussaud's.

Charles's eyes, twinkling with suppressed amusement, met Ruth's. He shook his head energetically, as she made a slight movement as if to wake them, and stepping forward, pointed with his hat towards the open window, which reached to the ground. Ruth understood, but she hesitated. At this moment Mrs. Alwynn began a variation on the simple theme in which she had been indulging and in so much higher a key, that all hesitation vanished. She stepped hastily out through the window, and Charles followed. They stood together for a moment in the blazing sunshine, both too much amused to speak.

"You are bareheaded," he said suddenly; "is there any"—looking round—"any shade we could take refuge under?"

Ruth led the way round the yew hedge to the horse-chestnut; that horse-chestnut under which Dare had once lost his self-esteem.

"I am afraid," said Charles, "I arrived at an inopportune moment. As I was lunching with the Thursbys, I came up in the hope of finding Mr. Alwynn, whom I wanted to consult about a small matter in my own parish."

Charles was quite pleased with this sentence, when he had airily given it out. It had a true ring about it, he fancied, which he remembered with gratitude was more than the door-bell had. Peace be with that door-bell, and with the engaging youth who answered it.

"I wish you had let me wake Mr. Alwynn," said Ruth. "He will sleep on now till the bells begin."

"On no account. I should have been shocked if you had disturbed him. I assure you I can easily wait until he naturally wakes up; that is," with a glance at the book in her hand, "if I am not disturbing you—if you are not engaged in improving yourself at this moment."

"No. I have improved myself for the day, thanks. I can safely afford to relax a little now."

"So can I. I resemble Lady Mary in that. On Sunday mornings she reflects on her own shortcomings; on Sunday afternoons she finds an innocent relaxation in pointing out mine."

"Where is Lady Mary now?"

"I should say she was in her Bath chair on the Scarborough sands at this moment."

"I like her," said Ruth with decision.

"Tastes differ. Some people feel drawn towards wet blankets, and others have a leaning towards pokers. Do you know why you like her?"

"I never thought about it, but I suppose it was because she seemed to like *me*."

"Exactly. You admired her good taste. A very natural vanity, most pardonable in the young, was gratified at seeing marks of favor so well bestowed."

"I dare say you are right. At any rate, you seem so familiar with the workings of vanity in the human breast that it would be a pity to contradict you."

"By the way," said Charles, speaking in the way people do who have nothing to say, and are trying to hit on any subject of conversation, "have you heard any more of your tramp? There was no news of him when I left. I asked the Slumberleigh policeman about him again on my way to the station."

"I have heard no more of him, though I keep his memory green. I have not forgotten the fright he gave me. I had always imagined I was rather a self-possessed person till that day."

"I am a coward myself when I am frightened," said Charles consolingly, "though at other times as bold as a lion."

They were both sitting under the flickering shadow of the already yellowing horse-chestnut tree, the first of all the trees to set the gorgeous autumn fashions. But as yet it was paling only at the edges of its slender fans. The air was sweet and soft, with a voiceless whisper of melancholy in it, as if the summer knew, for all her smiles, her hour had well-nigh come.

The rectory cows, the mottled one, and the red one, and the big white one that was always milked first, came slowly past on their way to the pond, blinking their white eyelashes leisurely at Charles and Ruth.

"It is almost as hot as that Sunday in July when we walked over from Atherstone. Do you remember?" said Charles suddenly.

"Yes."

She knew he was thinking of their last conversation, and she felt a momentary surprise that he had remembered it.

"We never finished that conversation," he said after a pause.

"No; but then, conversations never are finished, are they? They always seem to break off just when they are coming to the beginning. A bell rings, or there is an interruption, or one is told it is bedtime."

"Or fools rush in with their word where you and I should fear to tread, and spoil everything."

"Yes."

"And have you been holding the wool and tying up the flowers, as you so graphically described, ever since you left Athirstone in July?"

"I hope I have; I have tried."

"I am sure of that," he said with sudden earnestness; then added more slowly, "I have not wound any wool; I have only enjoyed myself."

"Perhaps," said Ruth, turning her clear, frank gaze upon him, "that may have been the harder work of the two; it sometimes is."

His light, restless eyes, with the searching look in them which she had seen before, met hers, and then wandered away again to the level meadows, and the woods, and the faint sky.

"I think it was," he said at last; and both were silent. He reflected that his conversations with Ruth had a way of beginning in fun, becoming more serious, and ending in silence.

The bells rang out suddenly.

Charles thought they were full early.

"Mr. Alwynn will wake up now," said Ruth, "I will tell him you are here."

But before she had time to do more than rise from her chair, Mr. Alwynn came slowly round the yew hedge, and stopped suddenly in front of the chestnut tree, amazed at what he saw beneath it. His mild eyes gazed blankly at Charles through his spectacles, gathering a pained expression as they peered over the top of them, which did not lessen when they fell on Ruth.

Charles explained in a few words the purport of his visit, which had already explained itself quite sufficiently to Mr. Alwynn; and mentioning that he had waited in the hope of presently finding Mr. Alwynn "disengaged" (at this Mr. Alwynn blushed a little), asked leave to walk as far as the church with him to consult him on a small matter, etc., etc. It was a neat sentence, but it did not sound quite so well the third time. It had lost by the heathenish and vain repetitions to which it had been subjected.

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Alwynn, mollified but still discomposed. "You should have waked me, Ruth," turning reproachfully to his niece, whose conduct had never in his eyes fallen short of perfection till this moment. "Little nap after luncheon. Hardly asleep. You should have waked me."

"There was Aunt Fanny," said Ruth, feeling as if she had committed some grave sin.

"Ah-h!" said Mr. Alwynn, as if her reason were a weighty one, his memory possibly recalling the orchestral flourish which as a rule heralded his wife's return to consciousness. "True, true, my dear. I must be going," as the chime ceased. "Are you coming to church this afternoon?"

Ruth replied that she was not; and Mr. Alwynn and Charles departed together, Charles ruefully remembering that he had still to ask advice on a subject the triviality of which would hardly allow of two opinions.

Ruth watched them walk away together, and then went back noiselessly into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Alwynn was sitting bolt upright, her feet upon the floor, her gown upon the sofa. Her astonished eyes were fixed upon the dwindling figures of Mr. Alwynn and Charles.

"Goodness, Ruth!" she exclaimed, "who is that white waistcoat walking with your uncle?"

Ruth explained.

"Dear me! And as likely as not he came to see the new screen. I know Mrs. Thursby tells everybody about it. And his own house so full of beautiful things too! Was ever anything so annoying! We should have had so much in common, for I hear his taste is quite — well, really quite out of the way. How contrary things are, Ruth! You awake, and me asleep, when it might just as well have been the other way. But it is Sunday, my dear, so we must not complain. And now, as we have missed church, I will lie down again, and you shall read me that nice sermon, which I always like to hear when I can't go to church, the one in the green book, about Nabob's vineyard."

From *The Nineteenth Century*.

PHœNICIAN AFFINITIES OF ITHACA.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE field of the limited, but not unimportant, inquiry which I now propose will be sufficiently defined and opened if we bear in mind:—

I. That of the three great ethnical factors making up the people to whom Homer sang, namely the Phœnician, Achaian, and Pelasgian, the first named brought as their

contribution to the national compound nothing less than the arts of life, which are the instruments of civilization.

2. That the Phœnician element came into Greece not, except in the case of the Cadmeians of Bœotia, by the immigration of races or bodies of men, but by the introduction of individuals or families, perhaps appointed under the Egyptian empire, certainly qualified, to take the lead for political and social purposes in an infant society.

3. That the Phœnician name in Homer includes what is Egyptian, and generally whatever had come from the south-eastern quarter of the Mediterranean, by means of the Phœnician ships.

4. That Homer never in any case assigns a non-Hellenic origin to persons, or to manners, that had become Hellenic; and that it is only by comparison and inference, and the various forms of probable evidence as opposed to direct information, that we can establish any conclusions about them, as between indigenous and exotic origin.

I have to inquire, then, whether there are signs in Ithaca itself or in its king, or in both, which tend to show that his family was of Phœnician extraction, and that the island bore marks of Phœnician settlement within it.

Firstly, I think that these inferences will be strongly supported by an examination of the state of society on the return of Odysseus.

It is obvious that, if we accept as historical an expedition of the great chiefs and national forces of Greece to the East for an effort prolonged through a course of years; and if we also accept as possible the lengthened detention of some one or other among those chiefs by a course of sea-travel after the termination of the war, we are prepared to expect, as a consequence, a considerable amount of disorganization in the dominion so long deprived of the presence of its head. We look for something bearing a resemblance to what happened to western Europe in the not wholly dissimilar case of the Crusades.

But the case of Ithaca presents to us much more than this. Even in the *Iliad*, there are signs tending to show that Odysseus was not fully and effectively acknowledged as sovereign throughout his nominal dominions. Doulichion, which according to my interpretation * designates the

larger part of Cefalonia, supplied nearly half of the whole body of suitors (fifty-two out of one hundred and sixteen); and these were probably the wealthier, as they alone are stated to have taken with them into Ithaca a certain company of attendants (*dresteres*), six in number. But in the catalogue (*Il. ii.* 625) the contingent from Doulichion appears under Meges, not under Odysseus. Further, Odysseus commands only the inconsiderable squadron of eleven ships. There is but one smaller body specified, namely the nine ships from Rhodes; but the smallness of the force contributed by that island is probably to be accounted for by its distance and imperfectly established allegiance. The small squadron of Odysseus was, however, furnished not by Ithaca alone, but by Samê, Zante, and a strip of continental dominion (*Il. ii.* 632-5). It seems probable that such a range of territory must have supplied a greater force, had it been completely assimilated to the rule of the Arkeisian family.

Let us now turn to the *Odyssey* itself. It is no wonder that the returning chief, as he arrives without companions, is at first led only to the house of a known and trusty dependent. But it is highly remarkable that at no stage of his proceedings does Odysseus either make or meditate an appeal to the people at large, or even to a section among them. He has only at best a handful of individuals specially related or dependent to assist him; his real reliance being upon his own energies and the unbounded resources of the great Athenê. Nay, he has cause to beware of a hostile popular intervention in the fearful business he has to carry on. Before he begins the slaughter, he carefully closes the doors of the palace, and places the swineherd so as to prevent any ingress, as well as any exit (*Od. xxii.* 126-30). Very different was the mind of the imperilled suitors. "Will no one," says Agelaos, "go up by the postern, and let the people know? They will soon give the alarm, and make an end of this man's bow-play" (*131-4*). But, inasmuch as one man can hold the narrow passage (*138*), nothing can be done; and the work proceeds to its terrible consummation. Later, when Odysseus has repaired to the residence of his father, the friends of the dead suitors (*xxiv.* 420) gather a public assembly. It is addressed by Eupheithes, father of Antinoos, who had been the leader of the band. His purpose is to avenge them on Odysseus; his only fear, lest the hero, with his friends, should get away

* *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1877, "Dominions of Odysseus" considered geographically.

from the island (425-37). Medon, the herald, then warns the concourse that he has seen a divinity giving countenance to the great retribution (442-9); and Halitherses, an old friend of the long-absent chieftain, hereupon takes courage, not to assail or resist Eupheithes, but only to declare that he abstains from following him (462). But more than half of the assembly start up with shouts, and follow Eupheithes to battle (463-6). Then follows, under the auspices of Athenē, his own death, and the defeat and rout of his party; the havoc made by Odysseus being finally arrested by the intervention of Zeus, who brings about an accommodation. But, all the way through, the numbers in active partisanship are entirely with the party of the suitors, and that portion of the Ithacan Assembly which had not favored them remains neutral. We have here a spectacle very different from that presented by an homogeneous sovereignty. Odysseus and his friends everywhere appear with the signs of a minority upon them. It is with an evident consciousness of this state of facts that Halitherses addresses the Assembly, and describes the failure of the attempts which he and Mentor, friends of the absent chief, had been used to make towards stirring up the Ithacan people, not to uphold the rights of the absent lord, but to curb the insolence and arrest the misdeeds of the suitors (456).

Let us now consider what further light can be thrown upon the subject by the race-nomenclature employed during the transactions.

Eupheithes, as we have seen, fears that Odysseus may escape from the island. But where is it that he is deemed likely to seek refuge or aid against the Ithacans? Not in his own dominions; but among the Pylians, or in Elis (430, 1). Now both these countries were under dynasties which bear signs of Phœnician extraction. Nestor was descended through Neleus from Poseidon (Od. xi. 254), a sure Phœnician mark. Elis had been ruled by Augeias (Il. xi. 701), and one of his descendants commanded part of the Elian or Epeian contingent before Troy (Il. ii. 624). But Augeias is one of the group of persons who bear the peculiar title of *anax andrôn* in the poems, and I regard this title again as a certain mark of Phœnician relations.*

The name ordinarily attaching to the

suitors as a body is *Achaioi*, or else *Kephallenes*, which we may consider as meaning those *Achaioi* who inhabited the dominions of Odysseus. The *Achaian* name is indeed applied more loosely to the Ithacan population, as it is in the case of the Greek army at large, by derivation from the primary sense, which attaches it to the nobles (Od. i. 272, ii. 7). Such being the general employment of the *Achaian* name, it is obviously significant that in a marked passage we find the suitors or their spokesman apply it to themselves in contradistinction to Odysseus, the acknowledged head of the community. And this, not when he was exposed in his disguise to insult, but when upon a full recognition of him they were seized with alarm (xxii. 43, 4). Then it is that Eurymachos addresses him with a futile attempt at conciliation. "If you are indeed," he says, "the Ithacan Odysseus, then your description is a just one of what we, the *Achaians*, have been about." Here seems to be indicated a distinction of race between Odysseus himself and the aristocracy of the islands (45, 6). It is probable that the same meaning is conveyed in the curious passage where Odysseus, after his triumph, considers what means are available for the restoration of his dilapidated property. "As to my live stock, much I will get with my own hand by freebooting; and I shall also have free gifts from the *Achaians*." This may mean that, being now re-established, he would expect contributions from the proprietors who lived under his rule (xxiii. 356-8). It seems, then, as if there still subsisted an unforgotten distinction; as if there was a sense, in which Odysseus was not fully an *Achaïos*, or in which the proprietary class of the islands were more *Achaian* than he; so that all the indications thus far agree with the idea that he was not originally or strictly of *Achaian* blood, and that his family had come into the island bringing with it Phœnician associations, possibly also finding them already there.

Again. The popular religion of the island agrees with the idea that it was not yet fully Hellenized. It seems to bear traces, possibly of an old nature-worship prevailing in the country, but unquestionably of Phœnician importations. The great day of the trial of the bow was a religious festival of the people (xx. 156, xxi. 258). That Apollo is concerned in it appears in more ways than one. Antinoos the suitor, in order to succeed in handling the bow, deigns to sacrifice some picked

* *Juventus Mundi*, p. 177. But I should now state more pointedly the Phœnician relation.

goats to Apollo the bow-famous (*klutotoxos*, xxi. 265-7). Yet it is not the feast of Apollo but the feast of "the god" (258). This is quite intelligible if in the religion of the island the name and attributes of Apollo were gradually attracting and absorbing an older sun-worship; and it is difficult to find any other explanation. If the sun was worshipped there, he was probably worshipped as the supreme local god. And there is a remarkable passage which indicates that Apollo was taking over the sun's prerogative, and was regarded as the local providence or synonym for deity, a character quite inconsistent with his position in the Olympian court and family. In xix. 86, Odysseus says that by the favor of Apollo his son has arrived at man's estate. Now this divine action in the rearing of Telemachos has no relation to any of the special or Olympian functions of Apollo. He appears here in the place of Zeus, or *Theos*, to whom the general care of men and their affairs is commonly assigned. How comes Apollo to hold such a place? It is only possible, so far as I can see, through his relation to the sun, whose properties as the local god are made over to him for Olympian purposes. That is to say, the Homeric plan of absorbing the local cults in a central scheme requires him to make provision for the maintenance of the existing religious traditions without a serious breach of continuity. It is obviously Apollo that, in the Olympian scheme, becomes the representative of the Helios of the old nature cult. But in that cult, or in many forms of it, Helios was supreme, while Apollo is of necessity subordinate in the Olympian court. The very curious peculiarity of the Ithacan religion exhibited in the *Odyssey* is that we seem to see the process of transference actually at work. A certain degree of obscurity, and even of inconsistency, are the necessary result; for the poet has to consider on the one hand the demands of his great Olympian invention, on the other the necessity of keeping terms with the popular religion. It is probably by a derivation from that religion that Apollo stands as the rearer of Telemachos.

Whether this sun-worship in Ithaca was an indigenous cult, or a Phœnician importation, I do not find material sufficient absolutely to decide. I will only say that the prevalence of Apollo-worship beyond that of any other deity, as testified by the number of temples and sacred places dedicated to each of them respec-

tively in Pausanias,* tends in some degree to instil the idea that this worship was indigenous. Not but that Phœnicians might bring with them a solar tradition; but that, if they did, it would then coincide with the religious system already established in the island.

So again with regard to the nymphs. They were, in Ithaca, the objects of an habitual popular worship. Near the city were their grove and fountain, constructed by the eponymist Ithakos and his brothers; from hence the town was supplied with water; and here was their altar on which passers-by were wont to make their offerings (xvii. 304-11). There was, again, a cave sacred to the nymphs near the landing-place where Odysseus had been deposited (xiii. 103, 347); and there the chieftain had in other days habitually worshipped them (349). As we shall presently see, this landing-place had evidently been named by the Phœnicians (*inf.*, p. 8). This tends to show that the worship had a Phœnician character. Again, these Ithacan nymphs are water nymphs, *nēiades* (xiii. 104, *et alibi*) and *krēnaiai* (xvii. 240). Now Kirkē is a personage altogether Phœnician; and her four servants (x. 348-51) are born of the fountains, groves (the grove being, I conceive, a clump of trees with a fountain), and consecrated rivers. It is right also to observe that nymphs were worshipped in Trinacriē, the island of the sun, which again gives them an Eastern or Phœnician character.

They acquire that character yet more decidedly from association with Hermes. The hill of Hermes rises over the city (xvi. 470). In his banquet on the slaughtered pig, the pious Eumaios gives one of the seven portions, which he had cut up, to the nymphs and Hermes (xiv. 435). Hermes is the son of Maïas; and Maïas or Maia, although Homer supplies no direct evidence as to her extraction, is by all other Greek tradition placed within the Phœnician circle. Further, in Scheriē Hermes is marked as the deity to whom the evening libation was offered before going to rest (vii. 136-8); and Scheriē, while it is the borderland between the two geographical zones, is clearly Phœnician, and apparently has Poseidon for its presiding deity (vi. 266). It may be the Phœnician character of Hermes which causes him wholly to displace Iris in the *Odyssey* from her office as messenger, she being a personage

* Apollo, as I reckon, has one hundred and six, Zeus has only seventy-seven.

wholly Hellenic and probably indigenous to the brain of Homer. Again, it must be on account of this Phœnician color that he appears, instead of Athenē, as the guide and guardian of Odysseus in the Eastern, that is to say the Phœnician, region. Once more; he seems to be in general communication with Kalypso, an entirely Phœnician personage (Od. xii. 390). His office as conductor of the dead cannot be discussed here, but it supplies additional evidence in the same direction.

Having thus far touched upon the ethnographical and religious aspects of the case, I now come to the seemingly insignificant or uninviting article of diet. And I do not hesitate to lay it down that in Homer the use of the pork diet is perceptibly a mark of what I should term Phœnicianism, that is to say of south-Eastern extraction or affinities. I have found it extremely difficult to obtain adequate lights upon this subject from ordinary modern sources, and have applied to the most learned of my friends for aid without any beneficial result. But I will now simply endeavor, in the first place, to give a view of the direct and as I think curious evidence on the subject, which is derivable from the text of Homer.

Although an army encamped in a foreign land cannot afford to be particular as to food, we only once (ix. 208) hear of pork in the *Iliad* as an article of diet. In the *Odyssey*, the all-devouring cannibalism of the Cyclop throws no light upon the subject. But in the orderly household of Alkinoos, the king of Scherië, pork is not the exclusive, yet it is the special, food at his banquets; and supplies the chosen portion which is given to the guest Odysseus, part whereof is by him presented to the minstrel. The *menu* of this feast in Scherië is given us in Od. viii. 59, 60. Alkinoos sacrificed twelve sheep, eight hogs, and two oxen; and the selection of the chine of hog's flesh as the note of honor for the guest is remarkable. When he is about to depart, Alkinoos sacrifices an ox (Od. xiii. 24) to Zeus of the dark cloud who is lord of all; for Poseidon was the implacable foe of the hero. From the Cyclopan land the ox wholly disappears; only goats and sheep are heard of. Kirkë stocks the ship of Odysseus exclusively with mutton (x. 572, xi. 4). In the Pylian feasts of Nestor the ox alone appears; but the ox is the only animal mentioned in Homer as offered to Poseidon; and Nestor, though his family is Hellenized by tract of time, is of Poseidonian, that is of Phœnician,

extraction. When we come into Ithaca, we lose sight of this divinity; and it is not too much to say that the rearing of swine, and the consumption of them as food, become the most prominent feature of the food supply, especially for a certain class of the population, the distinction probably having regard to a difference of race or of station, or both.

In Od. ii. 296-300, Telemachos finds the suitors about to feast on goats and swine; there is no mention of beef or mutton. In Od. xiv. 5-23, we have an elaborate description of the sties or pens, in which Eumaios kept no fewer than six hundred sows with three hundred and sixty fat hogs, seemingly for the daily consumption of the suitors throughout the year. Eumaios however selects two young porkers to entertain Odysseus, (xiv. 73), the fat hogs being reserved (81) for the table of their betters. At the banquet for the suitors in the palace (xvii. 180-2) the four kinds of flesh meat are mentioned together. The same enumeration reappears in Od. xx. 250, 1. Earlier in the book we learn whence the banquet was provided. Eumaios drives down for it no fewer than three of the best fatted hogs. And Philoitios, the cowherd, brings a barren cow together with fat goats; all these not of Ithaca, but carried over from Cefalonia by the aid of the ferry (162, 3, 185-8). Thus pork was a chief article in the dietary of the higher class, and was specially reared in the island. But as in the case of Eumaios, so again when we have to deal with the household of Laertes, Odysseus invites them to a meal on a selected porker (xxiv. 215).* It is worth while to note in passing the use which Kirkë, a member of the Phœnician circle, makes of her magical powers on the crew of Odysseus. They find her surrounded with wolves and lions (x. 212), but then she transforms into hogs (239). As respects the Ithacan narrative, especially when we read it in the light cast on it by what happened in Scherië, the prominence given to the hog, and to his place in the dietary, seems evidently to point to a Phœnician relationship.

Although recent study has not, so far as I am aware, thrown any light upon this subject, yet older scholars have carefully collected the testimonies of the ancients which bear upon it, except indeed that I have found no notice of the evidence supplied by the text of Homer. Spencer, (*De Legibus Hebræorum*, pp. 131-8) and

* This is however *sus*, not *sialos*.

Bochart (Hieroicozon, b. ii., c. 57) have examined the matter in connection with the remarkable prohibitions and denunciations contained in the Old Testament, where the consumption of swine's flesh is treated as a very grave offence. Inquiring into the reason of these provisions, and the possibility of attraction or repulsion between the Jewish rule and the practice of other nations, they have gathered a mass of evidence, which at first sight is by no means harmonious. As to the Phœnicians proper, for example, there seems to be a direct contradiction between Herodian and Lampridius, of whom (ibid., col. 703) the first declares that their law prohibited the use of pork, while the second treats it as a main article of their diet, so that Bochart, in his despair, has to append the words, *quæ quomodo conciliantur fateor me non videre satis*.

Professor Sayce* has kindly given me the benefit of his comprehensive acquaintance with the Egyptian monuments and the Assyrian and Accadian discoveries. The old Accadian God Uras, the messenger of Mul-Lib, the god of "the ghost world," is called "the lord of the swine." It is interesting in connection with this to observe that Eumaïos offers swine's flesh to Hermes, whose association with the under world is so close. Again, a herd of swine, tended by a slave, appears in a wall-painting at Thebes, contemporary with the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasty.

This is not the place to examine the effect of the evidence as a whole. It is scanty for the time called pre-historic, and it is not easy to reduce to harmony. The testimony of Herodotos records chiefly prohibitions and restraints which themselves appear to witness to a practice, but to one that it was found needful to restrain. The evidence supplied by the Homeric text, however, is clear as far as it goes; and it goes to the point of establishing a special relation between the Phœnician element in the population and the use of pork in the Greek peninsula as an important article of food. Present discrepancies may perhaps be reconciled by prospective additions to the stock of knowledge. Varieties of condition in life, as well as of race, probably have had to do with them. And it seems just possible also that some of the Gentile prohibitions or abstentions may have had a relation to the distinction between swine self-reared,

as foul-feeders, and the carefully tended and regularly fattened hogs, such as those which Eumaïos reared for the banquets of the local aristocracy.

There are, however, various signs of what may be called Phœnicianism in Ithaca besides those of race, religion, and dietary. The port of Phorkus is one among them. There the Phaiakian crew, who are Phœnician all over, deposit the sleeping hero. Thoösa, the mother of Polyphēmos, is also the daughter of Phorkus; which at once establishes the connection. It may be said with truth, that the curiously landlocked character of this Ithacan harbor marked it out as an excellent place of shelter for the large sea-going ships of the Phœnicians, apart from any idea of settlement. But then the same thing, the formation of the harbor, pointed it out as convenient also for settlement. And the island appears to have been a house of call for the Phœnician mariners. Hence it is natural for the Taphian Mentēs to appear there, although Ithaca yielded neither of the commodities which he was dealing in; neither the grey iron that he carried with him, nor the copper that was to load his vessel in return. Hence, probably, the easy supply of domestic slaves, such as Eurukleia and Eumaïos, dropped by the passing vessels.

Mentēs himself was lord of the Taphians, who are believed to be a seafaring race inhabiting Cyprus, and Phœnician by extraction. Now he had an ancient bond of hospitality with the Arkeisian family. On arriving, he bids Telemachos refer to his grandfather Laertes to attest it, and says it had subsisted (*ex archēs*) from the beginning (i. 187, 8). What was this *archē*? Could it be anything else than the first settlement of the family in Ithaca? And if they were immigrants they were probably Phœnician immigrants. There are marks of recency in the settlement of the island itself, because Ithakos, its eponymist, and Neritos, eponymist of its chief mountain, were brothers of Poluktor, and Peisandros the suitor is called Poluktorides; and except in the case of Priam who is called Dardanides I do not recollect a case in Homer of a patronymic which goes beyond the second generation.

Again, we find in Ithaca, and nowhere else in the poems, a person named Aiguplios. He is a person of consideration, for (Od. iv. 15, 25) he takes a leading part in the Assembly. Such a name could hardly have been given except to a person of Egyptian extraction. He seems to have

* And Mr. R. Brown, of Barton-on-Humber, has been so good as to enlarge for me the references collected with material which tends to confirm the "Phœnicianism" of pork diet.

no relation with the Achaioi, and like Mentor and Halitherses to have stood aloof (xxiv. 456-62) during the final struggle.

Let me here notice that I do not find in Ithaca all the notes of Phœnicianism. The main exceptions (besides the absence of the Poseidon worship) are (1) the horse, and (2) the use of drugs. But, as the Phœnician name embraces all importations over sea, and thus includes several countries, we need not be surprised if in Ithaca, as well as in the more markedly Phœnician Scherië, we do not find the horse. In Ithaca there is the additional reason that the contour of the country was not suited to horse-rearing (Od. iv. 605). With regard to drugs, it is to be observed that the *pharmakon* is an Egyptian product (iv. 227-32), and also that Odysseus personally had to do with their use, as he made a journey for the purpose of procuring them (Od. i. 257-64). The signs of Phœnicianism in Ithaca are indeed generally connected rather with the navigating and building race, than with Egypt, the case of the individual Aiguptios being so far an exception. And as to building, the Phœnician indications are clear. Homer has three epithets applicable in particular to his fabrics of stone: *rutos*, signifying stone which is hauled, therefore large and massive; *catoruches*, for stone quarried, and *xestos*, for stone smoothed or hewn.* Wherever we find these, or any of them, it is a Phœnician indication, sometimes through Poseidon or Hephaistos, sometimes directly, as in the Posideion of Scherië (vi. 287), or in the pen built by the Cyclop (ix. 185). In the case of the wall of Troy, the description is more general; it is thick, strong, and of fine workmanship (Il. xxi. 446, 7). This note we have again in the hog-pen built by Eumaios. It was large, lofty, beautiful, and built of hauled stones.

We do not find, except in Priam's palace of hewn stone (Il. vi. 243, 4), any similar description of human dwellings. Their ornamentation was, as it would appear, metallic and interior; and the poet probably chose this illustration for his palaces, as being far more imposing for his hearers than the mere note of stone-building would have been. He calls the palace of Alki-noos like in radiance to the sun or moon; from the plates of copper, probably fastened upon wood, with which it was constructed. So the palace of Menelaos is divine (*theios*), and lofty, with the same

brilliancy, though we have no particulars as to the metallic plating (Od. iv. 42-6); and Menelaos had travelled in the whole Phœnician region, and had become extremely rich by gifts (iv. 81-93). The wealth of Odysseus (like his ships) was on a less royal scale; but we have similar signs of the use, probably, of metallic plates, in the glittering doors (*thurai phaeinai*), while the fabric is described in general terms as large, lofty, beautiful, solid (i. 436), conspicuous (xvii. 265) by its walls and cornices or battlements. Tracing the epithet *phaeinai*, we find it applied, besides the palace of Odysseus (xxi. 45, xxii. 201), only to the residence of Alki-noos (vi. 19) and to that of Kirkë (x. 230, 256, 312); both strongly Phœnician.

I will now pass on from the consideration of particular signs, and inquire whether the Phœnicianism, of which it may be hoped that sufficient indications have now been furnished, may not be referred to a source or cause grounded somewhat deeply in the fundamental ideas and aims of the Homeric poems. I have spoken of the threefold composition of the Achaian nation, and of the two factors, respectively, out of the three upon which is concentrated our higher interest, namely the Hellenic and the Phœnician.

The primary feature in the characters of the two Homeric protagonists respectively is, that Achilles is colossal, Odysseus many-sided. The respective ideas are worked out with a marvellous fidelity. In the higher region, as warriors and statesmen, the two are harmonious; each excels in strength, courage, eloquence, affection, political genius. Achilles conquers everybody; Odysseus is never conquered.

Odysseus had merits, and also defects, that we do not find in Achilles. He was a consummate artificer and ploughman, and was accomplished in all house-service (Od. xv. 319-24). On the other hand, his intense curiosity more than once led him into rashness, even against the remonstrances of his companions; as in the land of the Cyclops, both on arrival and on departure (*e.g.*, Od. ix. 224). He had in him also the element of craft, developed nearly or altogether into fraud. He has no tempests of passion.

There are notes of special likeness between them. They hate Thersites in common (Il. ii., 220) with a hatred more ample and complete than that with which he was regarded by the rest of the army. Each was capable of a stern cruelty. That of Achilles was towards the Trojans, after

* Also *gukinos*, solid, in a simile, Il. xvi. 212.

the death of Patroclus. That of Odysseus towards not the suitors only but the unchaste women who had yielded to them. As exhibited towards the last-named class of victims, I think that the action of Odysseus leans more towards savagery than the other. If we are asked why Odysseus is chosen to be the chief envoy to Achilles on the critical occasion of the ninth Iliad, we might be tempted to say it is on account of his superior ability. But this, I am satisfied, would be a mistake. Achilles is perfectly equal to Odysseus in argument and in power of debate. He is chosen in my opinion mainly because he is so acceptable. And he is acceptable because, while the two characters have the sympathies which paramount greatness will always beget, they are not in competition with one another. The distinctions between them are more marked, the outside lines of each more distant from one another, than in the case of any others among the leading personages of the Iliad.

Achilles exhibits the pure Achaian ideal, and represents not the average but the superlative man, in whom every quality is raised to the highest point of intensity and of magnitude that can be touched without passing into deformity. He is the perfect *megalopsuchos* and *megaloprepes* of Aristotle, without ceasing to be the *sôphrôn*, or, to use the Homeric epithet, *êchêphrôn*, in the base of his nature; while Odysseus is essentially the *sôphrôn*, without ceasing to be the *megalopsuchos* or the *megaloprepes*. Nothing ever disturbs his vast power of self-command, except that appetite of enlargement, in knowledge and in adventure as well as in property, which made the Phœnicians the most daring as well as the most shrewd and acquisitive of men, and fitted them for their providentially appointed office of carrying everywhere, even over the wild western main, the seeds of arts and manners.

It is surely upon this Phœnician type that the character of Odysseus is moulded. In comparing the office of the Phœnician with that of the Achaian factor in the business of producing the historical Hellenic compound, we shall find the first more remarkable for its accomplishments and aptitudes, and these are the salient characteristics of Odysseus. There was nothing to which he could not turn his mind, nothing to which he could not turn his hand. He handled alike every weapon of war, the spear, the sword, the bow, and with invariable success; only the stone is

reserved for the warriors, in whom brute force was more entirely dominant (Il. iv. 517-22) or, at the least, intellect less absolutely sovereign (Il. v. 302, viii. 321, xx. 285). In acting upon men, he was alike apt to persuade, or to compel (Il. ii. 199, 265). But the ambush for Homer was a severer trial of the man (Il. xiii. 277) than the ordinary battle, and here, by the crucial experiment of the horse, he excelled all others (Od. iv. 287). In the games (but Achilles is above the games) as wrestler, the huge Aias cannot throw him (Il. xxiii. 720); he wins the foot-race (778), and in throwing the quoit excels and abashes all the Phaiakians (Od. viii. 186-93). He builds his own raft in Ogygia. In the construction of his bed he reaches the climax of Phœnician art; combining the device which renders it immovable, by incorporating in it a great olive trunk, with the skill of the builder in raising a chamber of massive stones (*pukinai lithades*) around it, of the carpenter in framing and adjusting the parts of the bedstead, and of the artist in inlaying it with silver, ivory, and gold, as well as dyeing the leather used in its ornamentation (Od. xxiii. 134-201). At the same time he challenges Eurymachos the suitor to match him in driving the plough, any more than he could in arms (xviii. 365-80), and proposes himself for a menial place as being by the help of Hermes a consummate indoor servant, whether in splitting wood, making the fire, laying the table, roasting the food, or pouring out the wine. He is an Admirable Crichton, but one who includes in his range all the lower with all the higher accomplishments, the line between them being, in those days of simple ideas and institutions, less sharp than it is now; and it is difficult to understand why Homer should thus offer to us as one of his protagonists a personage equipped with every Phœnician art and accomplishment, unless he had in his eye, as a great and worthy portion of his poetical and patriotic scheme, the special exhibition of the Phœnician element in the Hellenic compound.

We have already seen how the character of Odysseus leans toward the lower side of the Phœnician type in his undertaking the search for drugs wherewith to poison arrows; which Ilos, the son of Mermeros, was too much Hellenized to give him, "for he feared the immortal gods" (Od. i. 263). The Phœnicians, whom we meet in the poems as the actual agents of trade, are also buccaneers and kidnappers; and countenance is certainly given

by the great Athenē to such ideas when, on the recognition in Ithaca, she claims for herself in heaven, and accords to Odysseus among men, supremacy in devices, figments, and tricks. This Phœnician element in a personage so lofty seems to show that Homer probably included in his materials for the construction of her powerful character some portion of the Phœnician traditions, but they are subordinate and not dominant in the presentation.

The episode however of the scar brings into our view another trait, which is highly illustrative of the Phœnician religion, and which also goes to support strongly the hypothesis I am endeavoring to support, that the base of the character and associations of Odysseus is Phœnician. Odysseus received the wound, which left the scar and enabled his nurse Eurukleia to discover him, when he was hunting the wild boar on a visit to his maternal grandfather Autolykos. But what we have now to do with is the character of Autolykos himself and the special source from which he derived his gifts. He is marked by the epithet *esthlos*, an epithet not significant of moral virtue, applicable for example without strain to the unjust steward of the parable; but meaning any such quality as is solid and efficient for its own proper aim. His aim was, if not rare, yet peculiar. He excelled other men in thieving (*kleptosunē*) and in the use, that is the perjured use, of the oath (*horkos*), and these accomplishments he owed directly to divine bounty; they were the gifts of Hermes (Od. xix. 394-8). Now in the Olympian scheme Hermes, the god of exchange and intercourse, is characteristically the beneficial god (*erionios*, Il. xx. 72, *et alibi*). In the Homeric hymn he presents especially the features of precocious roguery:—

ἦρως γέγονεν, μεσφ' ἡματι ἐγκιβάρειεν,
ἐσπερίος βούς κλέψεν ἐκηβόλλῳ Ἀπόλλωνος.
(Hymns, ii. 17, 18.)

He was born at dawn, at noon he played the lyre, at dusk he stole the cattle of fardarting Apollo. In the episode of the scar, we seem to have him as a purely Phœnician divinity, and the character presented is in agreement with that borne by the commercial mariners of the day, a byword of rapacious gains (Od. viii. 161-4) and models of ready perjury for profit (Od. xv. 415-75). I find, then, in the relation of Odysseus through Laertes and his own mother to Autolykos, and in that of Autolykos to Hermes, a fresh in-

dication of the strongly Phœnician color which Homer has given to Ithaca and to its lord. Not that Odysseus was given over like his grandfather to dishonorable practices. In him we have, it must be remembered, according to my hypothesis, not the crude but the Hellenized Phœnician.

While the separate elements were passing into the final compound, each imparted to, and each received from, the other. But they imparted and received according to the law of their respective natures; the Phœnician imparted what he knew, the Achaian imparted what he was, and that which had been acquired gradually became blent, in each, with that which was ingential.

Stature is not a Phœnician endowment; and it will be remembered that Menelaos was taller by head and shoulders than Odysseus (Il. iii. 210). Dark complexion however was associated with Poseidon and the south; and although there is some difficulty in the text of the Odyssey on this point, I gather from it that Odysseus was of dark complexion. To conclude: there is another Phœnician accomplishment which we must not omit. It is the gift of song. I ascribe it to the race, because it is pointedly stated in the case of both Calypso and Kirkē, the Phœnician goddesses, when we are introduced to them, that they were engaged in song (Od. v. 61, x. 136, 221). Nowhere is the bard presented to us by Homer is such living fulness as in the palace of Alkinoos, the whole of whose associations are Phœnician; and Odysseus himself is represented as profoundly susceptible to the gift of song. It is true that this accomplishment is also expressly assigned to Achilles (Il. ix. 189), who practises it in his retirement. But he was the consummate man of all the men of Homer, and his character was the focus in which all the highest and most heroic accomplishments as well as qualities were concentrated.

Thus, then, stands the case of Ithaca and of Odysseus as to Phœnician association. If the evidence be sufficient, the fact is highly interesting. The ethnographical case of Ithaca, in this view, plainly bears upon and sustains the ethnological doctrine of a Phœnician infusion into the composite formation known in history as the Greek nation; and the ethnological theory in like manner supports the ethnographical picture. And both combine to show with what solid and careful interlacing of the particular parts Homer has built up the magnificent struc-

ture of his poems. They represent not the casual union of the thoughts of many, not even the wayward, careless effusions of the fancy of one; they were wrought upon a system, and with an aim, or with many aims woven into one, and they exhibit the consummate effort of a brain never excelled in its marvellous combination of discursive, constructive, and creative power.

POSTSCRIPT.

Although the question respecting the keeping of swine, and the use of pork, is by no means disposed of, either by the authorities quoted in the text, or by Wilkinson, I venture at this stage to offer the following conjectures, as somewhat probable in themselves, and not inconsistent with the evidence as a whole.

1. That, in the warm climates of Egypt and Phœnicia, the use of pork was, on sanitary grounds, repressed by prohibitions, or restricted to particular occasions.

2. That the great thrift, resulting from the rearing and consumption of the animal, may have kept the practice extensively alive, notwithstanding restrictive laws; especially among the classes to whom thrift was an important object.

3. That, as the pig is useless to man during life, it is very difficult to account for its being bred and kept, as it evidently was, except upon the supposition that it was wanted for food.

4. That if the animal, as domesticated, was brought into Greece by Phœnician ships, its consumption for food may have spread there, in a cooler climate, and a society free from sumptuary restraints, and yet in Homer's day may not have wholly ceased to be a distinctive mark of south-Eastern origin and associations.

5. That the *stalos*, the carefully and delicately fattened pig, was served as a luxury at the tables of the rich; while the use of commoner pork was reserved, as in the cottage of Eumaios, for the poorer class. Such is the evidence of the Odyssey.

W. E. G.

From The National Review.

A FRENCHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

THOUGH England, as seen by foreigners, does not open up so wide a field of litera-

ture as the travels of our countrymen abroad present to us, from the time of the Crusades to the present day the English have been the best-known strangers on the Continent; and they continue to be the most welcome, perhaps because they spend more, though they often see less than any other travellers. A natural result of this taste is the wealth of books in the English language recording the impressions produced in the minds of our countrymen in foreign lands, from the days of Sir John Mandeville (who wandered for four and thirty years in the most distant parts of the earth), to the latest experiences of a personally conducted tourist absent from his native land for a brief six weeks.

On the other hand (with the exception of such well-known works as "The Travels of Cosmo the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany," who visited England in 1669, and whose diary has been translated), original books of travel by French, German, or Italian writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are comparatively scarce.

Amongst such hitherto untranslated travels is the visit of a certain Monsieur de Monconys to these shores in the year 1663, described in a scarce quarto volume published at Lyons in 1676, and republished, with additions, at Paris some few years later. Let us follow the intelligent foreigner from the time of his embarkation at Calais, till his return home, a few months later, a wiser and a poorer man.

It should first be mentioned that Monconys accompanied the young Duke de Chevreuse, ostensibly as tutor and travelling companion, but not improbably the duke was entrusted with a diplomatic mission to the English court, the exact objects of which do not, however, transpire; possibly from the fact of their not having been communicated by the principal to his subordinate.

Arrived at Calais about the middle of the month of May, 1663, Monconys writes: "Nous sejourناسmes attendant le Paquebot qui est une petite barque pontée, qui passe et repasse de Calais à Douvre deux fois la semaine, pour porter les lettres des marchans, et qui prend cinq chelins pour le passage de chaque personne."

Here, then, is precise information as to the means of communication between England and France in times of peace during the latter half of the seventeenth century; and the price demanded per head for passage-money, which can scarcely be considered exorbitant, seeing that for five

shillings apiece these distinguished strangers were tossed upon the deep from "deux heures après midy," till "entre huit et neuf du soir." It must be remembered, also, that two centuries later, and with the aid of steam "paquebots," the time occupied in crossing the Channel is frequently two, and not seldom three hours.

Once at Dover, considerable difficulty was experienced by Monconys and the duke in landing, for he says: "Nous arrivâmes en ce lieu que la marée estoit encore basse, et fusmes obligés de mettre pied à terre sur de grandes roches plates, qui sont au commencement du port, et qui le rendent fort périlleux. Elles nous donnerent beaucoup de peine à marcher, mais encore d'avantage les petits cailloux pointus dont tout Douvre est pavé, que nous traversâmes presque tout, avant que d'arriver à nostre logis, que estoit à un des bouts, nous estant débarqués à l'autre." These words will doubtless recall many an unpleasant personal experience of landing here at low tide, even though one is happily no longer compelled to clamber from rock to rock before reaching the shelter of the Lord Warden, or other "logis."

We thread again the pebbly slums of Dover with Monconys and the Duke de Chevreuse, who were detained here the next day, "à cause que les Anglois ne font aucun travail le Dimanche, n'y ne voyagent pas, et qu'on les eut scandalisez, quand mesme on eut pû avoir des chevaux." Finding time hang heavy on their hands, owing to the unwonted quiet of the English Sunday, they were compelled to "promener sur le port," and it is gratifying to find that they had the good taste to admire the noble castle, "basti à l'antique" (whatever that may mean), "qui est sur le haut de la montagne à l'autre extrémité de la ville, du costé du nord."

The next day they shook the dust of Dover off their feet between six and seven o'clock in the morning, having, it is to be hoped, not omitted to pay the reckoning at their "logis," and journeyed fifteen miles "pour laquelle ou paye 5 chelins par cheval" to "Cantorberi," more easily recognizable as the "premier Archevesché d'Angleterre."

Here, strange to say, they appear to have found the then Archbishop of Canterbury in residence (William Juxon, the successor to Laud, after the see had remained vacant sixteen years), and having inspected the "grande Eglise," they hurried on through the hop garden, of Kent, *viâ* Sittingbourne to Rochester, "où il y

a un assez beau pont sur la Rivière de Midouay, qu'on passe pour aller à Gravesinde." Here they again trusted themselves on the treacherous element, this time in "une barque ou petit caic couvert fort proprement, avec six bons matelots qui attendoient M. le Duc depuis deux jours."

It falls pleasantly on English ears to hear that they were filled with admiration at "la largeur de la Tamise," and "une des maisons de plaisance du Roy nommée *Grenuche*," which, as our guide is good enough to add, "le Roy commence à faire rebastir et l'on desmolit ce qu'il y avait de vieux," may be more easily identified under its modern name of Greenwich Hospital — "ayant la Rivière au devant et la veüe de Londres à sa gauche." The first view of London from the river made a real impression on the travellers, for we read: "Veritablement la longuer est incroyable." The more remarkable houses on the banks of the Thames Monconys appears to have had pointed out to him by the boatmen, though from his phonetic spelling of their several names, it is doubtful whether he had ever heard, much less read, of any one among them till now. "Les principales sont *Pembroc* qui est de pierre, mais qui semble plutost une bastille qu'une maison; *Sommerset*, où loge la Reyne Mère, qu'elle fait rebastir à present pour la rendre un peu plus agreable; celle de *Boukinguan* qu'un assez beau portail de pierre de taille fait paroistre plus que les autres" (the old water-gate of the Duke of Buckingham's house, remains to this day, stranded and forgotten behind the Embankment gardens), "et *Nortombelland*, qui est de brique, mais plus grand et plus exhaussée que les autres, composée d'un grand corps de logis quarré, accompagné de quatre petites tours, une à chaque coin de Bastiment qu'elles flanquent," a very good description of a house which all but the very young generation of Londoners will recollect; the site of which is occupied at the present day by hotels, clubs, and other buildings so gigantic, that, could he see them now, Monconys would indeed be justified in saying "la longuer est incroyable." Next he says that "Oüital [Whitehall], Palais du Roy, qui est presque la fin de la ville [it certainly is not now], quoy qu'il fait d'une assez grande estendue, ne paroist pas plus que les autres, et paroistrait mesme encore moins, sans une grande salle, ou Pavillon quarré qui s'esleve au milieu du reste du bastiment, bas et de brique, sans aucune architect-

ture, ce qui rend celle du Pavillon plus considerable, quoyque de soy elle le deute, tant à cause qu'il est d'un double ordre composite, l'un sur l'autre, meslé de colonnes, et de pilastres qui ne s'accordent pas mal contre les faces du bastiment, comme aussi par la belle pierre dont il est basti, qui ressemble fort au marbre."

The Portland stone of which the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, is built, certainly resists the smoke and murky atmosphere of London so well in our own times as to justify one in likening it to white marble, a resemblance which must have been more marked at the time of Monconys's visit, though even then the nuisance of the ever-increasing fumes had led the king to entrust to Evelyn, after reading his pamphlet entitled "Fumifugium," the care of drafting a bill to be laid before Parliament, wherein expedients were proposed with a view to effecting some improvement in the atmospheric conditions of the metropolis. The Duke de Chevreuse and his suite do not seem to have come even yet to the end of their journey up the waterway of the great city, but pressing on in their "caic," it is not till "Oüest-Minster" is reached that they once more take to the dry ground.

Westminster is said to be then the "dernier bastiment considerable, qui estoit autre fois un Monastere dans lequel les Roys sont enterrez et où le Parlement s'assemble presentement. Il y a une assez belle place au devant [Palace Yard is here almost certainly indicated, as ambassadors were usually lodged in this immediate neighborhood, especially in Duke Street, Westminster], au fond de laquelle M. le Duc alla loger, à cinq pieces par semaine ou 100 chelins, dans la maison que M. Bruneti luy avait louée, et où le Roy loge les Ambassadeurs extraordinaires les trois premiers jours qu'ils arrivent, et où il les défraie."

The aspect of Palace Yard at the time of the duke's visit differed in no material degree from the time when Hollar drew his admirable views of Westminster in 1647, impressions of which, in an uncut state, are daily becoming of increasing scarcity. The principal feature of the open space before the north entrance of Westminster Hall was a stone clock-tower, dating from the fourteenth century, containing the predecessor of Big Ben, the well-known Great Tom of Westminster.

This bell was presented by William III. to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, and was recast to make what was the great

bell of the cathedral till the advent of Great Paul a few years since. Hollar's view of Palace Yard shows also a curious fountain, or conduit, with cellerage beneath, occupying the identical site of the modern Cabman's Shelter, erected by the generosity of members of both Houses of Parliament in 1877. This conduit, like the clock-tower, dated from very early times, and it is mentioned in an inventory of the reign of King Edward III.

Numerous hackney coaches are represented by Hollar as standing in the open yard, and if their drivers could not refresh themselves on club principles at a cabman's shelter, the numerous taverns surrounding the Parliament buildings, some nestling under the very doors of Westminster Hall itself, doubtless answered the same purpose. At the same time the mean ale-house called Hell is said to have been chiefly frequented by lawyers. Its rival, Heaven, alluded to by Ben Jonson, Pepys, and others, was pulled down in 1732 by William Kent (the architect of the Horse Guards), to build additional committee-rooms for the House of Commons, when, there is reason to fear, much of the ancient masonry of the palace was destroyed, although some escaped only to fall by the utilitarian hand of Sir John Soane, on the erection, early in the present century, of the law courts associated with his name. These in their turn have disappeared, and in their place is arising a new cloister, which, if it does not fulfil all the expectations already formed of it, will serve the all-important purpose of supporting the external wall of Westminster Hall, and harmonize in some degree alike with the noble simplicity of that ancient fabric and the more pretentious gothic of Sir Charles Barry.

Returning to Monconys. On his first arrival in town, the observant forger at once notes the use made at this time of the waterway by all classes, in preference to walking or driving; for when alluding to the "petits bateaux ou gondoles" used by the Thames watermen, with the convenience of which he was much struck, the journal says, "On les nomme *Orses* quand ils ont deux hommes, et *Scolar* quand ils n'en qu'un. Le prix des *Orses* est d'un demy chelin, quelque chemin qu'on fasse depuis le pont jusques à Oüest-Minster; d'un *Scolar*, 3 sols. On se met dans ces bateaux pour aller où l'on a à faire; car la ville est si longue, et le pavé si mauvais qu'il seroit impossible d'y aller à pied." These rather distorted forms of our terms "oars" and "sculls"

are somewhat confusing, if taken apart from the context.

No sooner was the duke established in London, than his guide established relations with all the celebrities to whom he had letters of introduction. "Le 15 [May] je fus en bateau chercher à *Arondelots* [Arundel House is here meant, a stronghold of the Catholic party, and in close proximity to Somerset House, then the palace of the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria], M. le Milor, et Abbé d'Aubigny, qui estoit à son logement de S. Gemes, où je le fus trouver pour lui faire compliment, de la part de M. de Chevreuse, et luy rendre la lettre de M. de Luynes qu'il receut fort civilement." Visits were returned with promptitude in these days, for in the very next line we read that D'Aubigny "vint voir M. le Duc l'apres-dinée." Lord d'Aubigny was high almoner to the queen, and is described by Evelyn as being "a person of good sense, but wholly abandoned to ease and effeminacy."

Having secured the introduction of the young duke to the court party by means of D'Aubigny, Monconys bethought himself of the advantages which would accrue to him personally, during his stay in England, by forming the acquaintance, without loss of time, of such literary and scientific men as he could gain access to. Scouring the city from the Exchange to St. James's Park, where he found time to admire the recently formed "beau canal qui a un rang d'arbres de chaque côté nouvellement plantées," and back again to St. Paul's Churchyard and "*Longenker*" (Longacre), he contrived to present his credentials to many men distinguished in the world of letters and of fashion, and only in one instance does he seem to have failed to find the object of his visit at the first attempt, where he writes: "L'apres-dinée je fus chez Monsieur de Cominges, Ambassadeur de France, pour lui faire compliment de la part de Monsieur le Duc, mais il n'y estoit pas."

Even so indefatigable a sight-seer must occasionally have had recourse to wheels in preference to walking, for, speaking of the "carrosses de louage" which he found, "touts vilains et rudes," he complains that "pour lesquels on paye un chelin et demy pour la première heure, et un chelin pour les autres heures; mais quand vous ne feriez que traverser une rue, il faut donner un chelin;" and, in words which lead one to suppose that foreigners were thus early considered as fair game for extortion, and the natural prey of our countrymen, he

adds, almost pathetically, at the end of an interesting account of one of his first experiences of watermen's charges, "Mais si tost que vous estes sorti du bateau, le voyage est achevé, et si vous y rentriez pour retourner à l'instant, c'est un autre voyage." Have we changed so very much since these lines were written, and is not the betrayal of ignorance of the English language and customary English prices even now the certain signal for overcharging the hapless stranger in our midst?

On the next day (May 16th) Monconys visited St. Paul's Cathedral, then in a very ruinous state, "la tour toute decouverte, et la nef en quelques endroits," and he was informed that "*Cromwel* en avait fait des corps de gardes et des escuries." A project was on foot to restore the old building, but before anything had been done in this direction the whole was destroyed in the fire of London.

The daring flames peep'd in and saw from far

The awful beauties of the sacred quire:

But since it was profan'd by civil war,

Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

Disappointed with his visit to old St. Paul's, Monconys next visited Westminster Abbey, and spent a long time amongst the tombs of the kings, then very ill-kept and dishonored, which may partly account for his contrasting the monuments unfavorably with those in St. Denis.

Some inconvenience now began to be felt by the duke and his suite owing to the non-arrival of their luggage from Dover, and one of their number was sent back there "faire venir nos hardes, qu'on avait retenües à la Douane." Singularly enough, a very similar mishap befel the grand duke Cosmo on his visit to London a few years later, when we read that he could not go out of doors till the third day after his arrival in London, for want of suitable clothing! Walking through the park at St. James's, under the welcome shade of the "ormes et tilleuls" which fringed the water, Monconys accompanies the duke on a second visit to the Abbey in the cool of the evening, when he appears to have made a more careful examination of the venerable building, and presumably the more interesting features were pointed out to the duke by a guide, for on being shown the coronation chair, brought by Edward I. from Scone, they were gravely assured (as was Sir Roger de Coverley some fifty years later, on the authority of Addison) that "la grosse pierre sous la chaise estait celle

qui serait de chevet à Jacob, lors qu'il vit les anges qui montaient et descendaient du ciel par une Eschelle." Sir Roger, it will be remembered, on being asked to believe this story, replied by asking his guide what authority he had for saying that Jacob had ever been in Scotland.

The unprotected state of the national monuments in the Abbey continued till a very much later (it might almost be said till a recent) date; the doors were not even closed at night, and the sacred building was often used as a dormitory by the homeless. On being shown the headless effigy of Henry V. (which suffered this mutilation from the fact of the head having been of solid silver), Sir Roger is made to attribute the loss to the thieving propensities of some Whig, and advises the guide "to lock up his kings better."

From the Abbey let us cross the river, "dans un Bot," to the other side of the Thames, whither, from grave to gay, the pleasure-seekers went "voir deux jardins, où tout le monde se peut aller promener, et faire collation dans des Cabarets qui y sont, ou dans les Cabarets du jardin." These were "*Springer Garden*" — not the older Spring Gardens at Charing Cross, the situation of which is familiar to us all, and of which the remains linger at the present day in the bodies of one or two attenuated cows (though even these are said to be doomed to extinction), a few bottles of unwholesome sweetmeats and doubtful mineral waters, not, it is to be hoped, drawn from the original spring and manufactured on the spot, but a place of equally fashionable resort after the Restoration, near Lambeth, afterwards called Vauxhall Gardens, the site of which is now occupied by the palatial station of the London and South Western Railway which bears that name.

Though not exactly a flowery spot in the nineteenth century, the Spring Garden, when Monconys saw it, was hedged round with "groselliers, framboisiers, rosiers, et d'autres arbrisseaux, comme aussi d'herbages et de legumes, comme pois, feves, asperges, fraises, etc." All the paths were "bordées ou des jonquilles, ou de gerofées, ou de lis." The "beauté des allées de gazon et la politesse de celles qui sont sablées" could not have failed to excite the admiration of the visitors. English lawns are at once the envy and the wonder of foreigners in all ages, and the trim appearance of an English grass-plot (the word "politesse" is here employed in its original sense of "smoothness," before it acquired its present meaning of "good

manners") is a constant source of emulation among French gardeners. To corroborate Monconys once more by Addison, in No. 383 of "*The Spectator*" will be found an entertaining account of Sir Roger de Coverley's visit to Vauxhall, when he was more pleased with the "fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees," than with the company he met there. The old knight concluded his walk with a "glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef." For the quaintly humorous piece of advice which he administered to the proprietress of the garden, on leaving, as to the conduct of her business, it will be better to refer to the last words of this particular number of "*The Spectator*" than to have them reproduced on the present occasion. Passing over the events of the next few days, which, although full of interest, it is not possible to allude to at any length within the narrow limits of the present article, we are pleased to find that the anxiously awaited messenger "revint de *Douvre* avec nos hardes," only just in time it would seem, as the Duke de Chevreuse had been invited to Whitehall, to be presented to the king by the French ambassador.

Attired in their best, the duke and Monconys had audience of Charles II., who received the distinguished stranger with great cordiality, as also it would have pleased his royal consort to have done, had it not been for the slight drawback that she was only able to "parler avec les levres," as Monconys candidly admits that "nous n'entendions pas l'Anglais, n'y elle le Français, du moins le feignit-elle de la sorte; car l'on nous assura depuis qu'elle l'entend."

It has generally been supposed that Catherine of Braganza had nothing to recommend her but her dowry (the worst of all recommendations when it is the sole one), but we are told that she had "l'œil fort beau et le ris agreable," and that in spite of a very bad set of teeth, so "mal rangées" as completely to disfigure the mouth, "elle s'estudie si bien à la composer, qu'el n'y parait guieres," which proves her to have been cleverer than most of her sex who labor under similar disadvantages.

While this interview in dumb show was in progress, the king was occupied in touching for the evil, a practice too well known to be described in detail, though one of the lords in waiting took the opportunity to impose on the credulity of Monconys, by relating a case which had

come under his own observation, of a sufferer, who, after having experienced the blessings of this faith-healing, had the misfortune to lose his "Angelot" (the piece of gold given by the king to be worn constantly about the person), when he "repriit incontinent le mal."

The young duke followed up his introduction to Whitehall by visiting Henrietta Maria at Somerset House (she is supposed by many to have been secretly married at this time to Harry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, a faithful adherent of the royal cause throughout the Civil Wars, and the companion of the queen-mother in exile); and after an enforced day of rest on a Sunday, when there were neither "coches de louage dans les rues, n'y bateaux sur la rivière," the Duke of York was pleased to receive the travellers at St. James's, where we gather from the diary that James was better housed than his brother at Whitehall. The Duchess of York they found seated in a room upholstered with gilt leather, before a fire place adorned with solid silver andirons, the walls being covered with the choicest works of the old masters. Unfortunately, the picture of the duchess herself, as presented by Monconys, is not in harmony with the beauty of the frame, for he says: "La duchesse est fort laide, la bouche extraordinairement fendüe, et les yeux fort éraïllez." As he goes on to say that Clarendon's daughter insisted on keeping her own mother standing while she reclined in an easy-chair, it is not surprising that he was glad to exchange the formalities of a visit to this "cloven-mouthed" and bleary-eyed lady for the attractions of an aviary, which James desired to show his guests in an adjoining garden.

On the 22nd of May, after dining at Lord St. Albans's house, in St. James's Square, the Duke de Chevreuse and Monconys paid their first visit to a London theatre. In all probability the house they went to was the New Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, then only recently built, the first performance having taken place so lately as the eighth day of the previous month, when "The Humorous Lieutenant," of Beaumont and Fletcher (or possibly the work of Fletcher, unaided, in this case, by his usual collaborateur), was performed by Killigrew's company, styling themselves "the King's Servants." But, with an apathy which is a prominent characteristic of theatrical audiences in every age, Monconys altogether omits to mention what play was being performed on the night of his visit. He was so im-

pressed with the building itself, "le plus propre et le plus beau que j'aye jamais vu, tout tapissé par le bas de bayette verte; aussi bien que toutes les loges qui en sont tapissées avec des bandes de cuir doré," and so much occupied in looking at the king, who was in one of the boxes with "Madame de Castelmene, qu'y vint trouver le Roy," that the doings on the stage came in for no share of his attention. Pepys, who had visited the New Theatre Royal on the 8th May, tells us how "the house is made with extraordinary good contrivance, and yet hath some faults, as the narrowness of the passages in and out of the pitt, and the distance from the stage to the boxes, which, I am confident, cannot hear," so that Monconys is supplied with an excellent excuse for having allowed his mind to wander and his eyes to be diverted from the performance to the audience.

Writing a few months later, a similar scene between the king and the same lady is recorded by Pepys, in his gossiping style: "Mr. Pierce tells me how, the king coming to his theatre to see 'The Indian Queene,' my Lady Castlemaine was in the next box before he came; and leaning over other ladies awhile to whisper with the king, she rose out of the box and went into the king's, and set herself on the king's right hand, between the king and the Duke of York, which, he swears, put the king himself, as well as everybody else, out of countenance."

Reading these two passages simultaneously, it will be readily seen that the spirit of slander and the eagerness to spread the breath of scandal are equally perceptible in the writings of both English and French diarists.

Amongst the plays known to have been performed at one or other house in May and June, 1663, are "The Slighted Maid," and "The Stepmother," by Sir Robert Stapleton; "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," by J. Fletcher; and Shirley's "Love in a Maze." In the summer of this same year, a second company, the Duke of York's, under the direction of Davenant, gave occasional performances at the theatre in Portugal Row, on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields; and, just as Killigrew's company may be said to have been the ancestors of the players who are identified with the four successive houses occupying the site of the present Drury Lane Theatre, so Davenant's company, after wandering from Lincoln's Inn Fields to Dorset Gardens, and finally to the new house built by Rich-

in Covent Garden in 1732, may be said to represent the younger line of the patent houses; the present Covent Garden Theatre (the third occupying that site) being justly entitled to trace its descent from the duke's company, who competed for public patronage with his Majesty's servants under Killigrew in the early days of the Restoration.

Each has been twice destroyed by fire, Drury Lane in 1672 and 1809; Covent Garden in 1808 and 1856; but as the second Drury Lane Theatre (the work of Wren) was not burnt, but pulled down in 1791, to be replaced by a much larger building, the older of the two establishments may claim to have enjoyed the greater immunity from this terrible scourge.

The credit of the introduction of native actresses to the London stage has been claimed for both Killigrew and Davenant. Certain, however, it is, that the innovation was exceedingly distasteful to English audiences so long accustomed to see women's characters entrusted to boy actors. The appearance of a French company in London with women among them called forth the strongest expressions of disapproval, and one Puritanical writer says: "Glad am I to say they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage, so that I do not think they will soon be ready to try the same again." It was not till 1661 that Davenant employed Mrs. Davenport (so well known by reason of her sham marriage with Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford) to act the part of Roxalana in "The Siege of Rhodes."

Amongst the literary and scientific men with whom Monconys associated during his stay here were Henry Oldenburg, first secretary to the Royal Society, who was lodging at the time "au Vieux Mail," where our indefatigable traveller sought him out on the day after his arrival in London. Like Monconys himself, Oldenburg had been employed as tutor to young noblemen completing their education, and a correspondence of tastes and a leaning towards similar scientific objects probably materially assisted the foreigner in making the acquaintance of (amongst others) Robert Boyle, afterwards president of the Royal Society, who was himself the intimate friend and associate of Aubrey, Locke, and Evelyn.

Thus while the young Duke de Chevreuse was enjoying the more fleeting pleasures of the town, which the king was able to introduce him to (we read of them going out hunting at 4 A.M., and, after dining at midday, visiting the theatre at three

in the afternoon, to finish the day with dancing at Whitehall, when the queen gave "un petit bal qui dura jusqu'à minuit"), the more frugal mind of Monconys was fully occupied in conducting experiments with "larmes de verre" and other scientific playthings in the laboratories of Boyle, and Boyle, or in discussing with the author of the "Leviathan," "M. Obs" (Hobbes) the free-thinker. Indeed, save for an occasional visit to one or other of the theatres, when he was in attendance on the duke, Monconys seems to have held aloof during his stay from indulging in the frivolities of London; and on one occasion finding himself in the notoriously disreputable quarter of the town called "Whetstone Park," he is careful to explain to posterity that the disagreeable people whom he encountered there "ne me dirent rien, jugeant bien que je n'estois pas de leur gibier." The district between Holborn and Lincoln's Inn Fields bearing this name, is frequently alluded to by those plain-spoken writers, Wycherley and Shadwell, in describing the manners and follies of the age. Although brought in contact with most of the leading members of King Charles II.'s easy-going *entourage*, a single reference to the pages of the original will enable any reader who has the curiosity to see for himself the moral rectitude of the man of letters, when his thirst for knowledge of the ways of England led him into a society where his sense of right and wrong was likely to be rudely assailed.

Reviews and races were frequently held in "I parc" (Hyde Park); and, amongst other amusements, we read that "M. le Duc fut avec le Roy voir la course du valet du pied du Duc d'York, les combats d'homme à homme, et des chiens avec des ours." The foot-races between the dependants of royalty and the nobility were very popular; and Pepys mentions that in July, 1663, a great foot-race was run on Banstead Downs, between Lee, the Duke of Richmond's footman, and a tyler, a famous runner. On this occasion, though the king and the Duke of York "bet three or four to one upon the tyler's head," the footman was returned the winner.

Through the courtesy of Henry Oldenburg the meetings of the Royal Society were thrown open to Monconys, who attended their deliberations on more than one occasion at Arundel House and at Gresham College; indeed, an unusual mark of favor was shown the distinguished stranger, when Lord Brouncker, the presi-

dent, gave directions that their transactions should be communicated to him in his native tongue, on Oldenburg's acquainting the Society with Monconys's ignorance of the English language.

The last feature of interest it will be possible to notice on the present occasion is a visit to the House of Commons, where Monconys tells us he was on the 29th May (the anniversary of the king's coronation). The House was then occupied by the comparatively uneventful session of 1663, when neither the popularity of the king nor of Clarendon had as yet begun to wane. Charles, with a view to conciliate at one and the same time his Catholic and his Nonconformist subjects, had in the previous year issued his first Declaration of Indulgence, which was met by the House with an address declaring on their part the necessity for the maintenance of the Act of Uniformity; but it was not till the sessions of 1664 and the following year that the Commons passed (doubtless at the instigation of Clarendon) the Conventicle Act and the Five Mile Act, both measures pressing heavily upon the Nonconformists. The youth of Parliament in 1663 (it was impossible to foresee that it would not be dissolved till seventeen years from the time of its being summoned in 1661) was another reason why the House of Commons should not thus early be showing the temper it did a few years later, when the Dutch war (so popular at the outset) had come to an inglorious termination with the peace of Breda; and when it entered upon the consideration of those home measures so distasteful alike to the king and his court.

The impressions produced on the minds of foreigners when visiting the seat of our legislature are always full of interest, and the aspect of the chamber itself, as seen by Monconys, deserves attention. "*Le lieu où ils s'assemblent est une chambre médiocrement grande, environnée de six ou sept rangs de degrez couverts de sarge verte et disposez en amphitheatre, au milieu desquels il y a un preau, au fond duquel vis-à-vis de la porte est une grande chaise à bras, avec un dossier de menuie sarge doré et ouvragé, haut de sept ou huit pieds, dans lequel s'assoit le Président, tournant le dos à la fenestre, et le visage à la porte. Au dessus de la porte, bien plus haut que les derniers degrez est une tribune, où il y a encore trois ou quatre rangs de ces degrés; il y a place pour 500 personnes; devant la chaise du President est un Bureau, où sont les Greffiers, ou Secretaires."*

The speaker's chair was then filled by Sir Edward Turner, he having been elected to that high office on 8th May, 1661, on which day the new Parliament first met. The "Greffiers" were then Messrs. William Goldesbrough and Sharpe, they having apparently succeeded William Jessop and Ralph Darnall, Esqrs., who were unanimously chosen by the House to be its principal officers on the meeting of King Charles II.'s first Parliament, 25th April, 1660.

The green hue of the benches of the Lower Chamber is preserved to the present day, but, as the observant foreigner did not enter the House of Lords during his stay in London, it must be left to conjecture whether the red tint of the seats and carpetings of the upper House is derived from sources equally ancient. Monconys distinctly states that he visited Westminster before dinner, and that he met the members coming out of the House at the conclusion of the sitting; and, to the curious in such matters, it will present a striking contrast to the hours of meeting in recent sessions, when it is stated that in the seventeenth century it was customary for the House to adjourn till the early hour of 8 A.M. at its next meeting, little business being transacted, except on committees, after the dinner-hour; and it was usual, when the House continued sitting in the afternoon, to put it to the vote whether candles should be brought in to enable it to prolong its deliberations.

At Westminster Monconys and his patron first set foot in London; at Westminster we will part from them, though much yet remains to be written of their experiences in this country. The interest of the plain facts recorded by this almost unknown writer is incontestable; would that they had first received critical attention at the hands of some English writer not equally unknown.

ARTHUR IRWIN DASENT.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CRUISE OF THE CHRYSALIS (A NINETON YAWL) OVER THE NORTH SEA TO HOLLAND, AND THROUGH HOLLAND, FRIESLAND, AND ON THE ZUYDER ZEE.

ACCOUNTS of cruises in small yachts have a certain interest for all healthy Englishmen, whether their hobby be sailing or not; but small yachts that are under fifteen tons are necessarily limited in their

choice of cruising-grounds. There is, however, one cruising-ground of fairly easy access, where there is plenty of room, plenty of variety, and which is markedly foreign in its appearance, and that is Holland and its great inland sea, the Zuyder Zee, bordered by its many ancient cities, each with a capital harbor, and with its islands, which are worlds of themselves, not satellites of the mainland. It is a favorite cruising-ground of mine, and the following is the log of a little yacht belonging to my wife and myself, which carried her joint owners a delightful cruise on Dutch waterways.

The Chrysalis (a name compounded of the names of her owners) is ten tons builders' measurement, and nine tons Y. R.A. She is forty feet long over all, and nine feet beam, with the moderate draught of four feet nine inches, but quite enough for Dutch canals and rivers. She is the fisherman's idea of a good sea-boat, having a "flat floor and two good ends," ballasted with a lead keel. She is very snugly rigged as a yawl, is as handy as a Una boat, dry in a seaway, and fairly fast. The accommodation consists of a good forecabin with two cots, cooking-galley, pantry, lavatory, main cabin about eight feet square, and two bed berths on each side of a narrow well, over which hatches slide in bad weather.

We left Lowestoft harbor at noon on the 3d June. There was but a light air from the south-east—dead ahead, as our course was south-east—and we had to use our sweep to get out of the harbor. We tacked slowly down the Roads to the southward until we reached Pakefield Gat, when we stood out to sea, the wind having southered, so that we could lay our course. With all lower sail and jib-headed topsail set, the boat lay over and leapt through the waves, the wind freshening quickly and settling from the south-west. We had set the log at twelve o'clock at noon, and were fairly astart upon our voyage across the North Sea. Directly we got outside the sands we experienced a long ground-swell, caused, as it happened, by a strong blow of the day before in mid-sea. The glass was falling too rapidly to be reassuring, and we meant to hurry across as fast as we could, as the swell might, as far as we knew, be a token of a coming gale, instead of a consequence of one that was past, so we sailed her with her lee-rail awash, and the tops of the waves now and then breaking over the fore-deck.

By three o'clock the land had entirely

disappeared. We were also out of the track of coasting steamers and vessels, and there was not another sail in sight. We might expect now to be alone on the circle of the sea until we fell in with the North Sea fishing-fleet in the early morning. The wind freshening and the sea increasing, too much water was coming aboard over the bows, so we lowered the stay foresail, which is a very pressing sail on a small craft, while the jib is a lifting sail. The effect was marked. Although our speed was scarcely lessened, we went along perfectly dry over a bright blue translucent sea, with a surge of dazzling whiteness roaring away from our lee-bow.

At five we took in the topsail, and shortly afterwards the mizzen; and at seven, as the wind was now strong, and the high swell began to break, we lowered the . . . of the top-hamper, the little yacht bore herself easily and bravely in what was really an awkward sea, such, indeed, as you might not see in a hundred journeys across in the summer time. "A winter sea and a winter sky," said the skipper, as he looked back at the stormy yellow sunset and black, hard-edged clouds. For some time before the sun neared the horizon it had been surrounded by a halo of rainbow colors—a "sundog," as it is called, which always presages wind; the glass was falling rapidly, and was below thirty inches, so that we apprehended a dirty night of it. It now took all our skill to dodge the break of the swell. "White horses" covered the sea all round, and we went sliding up one side of a steep wave and down another in a lively fashion, luffing to it if the wave came on the bow, or bearing away, so that her stern lifted to it first, if the wave came on the quarter. Every now and then there would be a sudden lull, then a gathering of a greater wave, which would come roaring along as if it meant to engulf us, but we would rise in what appeared to be a marvellous manner over its height; but the drop on its other side down its steep swift slope, and the dive into the two or three short high waves which succeeded each big one, was a thing to be remembered rather than to be welcomed. Wet jackets and holding on was the order of the day.

At 8.45 P.M. we hauled the log, which registered 57½ knots, so that we had been travelling at the remarkable speed—under the circumstances of a rough sea and towing a jolly—of over six knots an hour, a knot equalling 1.1515 of an English mile. The jolly was half full of water, and was

too big to get on board. We fully expected to lose her every minute.

As it grew dark we took the precaution of changing to our second jib, and taking two reefs in the mainsail, also reeving two other reef-earings in case the expected gale broke during the night. We were now snug enough for the night, and to our relief the wind grew no stronger. When we got among the lights of the North Sea fishing-fleet, which shone brightly and in numbers all around us, we sailed close under the sterns of one or two of the smacks as they lay at their nets, and asked them to report us at Lowestoft on their return in the morning.

It was quite light long before the sun rose from behind a low wall of black cloud, the upper edge of which was a straight line of flame; and the mackerel clouds in the western sky, and the heaving sea beneath, were ruddier far than the eastern sky and sea. With the sunrise it fell calm, and as the swell still continued in some degree, the rolling of the boat made the windless sails flap loudly, and the boom swing and jerk as if it would rive the boat to pieces.

Sending up the topmast and making all sail, we drifted along until five o'clock, when the two tall towers of Scheveningen were faintly visible through the haze. Then we came suddenly out of the clear blue sea into a muddy torrent, the line of demarcation being as perfectly sharp as a division between two solids rather than between two liquids. This was the ebb-water from the Maas, and soon the shipping entering Maas sluice was plainly to be seen. A fine breeze sprang up from the westward with the flood-tide about nine o'clock; and with wind and tide in our favor, and all sail set, we smoked away up the long miles of uninteresting river at a rare pace, and at twelve o'clock we dropped anchor just off the park at Rotterdam, a hundred yards below the quay of the Harwich steamers. A hasty run ashore to despatch a telegram to the wife to cross by the night boat, which brought her to us by nine o'clock the next morning, and then a general clean and tidying up, and a comfortable meal and rest.

[Of a place so well known as Rotterdam we have nothing to say here; and I desire to assume that every reader knows something of the history of the Netherlands, for thoroughly to enjoy Holland journeyings a more than superficial acquaintance with her past is necessary.

We "did" the town, and visited the

Hague with its pictures, and Scheveningen, with its quaint Noah's arks of brightly painted fishing-boats tossing in the surf, its fish-auctions on the beach, and its teams of horses hauling up the vessels on the strand.

Our anchorage could not be called a quiet one, owing to the swell caused by passing steamers; but it was fresher and pleasanter than to moor in one of the many havens or basins which lie within Rotterdam streets, and are so crowded with barges and small steamers, and have such a busy movement of going and coming, and loading and discharging cargo, that they remind one of the teeming activity of the occupants of the galleries of an ants' nest, when laid bare by an intruding spade.

At half past five on the Thursday morning a fussy little tug, only large enough to hold her powerful engines, took us in tow; and when the "missus" turned out at breakfast-time, she found us moving gently along the broad, smooth river, with a motion so motionless that it was imperceptible in the cabin, although we were travelling at the rate of five miles an hour. We formed one of a procession of five vessels in two files, each with her warp fast to the steamer—two lighters, two *tjalks*, and ourselves.

The *tjalk* abreast of us, as a type of all other *tjalks* in the country, which by scores and hundreds we met daily, may be described. She was massively built of varnished oak, with bows so bluff as to be almost square, a straight-sided box, made, like all Dutch craft, to slide over the water rather than through it, and with immense wing-like lee-boards on each side to let down and supply the place of a keel when going to windward. A tall mast bore a lofty, narrow-headed mainsail with a short, curved gaff, and a fore-staysail from the bow. The great rudder bore along its upper edge a grotesquely carved and gaily painted lion *couchant*, the most common of all the rudder decorations, and of as much importance as the familiar figure-head in sea-going ships.

Hull and spars were brightly varnished, with casings of polished brass, and rings and scrolls of red and blue paint wherever there was room; the staves of the water-barrels were green and white, and marvellous landscapes were painted on the ends. There was a neat raised cabin at the stern, gaily ornamented in green and yellow, with little white-curtained, flower-decked windows, through which one caught glimpses of a spotless dolls'house interior, with

shining pots and pans and quaint shapes of blue and brown earthen vessels. Of course all the items of household life — cooking, washing, the baby's toilet, and so on — were performed in the most open and unconcerned manner on deck.

The river Yssel from Rotterdam to Gouda is somewhat tame and uninteresting. The chief impression was that everything was slowly gliding — ourselves, the craft we met or passed, the high banks, and the farmers' chariots (the word cart conveys no idea of the quaint shapes of these vehicles), and the hazy clouds which made the day so soft and silvery. A stork's nest in a tall tree, with the old birds and young perched upon it, was the first excitement, and then we noticed many storks and herons in the bays or which, between breakwaters, are numerous. Many of these bays are utilized for setting the fishermen's nets. In others, men were digging up the deposited mud which supplies the material to the many brickyards along the river. In these yards are made the clinkers or narrow bricks with which so many of the streets and roads of Holland are paved, a neat and cleanly method, only available in a land where the heavy traffic goes by water.

It was afternoon when we arrived at Gouda, and casting loose from the steamer, we had to pole the yacht through the lock and into the narrow town canals. In these we made nearly the entire circuit of the town in company with many other craft. It was a slow progress, as there were a score of bridges which had to be opened. Only two vessels were allowed to pass through each time, and then the bridge would be shut to allow the passengers to cross. At length we reached the main canal, and moored under a grove of trees in front of some little shops, with jalks before, behind, and outside of us. The canal looked doubly dirty, as they always do in the towns; but there was no perceptible smell, and we saw a boy lie down on his stomach, part the floating filth with his hands, and drink heartily. Women would come up with two buckets, one of which, filled with slops, they would empty into the canal, and the other they would fill with water for household use.

Nearly every street in Gouda had a canal down it, and in this respect and the general quaintness of its tree-shaded houses, I should call Gouda one of the most thoroughly typical towns in Holland. In its vast, plain church we saw a tailor plying his trade, the half-made clothes spread out over the pews. He was prob-

ably the sacristan of the church also. In Enkhuisen church we saw a baby's perambulator, and clothes hung out to dry. Of course the Dutchman does not take off his hat when he walks about an empty church, nor does he cease smoking.

At Gouda, as everywhere in Holland, we noticed the perfect whiteness of the linen of the poorest people. The little children playing in the street had on the whitest of stockings and pinafores even at the close of the day. The extreme softness of the water in the canals makes it easy to wash with a moderate amount of elbow-grease. The formal blue wire-gauze blinds in every front sitting-room window, of exactly the same pattern; the heavily handsome, shining front doors, ornamented with scroll-work; the formal rows of flat-branched and close-trimmed trees, between the houses and the canal; the deep shade, and the extreme dislike to admitting sunlight into the houses; the heavy, lace-edged blinds, never more than half drawn up; the glimpses through the windows of trim tea-tables, with tiny paraffin-lamps glowing under tea-urns; the outdoor mirrors set at an angle outside the windows, to show the curious *frouw* within who comes along the street, and also reflecting her own face to the passer-by, — all and every one of these characteristics of Dutch towns were noted during our evening walk in Gouda.

But on this evening, as on every evening during our cruise, we felt sleepy at ten o'clock; and the deep, delicious sleep of the yachtsman on quiet waters was too rudely broken at four the next morning, when a steam-tug took us in tow in company with four other craft bound to Amsterdam by Overtoom, the direct trading-route, but one which, for reasons to be presently seen, yachtsmen should avoid.

Early as it was, business on the canal had all begun. We moved very slowly round the sharp curves of the canal out of Gouda, and at no time went faster than a man's quick walk. Thus it was easy for the numerous pedlar boats to hitch alongside the craft and sell their bread, cheese, butter, milk, and vegetables, being towed a mile or two in the process. We were fairly successful with our limited Dutch in asking them the names of places. "Who ate dat?" sounds niggerish, but is the proper way of pronouncing (not of spelling) "What place is that?" If one man only replied we understood, and could spot the place on the map; but generally three or four would shout out the name together, and then the result

was confusing, being double Dutch with a vengeance. We glided dreamily along the broad canal passing Boskoop; a collection of brightly colored dolls'-houses on both sides of the canal, with well-kept gardens, smart summer-houses with complacent mottoes, as "Ons Genoegen," "Our Delight." The women's washing-tubs amused us. They are sunk in the canal at the foot of each garden, and have a ledge around. In these the housewife may stand dry-foot, though up to her martronly waist in water, and wash her clothes in the canal without stooping.

There was ever the same stream of passing craft, sailing, and towed by steamers, horses, and by dogs. Of course it is a common sight to see small carts drawn along the streets and roads by dogs; but it looked outlandish to see dogs marching gravely along the canal-banks towing the small boats laden with green milk-pails, or red cheeses, or flowers and vegetables. This mode of towing was, however, generally confined to the smaller side-canal. The dogs look well-fed and happy, doing their work willingly and cheerfully, and distinctly proud of their equipage, and jealous of other dog-carts.

We took a sharp turn through the sluice at Gouwsluis, and shortly reached the very quaintest of canal-side villages — Alphen — with a stork's nest on a chimney-top, the bird on one leg calmly surveying the busy scene below as the vessels glided through the bridge, with groups of waiting passengers on each side.

From Alphen our long procession went peacefully along until of a sudden we entered the large lake known as Brassemmer Meer, which was calm and placid, with low reedy shores fading on either hand. It was about two miles across it, and took us a very agreeable half-hour. At the other side we entered a little village, the canal being the street thereof, as usual, and the houses close to the water's edge. Our route now lay along the border of the great Polder, which took the place of the renowned Haarlem Meer, a *polder* being the low meadows intersected with dykes, which were once the bed of a lake, but have been drained, and now form the very greenest and most fertile of marshes. As far as the eye could reach stretched the perfectly flat meadows straightly cut, with numberless gleaming dykes, instead of the sea where once naval battles were fought between Dutch and Spaniard. The level was some twelve feet below the surrounding canal on which we were sailing, and into which by a series of easy steps,

from dyke to little canal, and little canal to big canal, the water was pumped by wind and steam mills. Holland is largely made out of such polders.

On our right was a very large lake, on which the title of Haarlem Meer has descended. It has openings into the canal, and had many small crafts sailing on it.

This particular route was new to all of us. Haarlem was on our left, and the river Amstel on our right, and Overtoom in front of us. After passing many fruitful market-gardens intersected with broad dykes, we came in sight of Amsterdam; but leaving its towers on the right, we came late in the afternoon to the foulest place imaginable, a narrow canal filled with foul fluid, inky in color, where it could be seen for the crowd of vessels upon it, and smelling vilely.

Our steamer had cast us off and gone ahead, and for more than an hour we had to pole through a crowd of barges, all struggling to enter a lock, into which at last we got.

Through the lock our steamer took us in tow again, along the most awful sewer, with chemical works, scavengers' heaps, manure-factories, and unnamable abominations on its banks — the lighter in front of us, being deeply laden, churning up the pestilential mud from the bottom. We shut the wife down below with a bottle of eau-de-Cologne in front of her, and we held our breath and wondered where we were going to. We ought of course to have taken the route by the Amstel or by Haarlem.

Matters improved by-and-by, and we reached a basin hard by the railway bridge, where the steamer cast us off for good, and we presently poled to a dock communicating with the Y. As the wind lay we should have to beat out of the dock through a narrow opening into the river, and a host of longshore loafers gathered round and offered to pilot us to Amsterdam (which was just around the corner so to speak), coolly demanding from ten to thirty shillings for the service, and prophesying our destruction if we ventured without them. Quickly hoisting our sails and making a few inquiries as to the depth of water from a customs officer who had boarded us, we set sail, and at the third tack were standing for the entrance, while a large East India steamer coming up the river was also making for it. Seeing that we should meet in the entrance, and as sails have pride of place over steam irrespective of size, she shut off steam, and we held on our course. A boat-load of

pilots had followed us, and seeing what they thought was our predicament cried. "What do you think of it now? Won't you take a pilot now?" receiving a reply in forcible if not polite English. We judged our distance accurately, and slid out between the bow of the steamer and the jetty, with at least six feet to spare on either side.

It was a treat to be on the fresh and sparkling Y after the horrors of Overtoom, and bowling gaily along we soon reached the little piers jutting out from the quay near the station, and were moored and stowed, and with dinner under way, and a group of the curiously dressed Marken people, who had come from a *schuyt* close by, surveying us. On this old-world island on the Zuyder Zee, close as it is to Amsterdam, the people wear a costume which is comically picturesque.

The streets of Amsterdam are delightful, with their curious and variegated gables, and the angles at which the houses lean, supported as they are more by each other than by their rotting pile-foundations driven into peaty mud. From the enthralling (to womankind) shops in the Nieuwendijk and Kaalverstraat to the odds and ends of the Jews' quarter, there is a picture at every step; but most of all do I like the Y itself, that broad river which was once an arm of the Zuyder Zee, but is now cut off from it by immense sluices. Fresh and breezy and wide, it is a kaleidoscope of craft, from the great East India steamers and ocean-going ships which have come by the deep ship-canal from the new haven at Ymuiden, to the *schuyts* from the Zuyder Zee, long lighters from the Rhine, and tjalks and barges of many kinds from the inland canals. The small craft sail through rapidly opening bridges among the queer gables along the town canal, and other craft are disgorged as it were out of the houses, and scatter upon the Y.

Yachting is a pastime growing more into favor with the Dutch, especially within the last two years. Their pleasure-craft are of two kinds: the flat-bottomed *voiejer*, with its bluff bows and great lee-boards, simply a dandified model of the usual tjalk, most solidly built of varnished oak, clumsy to look at, but really fast in sailing, particularly in running before the wind; and the beamy centre-board yacht, of American model, of which there are many at Amsterdam. All the yachts are kept up with the utmost care, the ironwork not galvanized but kept bright polished, and the brass work and varnish dazzling

to behold. The internal arrangements are also remarkably neat and good.

Then, as a relief from the admiration of the craft, we can go to the Rijks Museum, one of the finest in Europe, and never tire of the pictures. Let whosoever goes there be sure not to miss the part known as the Netherlands Museum, where there are natural-size models of peasant homes, with family groups, life-size, of the inhabitants. Zeeland, Friesland, Walcheren, Hindeloopen, are all reproduced with startling fidelity.

One fine morning we ran across the Y, under foresail only, to the locks at the entrance of the North Holland Canal, and through these we hoisted all sail and ran quickly along the canal before a light, fair wind.

The North Holland Canal was the great highway for ships from the sea at Nieuwediep until the shorter canal from Ymuiden to Amsterdam took away all the heavy traffic. Now only the country craft and small steamers navigate it, and it is comparatively deserted, but it is broad and deep and kept in perfect order. The villages and houses on the banks are all of one type, the houses square with pyramidal roofs of great height, partly thatched and partly tiled in ornamental patterns, the tiles so highly glazed as to shine as if varnished. The land being lower than the canal, frequently only the roofs of the farmhouses were visible above the banks; but, where walls were visible, we saw hanging on them rows of milk-pails, some of copper bright-scoured outside, but painted red or green inside, and sometimes of gaily painted wood. The houses were gaily painted also, with green gables pricked out with white or yellow. Around each square farmhouse was a square plot, with generally a square of trees in rows, and a square of green, weed-covered dyke. A little bridge crossing the dyke would have a gaily ornamented gate across it, by its size and decoration indicating the owner's wealth or taste. The paths up to the house were often painted with patterns and borders, and very commonly the trunks of the trees up to the height of six feet from the ground were painted, chiefly blue, but sometimes red or brown. The shorn sheep tethered to the banks, and with canvas jackets on to replace the warm wool; the black-and-white cattle in the meadows, many of these having canvas coats on also; the numerous windmills, revolving the opposite way to English windmills; the brilliant green of the grass, silver of the dykes, and sheen of

flowers in the sunshine, — all gave food for remark as we slipped quietly along.

When we reached Purmerend, where there are locks, the wind had shifted to the westward, and, as the canal takes a sudden turn in that direction, we could not sail any further, but we arranged with a man and horse to tow us as far as Molenbuurt, where the canal again turns to the northward. Our steed went at a jog-trot, with the man sitting sideways on its back, and took us along faster than a man could walk. When we met other craft also towing, one or the other, according to the rule of the road and the side on which the tow-path might be, stopped his horse and let the tow-line slack, so that the meeting horse and vessel might pass over. This was in all cases very skilfully done just at the right moment.

The country on the right was chiefly polders, taking the place of the great Beemster Lake and others. On the left was a large mere, called Langemeer. At Molenbuurt our towman cast us off, receiving three guilders, about 6*s*. a mile for his services. We hoisted all sail, but it fell calm, and we had to employ another man to tow us.

At Alkmaar we moored under a pleasant grove of trees in a small park, and were soon besieged by the usual inquisitive crowd; the boys were rather troublesome, but the grown-up people were exceedingly civil, and apparently were much impressed by the Prince of Wales's feathers which, as the badge of our club, appeared upon our caps and flag. They were all much interested to find that a lady was on board such a little boat.

The weigh-house at Alkmaar is a well-known subject for a sketch; and the market on a fair-day is a sight, crammed as it is with piles of cheeses, brought by the craft which crowd the town canal; while country chariots, with their high poop canopies, bring the stout farmers and their silver-crowned wives to make the quaint old-town gay with quaint dresses.

In a field on the other side of the canal, opposite the yacht, was a tall pole with a platform on the top, and on this obligingly placed coign of vantage a stork had built its nest. It was most amusing to watch through our glasses the old storks feeding the young ones; and in the morning before breakfast, I crossed with my camera and proceeded to take some photographs of them. While so doing, a young farmer came down, and invited me and my frow to go and see the butter and cheese making at his farm. We did so, finding the

house to be of the usual type. The dyke the premises stank most frightfully, and its filth was in extreme contrast to the neatness and cleanliness of the house, outbuildings, and utensils of the farm.

We duly saw the round cheeses moulded and made and the butter pressed, and then entered the cow-byres, which at this time of the year were empty, the cattle being in the fields. They occupied one side of the square house, and had no ceiling, the whole of the space above the height of the walls and under the great pyramidal roof being empty and open, only the living-rooms being ceiled off from it. The byres were beautifully clean, and bright with paint and varnish, colored oilcloth being laid all along where the sterns of the cows would overhang, and the stalls deeply floored with loose sea-shells. Rings in overhead beams marked the places where the cows' tails were tied up at milking-time out of the way. The farmer pointed with pride to several swallows' nests under the low beams, and underneath each nest was placed a flat shelf to prevent the droppings of the birds from soiling the floor below.

In the garden we saw rabbits in a dovecot perched on the top of a tall pole, and doves in rabbit-hutches close to the ground, and some beautiful golden pheasants, and then we took a closer photograph of the stork's nest. The old bird was very suspicious of our camera, and made her young ones lie close in the nest.

After breakfast we made all sail, and went tearing along before a fine breeze northward, approaching within a couple of miles of the coast, where the lofty sand-dunes, tumultuous in form, and showing white in the sun, which keep the North Sea out of Holland, bore us company for many miles. It was a pleasant, rippling sail to Nieuwediep, the only excitement being at the floating drawbridges, which were not well watched by their keepers, the traffic on the canal being so slight, so that we had to holla loud and long to get them opened in time, and check the speed of the yacht by "yawing" her about.

In the evening we strolled along the great Helder Dyke, along the North Sea shore, a massive work which wins admiration, and looked over the troublous Zuyder Zee, which, however, appeared placid and calm and tempting for the morrow.

We soon engaged a pilot for the dangerous crossing to Harlingen, and were up in the morning at four o'clock, and by five were through the lock into the harbor.

The tide had commenced to make, and raced up the long, narrow harbor at a speed of six or seven miles an hour, so that we could not, as we intended, slip out with the ebb, and it took all the strength of two men to tow the yacht against the tide. Half-way down the harbor a pilot cutter was moored alongside the quay, and we hung on outside of her and hoisted sail as a light air began to make off the land.

There was just sufficient wind to enable us to stem the tide, and we were just hoisting our largest topsail when we saw the schuyts running in from the North Sea before a heavy wind. They came bruising along in groups of a dozen or twenty, their bluff bows making the spin-drift fly. We had but little room to dodge between them; but in a few minutes we were rushing along the Texel stream of the Zuyder Zee before a wild squall of wind from the north-west, which soon rose to a regular smothering sea, short, choppy, and all white water. We had to shorten sail and lower the topmast in a violent hurry. The wife was in bed at the time, but was not long in dressing; and on emerging from the cabin saw the sea, which her deceitful husband had represented to be always calm and lake-like, a mass of foam through which the yacht was flying, with a great white surge at her bow, and the water tumbling over on both sides of the deck.

The old pilot steered us remarkably well through the pother, every now and then diving into a paper bag which he had brought with him, filled with coarse shag tobacco, frequent handfuls of which he transferred to his capacious cheeks.

We were surrounded by dangerous shoals traversed by narrow channels marked out by buoys and perches, through which there was a race of tide. After about fifteen miles of fair wind and tide, we turned to the northward and had to tack tediously against the tide for about nine miles along the narrow Inschot channel between the Robbesand and Molen-rack and the Waard-groden shoals.

Rounding a white buoy, we turned a sharp corner and sailed back almost in the direction in which we had come with a fair wind and tide down the Blauwe Sleuk channel to the south-east, our destination, Harlingen on the Friesland shore of the Zuyder Zee, being in sight. A heavy thunderstorm killed the wind and it fell dead calm. Drifting away to the southward into shoaling water (where we poled along for some time) we had to anchor for

an hour. The heavy storm-clouds over to the westward looked alarming, and tempest after tempest passed over the islands to the northward, making the scene in that direction exceedingly grand, while we swayed gently on a calm sea; and to the eastward we could see one of those pearly atmospheres for which the Zuyder Zee is noted. The Friesland shore was lost in a bright haze, out of which prominent objects such as churches, houses, and trees stood up boldly above the horizon, unconnected with each other; and with a silver streak of sea underneath and between them to a further horizon beyond. Each object was doubled by reflection, and the general appearance was that of a row of buoys of queer shapes floating upon a smooth lake for miles and miles. This appearance may be seen almost every calm summer day on the Zuyder Zee when a few miles out from shore.

A slight breeze from the westward allowed us to raise our anchor, and then as we sailed away for Harlingen, a shoal of dolphins hove in sight, and presently overtook the yacht, and dividing into two companies of a dozen in each, kept on both sides of the yacht within fifty yards of us. The gambols of these creatures, which in appearance are like immense porpoises, were very interesting. They plunged and dived and leaped many feet out of the water, falling back with a resounding splash, and rushing under and around the yacht in rapid play. They are probably the white-beaked dolphin, but there is much uncertainty as to the species of cetaceans in the North Sea, and several kinds are called by the fishermen by the common name of *scouter*. They come inshore in rough weather, and are fond of following vessels, which perhaps they may take to be of a kindred species.

We sailed into Harlingen at three in the afternoon, where our appearance attracted much attention. We pushed through the lock to a comfortable mooring-place in a very narrow canal, and made all snug, putting the awning up between us and the curious crowd on shore. The next morning a paragraph appeared in the newspapers, and went the round of the Friesland press: With the aid of a dictionary we translated it as follows:—

Yesterday evening arrived here from England a sailing-vessel so small as here before not over the sea is come. It is a narrowly built pleasure-yacht, measuring from stem to stern, perhaps 30 feet at the largest; in her middle 6 feet. Her entire hold is as cabin enclosed in. This little ship is provided with

two masts. Evidently she shall along the canals of our land a *tournee* make. She is at least ready to sail in the Leeuwarden canal.

Harlingen is busy on the arrival of the London steamers, but apparently at no other time. There are large and convenient docks, and every facility for trade.

The next morning the wind was ahead for our course to Leeuwarden, and there was a collection of tow-horses and their attendants on the bank waiting to be employed. Having ascertained the market value of a tow, we declined to pay the exorbitant prices at first asked, and saying we were in no hurry, but would wait until the wind changed, we let them all depart save one who came to our terms — namely, $3\frac{1}{4}$ guelders for the tow to Leeuwarden, a day's journey. So, after breakfast, we took his line aboard, and started at a jog-trot along a very narrow and winding canal through green pastures, where the larks were singing high aloft in the sunshine in true English fashion. Our towman was most amusing. He was a yellow-haired, blue-eyed Frisian, with long, untidy locks, short and thick-set, but active and very excitable. When we came to a great haystack on a barge moored to the bank, he clambered up it on all fours just like a cat, to pass the tow-rope over. He hung his sabots over the horse's neck, and put on a pair of cloth slippers. He had no whip, but in lieu thereof he would take off one slipper to beat his horse with, hopping the while on the other leg in a most ludicrous fashion. He had to stop to replace his slipper, and the steed, after trotting on a few yards, would coolly halt and turn round to watch. Then there would be a hullabaloo and a repetition of the performance.

We stopped at and explored Franeker, a funny little town half-way to Leeuwarden, and then under way again we trotted merrily along in an enjoyable manner, but without much incident, passing many small villages, of which one, called Deinum, had a remarkable church spire with a globular top, something like a huge inverted turnip, or, more poetically, the minaret of a Moorish mosque.

We arrived at Leeuwarden, and moored in a widening of the canal with sylvan surroundings, so that we seemed to be in a lake in a park. Hundreds of terns were swooping and circling about us, between the trees and over the water, looking brilliantly white in the sunshine against a rising thunder-cloud, while their plaintive cries mingled with the growl of the distant thunder.

We were at once boarded by a civil harbor-master, who spoke English, and procured us a pilot over the Friesland meres for the next day but one.

Leeuwarden is a remarkably fine town, with modern and fashionable appearances fitting in better than usual with the picturesque characteristics of an ancient Dutch city. The gold helmet, with frontal bangles and pins, is commonly worn by the women, and when covered only by a rich lace cap is very taking; but when, as is too often the case, it is surmounted by a modern bonnet or hat, with artificial flowers and gay ribbons, the effect is incongruous.

Early in the morning we were awakened by the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, which passed us at frequent intervals; but there was no sound of tramping feet, which was puzzling until we awoke to the fact that these droves of animals were being conveyed in steamers and sailing-craft along the canal, and not by road. The canals were chock-full of vessels unloading animals, merchandise, cheeses, crockery (blue and brown, and quaint and artistic in shape), flowers, and vegetables.

The cattle-market was beautifully clean, and the drovers' and dealers' proceedings remarkably orderly. The open spaces of the city were converted into markets — flowers in one place, cheeses in another, hardware in a third, meat in another, and so on. The streets were crowded, and the brilliant sun shone fiercely upon the golden helmets which bobbed everywhere through the crowd. These helmets are often of very great value, and set with jewels. Of course they are treasured heirlooms. The jewellers' shops are full of them, and full also of the delicate filigree-work for which Leeuwarden is noted.

We did some marketing for provisions, and in vain search for mutton bought some kid's flesh, which was very sweet and crisp. Meat was always our great difficulty, and at Hoorn we were actually offered horse-flesh as a delicacy.

The pilot came on board at five the next morning, and the yacht was poled a long circuit through the canals and out the other side of the town while we were yet in bed. Many routes were now open to us through the most charming district of Friesland, and our actual route was determined from hour to hour by the wind, as it chanced to be fair or not. The south and east of Friesland is a labyrinth of canals and great meres, and when the wind was foul there could be no towing. The wind, however, was conveniently fair,

and we bowled along at a great pace, at first through narrow canals by IJsselpoort and Warrega. At the latter place the canal was so narrow that we had to lower sail to prevent our boom from breaking the windows. Our advent created great excitement. People catching sight of us would bolt indoors, to reappear with the whole family.

In the bushes in the gardens, and on the trees, were hung gourd-shaped baskets, which served as nests for the numerous ducks. One sees these curious basket-purses hung up everywhere in Friesland, by and along, and always above the level of the water. Sometimes they are supported on a framework of sticks.

We had to trice up the tack and lower the peak at every bridge, as appears to be the rule, and as we had to put a *doublejee* or so into the wooden shoe at the end of a fishing-pole, in which the toll is taken at the bridges, we ranged all our small coins on the cabin-top to be in readiness, for we generally shot through the bridge at a great pace.

We came to our first mere at the reed-and-water-surrounded village of Grouw, which looked such a *doublejee*, aquatic sort of place that we should like to revisit it.

Our pilot made many inquiries as to the depth of water from meeting craft as we flew along under a press of sail and with a freshening wind; the season had been a dry one, and the waters were unusually low. It was a wild-looking country through which we were hurrying—water, reeds, marsh, and sky; and nothing else all around, save the numerous wild-fowl—waders, terns, and gulls—which would make these watery wastes a paradise to the ornithologist.

We shall never forget the sail across Sneekje Meer, which is some eight miles across. We entered it in company with half-a-dozen big tjalks laden with peat (which is scooped from the bottom of the lakes), but soon left them astern and led the way along the straight channel, well buoyed out, which marked the way across the peaty-colored sea. For sea it looked, the low shores being only faintly discernible, an effect owing more to their flatness than to their distance.

Wishing to visit Sneek, we turned off to the right along a channel so shoal that our keel dragged in the mud, and we had to keep the yacht well laid over by means of her top-sail to lessen her draught; so the decks were well awash. We met a Dutch yacht about our own size, and very

smart and trim, with lofty, narrow-headed sail, and a bright-colored flag as big as a top-sail. Her owner shouted to us excitedly the only English phrase he could call to mind in a hurry, which was the odd greeting of "Good-bye, sir! Good-bye, sir!"

We spent about an hour in Sneek shopping and money-changing, and meeting with great civility. It is an odd little town, with a wealth of queer bits to sketch; most foreign in its aspect, and a place where one feels most comfortably out of the world. We would have stayed there, but our pilot was nervous about the depth of water, and wished to take advantage of the strong fair wind.

On our way out of the Sneek channel, we met the Dutch yacht returning, with her sails soaked half-way up the mast. She had found more "sea" on than she liked on Sneekje Meer.

As the wind was now blowing very hard, we had to shorten canvas considerably. We tore along canals and over meres before half a gale, and when we entered the stormy expanse of Tjeuke Meer (ten miles across) we were surprised to find what a commotion of coffee-colored waves and tinted surf there was. The channel was very shallow. We kept continually sounding with a pole, to find only five feet of water and a hard bottom. Two great waves mounted on each quarter as we dragged the shallow water after us.

The land was literally invisible through the mist and spray torn from the short waves. Our decks were swept with fresh water almost as much as they had been with the North Sea waves. No other craft was moving, but many were anchored or drifted aground. I think the peculiar hue of the water made the scene more wildly grand. As we neared the lower end of the mere, we turned off to the right. Our pilot looked happier as the water deepened to six feet, and we shot into a canal where our swell washed the pike and eel fishers' boats high on to the marsh; then hurried over another large mere (called Groote Brekken), the farther end of which seemed to be merged into the sea; out of this into a narrow canal, and presently, lowering all sail, ran under bare poles into Lemmer, having sailed fifty-five kilometres in seven and a half hours of grand sailing.

Lemmer is a little town on the Zuyder Zee, having an excellent new harbor, with further works in course of construction. Herlingen and Stavoren look with jealousy upon its development, and it will prove a formidable rival to them, as the

approach to it is not hindered by the dangerous sands, as is the case with the two older harbors of Friesland.

We spent the next day, which was Sunday, at Lemmer; and as the gale still continued, and it was cold and wet, things were rather dull. The people, too, were decidedly cold and unfriendly in their looks and demeanor. The day passed slowly until the evening, when we came across a man to whom we had, two years ago, done a good turn at the island of Urk. He could speak a little English, and he came aboard and sat with us in the cabin for some time. We apologized for the small size of our cabin, and he replied, "There is plenty of room. Your frouw is not so thick as mine. Mine weighs two hundredweight."

We returned his call later on by invitation. He was an *Aard-appelan-handel*, or potato-dealer, owning a schuyt and trading to Urk.

In the little parlor behind his shop we found the frouw, a full two hundredweight of unrestrained flesh, but with a comely face under her golden crown; his daughter, a strapping young woman, who was a champion skater; a nice china tea-service, the coffee-pot on its little lamp, and the very best cigar I ever smoked. The coffee-pot would not pour, and the frouw retired with it, and we distinctly heard her blowing down the spout. She brought my wife a *stoofstje*, or wooden-box footstool, in which was an earthen pan containing a glowing peat, which I was told diffused an agreeable warmth on this cold night. These foot-warmers are in general use all over Holland, and one sees in the churches great piles of them, set aside in the summer time. In the winter the fire-box is as essential an article of church-going as a Bible.

When we rose to take our leave, I gave them my card, and to our great delight the frouw ran to the shop-window, and taking down a placard about eighteen inches square with the name on it, "P. Ionge, Aard-appelen-handel," gave it to us in exchange. Before we could carry it off, however, the daughter ran up-stairs and returned with a proper card of her own, with which we were fain to be content.

In the morning, while going through the lock, we were amused to see the town bellman making a proclamation. Instead of a bell, he had a big brass plate dangling at the end of a string, and this he banged with a stick.

Once out of the harbor, we ran to the southward for the island of Urk, over a

gently heaving sea, and with a light, fair wind filling our biggest topsail and balloon jib. The shores of Friesland faded away, leaving only a line of clumps floating in a silvery haze; then, as these disappeared, Urk Island rose like a cloud on the horizon, and presently became plainly visible — a curious mound of gravel distinctly unlike any part of the mainland, crowned with its serrated group of houses and the lighthouse on the green. As we had visited Urk twice before, and knew well its brawny fishermen and amazonish but comely women, we did not now land. In manner, customs, and dress, and also in lack of household cleanliness, the Urk islanders are a tribe apart from the Dutch.

Leaving the island on our left, we ran still to the south-west in search of a beacon which marks the end of the large shoal known as Enkhuisen Sand, which stretches out so far from the shore that the lofty church-tower of Enkhuisen was the only thing visible on the western horizon. We caught sight of the beacon just as we began to think we had missed it. It is a mere stick with a cage on the top. We raced past it with a freshening wind and sea, and as we hauled our wind and stood to the westward to fetch Hoorn Bay, we had to lower the topsail. Soon we were among the fleet of schuyts engaged in fishing for anchovies. Queer-looking craft they are; flat-bottomed of course, with long, narrow lee-boards, very beamy, and with such high, sloping prows as to make them look all bow and no stern. But nothing can be better adapted for riding safely over the short, steep seas which a strong wind soon raises on the Zuyder Zee. The many harbors of the Zuyder Zee are crowded with these craft, especially on Saturday nights, when the boats have all come in for the Sabbath's rest.

It is said that a thousand may sometimes be seen in sight at one time, and the sky-line to the southward seemed like the teeth of a saw with their narrow sails, so numerous were they. There are harbors to leeward from wherever the storm-wind may blow on this beautiful sea, and its so-called dead cities are busy with sea-life, and their spacious harbors thronged with craft.

The north-Holland coast was now visible in a succession of clumps — trees, or houses, with the ever-present pearly lustre underneath and between. Then the clumps were joined by the thin, flat line of shore, and we stood along the land looking for Hoorn. A smart breeze and

some rain sent us swishing along with the lee decks awash, and as close-hauled as we could go, until the beautiful watergate of Hoorn, with its lofty tower, came in sight, and then we had to tack up the harbor, sounding carefully with a pole on each tack, and sailed into the pretty tree-bordered basin which forms the inner harbor of Hoorn. Here we were quietly and safely moored for two days. There is plenty to see at and near Hoorn. The city itself is so delightfully ancient, with its pointed and ornate gables leaning this way and that in defiance of the laws of architectural gravity; its weigh-house, where the cheese-weighers attached to the huge scales wear different-colored hats as a distinctive mark for the cheese of each district; the market-place, where the country chariots were drawn up, and the cheeses spread upon the ground in readiness for the morrow's market, protected by tarpaulins and canvas in case of rain during the night; the busy modern Dutch life, which is yet as quaint and distinctive as the ancient life, and is still well fitted to the ancient streets; the English shield from a war-ship hung as a trophy outside the town hall,—all is interesting in the extreme, and makes every step in Hoorn a pleasant one.

We revisited Enkhuisen, which we had remembered to have been the dearest of the dead cities, but where we now found a large new harbor with steamers to Friesland, running in connection with trains which entered a brand-new and sumptuous station.

The harbors were crowded with fishing-craft, and the channels between the mainland and the sand were thronged with sailing-craft—great tjalks laden high with peat or hay, or the brushwood used for repairing dykes, unwieldy, floating stacks which yet managed to sail well.

The streets were less grass-grown than before, and the dead city is awaking from its long sleep. We went to Zaandam, with its broad and beautiful river, and its three hundred and sixty-five windmills, sawing wood, grinding flour, and turning out money for the wealthy Zaandammers. We strolled through the bright green meadows, where the black-and-white cows were milked by blue-bloused men into red milk-pails, and the milk was carried in green-and-white boats, along green dykes to green-and-red farms, within squares of green and yellow stemmed trees; and all under a blue-and-white sky and a blazing sun; all bright, pronounced color, and never a half-tone anywhere.

We strolled under the great dyke which surrounds the Zuyder Zee with a rampart of Norway stone, and holds its waters as in a gigantic cup above the surrounding land, and we heard the waves breaking above our heads on the other side of the dyke.

We left Hoorn at eight o'clock on a sunny morning, but had not gone half a mile when a fog came on so thick that we could not see the bowsprit end. As there was a good and fair breeze, we kept on, hoping the fog would soon clear, but taking the precaution to set the log and a proper compass course; but the fog thickened, and we could hardly see each other. We were bound to Amsterdam, twenty-seven miles to the southward, but wished to touch Marken, thirteen miles off. On we sailed, peering anxiously with straining eyes for the schuyts which we knew to be near us. A gigantic shape would suddenly loom up and quickly disappear, and we knew that we had passed within a very few yards of a schuyt, or a tall pole would glide past within a few inches of the bulwark, showing that we were among the long lines of sticks to which the eel-fishers fasten their eel-lines and nets. The average depth of the southern part of the Zuyder Zee is but eight feet, and it is this shoalness which makes its seas dangerous in a storm.

There were momentary lightnings of the fog and then dense smotherings of it, until we could hardly see the compass-card; of all sea troubles short of an actual gale a fog is the worst, and to a well-found and strong yacht a fog in crowded waters is perhaps worse than a gale. Our eyes ached and our heads grew dizzy peering through the darkness. As the skipper said, "One can see anything in a fog," meaning that the strange shapes of the rolling mist are deceptive, and show untruthfully ship or buoy or land, while hiding the reality. After a couple of hours of this unpleasant and dangerous state of things, we hauled the log, and found that we had run the entire distance to Marken. We at once sounded, and found that we were in five feet of water—only three inches to spare. In another five minutes we should have been ashore on Marken Island. We stood off to six feet and in to five, carefully and continually sounding, until the land loomed overhead. We kept as close to the shadow of it as we dared until we heard the sound of the fog-bell off the harbor, and not deeming it prudent to land, we stood on for Amsterdam. All at once the fog lifted, giving us a good view

of the island. In another half-hour every vestige of fog had disappeared, and we were ramping along under a brilliant sun and blue sky; the sea covered with schuyts through which we had come safely in a somewhat marvellous manner. We distanced all craft bound in the same direction, sailed briskly up to the great sluices at Schellingwoude, which connect the Y with the Zuyder Zee, passed through in company with many vessels and yachts, left them all astern, and arrived at our old berth at Amsterdam early in the afternoon.

There was a gorgeous and most successful regatta on the Friday at sea off Ymuiden, on the Saturday on the Y, on the Sunday on the Zuyder Zee, and a week's cruise of yachts in company round the Zuyder Zee, which must have been most charming; but imperative business called us back to England on the Saturday, and we missed most of the fun.

G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES.

From Longman's Magazine.
OLD COLLEGE DAYS IN CALCUTTA.

THE old college of Haileybury in England was only the stepping-stone to the College of Fort William in Calcutta, in which the young civilians attached to the Bengal Presidency were required to qualify themselves for the public service in India by a further study of the native languages. The College of Fort William was established by the great proconsul, the Marquis Wellesley, at the beginning of the present century. He housed it in a spacious range of pillared and porticoed edifices known until lately as Writers' Buildings, close to the site of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta. He endowed the college to the best of his official power with professorships and with prizes. The young writers were encouraged to believe that on their conduct, during their probation as students in the College of Fort William, the success of their career in the public service would depend.

But though the institution was excellent in theory, it failed in practice. Jeshurun had waxed fat and he kicked. Let it be understood that each student who was expected to submit himself to the pupillar state in the College of Fort William, was a young man receiving about four hundred pounds a year from the Treasury, with unlimited credit in the shops of Calcutta, and with a tribe of native money-lenders,

each eager to inscribe a new client's name in his books. Even the government allowed each student in the college to borrow four hundred pounds from it, in the hope that by doing this it would anticipate and outbid the native money-lenders. The result may be easily imagined. Extravagance took every form; and it became almost the rule for each student to get a lakh of rupees (10,000*l.*) in debt, before he passed out of college.

No wonder that reforms were soon introduced. The students were removed from their rooms in Writers' Buildings, and all that remained of the college was an examination hall, a principal, and two professors, with a large staff of moonshes and pundits to teach the languages to the young writers. It would be useless to describe the several changes that were made from time to time. I will only try to give some account of the college as it existed in 1844, when I went out to India to join the Bengal Civil Service.

The young civilians destined for Bengal had to find their own way to Calcutta. The overland route was then a novelty, and most of my contemporaries went round the Cape in a sailing-vessel. I and some others took the overland route, and I never regretted it. For it seemed to me that by going overland we were never so completely severed from England as those were who went round the Cape. My idea was that we could have found our way back to England like the children in the fairy tale, by the pebbles or crumbs that we had dropped. Our journey to Calcutta was accomplished in about eight weeks, which was good time in those days; and when we arrived there we were welcomed as bringing the latest news from England with us, whilst we had to wait for nearly three months before our friends who had voyaged round the cape put in their appearance.

On reaching Calcutta we reported ourselves to the secretary to the College of Fort William, and were enrolled as students. The secretary, who was also a professor, put us through a brief examination to find out usually how little we knew, but there were instances on record where a student was found qualified at once to pass at least in one language. A moonshes or pundit was then assigned to each of us to prepare us for the regular monthly examination, at which every student was expected to show some progress. There were also special examinations for men who went up for prizes and honors; and the secretary was supposed to keep a sort

of general supervision over the young men, and no one could leave Calcutta without his permission.

Most of us on our arrival were hospitably received by friends. But this only lasted a short time, and then we set up for ourselves in chummeries. Sometimes a man filled a vacancy in an existing chummary. For myself and three others it was settled that we should form a fresh chummary of our own, and we hired a large empty house in Chowringhee, with a good compound and extensive stabling, and furnished our abode in the manner suitable to our social position. For it must be understood that the young civilians, who numbered about twenty in each year in Calcutta, were regarded as an important section of the community. They were the salt of fashionable society. They had the latest ideas and the last new fashions from England. The ball of fortune was at their feet, and any one of them might eventually rise to the highest appointments in the service of government. Each young man had an income of about four hundred rupees a month, and unlimited credit. He found that he was regarded as a prize in the matrimonial market, "three hundred pounds a year, dead or alive," being his well-known proverbial appraisal. Even if he died his widow would get 300*l.* a year from the civil fund, to which he was bound to subscribe.

Four of us set up housekeeping together. We kept something like open house. At breakfast, at lunch, and at dinner we expected friends to drop in uninvited; and the Khansamah was under an engagement to provide enough for ten persons at every meal. Occasionally we gave grand dinner parties, inviting the rich merchants, the regimental officers, the high civilian officials, and others whose hospitality we had enjoyed. I have seen whist played in our house by some of our eminent guests, where many thousands of rupees changed hands in a night, at gold mohur points with heavy bets. We ourselves abstained from such high play, but many an evening ended in a round game of cards with some small gambling. We seldom made a very late night of it, for we usually wanted to be up at an early hour in the morning.

The fact is that we thought a great deal of our horses and our morning rides, and, as most people know, the time for riding in India in the hot season is rather before than after sunrise. We each of us kept two horses and a buggy. Some of us had more than two horses, and we piqued our-

selves on turning out in good style, both for a morning gallop round the race-course, and also of an evening among the ladies in their carriages at the band-stand. Although we had good horses, we prudently abstained from joining in the regular race-meetings, in which animals of a much higher stamp were engaged. We occasionally made matches between our horses, and the young civilians' hurdle race was an annual event in society. We used occasionally to go out with the hounds which were kept to hunt jackals. But it was doubtful if the game was worth the candle; for the hounds usually met at a distance of seven or eight miles from Calcutta, a little before sunrise, so that there was a long drive in the dark, and sometimes our syces did not take the horses to the right place. More than once, however, after a ball and late supper we went home and changed our evening dress for breeches and top-boots, and started on a long drive before daylight to meet the hounds.

Of course, being inexperienced, we were liable to be "stuck" in our horse-dealing. There was one beautiful Arab, which passed from hand to hand several times among my companions in college. It had been trained for racing. This was in fact the cause of its being sold for a price much less than its original value. Its mouth had been ruined in training; and though it went quietly enough on the road, the moment that it got on the race-course, or on the Maidaun, it was off like a shot, and no one could hold it. It was said that it had killed one of its former owners, by running against one of the mile-posts on the race-course; but that was before my time. At last one of my friends put it in his buggy, and drove it regularly. But one day, after a big dinner at the Bengal Club, my friend's buggy and horse were missing. The syce had probably gone to sleep, or something had frightened the horse, for it had bolted out of the club compound, and nothing could be heard of it until the next morning, when the horse and the buggy were found in one of the tanks or reservoirs on the Maidaun. The horse was dead.

But I must not forget that we were not merely owners of horses, but students or undergraduates of the College of Fort William, preparing to pass the prescribed examination in two of the native languages. A period of two years was fixed as the term within which this must be done, or the student would forfeit his appointment and be sent back to England. To each of

us a moonshee or pundit was assigned from the college free of charge. These gentlemen were government-paid servants, and none of them would talk English, though some of them had a slight smattering of it. The moonshees, who taught us Persian or Hindustani, were usually Mahomedan gentlemen with grey beards and huge turbans, some of them magnificently robed, and nearly all of them addicted to snuff. The pundits, who instructed us in Bengali and Sanskrit, were Hindoos of high caste, and of much reputed learning in their own religion and philosophy; but their garments were scanty, and almost indecent, being chiefly made of fine white muslin. Their heads were bare, and shaven, save as to one small scalp-lock; whilst they decorated their foreheads and noses with those marks of sacred clay which are almost an offence to an inexperienced Englishman. I regret to state that we did not appreciate or venerate our teachers. We were rather afraid of the moonshees at first, as they looked so imposing. As to the pundits, they probably despised and disliked us as much as we objected to them. They usually turned up at our house between ten and eleven, and were kept waiting until it was our pleasure to read with them. But many a day and oft when the arrival of the moonshee was announced, he was summarily told that he might go away, and he departed with very little reluctance.

But our behavior was entirely different to two, if not three, of the teachers of languages, who understood English well, and knew also how to teach the native languages. Raj Chunder and Harry Mohun knew all the college languages as well as English, and their services were in great demand. Out of the twenty students in college, at least six employed Raj Chunder, and six engaged Harry Mohun, whilst the third man, whose name I have forgotten, got a few pupils. Raj Chunder was my coach, and I was entitled to a sixth part of his time during the day of six hours, for he was not so imprudent as to overwork himself. The difficulty was to get a good hour with him. There was always much competition for the morning hour from seven to eight, but from eleven to twelve was the most coveted period, and some men paid a little extra to get it. His ordinary charge was thirty rupees a month. He was an excellent teacher, and he knew all the little tricks and dodges for cramming a student up to the point just sufficient for a pass; whilst for those who

read for honors he was always eager to assist them in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the books and the written and conversational work.

The honors and prizes in the college were numerous. A gold medal was given to any man who passed his two languages in a stated time. By way of honors there was first an examination in each language for high proficiency with a prize of eight hundred rupees attached to it; and next there was a higher standard, called a degree of honor, with sixteen hundred rupees reward. But I regret to say that the government acted meanly in this matter, for the man who gained a degree of honor and claimed his sixteen hundred rupees learnt to his dismay that the eight hundred rupees he had received for high proficiency counted as part of the sixteen hundred. I only tried for one degree of honor. The books for the high-proficiency standard were comparatively easy and few. For the higher standard or degree of honor in Bengali we were expected to know the whole of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, besides some tough prose works. I confess that I did not read through the whole of those great, but sadly overrated poems, but it was necessary to read a good part of them, so as to become familiar with their style and tenor.

In the examination for honors as well as for an ordinary pass, there was supposed to be a certain amount of intrigue. If a student read for honors it was said that he must keep on good terms with his college moonshee or pundit, because they were somehow or other connected with the moonshee or pundit who sat by the side of the college examiners, and an unfriendly suggestion from their lips might be fatal. I do not remember to have perceived any sort of intrigue in this quarter in the honor examinations. But the case was different where a young man had been idle, and was in a state of desperation about passing. The test was in reading and writing, so that each student was obliged to be able to read and to write the vernacular character for himself. But it is much easier to read a passage of a book which has been well studied, than to be put on at hazard; and so it came to pass that, owing to some mysterious underground influence, the examiner's book would open, or be opened for him, at a particular page which the candidate had carefully studied beforehand. With the written composition a different course was adopted. The examiners had a stock of old papers,

which had been in use for years, and it was curious how our moonshees could guess which old paper was likely to be set at each examination. They had copies of these old papers, and the student was primed and prepared accordingly. If any *contretemps* occurred, and the expected paper was not given out, there was still a remedy. Some student, who did not want to pass, went promptly out of the examination room, taking a copy of the paper with him. Outside he met one of the moonshees, who quickly translated it into the vernacular; and then the translation was artfully taken into the examination room by a punkah coolie, who went to relieve his weary brother in pulling the punkah. By a little manœuvring the anxious candidate possessed himself of it, and in due course copied it and showed it up to the examiner. Of course these stratagems were only needed by a few desperately idle men, who would have found it really easier and cheaper to try to pass fairly like the rest of their brethren.

During our life in college we had the enjoyment of the best society that Calcutta could afford. Lord Ellenborough, who was governor-general, was rather hard on some young civilians, but he was personally very civil to me at some of the Government House entertainments. The deputy governor of Bengal patronized all of us, and, being president of the Asiatic Society, he liked to enrol us as members, for which, to our disgust, we had to pay two hundred rupees each. The judges of the High Court, with Sir Lawrence Peel at their head, exercised unbounded hospitality to us and to the military cadets alike. It recalls too tender memories to think of some of the great houses, where there were young and charming daughters. There was one young lady whose bright eyes had, to my own knowledge, slain several young civilians, one after the other, though she did not marry any of them. I lately heard her story told; that her college admirers numbered twenty, and that she amused herself by asking each of them privately to attend a ball, wearing a blue rosette in her honor; but this did not happen in my day. At length the time came when we were tired of study, and the college examiners reported us as duly qualified for the public service. Then came the painful parting from old companions — for we all knew that henceforth hundreds or thousands of miles might separate us, and that it was a great chance that we might never meet again. There were farewell dinners, and farewell

suppers, and every sort of affectionate demonstration and entertainment before the final parting came. I shall never forget the long procession of buggies, with their kindly occupants, who came to see me start in a house-boat on a solitary expedition through the Sunderbuns to a distant station in eastern Bengal, when I bade adieu to the College of Fort William forever.
C. T. BUCKLAND.

From The National Review.
LAND-LEAGUE BALLADS.

THAT the land agitation in Ireland should be accompanied by a ballad literature of its own was a foregone conclusion. The Irish are, and always have been, a

people, in which the peasantry find vent for their feelings, though often rude and rough, are still interesting, because, like the "Corn-Law Rhymes," they are the genuine outcome of popular emotion at the time. The laws of rhythm and rhyme are frequently set at naught. For these no one cares a straw; doggerel does just as well, or even better, than the most poetic diction; the great aim is to catch the fleeting impulses which ripple over the surface of the popular mind, and to throw in a little salt of advice from a Land League point of view.

If we saunter down the principal street of an Irish town on a fair-day, we are almost sure to see two ballad-singers. They generally draw up in the centre of the town after the business of the day is over.

Their stock in trade consists of a handful of sheet ballads. The lady vocalist usually has a shawl thrown over her head, and her hair, which never seems to have made acquaintance with brush or comb, hangs over her eyes in a tangled mass. She begins by droning out the first verse of a political ballad, or "ballad," as it is generally pronounced, in a shrill, monotonous treble; her companion chimes in a second with a nasal drawl, and this goes on for at least seven verses, sometimes with the accompaniment of a concertina, sometimes not. By this time a crowd has assembled round the singers, and if the ballad is approved of, every one is eager to pay a halfpenny to secure a copy of it. These copies are carried away to many a farm by the lonely mountain-side, or to the depths of many a sheltered glen, and there, by the turf fires, during the long

winter evenings, they are diligently read and often learned by heart. Meantime the vocalists, with their pockets well-lined with coppers, set off for the next fair or race-course, to pursue their vocation and to dispose of the remainder of their stock. It would be impossible to over-estimate the influence of these ballads on the excitable Celtic mind. They stir up the passions, and make all the right appear to be on one side. For an example of a Land League ballad, *pur et simple*, we give one called "The Plan of Campaign." It is sung to the air of "The Young May Moon, and details the principles of the "Plan" with much gusto and spirit:—

The landlord's days are o'er, me boy,
Big rents they'll get no more, me boy;
The Plan of Campaign
Put an end to their reign,
It's driving them fast from our shore, me boy.

Then hurrah for the Plan of Campaign, me boy,
To its authors be honor and fame, me boy;
For reducing our rint
By forty per cent.,
Like an angel of justice it came, me boy.

When the agent calls in for the rint, me boy,
Just ask him for forty per cent., me boy;
If he sends you a writ
Or a notice to quit,
Sure the League will erect you a tint, me boy.

The landlords are throwing big sighs, me boy,
And Balfour is drying their eyes, me boy;
But what do you think,
He gave them the wink
To get up a thunderin' noise, me boy.

When they saw that our Plan would succeed,
me boy,
They called it a shocking big sin, me boy;
But never was heard
A thing more absurd
Than a conscience so awfully thin, me boy.

So go in for the Plan of Campaign, me boy;
Don't think it a sin or a shame, me boy;
Save your land! Every stone
Was surely your own,
Before e'er a Cromwellian came in, me boy.

These defiant verses, incorporated with a number of other songs, old and new; one or two of Lover's, two or three of Moore's, and some relics of '98, are printed on a broad sheet, decorated with a coarse wood-cut of John Dillon, and sold for a penny at the office of *Young Ireland*.

Foremost in popularity amongst Land League ballads stands that of "Murty Hynes." The very name, Murty Hynes, never fails to call up a burst of applause at a Nationalist meeting, and is often used

to point a moral and adorn a tale. Murty was a farmer, who took a farm from which another man had been evicted, but when a deputation from the Land League was sent to him, he owned his misdeeds, gave up the farm, and promised never to offend any more. His good deeds are thus celebrated in the ballad that bears his name:

Come all true sons of Erin, I hope you will
draw near,
A new and true narration I mean to let you
hear;
'Tis for your information I pens these simple
lines,
Concarnin' of the Land League, likewise of
Murty Hynes.

The place that Murty lives in is handy to
Loughrea (pronounced "ray"),
The man is good and dacent, but he was led
astray;
He did what every Christian man must call a
burnin' shame,
But now he has repented, and cleared his
honest name.

For when upon the roadside poor Bermingham was sint,
Because, with all his strivin', he could not
pay his rint,
And keep ould Lord Dunsandle in horses,
dogs, and wines,
Who comes, and takes the houldin', but foolish
Murty Hynes.

But when the noble Land League got word of
this disgrace,
They sint a man to Murty to raisn out the
case;
"I own my crime," says Murty, "but I'll
wash out the stain,
I'll keep that farm no longer; I'll give it up
again."

And then he wrote a litter, and sint it to the
League,
Saying, "From the cause of Ireland I never
will renege;
And never more, I promise, while Heaven
above me shines,
Will I for land go grabbin'," says honest
Murty Hynes.

Och! when the people heard it, they gathered
in a crowd;
The boys brought out their banners, and bate
their drums aloud.
And there were songs and speeches, and
dancin' light and gay,
Around the flamin' bonfires that night in ould
Loughrea.

Now, all true sons of Erin, wherever you may
be,
Come join in celebratin' this glorious victoree;
And by Columbia's river, and 'midst Canadian
pines,
Give three cheers for the Land League, and
nine for Murty Hynes!

A gloomier key is struck in "The Eviction," by Michael Segrave. Evictions were always a tempting subject for the enthusiastic Leaguer; it is almost impossible for him to adopt a moderate tone in speaking of them. He can see only one side of the shield, and that the darkest. In this ballad the blackest shadows are used to give effect to the picture, and the tragical termination of the last verse is a scene with which we are unhappily only too familiar. The ballad of "The Eviction" begins as follows:—

A wretched quilt and bed of straw,
A shrunken frame and hoary hair;
Full eighty winters' snows she saw,
Now famine's fever laid her there.
And Malachi, her boy, is gone
Across the broad Atlantic wave;
A daughter of her oldest son
Is left to see her in her grave.

A maiden purer than the glow
That tints the snow when spring is bright,
Now down her cheeks the hot tears flow;
And she has watched the dreary night,
Off startled by the dismal croak
The raven's and the banshee's cry,
Nor tasted sleep till daylight broke;
O God, what horror meets her eye!

A band of ruffians burst the door
With huge crowbar and torch in hand,
Sent by their ruthless lord to clear
The rightful owners off the land,
Whose muscles raised his fairy hall,
Whose sweat increased his pampered pride;
Poor slaves! though they seemed happy all
Before the former landlord died.

Now famine is the peasant's lot,
And hear the hapless maiden pray,
"For pity spare this humble cot
Till that shrunken form be laid in clay!"
But "Fire the thatch! the birds will fly!"
That landlord's cry—she knows no more;
For light has fled her once bright eye,
And she sinks senseless on the floor.

"O speak, Kathleen, my darling bright,
My own adored Cushla machree.
Ah! no, thy spirit's ta'en its flight,
Revenge is all that's left to me."
"Oh! patience, youth," a voice now spoke;
"To-night, at ten, we meet to try
The villain who has dealt death's stroke,
And by God's light he'll surely die!"

The pale moon issued from a cloud,
The earth received her murdered dead,
And paler than the victim's shroud
The lover o'er the mountain sped.
A cavern reached, the jury there,
The murderer is guilty found.
"Then, ere to-morrow's sun, I swear
To fells the tyrant on the ground."

Now daylight bounds with happy speed,

The hounds are panting for the chase;
His lordship on a prancing steed

Comes forth. Ha! who said, "Villain
base!"

The dreaded voice rings in his ear,
"Vile murderer! thy day is o'er."

Thy tyrant shakes with rage and fear,
And groans, and falls to rise no more.

It is a relief to turn from this gloomy picture of hatred and revenge. Many similar ones might be found, "The Dirge of Hate," "The Felons of Our Land," "The Memory of the Dead," etc., etc., but it is pleasanter to pass on from these threats of revenge and bursts of patriotic enthusiasm to something of a lighter description. A great deal has been said about the decay of Irish humor. We welcome, therefore, in some of the lighter ballads, a stray glimpse of what may be called humor, though it resembles the jovial rollicking humor of former days as the cold glitter of steel bars resembles the flashing light of a diamond. The humor which we find in "The Peeler and the Goat" is of a decidedly grim description. This ballad may not be well known in England; in Ireland it is tolerably familiar. The speakers at political meetings are frequently interrupted by shouts of "The Peeler and the Goat!" Without a knowledge of the ballad, the allusion is unintelligible, so it is worth while to give it in full. The subject is that ever-fertile one, the over-zeal of the police in arresting suspicious characters. The ballad is partly cast in the form of a dialogue. It begins thus:—

As some Bansha Peelers were out wan night,
On duty and patrollin', O,
They met a goat upon the road,
And tuck her to be a sthroller, O.
Wid baynets fixed they sallied forth,
And caught her by the wizzen, O;
And then they swore a mighty oath,
"We'll send you off to pris'n, O."

Goat.

"Oh, mercy, sir," the goat replied,
"Pray let me tell my story, O;
I am no Rogue, no Ribbonman,
No Croppy, Whig, or Tory, O.
I'm guilty not of any crime,
Of petty or high thraison, O;
I'm badly wanted at this time,
For this is milking saison, O."

Peeler.

"It is in vain for to complain,
Or give your tongue such bridle, O;
You're absent from your dwelling-place,
Disorderly and idle, O."

Your hoary locks will not prevail,
Nor your sublime oration, O;
For Peeler's Act will you transport
By your own information, O."

Goat.

"No penal law did I transgress
By deed or combination, O;
I have no certain place of rest,
No home or habitation, O.
Bansha is my dwelling-place,
Where I was bred and born, O;
Descended from an honest race,
That's all the trade I've learned, O."

Peeler.

"I will chastise your insolence
And violent behavior, O;
Well bound, to Cashel you'll be sint,
Where you will gain no favor, O.
The magistrates will all consint
To sign your condemnation, O;
From thence to Cork you will be sint
For speedy transportation, O."

Goat.

"This parish and this neighborhood
Are paiceable an' thranquil, O;
There's no disturbance here, thank God,
And long may it continue so.
For a Peeler's oath I don't care a pin
To sign for my committal, O;
My jury will be gintlemin,
To grant me my acquittal, O."

Peeler.

"Let the consequence be what it will,
A Peeler's power I'll let you know;
I'll handcuff you at all evints,
And march you off to Bridewell, O.
An' sure, you rogue, you can't deny,
Before the judge or jury, O,
You intimidated me with your horns
And you threatened me with fury, O."

Goat.

"I make no doubt but you were dhrunk
Wid whiskey, rum, or brandy, O,
Or you wouldn't have such gallant spunk
To be so bould or manly, O.
You readily would let me pass
If I had money handy, O,
To treat you to a potheen glass;
Oh! it's thin I'd be the dandy, O."

Another song on the same subject, and in the same spirit, is called "An Anti-Whistling Ditty," by Eugene Davis. A few verses may be given here:—

Once seventeen Newmarket men by Fergus
waters strayed,
They met three bould policemen in all their
might arrayed:
The spirit of the seventeen rose at the sight
so high,
They whistled at the Royal force just as they
passed them by.

Whereon the sergeant of the Queen—a loyal
man was he,
Stepped forth and said, "To whistle so is
treason-felony;
A sheaf of summonses you'll get, then, for to
pay the score,
You'll whistle for your liberty three weeks in
Tullamore!"

The more the sergeant prated, less heed they
paid to him,
They whistled at his angry words until his
face grew grim;
They whistled underneath his nose a most re-
bellious air,
That made the Peelers dance with rage that
day in County Clare.

The landlord folk may whistle for rents they
never get,
And Sandy Row on William's Day its whistle
it may wet;
And Balfour, he may whistle to dissipate his
care,
But whistlin' is a mortal sin within the County
Clare.

Then all ye ramblin' *bouchals*, take warning
from my song,
Whistle at your ease you can in Chili or Hong
Kong;
But put a bridle on your tongues, be mum as
mice when'er
You meet a Peeler, cheek by jowl, within the
County Clare.

The "Wearin' of the Green," the Irish
"Marsellaise" as it may be called, is too
well known to be given here. The
"green," in various forms and shapes, fig-
ures prominently amongst the Nationalist
ballads. We have "The Green Flag," The
Green above the Red," but the most no-
ticeable of all is "God save the Green," a
new version of "God save the Queen,"
and sung to the same air. A few years
ago, after a public banquet, the uninitia-
ted were startled to hear the strains of
the National Anthem, which is generally
conspicuous by its absence, but the words
sung to it were not those to which we are
accustomed, but ran as follows:—

Let it ring o'er every steeple,
God save the Green!
From the throats of all the people,
God save the Green!
Let the swelling chorus roll
O'er the earth from pole to pole;
Shout it every free-born soul,
God save the Green!

Fearlessly our fathers bore it,
God save the Green!
Kings and tyrants fled before it,
God save the Green!
We shall raise it high as they,
Till it shines in freedom's ray,
Though all England thunder nay;
God save the Green!

'Tis the flag our fathers cherished,
 God save the Green!
 And beneath it proudly perished,
 God save the Green!
 But before their spirits fled,
 They beheld its folds outspread,
 Floating o'er the English Red,
 God save the Green!
 Raise it high on every steeple,
 God save the Green!
 Hope of Freedom and the people,
 God save the Green!
 Never shall the foeman brag,
 That we lowered the Irish flag;
 Down with ev'ry foreign rag!
 God save the Green!

The ballads that have been given are favorable specimens of their class. The large proportion merely set forth some incident or doctrine, strung together in a sort of sing-song, with only a few haphazard rhymes to give the whole a spice. They seem to be written on the spur of the moment, and printed directly after they are written. About two years ago I happened to be walking through the slums of Dublin—what dirty slums they are!—on a Sunday afternoon, when my attention was arrested by the monotonous voice of a ballad-singer drawing out the last new song. A priest—the Rev. Father Keller—had been arrested the night before, and straightway some unknown bard had made it the subject of his verse. The singer was surrounded by a crowd of ragged boys, and “shadowed” by two policemen. I invested a halfpenny in a slip of coarsely printed paper, with a portrait of Father Keller on the top (certainly not very flattering to him), and I read as follows:—

Come all you true-bred Irishmen,
 It is on you now I call,
 Concerning Father Keller,
 An Irish priest of fame,
 Who fought hard for Ireland's rights
 And the Plan of Campaign.
 And now he's taken prisoner
 And lodged in Kilmainham Jail.

Chorus.

Long live Father Keller,
 Our patriot so true,
 Who's struggling hard for Ireland's rights
 Her foes for to subdue.

When he was taken into custody,
 The country was upset;
 For the loss of their parish priest,
 It caused them to regret.
 While on his way to Dublin,
 Bishop Croke he came in view,
 Then he gave to him his blessing,
 And told him for to be true.

This precious effusion concludes thus:—

With honor and with fame,
 They drummed Father Keller into jail,
 With the shouts of “God save Ireland,
 And three cheers for the Plan of Campaign!”

To say that there are hundreds of these so-called “songs” is no exaggeration. There are more probably thousands of them, thrown off almost daily, and scattered broadcast through the country. The inferior ones perish, but those of a better class, such as “Murty Hynes,” are reprinted in various forms, and become part of the stock literature of the National League, widely disseminated and carefully preserved. Those who watch the current of popular opinion in Ireland ought to study the ballad literature of the last ten years. It is well worth a study. Along with much that is violent and intemperate, there is also much that is sad and pathetic to the highest degree.

C. J. HAMILTON.

CLARET.

IN the new number of the *Universal Review* Mr. Lucy gives a description of some of the actual castles which have given their names to the most familiar clarets. Château-Margaux, he says, stands at a short distance from the little town of Margaux, built at a careful distance from the sometimes turbulent Gironde. The present structure is a massive pile, that dates back not further than the second or third year of the century. It stands on the site of an ancient castle built in the fifteenth century, which played its part in any little war going forward in the neighborhood. It was only in the middle of the eighteenth century that the then proprietor discovered in the pebbly black earth peculiarly favorable conditions for the culture of the vine. He began to plant, and gradually, through a hundred years, the wines of the Château-Margaux grew in fame. In 1802, when châteaux were going cheap, this was bought by one of the new emperor's new marquises, who pulled down the old château and built the modern-looking pile which now stands in its place. In 1879 the château and the vineyard came into the possession of Count Pillet-Will. Château-Lafite is near Pauillac, a quaint old port on the Garonne, whence is shipped the produce of the teeming vineyards divided by the marsh of Pibran. It has escaped the hand of the demolisher, and stands as it did in.

pre-revolutionary days. When Louis XVI. was parleying with the angered populace of Paris the château belonged to M. de Pichard, president of the Parliament of Guienne. But there were too many presidents about; so M. de Pichard was taken to Paris and there guillotined. The next step was to write on the walls of the château the magic words "Propriété Nationale." House and vineyard were put up for sale, and brought into the national coffers a trifle over a million francs. In 1818 they were sold for something less than was given in the revolutionary days, and in 1868 Baron James de Rothschild gave upwards of four million francs for the property. It now belongs to the heirs of Baron James, the Barons Alphonse, Gustave, and Edmond de Rothschild. Like Château-Margaux and others of the more famous châteaux, the stately rooms of Lafite are tenantless. Not so the cellars, the private *cave* of the Rothschilds, containing eighty thousand bottles of the finest wines, not only of Médoc, but of Spain, Germany, and Italy.

Whilst vast quantities of wine in the Médoc are bottled at the end of the second year, the fine wines are kept in casks until the third or fourth year. Once in bottle, well corked, the mind of man may be at rest about his wine, which, up to a certain limit of time, goes on improving. Where occasion for care again presents itself is in getting the wine out of the bottle without shaking. Most wine-pantries are furnished with a small basket in which the wine-bottle may rest whilst the wine is drawn into the decanter. Wine-merchants, wine-tasters, and experienced wine-drinkers in the Médoc do not trouble themselves about these contrivances. They carefully lift the bottle from a horizontal to an upright position some three or four hours before it is wanted for the table. At the same time they carefully mark the side of the bottle that has lain uppermost, and in decanting pour out the wine from that, as it is sure to be free from crust. With steady hand they draw from a bottle a maximum quantity of absolutely clear, bright wine. Any one who desires to drink a good glass of Médoc or Burgundy will not decant it till almost the moment it is required, thus preserving the freshness of the aroma. Good wine needs no bush; but in our climate (which, by the way, the experts of the Médoc declare to be the best possible for storing fine wines) it is better for a little warmth. Rather than drink red wine in the winter months drawn from a cellar in which the

temperature has not been maintained at a desirable pitch, it is better to put the wine where it may feel the fire. A better way still is to leave it on the mantel-piece of the dining-room for four or six hours before it is to be decanted, when it will have had an opportunity of acquiring something like the temperature of the room. It is well worth while warming the decanter before pouring in the wine, so that it may not receive the shock of contact with the cold glass.

The best wine year in the records of the Gironde is the year which saw the battle of Waterloo and the downfall of Napoleon. 1864 and 1875 are the wines now in bottle which stand highest in the appreciation of the wise men of Médoc. It is not always that a good year for champagne turns out a favorable season for red wines. But the year 1874 — a year spoken of reverentially by champagne-drinkers — was not less happy for red wines. The proprietors were fortunate in enjoying a time of peace, and got big prices for their products. 1877 and 1878 were excellent years for the Médoc. 1880, another fine year for champagne, was, for the Médoc, a season of only ordinary vintage. The 1881 crop was well harvested, and on the whole a good year. 1884 was not so good for red wine as for champagne; and 1887 was on the whole fair, but not likely to be memorable. The 1888 crop, I hear upon highest authority, "has come on splendidly since the vintage." Contemporary interest in these dates is sorely limited. It is said that some wines of Médoc, notably those of the Château La Lagune, a wine little known in this country, preserve all their virtues after being forty years in bottle. But for the best wines and the ordinary palate, thirty years in bottle is long enough. A bottle of Château-Margaux of 1869, Château-Lafite 1864, or Château-Latour 1875, may be warranted to fulfil the highest aspirations of the nicest and most *exigeant* palate.

From The Saturday Review.
SWORD-FISH FISHING.

THE first requisite for sword-fishing is the "pulpit." A wide piece of wood is fastened to the end of the bowsprit, making a platform. A semi-circular iron railing is erected on this, and a swinging seat is hung from this railing. Here the fisherman sits, armed with his harpoon. This has a long handle of light, tough wood, to

which is attached a light line to keep it from being lost overboard. The head of the harpoon is spear-shaped, and has wide flukes. It is set on the end of an iron rod which protrudes from the end of the handle. A stout line of small rope is made fast in this head, and leads outside all the rigging to a tub, where it is carefully coiled up. Its end, however, is brought out of the tub, and made fast to a water-tight barrel. Now all is ready, sheets are eased off, so that the yacht will go slowly, and a sharp-eyed man is sent to the masthead. The sword-fish, conscious of the fact that, with his formidable sword, he can conquer any fish that swims, never gets out of the way of anything that moves through water. So when he comes to the surface to sleep or bask in the warm water, he lies still with his back fin protruding. The man at the masthead sees this, and, hailing the deck, directs the helmsman how to steer until the harpooner in the pulpit sights the game. Then he takes command and guides the movements of the vessel, which is made to sail very slowly. At last the man in the pulpit is immediately over the fish. Then with all his force he drives the harpoon down upon the game, and hauling back the handle leaves the head in the fish. Away goes the stricken creature, just as a whale does, and the line goes smoking out of the tub. A cool hand

stands by, and as the line is about all out heaves overboard the barrel to which it is fastened. The sword-fish goes off towing the barrel which he cannot sink; and curiously enough he always goes to windward. Now the small boat is lowered away, and the harpoon man, armed with a lance and the tub, takes his place in the stern. He is rowed out to the barrel, having waited, of course, till the fish is tired of towing it. He gathers up the line and begins to haul in the fish. Sometimes the big creature has to be played for nearly an hour before he can be brought close to the boat. Again he becomes enraged and drives his sword through the little craft. It is this spice of danger that makes the sport exciting. Sometimes the boat is sunk and the fishermen barely escape with their lives. But skilful hands usually manage to exhaust the fish, and when he is hauled alongside the boat he is despatched with the lance. Then he is towed to the yacht, where a line is made fast round his tail and he is hoisted aboard. A fish taken into Block Island harbor measured eleven feet from the end of his sword to the tip of his tail, the sword being three feet six inches in length. He weighed about three hundred pounds. The meat of the sword-fish is edible, though not especially choice. It is something like a very coarse salmon, with less flavor.

A CHINESE native paper published recently a collection of some zoological myths of that country, a few of which are worth noting. In Shan-si there is a bird, which can divest itself of its feathers and become a woman. At Twan-sin-chow dwells the "wan-mu-niao" (mother of 萬鳥, *jitoc*), a fish-eating bird, from whose mouth issue swarms of mosquitoes when it cries. Yung-chow has its stone-swallow, which flies during wind and rain, and in fine weather turns to stone again. Another bird when killed gives much oil to the hunter, and when the skin is thrown into the water it becomes a living bird again. With regard to animals, few are so useful as the "jih-kih" ox, found in Kansuh, from which large pieces of flesh are cut for meat and grow again in a single day. The merman of the Southern Seas can weave a kind of silky fabric which keeps a house cool in summer if hung up in one of the rooms. The tears of this merman are pearls. A large hermit-crab is attended by a little shrimp which lives in the stomach of its master; if the shrimp is successful in its depredations the crab flourishes, but the latter dies if the shrimp does not return from his daily excursions. The "ho-lo"

is a fish having one head and ten bodies. The myths about snakes are the strangest of all. Thus the square snake of Kwangsi has the power of throwing an inky fluid when attacked, which kills its assailants at once. Another snake can divide itself up into twelve pieces, and each piece if touched by a man will instantly generate a head and fangs at each end. The calling snake asks a traveller, "Where are you from, and whither are you bound?" If he answers, the snake follows him for miles, and entering the hotel where he is sleeping, raises a fearful stench. The hotel-proprietor, however, guards against this by putting a centipede in a box under the pillow, and when the snake gives forth the evil odor, the centipede is let out, and, flying at the snake, instantly kills him with a bite. The fat of this snake, which grows to a great size, makes oil for lamps and produces a flame which cannot be blown out. In Burmah and Cochin-China is a snake which has, in the female sex, a face like a pretty girl, with two feet growing under the neck, each with five fingers, exactly like the fingers of a human hand. The male is green in color, and has a long beard; it will kill a tiger, but a fox is more than a match for it.

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AFTER VICTOR HUGO.

You said, "I love you" Prodgal of sighs,
 You said it o'er and o'er; I nothing said.
 The lake lies still beneath the moonlit skies —
 The water sleeps when stars shine overhead.

For this you blame me — but love is not less
 Because its whisper is too faint to hear.
 The sudden, sweet alarm of happiness
 Set seal upon my lips when you were near.

It had been best had you said less — I more:
 Love's first steps falter and he folds his
 wings.

On empty nests the garish sun-rays pour —
 Deep shadows fall around the brightest
 things.

To-day (how sadly in the chestnut-tree
 The faint leaves flutter and the cold wind
 sighs!) —

To-day you leave me, for you could not see
 My soul beneath the silence of my eyes.

So be it, then; we part; the sun has set.
 (Ah! how that wind sighs! how the dead
 leaves fall!)

Perhaps to-morrow, whilst my cheek is wet,
 You will have gay and careless smiles for all.

The sweet "I love you!" that must now go by
 And be forgotten, breaks my heart to-day.

You said it, but you did not feel it — I
 Felt it without a word that I could say.
 Belgravia. C. E. MEETKERKE.

SPRING's messenger we hail,
 The sweet-voiced nightingale;
 She sings where ivy weaves
 Blue berries with dark leaves.

The glades are soft with dew,
 The chestnuts bud anew,
 The fishers set their sails
 To undelusive gales.

The shepherd's pipe is heard,
 The villages are stirred
 To shout the wine-god's praise,
 And jest in rural ways.

Then breaks the piercing note
 From Philomel's wild throat,
 Passion's supremest pain
 That may not hope again.

Ah, woe is me! I learn,
 When light and flowers return,
 Love's anguish, cark and care;
 Its infinite despair

Comes back, and makes me mad,
 Telling how all is glad;
 Then swell the throb, the wail,
 The want, O nightingale!

MICHAEL FIELD.

LES TROIS HUSSARDS.

C'ÉTAIENT trois hussards de la garde
 Qui s'en revenaient en congé;
 Ils chantaient de façon gaillarde
 Et marchaient d'un air dégagé.

"Je vais revoir celle que j'aime;
 C'est Margoton," dit le premier.
 "C'est Madelon," dit le deuxième.
 "C'est Jeanneton," dit le dernier.

Un homme était sur leur passage:
 "Hé! C'est Jean, le sonneur, je crois.
 Quoi de nouveau dans le village?"
 "Tout va toujours comme autrefois."

"Et Margoton, notre voisine?"
 "J'ai sonné ses vœux l'an dernier,
 Car elle est sœur Visitandine
 Dans le couvent de Noirmoutier."

"Et Madelon! toujours bien sage?"
 "Oui dà. Pour elle j'ai sonné,
 Voilà dix mois, son mariage,
 Voilà dix jours, son premier né."

"Et Jeanneton," dit le troisième,
 "Toujours heureuse?" "Ah? sûrement:
 Trois mois passés aujourd'hui même,
 J'ai sonné son enterrement."

"Sonneur, si tu vois Marguerite
 Dans le couvent de Noirmoutier,
 Dis-lui que je la félicite
 Et que je vais me marier."

"Sonneur, si tu vois Madeleine
 Dans la maison de son époux,
 Dis-lui que je suis capitaine
 Et que je fais la chasse aux loups."

"Sonneur, quand tu verras ma mère,
 Va la saluer chapeau bas;
 Dis-lui que je suis à la guerre,
 Et que je ne reviendrai pas."

G. NADAUD.

VATES.

He hears dim voices in the void
 That call to his fine sense within:
 He sees high visions unalloyed
 With any mystery of sin:

Faint forms from out the parted lands,
 That seek redress from human laws,
 Stretch forward supplicating hands
 And bid him labor for their cause:

He walks beside God's hidden streams;
 He muses on man's right and wrong;
 Of all the wide world's worth he dreams:
 He wakes and gives them back a song.

Blackwood's Magazine. CHARLES SAYLE.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE PAPACY:

A REVELATION AND A PROPHECY.

I.

ON the centenary of the fall of the Bastille the Parisian mob looted the Café Imolfi, in the Rue Royale. The proprietor had omitted to decorate his premises, a pleasant resort, famous for its ices, and, being angrily ordered to display some bunting, unluckily so far forgot himself as to hoist the Italian flag. "The red fool fury of the Seine" blazed up instantly. In the twinkling of an eye the café and its contents were flung into the gutter, and its unlucky proprietor fled for his life to the protection of the police. It was a significant little incident, noted largely throughout Europe, but in no place more curiously than in the Eternal City, where at any moment the pent-up forces which demolished the Café Imolfi might break out into fierce collision and result in catastrophe. But in Rome the balance of force in the opposing elements is reversed. The Quirinal, which flaunts the Italian national flag before the gates of the Vatican, represents the material force of a united nation, while the pope in his palace-prison is as powerless as was the café proprietor of the Rue Royale when the mob kicked his furniture into the street. Should a collision come, his only thought must be of flight. If the pope could have asserted his authority by the arm of the flesh, he would have done so, in order to avert—or, if that were impossible, to avenge—the ceremony in honor of Giordano Bruno, which had taken place six weeks before. No incident of late years has so deeply wounded the sentiments of the rulers of the Church as the unveiling of the Bruno monument on June 9. The Inquisition had burned Bruno in 1600, and, although the Church might have ignored the tribute paid to his memory, that was not the spirit in which the Bruno celebration was treated by the Vatican. The Pentecostal festival was clouded by a gloom that could be felt. The whole Church was invited to share in the indignation with which its head regarded the sacrilege of the commemoration, and in

every way the pope made all men understand that the iron had entered into his soul. He spent the whole day in his private chapel, prostrate before the blessed sacrament exposed on the altar, praying in the midst of the assembled prelates of his court for an expiation of the blasphemies of Campo di Fiore. From Saturday till Wednesday morning no one was allowed to enter the Vatican but the ambassadors of foreign powers accredited to the holy see. It was to him as if the abomination of desolation had been set up in the holy of holies, and the unveiling of a statue to the heresiarch was proclaimed to be the outward and visible sign of the determination of the triumphant Revolution to press forward to the "overthrow of the sacred authority of the pontiffs and the extirpation of the Christian faith."

The Sacred College of Cardinals was summoned to a most secret and extraordinary consistory, in a form and under precautions which had only twice been adopted in the long reign of Pius the Ninth. At this consistory Leo the Thirteenth communicated to his cardinals the grave decision at which he had arrived. The solemn allocution which he addressed to them, and which was subsequently published to the world, amounted practically to a pontifical declaration that Rome was no longer a safe or tenable residence for the successor of St. Peter. The freedom of the apostolic functions and the dignity of the pontifical office, already impaired from of old by the usurpation of the Revolution, were now menaced with extinction by the growing insolence of the sects of evil. The daring of desperate men, unchained to every crime, driven on by the fierceness of lawless desires, could no longer be restrained; the city that was once the safe and inviolable seat of the holy see was now the capital of a new impiety, where absurd and impudent worship was paid to human reason. "Hereby is rendered evident in what condition is placed the supreme head of the Church, the pastor and the teacher of the Catholic world." The other communications addressed by the pope to the princes of the Church at this most secret consistory have not yet been divulged; but it is believed

that the pope was able to report a most important and reassuring statement as to the support which was assured to the holy see in case that any further encroachment of a serious nature was made on the liberties of the Church. The pope had received by special courier from Vienna a long autograph letter from the emperor-king Francis Joseph, in which Innsbruck or Boozen was offered him as a residence—an offer previously made to Pius the Ninth—in case he was forced to leave Rome. The emperor further assured the pope that if the Italian government were to proceed to lay a violent hand either upon the Vatican, the Lateran, or Castel Gondolfo, or any part of these three palaces secured to the holy see by the Law of Guarantees, Austria would regard it as *casus belli*—the Triple Alliance notwithstanding.

Whatever consolation these assurances may have given to the cardinals, must have been damped by the announcement that the new Penal Code, which empowers the courts to consign to prison any priest whose discourses are objected to by the civil authorities, had received the royal assent that very day. The struggle between the Church and the State, it was recognized, had entered upon a new and probably a decisive campaign, and the pope, as generalissimo of the forces of the Church, began by preparing for what may at any moment become an inevitable retreat. It is understood that should war break out between France and Italy, or should the quarrel between the Quirinal with its Penal Code and the Vatican with its clergy result in open conflict, the pope will leave Rome and seek refuge on the Balearic Islands. From that retreat, sheltered by the Spanish flag and secured from interference by the fleets of Europe, the Holy Father will carry on the government of the Church until such time as the restoration of peace shall enable him to return to re-establish the sovereignty of the holy see in the city of the Cæsars.

II.

IN Europe there are at this moment but three men who stand out above their fellows as the supreme representatives of va-

rious kinds of power. Alexander the Third represents the authority of material force; Prince Bismarck the might of scientific organization; and Leo the Thirteenth the strength of the Catholic world. Of the three the pope is the most interesting and the most autocratic. His empire is vaster than that of the Russian tzar, and before his authority even the imperious chancellor has been compelled to bow. Although a prisoner in his own palace, he is ruler of a dominion as wide as the world, and there is no language spoken among men wherein his word is not recognized as the voice of a master. There is a loneliness and a mystery about Leo that differentiates him from the other potentates of our day. Prince Bismarck is intensely human. He stands before us as the very incarnation of masterful man. He lives before us, complete in all human relations, with his wife, his sister, his sons, his dogs, his pipe, and his beer; he touches the common life of his day at every point. It is the same with the tzar; although in his case he is more withdrawn from the public gaze, he shares not less fully the ordinary life of the ordinary man. As father, as husband, as master, as friend, he is a man among men; nor does the burden of empire separate him from the simple family joys and natural every-day cares of the human home. But the pope stands apart. He sleeps as other men, and eats as they, but a great gulf yawns between him and other mortals. He has a palace, but he is without a home. He has servants and domestic friends; but the celibacy which for centuries has been imposed upon the clergy of his Church debars him from the deepest and most human of all relationships. He has never known the joys nor suffered the sorrows which make up a great part of the higher life of the ordinary man. He has lived and lives apart, alone, divorced from nature that he may be consecrated to the service of his Church, without wife or child, that he may care solely for the Bride of the Lamb, and watch more sedulously over the welfare of those who are of the household of faith.

The pope, thus excluded from the healthy human life of the family, clings all the more passionately to the local sur-

roundings which serve him as a substitute for home. His centre is not a home. It is Rome. The result is that the disadvantages which celibacy was established to avert, reappear in another shape. He that is married careth for the things that are of the world — how he may please his wife; whereas he that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord. For the world and the wife, read Rome and its sovereignty, and it is equally true of the popes. The local anxieties, the temporal government of the city in which the popes succeeded the Cæsars, have become as cramping and crippling to the successors of St. Peter as the household cares that might have encompassed them had they all imitated the fisherman, who had not only a wife, but a mother-in-law. It is this which gives such strange interest to the position of Leo the Thirteenth at the present moment. He is distracted between conflicting ideals — exactly as a good father of a family is often torn asunder between the claims of his household and the claims of the world at large. The struggle which is going on in the Vatican is but the latest phase of the conflict which the apostle declared troubled the married man who had to reconcile the desire to please the Lord and to please his wife.

As some men never have any divine call that leads them to discharge duties outside their own doorstep, so some popes have never recognized the existence of duties incompatible with their primary fealty to the local interests of the Italian town in which they have spent their lives. That which distinguishes Leo the Thirteenth is that before his mind there has passed a vision of a higher and nobler ideal than that of being the mere temporal master of the Eternal City. He has seen, as it were in a dream, a vision of a wider sovereignty than any which the greatest of his predecessors had ever realized, and before his eyes there has been unfolded a magnificent conception of a really universal Church, as "lofty as the love of God, and wide as are the wants of men." But no sooner has he gazed with holy ecstasy on the world-wide dominion which lies

almost within his grasp, than he turns with a sigh to the older and smaller ideal of the temporal sovereignty of Rome which has bounded the horizon of so many of his predecessors, and which presses upon him like the atmosphere of the whole of his waking life. These are the two dreams, the two ideals, hopelessly antagonistic one to the other; but Leo hopelessly clings to both.

To those who do not look at the world and its affairs from an out-of-the-way corner of the world from which the tide of empire has long since ebbed, it is difficult to see how any comparison can be made between the two ideals which haunt the imagination of the Holy Father. It is, to put it vulgarly, all Lombard Street to a China orange in favor of the world-wide ideal. And yet there is to those who have been born and bred under Italian skies a strong and natural fascination about the ideal which centres in the re-establishment of papal sovereignty in Rome. Rome is a name to conjure with. For more than two thousand years the seven-hilled city was for weal or for woe more important than any other point in the world's surface. It is the only city which ever conquered a continent. Alike as the seat of the republic, of the empire, and of the popedom of the Middle Ages, Rome was the capital of the world. The broad arrow of Roman empire is branded deep on the body of our civilization. Our law, our language, our habits, our religion — all have the impress of the Roman mint. The very air of Europe is impregnated with the ozone that streams, as from a perennial fountain, from the history of Rome. There is everything that can fascinate the imagination and stimulate the mind in the traditions that cling round the ruined walls of the Eternal City, nor can the least reverent be unconscious of the awe excited by the sacred shrines which for a thousand years have absorbed the devotion of the world.

Mother of Arts as once of Arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our Guide.
Parent of our religion!

To reign in Rome might well rouse the loftiest ambition, and to lose the sover-

eignty of the Imperial City might rend the heart of the most callous of mortals. That great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth, and below whose feet St. John saw peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues, was, at any time between the days of the Scipios and the era of the Medici, the natural centre of any organization that sought to exercise world-wide dominion. Civilization grew up round the shores of the Mediterranean, that inland sea which was the cradle of the culture of the world. To a devout Catholic, not even the sacred sites which witnessed the passion of our Lord are more sacred than the city where the first martyrs, swathed in pitchy cerements, blazed as torches in the gardens of Nero, and where their descendants founded an empire more splendid than that of Augustus, more beneficent than that of the Antonines. The city of the catacombs and of the Coliseum, where generation after generation of the most divinely gifted of our race have lavished the utmost resources of their art, their intellect, and their genius, may well seem marked out from of old to be the natural and eternal seat of the viceregent of God.

Apart from these considerations, which appeal to all men, the Roman pontiffs have acquired in the course of ages, by mere force of inveterate habit, an instinct which renders it almost impossible for them to conceive of a Catholic Church which has not Rome as its centre. Use and wont are great deities even in the spiritual realm, and use and wont point to Rome and Rome alone as the centre of the Catholic world. Many a time the popes have been driven from Rome; sometimes they have voluntarily left it; but sooner or later they have always returned to it. The administration of the most gigantic polity known to man is centralized there. All roads lead to Rome, and from Rome there have issued since Christian civilization began the winged words of power and of life which have knit the Catholic world into one.

It is therefore natural that the pope should cling to Rome, and should regard even his contemplated retreat to the Balearic Islands as but a temporary flight from a passing storm. Some day the sky will clear, and once more the vicar of Christ will re-occupy the see of St. Peter. Equally natural is it that, being in Rome, he should wish to be master in his own house. Absolute independence is an indispensable condition for the free exercise of the spiritual power. This inde-

pendence, according to English ideas, can best be obtained by the abandonment by the spiritual power of all temporal claims, and the recognition by the secular government that it has no authority in the spiritual realm. But this ideal, which can be realized where there is no antagonism between Church and State, is manifestly impossible where, as in Italy, the State is practically a rival Church, quite as determined to persecute as Torquemada or Calvin. Hence to the pope it seems as part of the ordinance of God that he should dwell in Rome, and being resident there, that he should reign in the Eternal City as its temporal lord, not because he cares for the sceptre of secular dominion, but because nothing short of sovereignty can, under the circumstances, secure him the freedom necessary for the exercise of his spiritual prerogatives. It is this which dominates the mind of Leo the Thirteenth. Waking or sleeping, the idea of restoring the lost temporal dominion of his predecessors never leaves him. It colors the whole texture of his thoughts, it influences his policy, and makes itself felt throughout the whole orbit of pontifical action.

And here it may be observed in passing that, however absorbing may be the influence of Roman politics on the holy see, at the present moment, when the restoration of its temporal sovereignty is but a theory or an inspiration, it is nothing to the distraction that would follow if the pope were to be cursed with the burden of a granted prayer and set up once more on the throne of Rome. If the Italian government cared to make a great *coup*, it could do so to-morrow by simply handing over to the pope the sovereignty of the city of Rome. Leo the Thirteenth would find himself hopelessly at a loss to discharge the duties of the position for which he sighs. None of the indispensable instruments of government are ready to his hand. He has neither employés, financiers, police, soldiers, nor any other administrative officials. In less than a week the bad elements that lurk in every great city would have made a revolution, and in a fortnight the Italian troops would be enthusiastically welcomed as the only force by which Rome could be rescued from anarchy and bloodshed.

This, however, by the way. The pope does not realize the truth, and the re-establishment of his temporal sovereignty is still his first dream, a dream of the dear dead past, hallowed no doubt by innumerable sacred associations, but limited, local, and fatally opposed to the realization of

his other dream, which intermittently exercises a very powerful influence over his imagination. This second vision is infinitely more sublime than the restitution of the unimpaired sovereignty of the papal see over all the ancient patrimony of the Church. Leo has dreamed of being really the pastor of the world, in fact as well as in name. To be vicegerent of God, and therefore representative of the Father of all men, is to stand *in loco parentis* to all the human race. The Church, the Lamb's Bride, is the mother of humanity. As head of the Church, he must care with a mother's love for all the children of the family. It matters not that many are orphaned from birth, knowing not of their divine parentage. It is for him to teach them of the Fatherhood of God, and to prove to them by infinite acts of helpful service the reality of the motherhood of the Church. No difference of creed, no blindness of negation, no obstinacy of unbelief, can shut out any human soul from the loving care of the shepherd to whom God has entrusted the guardianship of his flock. Humanity wanders in the wilderness; he will be its guide. The forces of evil abound, making sad havoc of the forlorn children of men; he will stand in the breach and cast the shield of divine grace and of human service over the victims of the Evil One. Men are ignorant; he will teach them. They are groping in the dark; he will lead them into light. Up from the void everywhere rises a despairing cry, Who will show us any good? And from the recesses of the Vatican palace he answers, "I will conduct you into the paths of all peace."

This, of course, or something like this, has ever been the aspiration of all the greater popes. But Leo differs from his predecessors in being more under the influence of the modern spirit, which has read a more mundane meaning into the words of Christ. It is reported of Anaxagoras that in his old age, having abandoned all interest in the politics of his time, he was reproached for ceasing to care for his country. "Be silent," he replied, "I have the greatest affection for my country," pointing upwards as he spoke, to the stars. It is in exactly the opposite direction that Leo has moved. No doubt, like all Christians, he would say that he set not his affections on things below, but on things above — that here he had no continuing city, but had a house eternal in the heavens; but that is no longer the note of Christian thought. Rather does he pray with our Lord, "Thy

kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" and in his vision of things to come he sees the kingdoms of the earth become the Lord's and his Christ's. It is to establish the city of God in the hearts and the lives of men, not in the future or beyond the grave, but here and now, that he has been called to the papal throne. Not from any mere lust of power and personal ambition, but with a genuine aspiration to be helpful to mankind, Leo dreams of re-establishing on a wider basis and a surer foundation the spiritual authority of Innocent the Third and of Gregory the Seventh. He feels himself called to make the holy see once more the active and omnipresent embodiment of the conscience of mankind. He is to be the organ through which God speaks, not merely concerning dogmas as to the divine attributes, or in defining differences between orthodox and heretical subtleties, but as the living guide, the lively oracle from which all races of mankind may derive the same practical and authoritative counsel that the Hebrews obtained from the Urim and the Thummim of their high-priest. Leo would fain be the Moses of the new exodus of humanity, their leader through the wilderness of sin to the promised land, in which all the evils of the existing society will be done away, and all things political and social will have become new.

Leo the Thirteenth is, in short, a pope who takes himself seriously, who believes in his divine mission, and who is penetrated by the conviction that the Church must address herself practically to the solution of all the pressing problems of life. *Homo sum, nihil humanum a me alienum puto*, takes with him a wider and nobler range. He is not merely a man among men, but representative of the God who hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth; therefore he must interest himself in every department of human life. All this, which may seem to some but as the wildest lunacy, and to others as insufferable arrogance, has indeed a very solid foundation. Whatever may be said against the Catholic Church, it does unquestionably represent an immense moral force. The most bigoted Protestant may therefore rejoice at the prospect of this moral force being directed to practical ends. Hitherto unquestionably the popes have not lived up to their privileges, and very few of them have even attempted to rise to the level of their opportunities. If Leo the Thirteenth is really about to

apply the vast moral force of which he is the official embodiment to the solution of the practical questions of the day, even those who are most sceptical about the supernatural grace on which he bases his claim, may well rejoice that so vast a moral influence is no longer to be wasted on theological puerilities and ecclesiastical trifles.

But alas! the moment the pope essays to make a step towards the realization of his world-wide ideal, he seems to be checked and thwarted by his earlier dream. When he would act as the conscience of mankind, he is in danger of being biased by his aspiration to be an Italian prince. When he attempts to set up a supreme tribunal for the guidance of humanity, the Italian limitations are apt to baffle him, and instead of being cosmopolitan, catholic, and impartial, he is tempted to become Roman, local, and partisan. If he is really to rise to the height of his greater ideal, he will have to make up his mind to sacrifice the smaller. If he would spread his wings over the whole world, he must desist from attempting to creep back into his Roman chrysalis. The new Moses will not make much of a success of his Exodus if he is perpetually struggling to get back to the flesh-pots of Egypt.

III.

THE best way to prove how incompatible are the two ideals is to set forth with such exactitude as is possible to those who have access to the best sources of information in Ireland and in Rome, the simple facts of the Persico mission. They illustrate forcibly the difficulties which render it impossible for any one who is first and foremost the Italian occupant of an Italian see adequately to fulfil the responsibilities incumbent upon the pontiff who would impartially discharge the duties of the keeper of the conscience of man.

The Persico mission was undertaken in the attempt made by the English government to enlist the authority of the holy see on the side of "law and order" in Ireland. A very interesting chapter may some day be written concerning the visits paid by the Irish bishops to Rome before this date, but this need not be dwelt upon now. Suffice it to say that although the pope was decidedly uneasy, owing to the representations of the English Catholics who through Cardinal Howard and Monsignor Stonor had always easy confidential means of access to his ear, he consoled

himself by reflecting upon the assurances of Archbishop Walsh, the proved fidelity of the Irish episcopate, and the fact that Cardinal Manning by no means shared the alarm of the English Catholics. But after the failure of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's well-meant attempt to govern without coercion, by putting "pressure within the law" upon the landlords who refused to make the necessary reductions of rent, a concerted effort was made to secure the services of the pope as Unionist Emergency Man in Ireland. After a good deal of secret intrigue, upon which it may be necessary hereafter to shed more light than would be at present desirable, very strong pressure was brought to bear upon the pope. Lord Salisbury had now fairly entered upon his policy of coercion, and the opposition of the Irish priests and bishops was the chief obstacle which baffled his efforts to reach his goal. It was hinted not obscurely that as Job did not serve God for naught, so the English government would handsomely requite the holy see for any services it might render in muzzling the Irish priests. It is obvious that any English government has many opportunities for doing a friendly turn to the pope. The empire of Britain stretches over all the continents and its shores are washed by all the seas. No other world dominion confronts the policy of Rome at so many points. Even leaving Ireland apart, the State which includes within its borders the Catholic *habitans* of Quebec, and in whose colonies see after see of the Church has been established within the lifetime of this generation, is a power with which it is important to be on good terms. Ever since the great convulsion of the sixteenth century, the two great world dominions of Rome and of Britain, the empire of the confessional and the empire of the sea, had confronted each other, either in open hostility or in silent antagonism. It was hinted to Leo the Thirteenth that if he were disposed to do his part, the English government was willing to abandon the policy of the cold shoulder and enter into more or less intimate diplomatic relations with the holy see.

It is not surprising that the pope lent a willing ear to those faithful Catholics who implored him to seize an opportunity so unprecedented for bringing the holy see into accord with the British Empire by accepting Lord Salisbury's overtures. Nothing seemed more natural to him than that he should endeavor to co-operate with the representative of law and order. Himself the greatest of all authorities, he

sympathized naturally with the authorities of Dublin Castle, and he had, on four previous occasions, made more or less feeble and ineffective efforts to restrain the priesthood in Ireland from participating in a revolutionary agitation, which in his opinion violated the moral law. The Holy Father was somewhat shy, but the bait was tempting. There was no question at first of securing the appointment of a nuncio at the court of St. James's, where none had been received for three hundred years, but much less than that would bring him perceptibly nearer to the goal of the temporal power. Mr. Gladstone, who has never purged himself from the offence of being the author of "Vaticanism," was known to be bitterly hostile to establishing diplomatic relations with the Vatican. Diplomatic relations only exist between temporal governments. Diplomacy is the intercourse of States. The pope has no temporal authority. The Papal States no longer exist. How then can a representative be accredited to the Vatican without implying the existence of some shadowy temporal sovereignty in the pope, which cannot co-exist with the integrity of the Italian kingdom? So reasoned the Liberal leader, and it was clear nothing could be obtained from him. The bait was all the more tempting because the pope knew that he could count upon no sympathy in his projects from Cardinal Manning. The cardinal-archbishop has never disguised his opinion that the appointment of a nuncio would be disastrous to the best interests of the Church. The pope, however, preoccupied in the cherished dream of regaining temporal sovereignty in Rome, held those scruples in light esteem, and after some coyness decided that the opportunity was too good to be lost. It was, however, necessary to proceed with caution. The memory of the smart rebuke given to the holy see by the doubling of the popular subscription to Mr. Parnell, as soon as it was known that the pope had condemned it, naturally made the Holy Father chary of courting such another reminder of the fact that the Catholics of Ireland were still of the opinion of O'Connell, who said that while they took their religion from Rome they would as soon take their politics from Stamboul.

The pope therefore decided to make a cautious move, and one to which no exception could be taken even by the most sensitive Irishman. Perplexed by conflicting representations, and grieved at the exacerbation of feeling consequent upon

the introduction of the Coercion Bill, what was more natural than that he should despatch a special mission charged with the duty of personally investigating on the spot the facts of the case? So it was announced, with considerable flourish of trumpets, that Monsignor Persico was appointed as a special commissioner for the holy see, to proceed to Ireland to inquire into and report upon the questions in dispute between the Irish and their rulers. Monsignor Persico was an Italian. He was a Capuchin friar, who held the titular archbishopric of Damietta, and who had been employed on many delicate diplomatic missions by the holy see in India, in Portugal, in Canada, and in South Carolina. His career illustrates at once the cosmopolitan nature of the Church, and the immense range of its activities. Excepting the British Empire, there is nothing like it in the world. Most of Monsignor Persico's life had been spent under the shadow of the British flag. He had acted as Catholic chaplain to the British troops in India; had founded and directed a Catholic college at Darjeeling, and when the fabric of our empire was temporarily submerged by the Mutiny, he was imprisoned by the Sepoys in the fortress of Agra. After his release he collected funds in Europe to repair the ruin wrought in Catholic edifices by the Mutiny, after which he became one of the most trusted envoys of the holy see. Thirty years ago he came to London on a special mission, connected with the interests of the Church, the memory of which is faint and dim. In 1863 he was despatched to America to endeavor to allay the popular excitement that prevailed among the Catholics of South Carolina at the close of the war. He took part in the Council of the Vatican, after which he was sent on a mission to India, where he presided over the establishment of the hierarchy. After this little was heard of him outside the Roman world until his selection as papal envoy to Ireland in June, 1888.

Monsignor Persico commanded the confidence of the pope, who selects as his favorites those who have rendered signal service to the Church. He was perfectly at home in English, of which his Holiness does not understand one word. He had performed many diplomatic missions with success. What was more natural than that at this juncture the pope should despatch him to Ireland to see what could be done? The fact that Monsignor Persico was not fitted personally to command

the confidence of the Irish people, does not seem to have occurred to the mind of the pope. Such, however, was unfortunately the fact. There are antipathies of race which no amount of logic or of grace can overcome, and the Irish, from prelate to peasant, did not take kindly to the Italian friar. In personal appearance, the envoy is not unlike an Italian peasant, somewhat stout, with a straggling grey beard, sly, half-shut eyes, and a certain oily suavity which filled the Irish with distrust. "I would not trust him further than I could throw him," said one Irish member; and it is an open secret that at least one Irish archbishop regarded him from the first with unconcealed distrust. As representative of the pope, he was everywhere received with enthusiastic demonstrations of respect, but Monsignor Persico did not personally inspire the Irish hierarchy with confidence.

Strict instructions were given to Monsignor Persico to avoid any appearance of being in connivance with the English government. So scrupulous, indeed, were the wirepullers, that Monsignor Persico was hurried to Dublin without being allowed to make any stay in London. By way of further keeping up the semblance of impartiality, Monsignor Gualdi was attached to the mission as Persico's secretary. Monsignor Gualdi, although an Italian like his chief, had enjoyed the advantage of having worked for many years among the Irish Catholics in London under the eye of Cardinal Manning. He understood Ireland, and was in such notorious sympathy with the popular aspirations that his selection as secretary was regarded as proof positive that the Persico mission was by no means intended to cover the muzzling of the clergy. But the lesson of the double-faced Janus has never been forgotten by the dwellers on the slopes of the Janiculum. Monsignor Gualdi accepted his mission in good faith. To quote his own simple words, spoken in Dublin immediately after his arrival, he believed that "the Holy Father wants to learn the condition of the country just as if he were seeing it with his own eyes. He wants to do good to Ireland. He wants to be able to speak from facts collected on the spot. He could not, of course, come over himself, and so he sent us." Such, at least, was the honest conviction of this honest priest. When events proved how much he had been misled, and Monsignor Persico found it necessary to disembarass himself of the assistance of a secretary who could not be bent to

the service of the English government, the good priest took it so much to heart that he took to his bed and died, chiefly, it is asserted in Rome, from a broken heart.

Monsignor Gualdi was from the first not in the confidence of the Italian camarilla from which Monsignor Persico drew his instructions. He thought, for instance, that the papal envoy, after making a comprehensive study of the Irish question, would return to Rome and report to the Holy Father. That, however, was not the intention of the pope. Monsignor Persico's mission was intended to be permanent. He was forbidden to return to Rome even when, like a true Italian, he pined for the blue sky, and fretted himself sick at the horror of wintering in these islands of the northern seas. Whether or not it was believed possible to develop the papal mission into a regular nunciature is buried in obscurity. What is known is that Monsignor Persico had positive orders to remain. If his health suffered in Ireland, he might be permitted to winter in England or Scotland, but outside of the three kingdoms he was not allowed to move. He might possibly have been here to this day but for the storm occasioned by the Rescript condemning the Plan of Campaign. But this is anticipating.

When Monsignor Persico first went to Ireland, he kept up appearances. He went direct to Archbishop Walsh, the eulogist, and possibly, if the truth were known, one of the originators of the Plan of Campaign, and for a time all went well. The archbishops and bishops were loud in their protestations of confidence in the sympathy of the holy see for Ireland. But, after a time, a change came over the spirit of their dream. Monsignor Persico began to inspire distrust. He oscillated between the dinner-tables of landlords and the palaces of the bishops. He was on good terms with men engaged in administering an act which the hierarchy, with almost unanimous voice, had branded as tyrannical and unjust. He certainly took no pains to establish confidential relations with the leaders of the popular party. He saw some of them in their turn, as he saw among others, on the other side, Richard Pigott, at that time flourishing on the money paid by the *Times* for his forgeries. A papal envoy sees all men, and it is not surprising that Monsignor Persico, who in America was reputed to be a friend of Patrick Ford of the *Irish World*, should have rubbed shoulders with Richard Pigott of the *Times*.

By-and-by, when Monsignor Persico went southward to Limerick, suspicion deepened into distrust, and distrust soon developed into a rooted conviction that the sly Italian was playing them false. What he wrote to Rome has never been published. It is a secret of the Vatican. But judging from common rumor, he constructed his reports on the principle of sitting on the fence. The Irish had grievances, — but they compromised their cause with violence. The English government was too severe, — but some of the priests were too keen politicians. Home rule was a just demand with modifications, — but the Plan of Campaign involved a breach of contract. All that summer the diplomatic dodgery went on, Monsignor Persico writing letters to the Vatican, and the Irish popular distrust of Persico deepening into detestation. But Monsignor Persico, not content with writing private representations to the pope, attempted to do a little "pacification" off his own bat. Being in confidential relations with the authorities, they apprised him from time to time when they intended imprisoning a priest. He then communicated with the bishop, who through his vicar-general put the screw upon the priest to induce him to act with the utmost caution and moderation, and above all not to do anything that might bring him under the lash of the Coercion Act. Perhaps nothing could be more natural, but to the Irish mind nothing could be more detestable, than the Italian emissary of the viceregent of God making himself the cat's-paw and the go-between of the English oppressors. So the summer passed, and when the winter came, Monsignor Persico drew up his report and repaired to Bournemouth, to await the return of spring, when he was once more to cross the Irish Sea.

IV.

WHILE Monsignor Persico was preparing the ground in Ireland, his allies had not been idle. The Jubilee of her Majesty had afforded an opportunity for an interchange of courtesies between the Vatican and St. James's, which it was determined to exploit to the uttermost. The pope had sent a special envoy to congratulate the queen. What more natural and fitting than that her Majesty's ministers should send a special envoy to the pope to return his compliments, and to see whether at the same time anything could be done to bring about those closer and more intimate relations upon which the pope had set his heart? The motive of

Persico's mission was pretty well understood at the Foreign Office, and it was deemed advisable that a serious effort should be made to bring matters to a head, and commit the pope to a policy of repression in Ireland. It was under these circumstances and with such hopes that the mission of the Duke of Norfolk was decided on.

The duke, who in England is a nonentity, is regarded at Rome with the respect due to a great noble who has preserved, in the midst of temptation, an unshaken loyalty to the holy see. One Howard sat in the Sacred College, and the ducal head of the family had always been a welcome visitor at the Vatican. In the councils of the Church, personal piety weighs for more than intellectual capacity, and the deficiencies of the duke in one direction were more than compensated in another. All things considered, it would probably have been difficult to find a more acceptable go-between than the duke. His task was comparatively simple. He had to intimate, in more or less guarded phrase, that her Majesty's ministers were not indisposed to do a little business with the holy see on the principle of *do ut des*. If the pope could see his way to use his moral influence to restrain the Irish bishops and clergy within the limits marked out by the English government, then, perhaps, the English government might see their way to meet the cherished aspirations of the holy see for the re-establishment of direct diplomatic relations between the Vatican and the court of St. James's. The Liberal government had for some time maintained, at a considerable economy of truth, a sort of unofficial representative at the Vatican in the person of Sir George Errington, and it was difficult to see what insuperable objection there could be to the accrediting of a British envoy on a regular footing. The duke was further in a position to intimate that, besides the re-establishment of diplomatic relations, something might be done in the shape of a substantial subsidy and government patronage for Catholic education in Ireland.

When the Duke of Norfolk arrived in Rome, he found the pope distracted by conflicting sympathies. Leo the Thirteenth had bestowed upon Ireland and Irish affairs much closer attention than many an English statesman. Some years before he had told Archbishop Croke that he was as good an Irishman as himself, and that he sincerely wished well to his Irish children, no one could doubt who ever met him. In conversations with

Archbishop Walsh he had completely reassured that astute and somewhat *rusé* prelate as to the genuine sympathy with which he regarded the Irish cause. So notorious were his tendencies, that Cardinal Howard, being asked on one occasion by an Irishwoman whether the pope would receive her, replied that there was no doubt of it, but that if she would say that she was a Home Ruler his Holiness would receive her with special favour. In this there is nothing surprising. Ireland is to the future of Catholicism what England has been to the Protestant world. Ireland has always been the Isle of the Saints, but few Englishmen understand that in the new world which is springing up around us the Irish are the missionary race. In a remarkable sermon which Bishop Vaughan preached many years ago in Rome, he brought out with extraordinary effect this too often unnoticed feature of the Irish character. But for the Irish the whole English-speaking world beyond the narrow limits of the Catholic caste in Great Britain would be almost exclusively Protestant. It is owing to Ireland—and to Ireland almost alone—that the holy see is able to establish its bishoprics in every land where the English tongue is spoken, and to encompass the world with churches not reared in *partibus infidelium*, but in the midst of the household of faith. The Irish brogue is as universal as the English language, and wherever there is the brogue there also is the mass.

In Rome there is the great ecclesiastical department of the Propaganda; but the real Congregation de Propaganda Fide upon which the Catholic church must depend for maintaining its hold upon the coming time is the Irish race with its cradle and its priest. Leo the Thirteenth must therefore feel intensely interested in the somewhat sombre fortunes of his missionary nation. But as he plaintively told Cardinal McCabe in 1882, “the condition of Ireland gives him more anxiety than comfort.” Again and again during his pontificate he has addressed letters to the Irish hierarchy, in which it is easy to discern the uneasiness and uncertainty with which he addresses himself to the solution of this thorny problem. Not even to the successor of St. Peter is vouchsafed that divine illumination whereby the Irish question can be understood. However infallible may be the guidance vouchsafed to the supreme pontiff in matters of faith and morals, in dealing with the complex political and social questions involved in the Irish question he is sometimes, like all

the rest of us, but as a child groping in the dark. Like less exalted mortals, the Holy Father can only act upon information received, and although he may occasionally be infallibly inspired, he is never infallibly informed. So far as can be judged from the documents contained in “*De Rebus Hiberniæ nuperrima Apostolicæ sedis Acta*,” he is ill at ease on the subject. He sees no light. He is dissatisfied with the existing condition of the country, but he had implicit confidence in Mr. Gladstone’s administration. Even when the Irish gaols had been crammed with untried prisoners, and Mr. Gladstone was plunging from the Coercion Act of Mr. Forster to the Coercion Act of Sir W. Harcourt, the pope did not hesitate to express his confidence that the statesmen who preside over the administration of Ireland would give satisfaction to the Irish when they demand what is just. He believed in the justice of those who ruled Ireland, “whose great experience is generally tempered with judgment.” Hence he deprecated excited feelings, and exhorted the people to follow none but moderate and just counsels, to obey their bishops, and not to fail in the religious observance of their duty. He is earnestly anxious for the welfare of Ireland, but he adds that it is not lawful to disturb order on account of it. So little did he appreciate the realities of the situation, that, after exhorting the people to give the utmost heed to their bishops, he found himself compelled to launch a circular against the Parnell testimonial, which was originated by Archbishop Croke and lavishly subscribed to by the people, because of the alacrity with which they followed the papal advice to pay heed to their bishops. Beyond the issue of more or less ineffective exhortations to moderation, which fell idly upon the ears of men whose own bishops declared, with a far clearer insight into the necessities of the situation, that energetic action was sounder policy, the pope did not venture upon any more drastic measures than to interdict the younger clergy from taking part in public meetings—an interdict which is practically a dead letter—and to condemn the Parnell Testimonial, with, as we have said, the immediate result of doubling the subscriptions.

So far, then, as the great experiment of restoring the authority of the mediæval popes has gone, it had not been a signal success, even in the Isle of the Saints, the closest Catholic preserve in the fold of the Church. In no country in the world are

the laity as faithful and as zealous as in Ireland. Archbishop Croke was able to prove to the pope that in his diocese ninety-four per cent. of the adult population regularly communicated. Unlike the rest of western Europe, the democratic movement in Ireland flows in Catholic channels. The bishops are the leaders of the people, the priests the tribunes of their flocks. Yet, the moment the pope ventured to stray beyond the innocuous region of pious commonplace, he was sharply told that "the paternal mind of the Holy Father, watchful as it ever was for the good of Ireland, had been greatly misled;" and his own bishops in their pastorals did not hesitate to warn him "how easy it would be to persuade a jealous and credulous race like the Irish that the pope had acted on erroneous, prejudiced, and one-sided information." The Irish are never slow to appeal *de Papa male informato ad melius informandum*. All this was not encouraging. But Leo the Thirteenth is not a man who is easily dismayed, and on the solicitation of the Duke of Norfolk he once more addressed himself to the question whether, as supreme pastor of the faithful, he could not take a more effective share in the guidance and governance of the Irish people.

A very interesting picture might be drawn of the daily life of the pope in his palace-prison at a time when he thus gravely essayed to intervene in the affairs of a distant island, whose troubles have been the despair of British statesmanship for centuries. In some respects it must be admitted that the spectacle is almost ideal. Imagine a pure, good, and able man, of more than threescore years and ten, rising at six o'clock on any given morning, after a sleep as untroubled as a child's, and setting about what is in his own honest conviction the discharge of his duty to God and his Church, by using his influence as the vicegerent of the Almighty to allay the troubles of Ireland. His authority, to begin with, is almost absolutely untrammelled. When Alexander the Third writes he uses M. de Giers as a pen. Cardinal Rampolla is equally the pen of Leo the Thirteenth. Around the papal throne are cardinals, and archbishops, and dignitaries of great place; but in all the brilliant throng there is no one who exercises any controlling influence over the detached and lucid intellect of the pope. Occasionally, earlier in his reign, they would endeavor to bring pressure to bear to induce him to adopt a policy to which he was disinclined. "What

you say," he would reply, "is very good, no doubt, but let it be done in a different way." And done it always was in Leo's way, until at last the cardinals desisted from making fruitless suggestions. He is so supreme that, compared with the elevation which he occupies, cardinals count for no more than deacons or even than acolytes. There are mutterings of discontent in the congregations from men who once counted for something in the Church, but now count for nothing; but on the whole the Sacred College recognizes with loyalty and pride the commanding ability and authoritative confidence of its chief. The pope therefore has a single mind, and he has an immense sense of his responsibility for the decisions at which he arrives. Every morning, before addressing himself to the direction of the affairs of this planet, he offers the sacrifice of the mass, and then for *gratiorum actio* attends a second mass, at which his chaplain is the celebrant. With a mind thus attuned to divine things, the pope then begins his working day. A single glass of coffee, tea, or milk suffices to break his fast. After going through his papers, he begins to receive about nine. From that hour till one in the afternoon the throng of visitors never slackens. Secretaries, ambassadors, cardinals from the congregation, distinguished strangers, bishops from afar, have audience in turn. There are twelve hundred bishops in the Catholic Church, and with all of them the pope is in more or less constant personal relations. Nothing can be more gracious, more animated, or more sympathetic than the manner of the pope. His eye, which when fixed in thought is deep and piercing, beams with kindliness, and the severely rigid lines of his intellectual features relax with the pleasantest of smiles as he talks, using, as the case may be, either French, Latin (which he speaks with great purity and facility), or his own musical native tongue. After four or five hours spent in this way, he returns to his papers and his books until three, when he dines. His meal is frugal; a little soup, two courses of meat with vegetables, and dessert of fruit, with one glass of strong wine, suffice for his wants. After dinner, he goes out for a drive or a walk in the gardens of the Vatican. In the evening he resumes his papers, and at night between nine and ten all the papal household assemble for the rosary, after which they retire to rest. But long after that hour the cardinal state secretary, Rampolla, or the under state secretary, Mo-

cenni, is often summoned to the papal apartments, where, by the light of the midnight lamp, Leo watches and thinks and prays for the welfare of the Church.

Here, if anywhere on the world's surface, it might be thought, was to be found a tribunal removed far from the distractions of this world, and fully aware of the enormous responsibility which presses with undivided force upon the supreme representative of the Christian conscience. Unfortunately, as the result proves, the tribunal, however ideal in theory, was as faulty in practice as if the successor of the fisherman, sitting in judgment upon the case of Ireland, had been an actual fisherman of Yarmouth voting on home rule without the protection of the Corrupt Practices Act.

When a pope is to be bribed, the *modus operandi* is more delicate than that practised in English elections by the man in the moon. The wirepullers of the holy see appealed to no sordid motives, which would obviously be out of place in so august a court. What they did was to use one of the papal ideals to obscure the other. They nobbled the vicar of Christ by exciting the expectations of the Italian prince. No one looking at the sequence of events can doubt that, but for pressure of this sort, the papal Rescript would never have been issued with such fatal precipitance. But the English government, represented by the English Catholics, were in a hurry, and the pope succumbed. Every consideration of duty and of expediency counselled delay. Monsignor Persico, who had been sent to Ireland on a special mission to enable the Holy Father to see things with his own eyes, had not reported. To ordinary mundane intelligence, it seems somewhat absurd to despatch a special commissioner to report upon the facts of a complex situation, and then to proceed to deliver judgment before you have had time to read your commissioner's report. A saving sense of humor would have saved the pope from such a blunder. But, unfortunately, the very excellence of the motives of the pope and his own strong sense of his supreme and divine position, seem to make him feel that he may without danger emancipate himself from the conditions which other men impose upon themselves as security against hasty and uninformed judgment. Monsignor Persico had written many letters, even if he had not drafted his final report. The Plan of Campaign had been before the world for more than eighteen months. If the pope were to render any

assistance worth paying for, it must not be delayed. So Leo the Thirteenth set himself to deliver judgment.

It is interesting to note how under such circumstances the supreme court of Christendom addresses itself to the consideration of the case before it. The organization of the holy see is admitted universally to be such a masterpiece of human wisdom, that the faithful may be excused for seeing in it the inspiration of heaven. Unfortunately, in the present instance, its deliberations can hardly be said to be worthy of imitation. To begin with, an Italian, spurred into action by English pressure and English temptation, decides to adjudicate upon one of the most difficult questions concerning the life of a nation, whose existence has been little better than one long martyrdom at the hands of the English. Having so decided, the pope, who has never been in Ireland, and who is incapable of speaking even one word of the language of the people, whose instincts are those of an authoritative ruler of a centralized organization, the mainstay of governments and the bulwark of conservatism and order, sends for Cardinal Rampolla, also an Italian, and communicates to him his intention. A committee is then constituted, composed either exclusively, or all but exclusively, of Italians, who have never been in Ireland and who are entirely out of touch with the solid realities of the situation, and to this committee the subject is referred for consideration. When this Italian committee meets in an Italian city, it communicates with the Italians, Simeoni and Jacobini, who are at the head of the Congregation de Propaganda Fide, and requests information. From this local branch of the intelligence department of the holy see a mass of documents is got together, reports from bishops and the like, and they are all passed on to the committee charged with the consideration of the question. That committee, after some more or less general discussion, according to the wont of such bodies, appoints one of its members, who like every one else is an Italian, to draw up a draft report, which after some further discussion is finally approved and sent on to the pope. The pope in his turn considers it apart, modifies it here and there, and finally issues it with his supreme authority, for the guidance of the Catholic Irish, who are taught from their infancy to regard him as their supreme and infallible guide in all matters of faith and morals.

That was the fashion in which the Re-

script was brought out. It is in this way that the vicegerent of eternal justice exercises his jurisdiction. From first to last there is no indication that one of these foreign priests took the trouble to inform himself at first hand of the facts on which he is called upon to pronounce judgment. During the conception of this extraordinary document, the Holy Father does not appear to have thought it worth while to communicate with his faithful bishops in Ireland, the most conspicuous of whom, Archbishop Walsh, had publicly committed himself to a defence of the Plan of Campaign. The result was what might have been anticipated. The Rescript condemning boycotting and the Plan of Campaign assumed as a postulate the existence of free contract between landlords and tenants in Ireland. Assuming that to exist which did not exist, its censure was nothing more than a shot fired in the air. *Bos locutus est*, and to as little purpose and with as little intelligence as is common to the species. It was a *brutum fulmen* which irritated without overawing, and alarmed without convincing those to whom it was addressed.

In Ireland the Rescript was received with an angry outburst of indignation which found a convenient whipping-boy in the papal envoy. Ever since the appearance of that sinister and ill-omened document, Monsignor Persico has been one of the most detested of living men. "And who is that?" said a recent distinguished visitor to Rome, as in the midst of a throng of ecclesiastics he saw a dignitary clad in the brown garb of a Capuchin friar. "Oh," said his cicerone, "that is Monsignor Persico." "The saints preserve us," was the reply; and the speaker, with horror and alarm on his features, crossed himself as diligently as if the shadow of the Evil One had fallen across his path. So vehement was the chorus of denunciation that Monsignor Persico was alarmed for his own safety. Incredible as it may appear to those who know how foreign such a crime is to the Catholic Irish, it is actually the fact that he believed and said that his life was in danger. It was with a feeling of profound relief that he received permission to return to Rome, where he is now looking after the Copts, and discharging the other duties which belong to the secretariat of the Oriental rites, to which he was promoted some months after his return.

Never for many years has there been such a commotion as was excited by the Rescript. The bishops of Ireland, with

one exception, omitted to publish it to their flocks. This recalcitrance excited the liveliest displeasure in the Vatican. Monsignor Mocenni, the under state secretary, an Italian who had had much experience of Vienna, but who regards Ireland from the conventional standpoint of ecclesiastical discipline, was scandalized. "They are revolutionaries," he exclaimed; "all revolutionaries—the whole people,—how dare they refuse to publish the Rescript in Ireland?" They did dare, and after a while they were able to convince the Holy Father that they were wiser in their disobedience than he was in his Rescript. The pope was sincerely alarmed by the storm which he had excited. All Ireland seemed to be up in arms, and the most faithful Catholics were those who took the lead in denouncing the Rescript. To add to the chagrin and disappointment of the well-meaning but injudicious pope, the only voices raised in approval were those of the habitual enemies of himself and his people, who hardly cared to conceal the note of mockery and exultation with which they hailed the discomfiture of the Irish Catholics. To delight the enemies of the faith and to fill the faithful with confusion and dismay was not exactly the end which the pope had set before himself when with unwise precipitance he plunged into the Irish bog. Fortunately he was wise enough and bold enough to see his mistake and to endeavor to reverse it. An apologetic explanation was published. All negotiations with the Duke of Norfolk were abruptly broken off. The duke suddenly returned to England from Italy without having the audience which had been arranged. Monsignor Persico was recalled, and since that date the holy see has suspended all further attempts to interfere in Irish affairs.

The formula under which this change of policy is concealed is a decision that before any fresh step is taken, the Irish and American bishops, and, if possible, those of Australia also, shall be consulted—a resolution of vast and far-reaching significance which it is satisfactory to have stated on indubitable authority.

V.

THE successor of the fisherman will have learnt an invaluable lesson if in future he refuses, being in Italy, to interfere with the man at the helm in Ireland. St. Peter would never have lived to be an apostle and the first Bishop of Rome, if, when the storm arose on the Galilean lake,

he had been compelled to steer his craft in obedience to orders shouted to him from men on the shore. At present Monsignor Persico has to bear the brunt of the blame, for the Church never hesitates to sacrifice its instruments in order to protect its head. But in the interests of truth, it is necessary to say quite clearly that it is the pope and not Monsignor Persico who must bear the blame for the recent peril into which the Church has been plunged in Ireland. Monsignor Persico's lips are closed for the present, and he cannot make any reply to the hurricane of abuse with which he has been overwhelmed. Should the time come when he can be heard in his own defence, the world and the Church will be surprised indeed.

It is therefore all the more incumbent upon those who know the facts as they are known in Rome to do an act of tardy justice to Monsignor Persico, who, so far from deserving the censure so freely heaped upon him, may fairly claim to have seen the rock upon which the Holy Father steered, and to have urged him, unfortunately in vain, to adopt an altogether different course from that which he persisted in pursuing.

This is a very grave statement, which is not made without positive knowledge at first hand of the facts. In justice to Monsignor Persico, it should be known in Ireland, —

1. That so far from the Rescript having been drawn up in accordance with his recommendations, there were few men in all Ireland more astonished, and it may be added dismayed, than was Monsignor Persico on the receipt of that fateful document. He was not consulted about it while it was in process of elaboration, he did not recommend that it should be issued, and the first intimation which he received that such a momentous step was to be taken was his receipt in common with the Irish bishops of the text of the Rescript.

2. That not only did Monsignor Persico not advise the publication of the Rescript, but in his reports, which he forwarded to the Vatican for the information of the Holy Father, he expressly and urgently deprecated any such precipitance, and implored the pope to do nothing whatever in Ireland until he had summoned the archbishops and one bishop from every province in Ireland to Rome, and had gone into all the questions of fact and of principle with those who were most competent to advise.

3. That when the pope, in his letter of June 24, 1888, defending his Rescript, told the Irish bishops that his sources of information were trustworthy, and that he could not be justly accused of having given judgment in a case with which he was insufficiently acquainted, because he had sent Monsignor Persico "with the commission to use the greatest diligence in ascertaining the truth and to make a faithful report to us," he seems to have implied that his Rescript was based upon the report of Monsignor Persico. Although the pope may have read the earlier letters of his envoy, the contrast between Monsignor Persico's final advice and the pope's action seems to indicate that his *Relazione* had not even been perused by the pope before he launched the Rescript which created so much heart-burning in Ireland.

4. That Monsignor Persico, so far from desiring to make the Church the tool of the English government, declared throughout that it was fatal to the influence of the holy see in Ireland that the pope's action should be in any way suspected to be prompted by England. He had considerable experience in negotiating with Catholic governments, and his conviction was very strong that the expectations of the pope of gain from diplomatic relations with England were mistaken. They would not strengthen, and they might easily weaken, the authority of the Church. The hierarchy of Ireland, he maintained, were the true and proper channels through whom all communications should take place between the pope and the Irish people.

These statements are not made without a full sense of the grave responsibility attaching to their publication. They are capable of conclusive demonstration. The pope has only to ask Cardinal Rampolla to bring him Monsignor Persico's *Relazione*, to note the date on which that report was read by the pope, to compare that date with the date of the Rescript, and then to compare the recommendations of Monsignor Persico with the statements made above. It is impossible, of course, for any one else to verify the accuracy of what will no doubt be regarded in Ireland as an astounding and almost incredible revelation, but the appeal may be made without hesitation to Rome. The pope, the cardinal state secretary, and the Archbishop of Damietta know the facts, and they know that they are substantially as herein stated. This being so, is it not about time that a more charitable judg-

ment of Monsignor Persico began to prevail in Ireland?

Much more important, however, than the rehabilitation of the Archbishop of Damietta, is the lesson which this story teaches as to the perils which encompass the Church when the sovereign pontiff, the successor of the prince of the apostles, and the vicar upon earth of our Lord himself, can thus set at defiance the ordinary rules of statesmanship. It is not enough to have your head in the clouds. You must have your feet firmly planted upon solid facts.

The pope's ideal of embodying the voice of the Christian conscience is an admirable one; but it requires omniscience for its realization. If he would essay to prescribe for the moral and spiritual ailments of mankind, the first condition is a careful diagnosis of the state of his patient. It does not do to send "a man of tried prudence and discretion" to report upon a case, and then to prescribe without waiting to read his report. No amount of respect due to the holiness of his office, or the excellence of his intentions, can prevent the pope from making grievous mistakes prejudicial to his own authority if he ventures to pronounce judgment upon subjects which he does not fully understand, without taking the advice of those who are on the spot, and whose authority he is always exhorting the faithful to obey.

The root of the difficulty seems to lie in the extent to which the Catholic Church has been Italianized and centralized. If the pope is to fulfil his great ideal he will have to shake himself free from the influences of the Vatican. The atmosphere of the place, the traditions and associations which cling to its very walls, and the all-pervading presence of the Italian cardinals and great officials, render it impossible for him to rise to the height of his great conception of his rôle as the mouthpiece of the conscience of universal Christendom which speaks with the voice of God. Until he has definitely rid himself of the desire to re-establish a temporal authority in a second-rate European city, that minor and earthly ambition will continually obscure his higher and brighter ideal, and lead him into devious courses which will impair his influence even in the Catholic world. Nor is it only in the distraction afforded by the petty anxieties connected with the dream of reviving his sovereignty in the States of the Church that the Italianization of the holy see works evil. The autocratic associations

of the Cæsars still haunt the imperial city. The idea of centralization is one of the most inveterate of the moral miasmas of Rome. Of course if the pope could claim special divine revelation affording him infallible guidance both as to the facts and as to the judgment to be pronounced on those facts, there could be no more to be said. But as not even the most extravagant infallibilist ventures to make such a claim, the pope will find, like other great secular governments, that decentralization is the condition of efficiency and even of existence. Home Rule is the key to the solution of other problems than those of the British Empire. The pope, no doubt, will have his uses even when the affairs of each province of the Catholic world are left chiefly to the guidance of the local hierarchy. But the allowance of a larger liberty to the local churches in all matters social and political is the indispensable condition of any intelligent direction of the moral force of Catholicism to the solution of the difficulties and to the satisfaction of the wants of the human race.

All these considerations point in one and the same direction, and they are powerfully reinforced by the most conspicuous political phenomenon of our day. We stand at the dawn of a new epoch which, from the point of view of universal history, is quite as momentous as that in which the northern tribes broke in upon and destroyed the fabric of the moribund Empire of Rome. It was the supreme merit of the Catholic Church that, amid the crash of the earlier world, it recognized with a sure prevision that the past was gone irrevocably, and that the future lay with the fierce warriors from the fastnesses and forests of the north. It remains to be seen whether the Church will be as quick to discern the salient feature of the great transformation through which the world is passing to-day. It is a revolution vaster and more rapid than that which founded the modern European world on the wreck and ruin of the Roman Empire. The world is passing into the hands of the English-speaking races. Already the English tongue is becoming the *lingua franca* of the planet. Already the territories over which the laws are made and justice administered in the language of Shakespeare and of Bacon exceed in wealth, in extent, in the number of their populations, and in the limitless latent possibilities of their development, all other lands ruled by all other nations of the earth. In a hundred years, unless

the progress of this marvellous transformation is suddenly checked in some manner as yet inconceivable, the English speakers will outnumber all the men of other tongues in the world. Italian, Spanish, and French will be but local dialects of as little importance, except for literature, as Erse and Welsh. English ideas, English laws, English civilization, are becoming as universal as the English speech. Alone among the races the English have escaped the curse of universal military service. Alone among the nations they have learnt to combine liberty and law, and to preserve an empire by the timely concession of local self-government. Whether we welcome or whether we deplore the prospect, the fact is unmistakable — the future of the world is English.

What, then, is to be the attitude of the holy see in face of this strange remaking of the world? Upon the answer to that question depends the future of the Church. If she still aspires to exercise her beneficent dominion over the new and the coming world, she will follow the example of the great popes who created Europe out of the chaos of barbarian invasion. She will no more seek to restore papal sovereignty in the capital of Italy, than a thousand years ago she sought to revive the proconsuls of the Empire or to restore the Cæsars. Let the dead past bury its dead. Rome, once the world's centre, is now a mere provincial town, in an out-of-the-way corner of a small inland sea. The headquarters of the Church, in the days when she was a living reality, gravitated by a natural law to the centre of empire. If she is still to be a living reality, presiding over the development of our civilization and mothering the children of men, then she will be true to the law of her being and establish the seat of her sovereign pontiff in the centre where sovereignty resides. Rome is of the old world, archaic, moribund, and passing away. The centre, the capital, and the mother city of the new world which Catholicism must conquer or perish, is not to be found on the banks of the Tiber, but on the Thames.

Nor is it only on political, geographical, and ethnological grounds that the papacy must be Occidentalized — Anglicized or Americanized. The whole lesson of the Persico incident, and of many another incident like it, is that the more sedulously the pope endeavors to fulfil his high mission, the more necessary is it that he should avail himself of those plain and simple principles of common sense applied to the art of government which are the

pre-eminent endowment of the English-speaking world. These principles are those of liberty and local self-government. They will never get a fair chance of being worked into the bones and marrow of the Catholic Church until we have a pope who thinks English.

So clearly does this appear that after long and careful survey of the situation at Rome and throughout the world, it does not seem presumptuous to conclude this paper with a prophecy. It may be that the Church of Rome has played her part in the affairs of men and that in the new English-speaking era, on the threshold of which mankind is standing, there may be no more than a niche in a Roman museum for the successor of Hildebrand. In that case, whether the pope stays in Rome or goes to Seville or Innsbruck or Minorca does not matter. But if there be any real substance of truth in the pope's belief that the Catholic Church is the chosen instrument whereby infinite wisdom inspired by eternal love works out the salvation of the world, then as certainly as it was necessary for a persecution to arise to scatter the first Christians from Jerusalem so that they might carry the seed of faith over the Roman world, not less certainly shall we see in a few years, or even it may be a few months, the breaking of a storm which will compel the pope to fly from the Eternal City — never to return. And in that hour when those who hate the Church fill the air with insult and exultation, and when those who love her more in her accidents than in her essence are abased to the dust with humiliation and shame, then to the eye of faith the enforced hegira of the pope from the Latin to the English world will be regarded as the supreme affirmation of the providential mission of the Church — a new divine commission for her to undertake on a wider basis the great task of rebuilding the city of God.

From The Spectator.

THE PAPACY.

It might have been expected that the very doubtful success of the *Contemporary's* excursion into the regions of sensationalism during the spring would have acted as a warning to the editor, and that the vamped-up and fictitious nature of the revelations contained in the article on the relations of Bismarck and the emperor Frederick and his consort, would have

put a stop to the discovery in the future of similar mare's-nests. Such, however, has not been the result, and this month's issue contains a paper on the papacy — described on the title-page as "A Revelation and a Prophecy" — which for pompous fatuity is absolutely unsurpassable. Though the reader will soon weary of the windy rhetoric in which the pope is now patted on the back, and now reprovved with a good-humored condescension which, while it notices, makes allowances for his weaknesses, it is impossible not to be amused by the assumption that the writer knows exactly what passes at the Vatican. The pith of the article, as we have noticed elsewhere, is contained in the statement that Leo XIII. did not wait for Monsignor Persico's report before he published the Rescript, and that the Irish commissioner was horrified by its appearance. Monsignor Persico, we are told, had by no means advised the condemnations it contained, but had, instead, counselled the pope to be led by the Irish bishops, and to do nothing that could look like helping the English government. The display of more than official gravity with which these facts are supported is delicious: —

These statements are not made without a full sense of the grave responsibility attaching to their publication. They are capable of conclusive demonstration. The pope has only to ask Cardinal Rampolla to bring him Monsignor Persico's *Relazione*, to note the date on which that report was read by the pope, to compare that date with the date of the Rescript, and then to compare the recommendations of Monsignor Persico with the statements made above. It is impossible, of course, for any one else to verify the accuracy of what will no doubt be regarded in Ireland as an astounding and almost incredible revelation, but the appeal may be made without hesitation to Rome. The Pope, the Cardinal State Secretary, and the Archbishop of Damietta know the facts, and they know that they are substantially as herein stated. This being so, is it not about time that a more charitable judgment of Monsignor Persico began to prevail in Ireland?

Probably most people will find this quotation sufficient. For the benefit, however, of those who would like, by means of internal criticism, to make a guess at the author of the article, and to find out who it is who so naïvely professes to possess an Olympian omniscience, we may notice the following facts. At the beginning of the article there is a comparison of the pope, Bismarck, and the czar, in which occurs the following passage: —

Prince Bismarck is intensely human. He stands before us as the very incarnation of masterful man. He lives before us, complete in all human relations, with his wife, his sister, his sons, his dogs, his pipe, and his beer; he touches the common life of his day at every point. It is the same with the Tzar: although in his case he is more withdrawn from the public gaze, he shares not less fully the ordinary life of the ordinary man. As father, as husband, as master, as friend, he is a man among men; nor does the burden of empire separate him from the simple family joys and natural every-day cares of the human home. But the Pope stands apart.

In view of this charming piece of fine writing, it is hardly necessary to recall the name of the writer, who finds it as difficult to keep the emperor of Russia out of his pages as did Mr. Dick Charles I., and who would perish rather than not spell with a "T" the august monosyllable he so frequently invokes. Then, again, we are told that it is "all Lombard Street to a China orange" in favor of the pope adopting "a world-wide" instead of an Italian ideal. Who can fail to recognize the genuine thunder here? More convincing, however, than even the czar or the "China orange" are the skilfully managed references to the efforts made to secure the services of the pope "as Unionist Emergency man in Ireland," or the delicate and yet forcible phrase, "They nobbled the vicar of Christ by exciting the expectations of the Italian prince." Readers of the *Pail Mail Gazette* can hardly have forgotten the magnificent head-lines, — "The Pope Nobbled," "The Holy Father as Balfour's Emergency Man," and the rest, which delighted their eyes some six months ago. To find our old evening fare re-dished with such an air of mystery, and garnished by apparent peeps into the inmost pontifical closet, is quite a pleasant surprise.

From Temple Bar.

SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

CHAPTER XV.

GREAT philosophers and profound metaphysicians should by rights have lived at Slumberleigh. Those whose lines have fallen to them "ten miles from a lemon," have time to think, if so inclined.

Only elementary natures complain of their surroundings; and though at first Ruth had been impatient and depressed,

after a time she found that, better than to live in an atmosphere of thought, was to be thrown entirely on her own resources, and to do her thinking for herself.

Some minds, of course, sink into inanition if an outward supply of nutriment is withheld. Others get up and begin to forage for themselves. Happy are these — when the transition period is over — when, after a time, the first and worst mistakes have been made and suffered for, and the only teaching that profits anything at all, the bitter teaching of experience, has been laid to heart.

Such a nature was Ruth's, upright, self-reliant, without the impetuosity and impulsiveness that so often accompanies an independent nature, but accustomed to look at everything through her own eyes, and to think, but not till now to act for herself.

She had been brought up by her grandmother to believe that before all things *noblesse oblige*; to despise a dishonorable action, to have her feelings entirely under control, to be intimate with few, to be courteous to all. But to help others, to give up anything for them, to love an unfashionable or middle-class neighbor, or to feel a personal interest in religion, except as a subject of conversation, had never found a place in Lady Deyncourt's code, or consequently in Ruth's, though, as was natural with a generous nature, the girl did many little kindnesses to those about her, and was personally unselfish, as those who live with self-centred people are bound to be if there is to be any semblance of peace in the house.

But now, new thoughts were stirring within her, were leavening her whole mind. All through these monotonous months she had watched the quiet routine of patient effort that went to make up the sum of Mr. Alwynn's life. He was a shy man. He seldom spoke of religion out of the pulpit, but all through these long months he preached it without words to Ruth, as she had never heard it preached before, by

the best portion of a good man's life —
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

It was the first time that she had come into close contact with a life spent for others, and its beauty appealed to her with a new force, and gradually but surely changed the current of her thoughts, until, as "we needs must love the highest when we see it," she unconsciously fell in love with self-sacrifice.

The opinions of most young persons, however loudly and injudiciously proclaimed, rarely do the possessors much harm, because they are not as a rule acted upon; but with some few people a change of views means a change of life. Ruth was on the edge of a greater change than she knew.

At first she had often regretted the chapter of her life that had been closed by Lady Deyncourt's death. Now, she felt she could not go back to it, and find it all-sufficient as of old. It would need an added element, without which she began to see that any sort or condition of life is but a stony, dusty concern after all — an element which made even Mr. Alwynn's colorless existence a contented and happy one.

Ruth had been telling him one day, as they were walking together, of her sister's plans for the winter, and that she was sorry to think her time at Slumberleigh was drawing to a close.

"I am afraid," he said, "in spite of all you say, my dear, it has been very dull for you here. No little gaieties or enjoyments such as it is right young people should have. I wish we had had a picnic, or a garden party, or something. Mabel Thursby cannot be happy without these things, and it is natural at your age that you should wish for them. Your aunt and I lead very quiet lives. It suits us, but it is different for young people."

"Does it suit you?" asked Ruth with sudden earnestness. "Do you really like it, or do you sometimes get tired of it?"

Mr. Alwynn looked a little alarmed and disconcerted. He never cared to talk about himself.

"I used to get tired," he said at last, with reluctance, "when I was younger. There were times when I foolishly expected more from life than — than, in fact, I quite got, my dear; and the result was, I fear I had a very discontented spirit — an unthankful, discontented spirit," he repeated with sad retrospection.

Something in his tone touched Ruth to the quick.

"And now?"

"I am content now."

"Uncle John, tell me. How did you grow to feel content?"

He saw there were tears in her eyes.

"It took a long time," he said. "Anything that is worth knowing, Ruth, takes a long time to learn. I think I found in the end, my dear, that the only way was to put my whole heart into what I was doing" (Mr. Alwynn's voice was simple

and earnest, as if he were imparting to Ruth a great discovery). "I had tried before, from time to time, of course, but never quite as hard as I might have done. That was where I failed. When I put myself on one side, and really settled down to do what I could for others, life became much simpler and happier."

He turned his grave, patient eyes to Ruth again. Was something troubling her?

"I have often thought since then," he went on, speaking more to himself than to her, "that we should consider well what we are keeping back our strength for, if we find ourselves refusing to put the whole of it into our work. When at last one does start, one feels it is such a pity one did not do it earlier in life. When I look at all the young faces growing up around me, I often hope, Ruth, they won't waste as much time as I did."

How simple it seemed while she listened to him; how easy, how natural, this life for others!

She could not answer. One sentence of Mr. Alwynn's was knocking at the door of her heart for admission; was drowning with its loud beating the sound of all the rest:—

"We should consider well what we are keeping back our strength for, if we refuse to put the whole of it into our work."

She and Mr. Alwynn walked on in silence; and after a time, always afraid of speaking much on the subject that was first in his own mind, he began to talk again on trivial matters, to tell her how he had met Dare that morning, and had promised on her behalf that she would sing at a little local concert which the Vandon schoolmaster was getting up that week to defray the annual expense of the Vandon cricket club, and in which Dare was taking a vivid interest.

"You won't mind singing, will you, Ruth?" asked Mr. Alwynn, wishing she would show a little more interest in Dare and his concert.]

"Oh no, of course not," rather hurriedly. "I should be glad to help in any way."

"And I thought, my dear, as it would be getting late, we had better accept his offer of staying the night at Vandon."

Ruth assented, but so absently that Mr. Alwynn dropped the subject with a sigh, and walked on, revolving weighty matters in his mind. They had left the woods now, and were . . . where, two months ago, . . . been held. Mr. Alwynn made some slight allu-

sion to it, and then coughed. Ruth's attention, which had been distracted, came back in a moment. She knew her uncle had something which he did not like, something which yet he felt it his duty to say, when he gave that particular cough.

"That was when you were staying with the Danverses, wasn't it, Ruth?" in a would-be casual, disengaged tone.

"Yes; I came over from Atherstone with Molly Danvers."

"I remember," said Mr. Alwynn, looking extremely uncomfortable; "and—if I am not mistaken—ahem! Sir Charles Danvers was staying there at the same time?"

"Certainly he was."

"Yes, and I dare say, Ruth—I am not finding fault, far from it—I dare say he made himself very agreeable for the time being?"

"I don't think he made himself so. I should have said he was naturally so, without any effort, just as some people are naturally the reverse."

"Indeed! Well, I have always heard he was most agreeable; but I am afraid—I think perhaps it is just as well you should know—forewarned is forearmed, you know—that, in fact, he says a great deal more than he means sometimes."

"Does he? I dare say he does."

"He has a habit of appearing to take a great interest in people, which I am afraid means very little. I dare say he is not fully aware of it, or I am sure he would struggle against it, and we must not judge him; but still, his manner does a great deal of harm. It is peculiarly open to misconstruction. For instance," continued Mr. Alwynn, making a rush as his courage began to fail him, "it struck me, Ruth, the other day—Sunday, was it? Yes, I think it *was* Sunday—that really he had not much to ask me about his week-day services. I—ahem! I thought he need not have called."

"I dare say not."

"But now, that is just the kind of thing he *does*—calls, and, er—under chestnut-trees, and that sort of thing—and how *are* young people to know unless their elders tell them that it is only his way, and that he has done just the same ever so often before?"

"And will again," said Ruth, trying to keep down a smile. "Is it true (Mabel is full of it) that he is engaged, or on the point of being so, to one of Lord Hope-Acton's daughters?"

"People are always saying he is engaged, first to one person and then another."

er," said Mr. Alwynn, "I am more freely now that his duty . . .

"It often grieves me that your aunt mentions his engagement so confidently to friends, because it gives people the impression that we know, and we really don't. He is a great deal talked about, because he is such a conspicuous man in the county, on account of his wealth and his place, and the odd things he says and does. There is something about him that is different from other people. I am sure I don't know why it is, but I like him very much myself. I have known him do such kind things. Dear me! What a pleasant week I had at Stoke Moreton last year! It is beautiful, Ruth; and the collection of old papers and manuscripts unique. Your aunt was in Devonshire with friends at the time. I wish he would ask me again this autumn, to see those charters of Edward IV.'s reign that have been found in the secret drawer of an old cabinet. I hear they are quite small, and have green seals. I wish I had thought of asking him about them on Sunday. If they are really small — but it was only Archdeacon Eldon who told me about them, and he never sees anything any particular size — if they should happen to be really small —" And Mr. Alwynn turned eagerly to the all-engrossing subject of the Stoke Moreton charters, which furnished him with conversation till they reached home.

"We should consider well what we are keeping back our strength for, if we refuse to put the whole of it into our work."

All through the afternoon and the quiet monotonous evening, these words followed Ruth. She read them between the lines of the book she took up. She stitched them into her sewing. They went upstairs with her at night, they followed her into her room, and would not be denied. When she had sent away her maid, she sat down by the window, and, with the full harvest moon for company, faced them and asked them what they meant. But they only repeated themselves over and over again. What had they to do with her? Her mind tried to grapple with them in vain. As often as she came to close quarters with them they eluded her and disappeared, only to return with the old formula.

Her thoughts drifted away at last to what Mr. Alwynn had said of Charles, and all the disagreeable things which Mabel had come up on Monday morning, with a bunch of late roses, on purpose to tell her respecting him. She had taken Mabel's information at its true worth, which I fear

was but small; but she felt annoyed that both Mabel and Mr. Alwynn should have thought it necessary to warn her. As if, she said to herself, she had not known! Really, she had not been born and bred in Slumberleigh, nor had she lived there all her life. She had met men of that kind before. She always liked them. Charles especially amused her, and she could see that she amused him; and, now she came to think of it, she supposed he had paid her a good deal of attention at Atherstone, and perhaps he had not come over to Slumberleigh expressly to see Mr. Alwynn. It was as natural to men like Charles to be always interested in some one, as it would be unnatural in others ever to be so, except as the result of long forethought, and with a wedding ring and a set of bridesmaids well in view. But to attach any importance to the fact that Charles liked to talk to her would have been absurd. With another man it might have meant much; but she had heard of Charles and his misdoings long before she had met him, and knew what to expect. Lord Breakwater's sister had confided to her many things respecting him, and had wept bitter tears on her shoulder, when he suddenly went off to shoot grizzlies in the Rocky Mountains.

"He has not sufficient vanity to know that he is exceedingly popular," said Ruth to herself. "I should think there are few men, handicapped as he is, who have been liked more entirely for themselves, and less for their belongings; but all the time he probably imagines people admire his name, or his place, or his income, and not himself, and consequently he does not care much what he says or does. I am certain he does not mean to do any harm. His manner never deceived me for a moment. I can't see why it should others; but from all accounts he seems to be frequently misunderstood. That is just the right word for him. He is misunderstood. At any rate I never misunderstood him. That Sunday call might have made me suspicious of any ordinary mortal; but I knew no common rule could apply to such an exception as he is. I only wonder, when he really does find himself in earnest, how he is to convey his meaning to the future Lady Danvers. What words would be strong enough; what ink would be black enough to carry conviction to her mind?"

She smiled at the thought, and, as she smiled, another face rose suddenly before her — Dare's, pale and serious, as it had been of late, with the wistful, anxious

eyes. *He*, at least, had meant a great deal, she thought with remorse. *He* had been in earnest, sufficiently in earnest to make himself very unhappy, and on her account.

Ruth had known for some time that Dare loved her; but to-night that simple unobtrusive fact suddenly took larger proportions, came boldly out of the shadow, and looked her in the face.

He loved her. Well, what then?

She turned giddy, and leaned her head against the open shutter.

In the silence the words that had haunted her all the afternoon came back; not loud as heretofore, but in a whisper, speaking to her heart, which had begun to beat fast and loud.

"We should consider well what we are keeping back our strength for, if we refuse to put the whole of it into our work."

What work was there for her to do?

The giddiness and the whirl in her mind died down suddenly, like a great gust on the surface of a lake, and left it still and clear and cold.

The misery of the world and the inability to meet it had so often confused and weighed her down, that she had come back humbly of late to the only possibility with which it was in her power to deal, come back to the well-worn groove of earnest determination to do as much as in her lay, close at hand, when she could find a field to labor in. And now she suddenly saw, or thought she saw, that she had found it. She had been very anxious as to whether Dare would do his duty, but till this moment it had never struck her that it might be *her* duty to help him.

She liked him; and he was poor—too poor to do much for the people who were dependent on him, the poor struggling people of Vandon. Their sullen, miserable faces rose up before her, and their crazy houses. Fever had broken out again in the cottages by the river. He needed help and encouragement, for he had a difficult time before him. And she had these to give, and money too. Could she do better with them? She knew Mr. Alwynn wished it. And as to herself? Was she never going to put self on one side? She had never liked any one very much—at least, not in that way—but she liked him.

The words came like a loud voice in the silence. She liked him. Well, what then?

She shut her eyes, but she only shut out the moon's pale photographs of the

fields and woods. She could not shut out these stern besieging thoughts.

What was she holding back for? For some possible ideal romantic future; for the prince of a fairy story? No? Well, then, for what?

The moon went behind a cloud, and took all her photographs with her. The night had turned very cold.

"To-morrow," said Ruth to herself, rising slowly; "I am too tired to think now. To-morrow!"

And as she spoke the faint chime of the clock upon the table warned her that already it was to-morrow.

And soon, in a moment, as it seemed to her, before she had had time to think, it was again to-morrow, a wet, dim to-morrow, and she was at Vandon, running up the wide stone steps in the starlight, under Dare's protecting umbrella, and allowing him to take her wraps from her before the hall fire.

The concert had gone off well. Ruth was pleased. Mr. Alwynn was pleased. Dare was in a state of repressed excitement, now flying into the drawing-room to see if there were a good fire, as it was a chilly evening; now rushing thence to the dining-room to satisfy himself that all the immense and elaborate preparations which he had enjoined on the cook had been made. Then, Ruth must be shown to her room. Who was to do it? He flew to find the housekeeper, and after repeated injunctions to the housemaid, whom he met in the passage, not to forget the hot water, took Mr. Alwynn off to his apartment.

The concert had begun, as concerts always seem to do, at the exact time at which it is usual to dine, so that it was late before the principal performers and Mr. Alwynn reached Vandon. It was later still before supper came, but when it came it was splendid. Dare looked with anxious satisfaction over a soup-tureen at the various spiced and glazed forms of indigestion, sufficient for a dozen people, which covered the table. It grieved him that Ruth, confronted by a spreading ham, and Mr. Alwynn, half hidden by a boulder of turkey, should have such moderate appetites. But at least she was there, under his roof, at his table. It was not surprising that he could eat nothing himself.

After supper, Mr. Alwynn, who combined the wisdom of the worldly serpent with the harmlessness of the clerical dove, fell—not too suddenly—asleep by the

fire in the drawing-room, and Ruth and Dare went into the hall, where the piano was. Dare opened it and struck a few minor chords. Ruth sat down in a great carved armchair beside the fire.

The hall was only lighted by a few tall lamps high on pedestals against the walls, which threw great profiles of the various busts upon the dim bas-reliefs of twining scroll-work; and Dare, with his eyes fixed on Ruth, began to play.

There is in some music a strange appeal beyond the reach of words. Those mysterious sharps and flats, and major and minor chords, are an alphabet that in some occult combinations forms another higher language than that of speech, a language which, as we listen, thrills us to the heart.

It was an old piano, with an impediment in its speech, out of the yellow notes of which Ruth could have made nothing; but in Dare's hands it spoke for him as he never could have spoken for himself.

His eyes never left her. He feared to look away, lest he should find the presence of that quiet graceful figure by his fireside had been a dream, and that he was alone again with the dim lamps, alone with Dante, and Cicero, and Seneca.

The firelight dwelt ruddily upon her grave, clear-cut face and level brows, and upon the folds of her white gown. It touched the slender hands clasped lightly together on her knee, and drew sudden sparks and gleams out of the diamond pin at her throat.

His hands trembled on the keys, and as he looked his heart beat high and higher, loud and louder, till it drowned the rhythm of the music. And as he looked, her calm eyes met his.

In another moment he was on his knees beside her, her hands caught in his trembling clasp, and his head bent down upon them.

"I know," he gasped, "it's no good. You have told me so once. You will tell me so again. I am not good enough. I am not worthy. But I love you; I love you!"

In moments of real feeling the old words hold their own against all modern new-comers. Dare repeated them over and over again in a paroxysm of overwhelming emotion which shook him from head to foot.

Something in his boyish attitude and in his entire loss of self control touched Ruth strangely. She knew he was five or six years her senior, but at the moment she felt as if she were much older than he, and a sudden vague wish passed

through her mind that he had been nearer her in age; not quite so young.

"Well?" she said gently; and he felt her cool, passive hands tremble a little in his. Something in the tone of her voice made him raise his head, and meet her eyes looking down at him, earnestly, and with a great kindness in them.

A sudden eager light leapt into his face.

"Will you?" he whispered breathlessly, his hands tightening their hold of hers. "Will you?"

There was a moment's pause, in which the whole world seemed to stand quite still and wait for her answer.

"Yes," she said at last, "I will."

"I am glad I did it," she said to herself half an hour later, as she leaned her tired head against the carved oak chimney-piece in her bedroom, and absently traced with her finger the Latin inscription over the fireplace. "I like him very much. I am glad I did it."

CHAPTER XVI.

FOR many years nothing had given Mr. Alwynn such heartfelt pleasure as the news Ruth had to tell him, as he drove her back next morning to Slumberleigh, behind Mrs. Alwynn's long-tailed ponies.

It was a still September morning, with a faint pearl sky and half-veiled silver sun. Pale gleams of sunshine wandered across the busy harvest fields, and burnished the steel of the river.

Decisions of any kind rarely look their best after a sleepless night; but as Ruth saw the expression of happiness and relief that came into her uncle's face, when she told him what had happened, she felt again that she was glad — very glad.

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" — Mr. Alwynn was driving the ponies first against the bank, and then into the opposite ditch — "how glad I am; how thankful! I had almost hoped, certainly; I wished so much to think it possible; but, then, one can never tell. Poor Dare! poor fellow! I used to be so sorry for him. And how much you will be able to do at Vandon among the people! It will be a different place. And it is such a relief to think that the poor old house will be looked after. It went to my heart to see the way it had been neglected. I ventured this morning, as I was down early, to move some of that dear old Worcester further back into the cabinet. They really were so near the edge, I could not bear to see them; and I found a Sevres saucer, my dear, in the library, that belonged to one

of those beautiful cups in the drawing-room. I hope it was not very wrong, but I had to put it among its relations. It was sitting with a Delf mug on it, poor thing. Dear me! I little thought then — Really, I have never been so glad about anything before.”

After a little more conversation, and after Mr. Alwynn had been persuaded to give the reins to his niece, who was far more composed than himself, his mind reverted to his wife.

“I think, my dear, until your engagement is more settled, till I have had a talk with Dare on the subject (which will be necessary before you write to your Uncle Francis), it would be as well not to refer to it before — in fact, not to mention it to Mrs. Alwynn. Your dear aunt’s warm heart and conversational bent make it almost impossible for her to refrain from speaking of anything that interests her; and indeed, even if she does not say anything in so many words, I have observed that opinions are sometimes formed by others as to the subject on which she is silent, by her manner when any chance allusion is made to it.”

Ruth heartily agreed. She had been dreading the searching catechism through which Mrs. Alwynn would certainly put her — the minute inquiries as to her dress, the hour, the place; whether it had been “standing up or sitting down;” all her questions of course interwoven with personal reminiscences of “how John had done it,” and her own emotion at the time.

It was with no small degree of relief at the postponement of that evil hour that Ruth entered the house. As she did so a faint sound reached her ear. It was that of a musical-box.

“Dear! dear!” said Mr. Alwynn, as he followed her. “It is a fine day. Your aunt must be ill.”

For the moment Ruth did not understand the connection of ideas in his mind, until she suddenly remembered the musical-box, which, Mrs. Alwynn had often told her, was “so nice and cheery on a wet day, or in time of illness.”

She hurriedly entered the drawing-room, followed by Mr. Alwynn, where the first object that met her view was Mrs. Alwynn extended on the sofa, arrayed in what she called her tea-gown, a loose robe of blue cretonne, with a large vine-leaf pattern twining over it, which broke out into grapes at intervals. Ruth knew that garment well. It came on only when Mrs. Alwynn was suffering. She had worn it

last during a period of entire mental prostration, which had succeeded all too soon an exciting discovery of mushrooms in the glebe. Mr. Alwynn’s heart and Ruth’s sank as they caught sight of it again.

With a dignity befitting the occasion, Mrs. Alwynn recounted in detail the various ways in which she had employed herself after their departure the previous evening, up to the exact moment when she slipped going up-stairs, and sprained her ankle, in a blue and green manner that had quite alarmed the doctor when he saw it, and compared with which Mrs. Thursby’s gathered finger in the spring was a mere bagatelle.

“Mrs. Thursby stayed in bed when her finger was bad,” said Mrs. Alwynn to Ruth, when Mr. Alwynn had consoled, and had made his escape to his study. “She always gives way so; but I never was like that. I am up all the same, my dear.”

“I hope it does not hurt very much,” said Ruth, anxious to be sympathetic, but succeeding only in being commonplace.

“It’s not only the pain,” said Mrs. Alwynn, in the gentle, resigned voice which she always used when indisposed — the voice of one at peace with all the world, and ready to depart from a scene consequently so devoid of interest; “but to a person of my habits, Ruth — never a day without going into the larder, and always seeing after the servants as I do — first one duty and then another — and the chickens and all. It seems a strange thing that I should be laid aside.”

Mrs. Alwynn paused, as if she had not for the nonce fathomed the ulterior reasons for this special move on the part of Providence, which had crippled her, while it left Ruth and Mrs. Thursby with the use of their limbs.

“However,” she continued, “I am not one to repine. Always cheery and busy, Ruth; that is my motto. And now, my dear, if you will wind up the musical-box, and then read me a little bit out of ‘Texts with Tender Twinings’” (the new floral manual which had lately superseded the “Pearls”), “after that we will start on one of my scrap-books, and you shall tell me all about your visit to Vandon.”

It was not the time Ruth would have chosen for a *tête-à-tête* with her aunt. She was longing to be alone, to think quietly over what had happened, and it was difficult to concentrate her attention on pink and yellow calico, and cut out colored royal families, and foreign birds, with a good grace. Happily Mrs. Alwynn,

though always requiring attention, was quite content with the half of what she required; and, with the "Buffalo Girls" and the "Danube River" tinkling on the table, conversation was somewhat superfluous.

In the afternoon Dare came, but he was waylaid in the hall by Mr. Alwynn, and taken into the study before he could commit himself in Mrs. Alwynn's presence. Mrs. Thursby and Mabel also called to condole, and a little later Mrs. Smith of Greenacre, who had heard the news of the accident from the doctor. Altogether it was a delightful afternoon for Mrs. Alwynn, who assumed for the time an air of superiority over Mrs. Thursby to which that lady's well-known chronic ill-health seldom allowed her to lay claim.

Mrs. Alwynn and Mrs. Thursby had remained friends since they had both arrived together as brides at Slumberleigh, in spite of a difference of opinion which had at one time strained friendly relations to a painful degree, as to the propriety of wearing the hair over the top of the ear. The hair question settled, a temporary difficulty, extending over a few years, had sprung up in its place, respecting what Mrs. Thursby called "family." Mrs. Alwynn's family was not her strong point, nor was its position strengthened by her assertion (unsupported by Mrs. Markham), that she was directly descended from Queen Elizabeth. Consequently, it was trying to Mrs. Thursby—who, as every one knows, was one of the brainless Copleys of Copley—that Mrs. Alwynn, who in the lottery of marriage had drawn an honorable, should take precedence of herself. To obviate this difficulty, Mrs. Thursby, with the ingenuity of her sex, had at one time introduced Mr. and Mrs. Alwynn as "our rector," and "our rector's wife," thus denying them their name altogether, for fear lest its connection with Lord Polesworth should be remembered, and the fact that Mr. Alwynn was his brother, and consequently an honorable, should transpire.

This peculiarity of etiquette entirely escaped Mr. Alwynn, but aroused feelings in the breast of his wife which might have brought about one of those deeply rooted feuds which so often exist between the squire's and the clergyman's families, if it had not been for the timely and serious illness in which Mrs. Thursby lost her health, and the principal part of the other subject of disagreement—her hair.

Then Queen Elizabeth and the honorable were alike forgotten. With her own

hands Mrs. Alwynn made a certain jelly, which Mrs. Thursby praised in the highest manner, saying she only wished that it had been the habit in *her* family to learn to do anything so useful. Mrs. Thursby's new gowns were no longer kept a secret from Mrs. Alwynn, to be suddenly sprung upon her at a garden party, when, possibly in an old garment herself, she was least able to bear the shock. By-gones were by-gones, and, greatly to the relief of the two husbands, their respective wives made up their differences.

"And a very pleasant afternoon it has been," said Mrs. Alwynn, when the Thursbys and Dare, who had been loth to go, had taken their departure. "Mrs. Thursby and Mabel, and Mrs. Smith and Mr. Dare. Four to tea. Quite a little party, wasn't it, Ruth? And so informal and nice; and the buns came in as naturally as possible, which no one heard me whisper to James for. I think those little citron buns are nicer than a great cake like Mrs. Thursby's; and hers are always so black and overbaked. That is why the cook sifts such a lot of sugar over them. I do think one should be real and not try to cover up things. And Mr. Dare so pleasant. Quite sorry to go he seemed. I often wonder whether it will be you or Mabel in the end. He ought to be making up his mind. I expect I shall have a little joke with him about it before long. And such an interest he took in the scrap-book. I asked him to come again to-morrow."

"I don't expect he will be able to do so," said Mr. Alwynn. "I rather think he will have to go to town on business."

Later in the evening, Mr. Alwynn told Ruth that in the course of his interview he had found that Dare had the very vaguest ideas as to the necessity of settlements; had evidently never given the subject a thought, and did not even know what he actually possessed.

Mr. Alwynn was secretly afraid of what Ruth's trustee, his brother, Lord Polesworth (now absent shooting in the Rocky Mountains), would say if, during his absence, their niece was allowed to engage herself without suitable provision; and he begged Ruth not "to do anything rash" in the way of speaking of her engagement, until Dare could, with the help of his lawyer, see his way to making some arrangement.

"I know he has no money," said Ruth quietly; "that is one of the reasons why I am going to marry him."

Mr. Alwynn, to whom this seemed the

most natural reason in the world, was not sure whether it would strike his brother with equal force. He had a suspicion that when Lord Polesworth's attention should be turned from white goats and brown bears to the fact that his niece, who had means of her own, had been allowed to engage herself to a poor man, and that Mr. Alwynn had greatly encouraged the match, unpleasant questions might be asked.

"Francis will be back in November," said Mr. Alwynn. "I think, Ruth, we had better wait till his return before we do anything definite."

"Anything *more* definite, you mean," said Ruth. "I have been very definite already, I think. I shall be glad to wait till he comes back, if you wish it, Uncle John. I shall try to do what you both advise. But at the same time I am of age; and if my word is worth anything, you know I have given that already."

Dare felt no call to go to London by the early train on the following morning, so he found himself at liberty to spend an hour at Slumberleigh Rectory on his way to the station, and by the advice of Mr. Alwynn went into the garden, where the sound of the musical-box reached the ear but in faint echoes, and where Ruth presently joined him.

In his heart Dare was secretly afraid of Ruth; though, as he often told himself, it was more than probable she was equally afraid of him. If that was so, she controlled her feelings wonderfully, for, as she came to meet him, nothing could have been more frankly kind, more friendly, or more composed than her manner towards him. He took her outstretched hand and kissed it. It was not quite the way in which he had pictured to himself that they would meet; but if his imagination had taken a somewhat bolder flight in her absence, he felt now, as she stood before him, that it had taken that flight in vain. He kept her hand, and looked intently at her. She did not change color, nor did that disappointing friendliness leave her steady eyes.

"She does not love me," he said to himself. "It is strange, but she does not. But the day will come."

"You are going to London, are you not?" asked Ruth, withdrawing her hand at last; and after hearing a detailed account of his difficulties and anxieties about money matters, and after taking an immense weight off his mind by telling him that they would have no influence in causing her to alter her decision, she sent

him beaming and rejoicing on his way, quite a different person from the victim of anxiety and depression who had arrived at Slumberleigh an hour before.

Mrs. Alwynn was much annoyed at Dare's entire want of heart in leaving the house without coming to see her, and during the remainder of the morning she did not cease to comment on the differences that exist between what people really are and what they seem to be, until, in her satisfaction at recounting the accident to Evelyn Danvers, a new and sympathetic listener, she fortunately forgot the slight put upon her ankle earlier in the day. The complete enjoyment of her sufferings was, however, destined to sustain a severe shock the following morning.

She and Ruth were reading their letters, Mrs. Alwynn, of course, giving Ruth the benefit of the various statements respecting the weather which her correspondents had confided to her, when Mr. Alwynn came in from the study, an open letter in his hand. He was quite pink with pleasure.

"He has asked me to go to see them," he said, "and they *are* small, and have green seals, all excepting one"—referring to the letter—"which has a big red seal in a tin box, attached by a tape. Ruth, I am perfectly *convinced* beforehand that those charters are grants of land of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Sir Charles mentions that they are in black letter, and only a few lines on each, but he says he won't describe them in full, as I must come and see them for myself. Dear me! how I shall enjoy arranging them for him, which he asked me to do! I had really become so anxious about them, that a few days ago I determined to set my mind at rest, and I wrote to him to ask for particulars, and that is his answer."

Mr. Alwynn put Charles's letter into her hand, and she glanced over it.

"Why, Uncle John, he asks Aunt Fanny as well; and—'if Miss Deyncourt is still with you, pleasure,' etc.—and *me*, too!"

"When is it for?" asked Mrs. Alwynn, suddenly sitting bolt upright.

"Let me see. 'Black letter size about'—where is it? Here. 'Tuesday, the 25th, for three nights. Leaving home following week for some time. Excuse short notice,' etc. It is next week, Aunt Fanny."

"I shall not be able to go," gasped Mrs. Alwynn, sinking back on her sofa, while something very like tears came into her eyes; "and I've never been there,

Ruth. The Thursbys went once, in old Sir George's time, and Mrs. Thursby always says it is the show place in the county, and that it is such a pity I have not seen it. And last autumn, when John went, I was in Devonshire, and never even heard of his going till I got home, or I'd have come back. Oh, Ruth! Oh, dear!"

Mrs. Alwynn let her letters fall into her lap, and drew forth the colored pocket-handkerchief which she wore, in imitation of Mabel Thursby, stuck into the bodice of her gown, and at the ominous appearance of which Mr Alwynn suddenly recollected a duty in the study and retreated.

With an unerring instinct Ruth flew to the musical-box and set it going, and then knelt down by the prostrate figure of her aunt, and administered what sympathy and consolation she could, to the "cheery" accompaniment of the "Buffalo Girls."

"Never mind, dear Aunt Fanny. Perhaps he will ask you again when you are better. There will be other opportunities."

"I always was unlucky," said Mrs. Alwynn faintly. "I had a swelled face up the Rhine on our honeymoon. Things always happen like that with me. At any rate,"—after a pause—"there is *one* thing. We ought to try to look at the bright side. It is not as if we had not been asked. We have not been overlooked."

"No," said Ruth promptly; and in her own mind she registered a vow that in her future home she would never give the pain that being overlooked by the larger house can cause to the smaller house.

"And I will stay with you, Aunt Fanny," she went on cheerfully. "Uncle John can go by himself, and we will do just what we like while he is away, 'won't we?"

But at this Mrs. Alwynn demurred. She was determined that if she played the *rôle* of a martyr she would do it well. She insisted that Ruth should accompany Mr. Alwynn. She secretly looked forward to telling Mabel that Ruth was going. She did not mind being left alone, she said. She desired, with a sigh of self-sacrifice, that Mr. Alwynn should accept for himself and his niece. She had not been brought up to consider herself, thank God. She had her faults, she knew. No one was more fully aware of them than herself; but she was not going to prevent others enjoying themselves because she herself was laid aside.

"And now, my dear," she said, with a sudden return to mundane interests that

succeeded rather unexpectedly to the celestial spirit of her previous remarks, "you must be thinking about your gowns. If I had been going, I should have had my ruby satin done up—so beautiful by candle-light. What have you to wear? I saw a lace tea-gown with the silver-grey train is very nice; but you ought not to be in half-mourning now. I like to see young people in colors. And then there is that gold and white brocade, Ruth, that you wore at the drawing-room last year. It is a beautiful dress, but rather too quiet. Could not you brighten it up with a few cherry-colored bows about it, or a sash? I always think a sash is so becoming. If you were to bring it down, I dare say I could suggest something. And you must be well dressed, for though he only says 'friends,' you never can tell whom you may not meet at a place like that."

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE FRENCH IN GERMANY.

In the beginning of May, M. St-Genest published two very sensible articles in the *Figaro* against the cry for revenge. He plainly informed his countrymen that only such people were speaking of war who risked nothing because they had nothing to lose; the French liked to be considered a warlike people, and to be told that their enemies were afraid of them, but as to a real war for reconquering Alsace and Lorraine, all the propertied classes would be against it, because they would suffer most by it after the introduction of universal service. The old accounts of Jena had been settled once for all by Frankfort, so the French had better keep silent. There is a good deal of truth in this; the fear of the Germans is much stronger than the hatred which Frenchmen entertain against them, but the danger lies in the passiveness of the masses, which may be carried away by noisy demagogues, and the Parisian populace, who have nothing to lose. We have had a foretaste of this in the insult offered to the late king of Spain, as well as in the outcry of the French press when a visit of the emperor William the Second and the king of Italy to Strasburg seemed imminent. That visit was undoubtedly planned, the horses of the emperor were on their way to Alsace, and bills were posted at Strasburg for his reception, when Bismarck and Crispi interfered, and prevented what they justly considered an

unnecessary provocation; so the matter was allowed to drop, and General Menabrea informed M. Spuller that his sovereign never thought of returning by way of Strasburg. Nevertheless, the fact is that, whilst the emperor had a clear right to visit his Alsatian capital and show it to his royal guest, the exercise of this right was considered by the French press as an unwarrantable outrage. The danger, therefore, remains that some unforeseen incident may produce a conflict, however it may be abhorred by both nations at large, the more so as the political air of Europe is charged with electricity.

In this condition of things it may not be without interest to show, by a retrospective glance on the relations of France and Germany, that M. St-Genest was not only right in maintaining that the peace of Frankfurt should be considered as a final settlement of the disputes of the two countries, and as the end of the French intermeddling with internal German politics, but how immeasurably more Germany has suffered by France in the course of the last centuries than *vice versâ*.

I.

THAT era of intervention began when King Francis the First, by a lavish outlay for buying up the votes of the electoral princes, tried for the German imperial crown. He was beaten by his rival, Charles the First of Spain, who outbid him,* who was supported by the pope and by the influential Frederic of Saxony, and by his German origin was more welcome to the electors, afraid that the French king would reduce their dependence to the level of his nobles. Charles the Fifth, uniting the crowns of Germany, the Netherlands, and Spain, might have been the most powerful sovereign of his age if he had understood the signs of the time; but he ardently hated the religious reform† which was the great moving force of those days, and that brought him into conflict with the German Lutheran princes. The wily Francis the First, religiously indifferent, persecuting the Reformed creed in his country with a zeal worthy of the praise of Leo the Tenth, lost no opportunity in supporting the Protestant League

of Schmalkalden against the emperor, and at the same time, to the horror of the whole Christian world, made a covenant with Sultan Soliman, inciting him to attack the emperor in his Austrian hereditary estates. In the long struggle between Charles and Francis were many ups and downs, military as well as diplomatic, and it cannot be doubted that the emperor's perverse hatred against the Protestant creed, the unscrupulous means by which he tried to suppress it in Germany, as he had done in the Netherlands, Spain, and Austria, and to establish his own absolute power, forced the German princes to avail themselves of his enemy's support in order to escape annihilation; but the foundation for French intervention in German affairs was thus laid, which has continued up to our days. When after Francis's death the emperor threatened to become all powerful, the German princes, under the leadership of Maurice of Saxony, applied for help to Henry the Second, and accepted the king's condition, that the Imperial cities Metz, Toul, Verdun, and Cambrai should henceforth belong to France—a concession which curiously illustrated the proclamation in which, at opening the war, Henry called himself the champion of German liberty, and protested that he had only taken up arms against the emperor by warm and disinterested inclination for the German nation, which, as he hoped, would reward him for such great benefit by an everlasting thankfulness. One of his German partisans, Markgraf Albert of Brandenburg-Culmbach, called himself a servant of the French monarch, and adopted the lilies of France in his colors. The king lost no opportunity of preventing the settlement of the religious conflicts within the empire, of fostering the distrust of the German princes against Charles the Fifth's intentions, which unhappily was but too well founded; at the same time he induced the Turks to reject the humiliating proposals for peace of the emperor's brother Ferdinand the First, and, after the accession of Pope Paul the Fourth, a deadly foe of the house of Habsburg, made a league with him in order to crush the Spanish dominion in Italy. It was thus that Henry the Second, who cruelly persecuted the Protestants in France, and ordered a general massacre for the re-establishment of the Catholic faith in England by Queen Mary, forced the emperor to conclude the religious peace of Augsburg (1555) with the Protestant princes, which annihilated his whole life's endeavors to crush the

* "Cogimur huic electioni totis viribus intendere et quia ali sunt, qui huic coronæ cæsareæ quoque innitentur et pro ea ingentem vim pecuniarum offerant, et ceteros electores in hac parte." (Charles to his brother-in-law, King Charles the Second of Denmark, April 8, 1519.)

† In a letter to Pope, Clement the Twelfth (Dec. 23, 1723), he called Luther "hominem post homines natos scelestissimum."

new doctrine — a humiliation which, tired as he was, determined him to depose his crowns, and to bury himself in a Spanish convent, where he concluded his days. By the treaty of Vaucelles (February, 1556) Metz, Toul, and Verdun were definitely ceded to France.

Queen Catherine of Medici, in the first part of her reign, was inclined to come to an understanding with the French Protestants in order to vanquish her great foe, Philip the Second of Spain; and King Anton of Navarre proposed to the German Evangelical princes a general league of all Protestant powers, to be headed by Elizabeth of England, against the enemies of their faith. But the Guises, who were in Philip's service, adroitly availed themselves of the theological hatred of the German Lutherans against the French Calvinists for dissuading them to enter upon these offers, and so the project came to nothing; nay, some of these Lutheran princes, incited by their fanatic pastors, drew the sword for the French crown against the Huguenots, and were amply rewarded for this ill-advised help by Spanish and French gold. When, however, Catherine was forced in 1570 to make peace with the Huguenots at St. Germain-en-Laye, Charles the Fourth sent Kaspar von Schomberg on a mission to the Protestant German princes, proposing a defensive alliance against Spain and the pope, if they would vote at the Reichstag for the abandonment of the Flemish provinces to France, and for raising the king, or at least a French prince, to the German throne. Nor were these offers unfavorably received, those princes being afraid lest the crown might become hereditary in the house of Habsburg, their principal foe, and considering that, in yielding to the wishes of the king, they might impose upon him stringent conditions for this and that benefit of the Protestant creed. It was only by the sudden reversal of Catherine's policy, which led to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, that this plan remained barren. The renewed attempts of Henry of Navarre, supported by Elizabeth, to bring about a general Protestant league, were baffled by the fanaticism of the Lutheran zealots against the Calvinists, and only the constant civil wars of France prevented the internal struggles of Germany from having still worse consequences. It was different when, since the accession of Henry the Fourth, those civil contests were quelled; his tolerant wisdom indeed pursued as principal aim a general Protestant league

against the encroachments of the house of Habsburg, led by the Jesuits; but even in his project of a Christian European republic it was provided that never two princes of the same house should successively be invested with the German imperial dignity, in order to make the inherent weakness resulting from the electoral monarchy everlasting. It is, however, impossible not to acknowledge that in Henry the Fourth's policy general and generous instincts prevailed, and that his influence in Germany has been several times a favorable one; but when, under his successor, Richelieu became first and nearly omnipotent minister (1624), the intervention of France in German affairs took a most pernicious character. It may be said that in the prior part of his tenure of power his activity was mainly directed towards emancipating Germany from the crushing sway of the bigoted Habsburg; but since Gustav Adolf of Sweden, supported by French subsidies, had made important conquests, Richelieu saw that by adroitly shuffling the cards he might realize a similar gain for France, and was resolved to push on the war till the exhaustion of all parties allowed him to secure his prey. He did not live to see his projects fully realized, but his successor Mazarin continued his work in the same spirit, and the peace of Westphalia not only confirmed the French possession of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, but enlarged it by the acquisition of the landgraviate of Upper and Lower Alsace, Sundgau, Brisach, and the right of the important fortresses of Pignerol. The Netherlands and Switzerland were definitely severed from Germany, and Sweden obtained large possessions on the German soil; but perhaps the most ill-omened clause of that treaty was the right accorded, by the influence of France, to all estates of the Empire of concluding alliances between each other and with foreign powers. It was, indeed, added that such alliances should not endanger the safety of the Empire, but that provision proved perfectly nugatory, and since the accession of Louis the Fourteenth the majority of the German princes, ecclesiastical as well as secular, were simply in French pay, and seconded, or at least suffered, that ambitious sovereign's encroachments upon German soil. France at that time was the strongest and most concentrated monarchy of Europe. Louis was fortunate enough to find in Colbert the man who knew how to develop, in an unheard-of manner, the re-

sources of the country, who created a navy and a colonial empire, and at the same time the king happened to have generals like Condé and Turenne. Germany, on the contrary, was completely exhausted by the cruel Thirty Years' War, which had reduced the number of its inhabitants to one-third, and the peace of Westphalia had provided no means for healing these wounds. Louis unscrupulously availed himself of this condition of things in order to enlarge his dominions; he founded the Rhenish Alliance, of which he was a member, but in fact the head, gave salaries to its princes and their ministers, as well as to German professors, such as Herman Conring, who even proposed to elect the king German emperor, and thus had numerous means for entertaining discord among the Germans. Being in the pay of Louis, the members of the Rhenish Alliance bound themselves not to allow the passage of the Imperial troops through their territories, when the king attacked the southern Netherlands, and by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1668) obtained some of their most important fortresses. At the same time Antoine Auberg, a royal councillor and attorney of the Parisian Parliament, published a book, in which he tried to prove that the greatest part of Germany was the old patrimony of the French monarch. This being rather too strong even for the German princes, they complained at Paris, and the king for decency's sake sent Auberg to the Bastille, but soon released him with an ample gratification; that book, in fact, was the forerunner of the ill-famed *Chambres de Réunion*. He expelled the duke of Lorraine from his capital Nancy, and took possession of the duchy, which was under the protection of the German Empire. He induced the Rhenish princes, by lavish subsidies, to assist him in his attack on the Dutch republic, although its fall would have constituted the greatest danger for Germany. He conquered Burgundy, which belonged to the Empire, and, notwithstanding the horrid atrocities which his troops had perpetrated in neutral German territories, had the audacity to declare to the Diet of Ratisbon that he believed he had sufficiently proved how much he had at heart Germany's welfare. The peace of Nimwegen (1673) left France in possession of Valenciennes, Condé, Cambrai, Ypres, Maubeuge, and the whole of Burgundy; it obtained the important fortress of Friburg in Brisgau, the key of the Black Forest and of Suabia, as well as the

free passage to Brisach. The only German prince who had taken up arms for Germany and the Dutch republic, and who had defeated the Swedes in the victorious battle of Fehrbellin, Frederic William of Brandenburg, was abandoned to the vengeance of the French monarch, and obliged to ask from him terms by which he was allowed to keep only a small part of his Pomeranian conquests. Louis the Fourteenth at that epoch was at the height of his power; Charles the Second was kept in his dependence by the Duchess of Portsmouth; the Dutch were glad to have escaped perdition: the emperor was humbled; and the *roi soleil* by his prestige was, in fact, the arbitrator of Europe, who could boast of the best army and navy, and had the first generals and statesmen. This success only increased his thirst for conquests, and it was divided Germany again which had to pay the costs. At the instigation of Roland de Ravoulx, Parliamentary councillor at Metz, he established in the latter place, Brisach, Besançon, and Tournay, the ill-famed *Chambres de Réunion*, charged to investigate what territories had formerly belonged to the late French conquests, and to decree that the former should be reunited to the latter. These new-fangled authorities did their work thoroughly and pronounced duchies and principalities, in the whole nearly six hundred cities, villages, market-places, etc., to be the lawful property of the French crown. The first to be sacrificed were ten free cities of Alsace, and then Strasburg, which was not conquered, but surrendered by traitors debauched by French gold, whereby, independently from the material acquisition, the south of Germany was opened to the attacks of the Most Christian king, who at the same time incited the sultan to declare war against the emperor; and although, to his great disappointment, the capture of Vienna was prevented by the joint endeavors of Count Stahremberg, the citizens of the capital, Charles of Lorraine, and Truchsess,* most of his encroachments were finally ratified by the helpless Diet of Ratisbon. If by an act of internal policy, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in consequence of which his most industrious subjects found a new home in Germany, Louis has benefited that country, it was certainly against his will blinded by fanaticism; the series of his arbitrary interferences in German af-

* It is a Polish fable that Vienna was saved by Sobieski (cf. Mansberg, *Die Belagerung von Wien*).

fairs suffered, however, no interruption. When in 1688 the Archbishop of Cologne died, the French ambassador at Ratisbon declared that his master would not allow any intervention of third parties in the election of the successor, and that if such should nevertheless be tried, the king would march one hundred thousand men into Germany.* In his anger at the Imperial successes against the Turks by the capture of Belgrade, he took pretext of the perfectly legitimate succession of Prince William of Neuburg in the Palatinate to declare war against the Empire on account of such usurpation, and by the most atrocious devastations to turn into wildernesses the whole Palatinate, the greater part of the margraviate of Baden and of the electorate of Trèves; Heidelberg, Speier, and Worms† were reduced to ruins, and while thousands of innocent inhabitants of these unfortunate countries perished by the sword or starvation, Louis caused medals to be struck in honor of these victories, and Boileau exclaimed, "Grand roi, cesse de vaincre ou je cesse d'écrire."

In the peace of Ryswick (1697) Louis was indeed compelled by the exhaustion of France to restore Kehl, Philippsburg, Friburg, and Brisach, but he kept Strassburg and the full sovereignty over the other Imperial cities and possessions in Alsace. Besides, he introduced into Art. 4 a clause according to which, in the territories restored by France to their former proprietors, the Catholic religion, which the king, after his conquests, had tried to make predominant by all means, should remain in its present state—a clause which became a new apple of discord between German parties. This proved the more important for the king, as in his favorite plan of obtaining the Spanish succession for his house, it was of the greatest value to him to keep Germany divided and unable to help Austria in her resistance against the project of uniting the French and Spanish crowns. For that purpose he made an alliance with Bavaria, which placed twenty-five thousand men at his disposal, and in return received, besides ample subsidies, the king's promise to procure to the elector

the possession of the Palatinate, and to acknowledge the royal title, if he should think fit to adopt it. The second treaty of alliance was concluded with Max Emanuel of Bavaria's brother, the elector of Cologne, who likewise for large sums of money placed auxiliary troops at the disposal of Louis and opened his fortresses to the king. These proceedings, however, brought the other powers to realize the danger which would menace the European equipoise and themselves if France should succeed in her attempt; they felt, as already the Great Elector had remarked, that the scent of the fleur-de-llys was getting too strong in Europe; the great alliance between Austria, Great Britain, and the Dutch Estates-General was concluded, and when the Bavarian elector overtook by surprise the fortress of Ulm, in order to keep aloof the Imperial general Margrave Louis of Baden, the Empire joined in the declaration of war against France. Moreover, in order to win Prussia's support, the emperor in this critical situation overcame his envy against the new power, and consented to the assumption of the royal title by Frederic the First. Under the command of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy the allies completely routed the French at Höchstädt (1704), so that Louis in his dismay is said to have exclaimed, "Le bon Dieu a donc oublié tout ce que j'ai fait pour lui." At Ramillies the French lost most of the Flemish provinces, and the defeat at Oudenarde brought them to the verge of ruin. Louis was obliged to ask for peace from those very Dutch whom he was accustomed to treat contemptuously as shopkeepers and frogs in their fens. After protracted negotiations, the peace of Utrecht was signed in April, 1713, which declared that the union of the French and Spanish crowns on the same head was incompatible with the European equipoise; as to the rest, England obtained the lion's share, Germany was anew enfeebled by a long warfare on her soil, Tyrol was devastated by the Bavarians, Bavaria by the allies, the rest of southern Germany by the French, who extorted not less than nine million florins from that unfortunate country. After twenty years of peace, which mostly were due to the determinate position of King Frederic William the First of Prussia, war broke out again in 1733 by the endeavor of Louis the Fifteenth to embody definitely Lorraine in his dominions. He forthwith occupied Kehl, and after that act of overt hostility declared at the Diet of Ratisbon

* Dangeau, *Mém. et Journal*, ii. 46, 7 juin, 1688: "Le roi a fait déclarer à la Diète de Ratisbonne, que, si quelqu'un vouloit traverser l'élection d'un électeur de Cologne, il marcheroit en Allemagne avec 100,000 hommes."

† The present archivist of Worms has calculated that the damage sustained by that city alone was three million thalers—a sum which, according to the present value of money, is certainly equal to 3,000,000*l*.

that, intending no conquests, he had only done so in order to prevent the German princes from assisting the emperor's special aims against France. In the question of the Polish succession by the preliminaries of Vienna (1735) the cession of Lorraine was indeed obtained, Duke Francis the Third of Lorraine being indemnified by the succession in Tuscany, Germany thus again paying the price of the peace, although the antipathy of the Lorrainers against their new masters was such that, during the first years, no French soldier could dare to show himself out of his garrison without risk of being insulted and even killed.*

The great elector of Brandenburg, when compelled to make his peace with Louis the Fourteenth, had prophesied "*Exoriare aliquis ex ossibus ultor*"—that man came indeed more than a generation afterwards, in the person of Frederic the Second, who by his military and political genius raised little Prussia to a power of the first order. We have not to follow here the vicissitudes of his reign; suffice it to say that the peace concluded with France at Aix-la-Chapelle (1743) was the first by which that power made no acquisition at the expense of Germany; that in the Seven Years' War the king was the first German prince who by his sole forces completely routed the French at Rossbach (1757), and that by his heroic conduct, by which he kept at bay the Continent, coalesced against him, he wonderfully revived the completely extinct national feeling of the Germans. Although the proud and virtuous Maria Theresa had condescended to call Madame de Pompadour her dear sister, in order to win the support of France, the end was that Frederic remained in possession of the hotly contested prize of Silesia, and from a small German power rose to the rank of an arbiter of Europe; and Germany, which issued from this long struggle completely exhausted, had to thank his diplomatic skill for a peace longer than she had enjoyed since the beginning of the Thirty Years' War.

II.

ENORMOUS as was the drain of wealth and population which under French pressure Germany underwent during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it was even trifling compared to that of the

Napoleonic era. Far be it from us to defend the insane attack of Prussia and Austria against the French republic in order to restore the cause of monarchy. Incited by the empress Catherine, who wanted to have her hands free in the East* and declared war against the Revolution in words without moving a single man, these two powers only served to reunite the French parties, ready to fly at each other's throats, and were constantly beaten, till, by the peace of Basel, the left bank of the Rhine became French, and Austria lost a series of her most valuable possessions. But it was during Napoleon's tenure of power that the French sway ground Germany nearly to death.

Frederic William the Second had sought to indemnify himself for his losses on the Rhine by the ill-advised second and third partition of Poland,† but Frederic William the Third since his accession had endeavored by all means to maintain peace, and for that aim had even suffered the rudest violations of German neutrality by Napoleon. When at last he seemed resolved to come to Austria's rescue, his piteous minister Count Haugwitz suffered himself to be beguiled by the French emperor into the treaty of Schoenbrunn (December 15, 1805), by which Prussia accepted Hanover, and thus was brought into a hostile position to England and Austria. Nevertheless that treaty was but a shallow truce. Napoleon had vanquished Austria by the peace of Pressburg (December 25, 1805), but Trafalgar had annihilated the French and Spanish navies; some years were necessary to re-establish them; he wanted in the mean time to overthrow the last remnant of the German Empire, and to place its middle and minor States under his protectorate. On the 12th of July the Act of the Confederation of the Rhine was signed, which placed at his disposal the troops of more

* "*J'ai beaucoup de projets qui ne sont pas terminés, et il m'importe d'avoir les coudées franches.*" (Journal de Chrapovitzki, secretary of the empress.) The empress died, however, in 1796, before those projects were accomplished.

† The paramount distinction between the first and the two subsequent partitions should not be lost sight of. In the first, Frederic the Second only took back a German country subjugated by the Poles after the unfortunate battle of Tannenberg; . . . , a province necessary to establish . . . between Silesia and eastern Prussia. But he expressly (in his Memoirs) warned his successors to maintain the independence of Poland, as a necessary buffer between Prussia and Russia; and, so long as his able minister Count Herzberg continued, under Frederic William the Second, to direct the foreign affairs, that policy was strictly adhered to. Prussia guaranteed expressly the Polish constitution of 1791, by which monarchy was made hereditary; and it was only after he had been put aside that Frederic's warring was forgotten.

* Noël, Mém. pour servir à l'histoire de Lorraine pendant les règnes des ducs Léopold, François I. et Stanislas, 1698-1766, i. 221, ii. 230. (Nancy, 1840-41. 2 vols.)

than a third part of Germany; on the 6th of August the emperor Francis deposed the Imperial crown. Frederic William the Third had now arrived at the conviction that Napoleon, who in the mean time had offered Hanover to Fox, was determined to attack him, and early in the autumn mobilized his army. But the French conqueror was better prepared, and when on the 21st of September he left Paris could say with good reason, "My enemies attack me at the moment when I am strongest." He beguiled Haugwitz into letting pass away the most favorable moment for taking the offensive, and then crushed the Prussian army at Jena. The emperor Alexander, allied to the king, to whom he had promised never to desert him, was beaten at Friedland, and was not only lured into the alliance of Napoleon in the celebrated interview at Tilsit, but actually deprived his former ally of the district of Bialystock. Prussia not only lost all her territories as far as the Elbe, so that it was reduced to form a barrier between Russia and France by its countries between the Elbe and the Niemen (it lost 2,851 German square miles with 5,158,489 inhabitants, and kept only 2,856 square miles with 4,594,000 inhabitants), but even that peace was only a name, as one of the greatest admirers of Napoleon admits.* Even this reduced Prussia was only to exist for show. The French troops, which, according to the treaty of Tilsit, were to be withdrawn by the 1st of October, 1807, remained in Prussia, and when Alexander complained of this violation of the compact, Champagny, minister for foreign affairs at Paris, answered that the evacuation of Prussia was subject to its paying the war indemnity; if the monarchy could not pay, it ought to buy peace by the sacrifice of another province, Silesia. Prussia would then indeed have only two million inhabitants, but would not that be sufficient for the happiness of the royal family?† The continental system was imposed on Prussia; all English goods were proscribed and confiscated, and even when Junot's defeat at Cintra by Sir Arthur Wellesley compelled Napoleon to withdraw the greater part of his army from Prussia, he tried to represent this as a mere concession to Alexander, and kept the most important fortresses occupied. The king had sent his brother William to Paris in order to obtain a reduction of the contri-

bution, which the country was perfectly unable to pay. The emperor kept the prince waiting for seven months, and then made exorbitant demands; he was exasperated by the boldness with which Prussia's illustrious minister, Baron Stein, had tried to prepare a future revenge by reorganizing the remaining rest of the monarchy. Some letters of the baron had been caught by French spies; the emperor asked his dismissal, declared "le nommé Stein" to be an enemy of France and the Confederation of the Rhine, who was to be arrested anywhere, and confiscated his estates in Nassau and Westphalia. The emperor Alexander on his way to Erfurt, where he was to meet Napoleon, promised the king at Koenigsberg to do his very best for reducing Napoleon's demands, and was himself interested in dislodging the French troops campaigning in Prussia from the proximity of his frontiers; but all he obtained was a reduction of twenty million francs on the demand of one hundred and forty millions, and Napoleon insisted especially that the Prussian army should not exceed forty-two thousand men. In the mean time a new war with Austria was drawing near. The king was disposed to an alliance with the emperor Francis, and even during the truce after the battle of Wagram tried to induce Alexander to accede to such a compact, which, supported as it would be by England, offered the only prospect of enforcing upon Napoleon a lasting peace. But Alexander could not as yet make up his mind for a final rupture; the English expedition to Walcheren had miserably miscarried, and Wellesley had been less fortunate in his late operations, the Spanish army being completely routed by Soult at Almonacid. The Austrians gave way, and at the expiration of the truce signed the peace of Vienna (September 15, 1809), by which the monarchy lost two thousand square miles with three and a half million inhabitants, had to pay a contribution of eighty-five million florins and to reduce the army to eighty thousand men. The overtures of the king of Prussia at Vienna and St. Petersburg had not remained unknown to Napoleon; he had deeply resented the suspension of the Prussian payments of the contribution and formation of armed camps, and he consequently showed his ill-humor by new demands, alluding again to the cession of Silesia, and asking why the money was not paid when the government uselessly spent so much for its army. The king remained firm in refusing to treat about Silesia, and Napoleon

* Bignon, *Hist. de France*, vi. 367.

† Lefebvre, *Hist des Cabinets*, iii. 367, 368.

dared not use force, because that would have been a violation of the treaty of Tilsit, tantamount to a rupture with Russia, which was in his plans, but for which he was not yet ready. A new outrage of the conqueror during the deepest peace was the message to the Senate (10th of December, 1810) that he had felt himself obliged to embody in his empire the mouths of the Ems, the Weser, and the Elbe, observing besides that these reunions were not the last, but the first and most important. Oldenburg, Bremen, Hamburg, Lübeck, had thus become French without the slightest international pretext, simply because the emperor wished to have the whole coast in his power in order to prevent an English landing, to keep Prussia in a still tighter grasp, and to enforce the continental system on a larger scale. Stein's successor, Baron Hardenberg, had no other choice than the policy of the weak towards the strong; he did his best to develop by a bold reform policy the resources of the country and to maintain peace; convinced that Napoleon could only be beaten by a European coalition, he saw that the time had not yet come, Austria being exhausted and allied to the great *parvenu* by giving him an archduchess as spouse, and Alexander not having made up his mind to risk the decisive struggle, although he had declared at Paris that the annexation of Oldenburg by a friendly power had been "un soufflet que l'on me donne devant les yeux de l'Europe." It was Napoleon who decided to begin the war destined to crush the last continental power which still maintained a certain independence. The Prussian patriots wished for an alliance with Russia, but the French held the reduced little kingdom in their hands, and nothing was to be hoped from Austria, which had been deprived of Galicia by Russia and was dissatisfied at the latter power's refusal to terminate its war with the Porte. Neutrality was impossible for Prussia in the coming war, because it would only have turned the country into a battle-ground; the great army of invasion was in full formation, so the king was compelled to accept at last the alliance with France, which obliged him to assist Napoleon in his attack on Russia by an army of forty-eight thousand men and to place at his disposal the whole resources of the country. We have not to follow here the famous Russian campaign. After the retreat of the French army, the commander of the Prussian auxiliary troops, General

Von York, took the memorable resolution of concluding without any full power of his sovereign a convention with the Russian general Paulucci at Tauroggen, December 30, 1812, according to which the Prussian troops separated themselves from the French, and Alexander promised that if the king would make common cause with him he would not lay down arms before re-establishing Prussia in the territorial *status quo* of 1806. After much hesitation the king, while disavowing York at Paris in order to gain time, ratified this convention; he left for Breslau, issued the celebrated proclamation to his army and his people, which was answered by the general rising of the nation, and signed the alliance proposed by Alexander. The fate of the war between the allied powers and Napoleon, who strained his military resources to the utmost and had still at his disposal the contingents of the Confederation of the Rhine, remained wavering for a considerable time; but the celebrated interview at Dresden between him and Metternich, in which his blinded pride refused any concession, decided the accession of Austria to the league. Even after the most decisive defeats he might have retained his throne as a powerful monarch, for Metternich, being afraid that the re-establishment of the Bourbons might give a dangerous ally to Russia, offered him as frontiers "la mer, le Rhin, et les Alpes;" it was only his stubborn refusal of the concessions offered at the Congress of Châtillon by the allies which led to his overthrow, and only after Waterloo France was reduced to the territorial *status quo* of 1789.

III.

LET us now try to realize summarily what this period of French oppression and the shaking off of its intolerable yoke have cost Germany, and especially Prussia. One of the most ardent admirers of Napoleon, Bignon, avows that never a foreign occupation has weighed so cruelly on a State as that of Napoleon on Prussia. When in 1806 he began the war, he had not a hundred thousand francs in his chest. On the 1st of January, 1808, the intendant of the French army, Daru, calculated that the occupation had yielded 604,227,922 francs, and the emperor himself, on the 9th of March, 1809, told Count Roederer that he had drawn a milliard from Prussia.* But this was not all;

* Dumas, Précis, 19, 459, 463, *seqq.*; Œuvres du Comte Roederer, i. 544.

even after the evacuation the country had to pay a heavy contribution; it was obliged to maintain the French garrisons at Kuestrin, Stettin, and Glogau; it had to furnish enormous requisitions for the French army, and the continental system oppressed Prussia's economical condition more heavily than any other country. These sacrifices had to be borne by a State which, after the peace of Tilsit, was reduced to a territory of 2,856 German square miles and four million six hundred thousand inhabitants. Before the war Prussia's net revenue in 1805-6 had amounted to twenty-seven million thalers; after having lost the most fertile and densely populated half of its territory, the income would scarcely have reached twelve millions, if the war had not destroyed the sources of its wealth. It therefore seems incredible that Napoleon could have tortured out the above-named immense sums from such a little, impoverished country; yet such is the fact. After the battle of Jena he imposed a contribution of one hundred and fifty-two million francs; the treaty of Tilsit stipulated that the evacuation of the territories remaining to Prussia should be subject to the payment of the contribution, but it was understood that the amount of the requisitions was to be placed on account of the sums to be paid. Napoleon reversed this in order to have a show of motive for prolonging the occupation, and besides asked a full year's revenue from Prussia. Daru, therefore, presented a bill asking 130,511,856 francs 90 cent. as contribution; 61,590,637 francs 53 cent. as revenue of eight months; other demands 6,624,475 francs 24 cent. — in all 198,724,988 francs 86 cent. From this sum 44,221,489 francs 68 cent. were considered to have been paid, so that the French demand would still be the round sum of one hundred and fifty-four and a half million francs.* Napoleon, as Lefèvre acknowledges,† knew perfectly well that Prussia was unable to pay that amount; he only wanted a pretext for prolonging the occupation of the country at its own cost. The revenues of the State filled the French exchequer; contributions and requisitions were raised in a progressive style. The commander of Berlin, General St.-Hilaire, asked for eight hundred thalers, then for a thousand thalers, per week for his table; General Vitry behaved in the castle of Charlottenburg as if it belonged to him.

The French sold all the goods of the royal manufacture of china; all the works of art in the royal castles were carried off to Paris,* or appropriated by the French marshals. In order to mitigate somewhat this oppression, the king sent his brother William to Paris, and even offered a defensive and offensive alliance. Napoleon refused it; he told the prince he knew that he could never rely upon Prussia; all the Prussians hated him. The contributions had to be paid; they were part of the combinations of the European policy. The execution of the peace of Tilsit depended upon Russia, which continued to occupy the Danubian principalities. If it was not fit for Prussia to maintain an army of more than forty thousand men, the surplus of the former war budget should be applied to paying off the debt to France. Baron Stein, indeed, agreed with Daru on the draft of a treaty, promising the evacuation of Prussia with the exception of Stettin, Kuestrin, and Glogau, and reducing the indemnity to one hundred and twelve million francs; but Napoleon took no notice of it; he violently complained to the prince of certain Prussian functionaries who kindled resistance to France, and had the effrontery to order the councillor of legation, Leroux, who had come with the prince, to leave Paris within five days. The Prussian government, unable to resist, was obliged to swallow everything, and to withdraw functionaries who had only done their duty. The requisitions and exactions went on as before; in one district alone the French commissioner asked for four thousand of the largest trees from the royal forests for the artillery. It was only the course matters took in Spain which compelled Napoleon to change somewhat his policy. In order to be able to withdraw his troops from Prussia to the Peninsula, he was obliged to come to an understanding with Russia, and the French army on the Oder was a menace to that power. However, he availed himself of the seizure of some letters of Stein by Soult to induce Prince William to sign a treaty which fixed the remaining indemnity at one hundred and forty millions, although Prussia had already paid one hundred and forty-two millions in cash, and sixty millions by abandoning

* Duncker, *Aus der Zeit Friedrich Wilhelms*, iii. 509.

† Hist. des Cabinets, iii. 352.

* Countess Voss, *Sixty-four Years at the Prussian Court*, p. 324. "I got the list of what the French have either officially taken to Paris or simply stolen; in the same wise all the royal castles were deprived of their pictures, *sculptures*, and costly works: it is an incredible *etc.*" (Nov. 17, 1807.)

revenues. The private capital, according to Art. 25 of the treaty of Tilsit, was to remain untouched; yet in January, 1806, the *Warsaw Gazette* published a decree according to which all persons who had to pay interest or capital to the Prussian government were to pay their liabilities to the French or Saxon commissioner, an amount estimated at thirty million thalers. By this measure not only many private fortunes were ruined, but the credit of the Prussian bank and of the establishment for maritime commerce was severely endangered; decrees of December, 1808, and January, 1809, simply confiscated capital of Prussian subjects in the former Polish provinces to the amount of more than twenty million thalers, which by a convention with Saxony were reduced to seventeen millions. Only when the government had paid fifty million francs in bills, and seventy millions in bonds guaranteed by the estates of the provinces, the French army evacuated Prussia, with the exception of the above-named fortresses. As to the requisitions, they amounted from October, 1806, till December, 1808, to 216,940,646 thalers, without reckoning the supply of horses (Berlin alone had to give 108,802 horses in eight months), and the devastations of the war. Duncker, who in his quoted work gives all the statistical details on official authority, thus comes to the conclusion that, irrespective of the one hundred and forty millions indemnity, promised by Prince William's treaty and reduced at Erfurt, at Alexander's instance, to one hundred and twenty millions, and of the maintenance of the French garrisons in the fortresses, which cost from November, 1808, to March, 1813, 37,973,951 francs, Napoleon squeezed from little Prussia, impoverished by the devastation of war and by the annihilation of its commerce, navigation, and industry, the sum of 1,129,374,217 francs 50 cent. (*l.c.*, p. 530).

The other States of northern Germany oppressed by Napoleon fared equally badly; suffice it to recall the exactions of Marshal Davoust at Hamburg, who besides stole the whole deposits of the public bank in silver bars. The city, the commerce of which was ruined by the continental system, was made a fortress; the most distinguished citizens had to dig for erecting earthworks; churches were turned into stables, and thousands of inhabitants, unable to provision themselves for the coming winter, were expelled in the severest cold. Not less exasperating than these material losses was the over-

bearing conduct of the French. At the interview of Tilsit two little houses were erected on the raft; in one the two emperors met to have their famous conversation; in the other the king of Prussia was kept waiting, hearing even afterwards nothing about his fate. Napoleon treated distinguished German princesses, such as the beautiful Queen Louisa of Prussia, with the utmost coarseness; * patriots like Stein, Gneisenau, Perthes, had to fly for their lives; the editor Palm was shot because he had published a book distasteful to the French; Wilhelm Schlegel, having said in an essay that he preferred the "Phædra" of Euripides to that of Racine, had to leave Paris; French generals and prefects behaved as absolute masters everywhere, and sovereign princes had to yield precedence to imperial newly created marshals.

Austria in her heroic struggles against Napoleon was twice obliged to declare bankruptcy, which caused enormous losses to her population, and was reduced to less than half of her former dominions. The situation of the States forming the Confederation of the Rhine, being allies of France, was undoubtedly better, but they also suffered heavily from the constant wars, for which they had to furnish their contingents at their own expense, and by the passage of the French troops. As to the losses in lives which Germany suffered during this period no approximate estimate can be made; they were simply enormous. Napoleon himself at the interview of Dresden with Metternich cynically said, "After all, my wars have cost me barely a million of men, and most of them were Germans" — *i.e.*, Germans who fought for him.

If after such exhausting drains of wealth and men the whole of northern Germany in 1813 rose as one man, to shake off the hated yoke of the conqueror, it was simply because the people felt that it was a struggle for existence. Their heroic efforts were scarcely compensated by the terms of peace; for Talleyrand persuaded the emperor Alexander that the restoration of Alsace, asked for by Prussia, was against the Russian interest, because it would weaken the throne of the restored Bourbons, and only a strong France would be a useful ally of the czar. The war indemnity exacted from the French, then a nation of great wealth, was one milliard, to be divided amongst the

* The queen died from a polyp on the heart, which (as the physicians say) was the consequence of too deep and lasting grief." (Countess Voss, *l.c.*, p. 380)

allies. At that time the public income was about nine hundred million francs, and ten years after the finances were in so bad a condition that another milliard could be devoted to indemnify the emigrated nobility. On the other hand, Germany, and particularly Prussia, were after the war left in a state of exhaustion, which it required more than thirty years to overcome.

Nor were the Bourbons, re-established partly by the success of German arms, good neighbors. Shortly before his dethronement Charles the Tenth had come to a secret understanding with the emperor Nicholas that, if he would support Russia's plans in the East, the czar would not oppose the embodiment of the left bank of the Rhine. It was therefore perfectly conceivable that the revolution of July was a most untoward event for the Russian autocrat, who constantly urged the king of Prussia to declare war against France in order to maintain the cause of legitimacy. But Frederic William the Third, although he knew nothing of his son-in-law's betrayal, had learnt too much by sad experiences to follow that insidious advice, and answered: "Nicholas can speak at his ease; he would not have to face the brunt of the attack." Under Thiers's ministry of 1840 the clamor for the Rhine began again; even moderate and wise politicians like Tocqueville declared frankly that for France the frontier of the Rhine was a necessity. When in 1848 the historian Frederic von Raumer was sent by the central power to Paris, General Cavaignac told him that France would never tolerate the unity of Germany. Napoleon the Third was constantly interfering in German affairs. When in 1854 a new Russian loan was admitted at the Hamburg Exchange, the French foreign secretary, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, imperiously demanded that this should be forbidden, although England, his ally, acknowledged that the admission was perfectly in accordance with strict neutrality. The emperor intervened after Prussia's great victories in Bohemia, enforced the line of the Mein, and asked for compensations on the Rhine, although he had taken no part in the war. During the following years of 1866-70 the French were clamoring for "revanche pour Sadowa," as if they had been beaten, simply because they thought their prestige as the first military power tarnished. In the summer of 1868 I visited the late distinguished writer Prévost-Paradol; although bitterly opposed to the emperor's policy,

he told me that the war between France and Prussia was unavoidable, because it was necessary for re-establishing the authority of his country, which, he was quite sure, would be victorious. My question, What made him so certain of success, he answered by saying: "I grant you have better generals, but it will be the French soldier who conquers." When the unfortunate man, who had believed in Ollivier's liberal transformation of the empire and had accepted the post of French minister at Washington, saw, after the great defeats of 1870, that he had been utterly mistaken, he cut his throat. I must acknowledge that Thiers, whom I saw on the same day, and who still in 1865, when I was with him at Schlangenbad, had scarcely disguised his wish for that "*délicieux pays du Rhin*," held at that time different language. "You know," he said, "how much opposed I have been to all that has passed by the emperor's fault in Italy and Germany; but now the thing is done and cannot be mended, and I assure you that I am sincerely for peace. For of two things, one: either we should be beaten, which is quite possible, and that would be an immense misfortune for France; or we should be victorious, and that would be the maintenance of despotism forever." Consequently Thiers was against the insane declaration of war in 1870, but he was hooted for his warning by his colleagues in the Corps Législatif, and no sincere Frenchman will deny that, if the fate of the campaign had been different, they would have taken the left bank of the Rhine. Yet after the fall of the empire Jules Favre told Count Bismarck that it was against the honor of France to cede an inch of territory; upon which the chancellor replied that French honor was not made of different stuff from that of other nations, and that he demanded Alsace because Strasburg and the frontier of the Vosges were imperiously necessary for the military safety of Germany. It is true that, as my late friend Baron Nothomb wrote to me in May, 1871, the peace of Frankfort reversed the whole French policy since Richelieu; but that policy in itself was a grievous wrong, because it based the greatness of France upon the claim of keeping the neighboring countries in a state of division and weakness. As to the war indemnity of five milliards, it was certainly an enormous sum, yet it did not reach a three years' revenue of France, whilst Napoleon from 1806 to 1813 had extorted from Prussia more than thirteen years' income. The indemnity,

which at first appeared fabulous, was paid with comparative ease; already in 1876 the French budget was balanced, and if the finances have since become bad the people have to thank for it their leaders, who made the war of Tonkin, rushed into an immense outlay for unprofitable public works, and raised the expenditure for the internal administration by three hundred millions.

It is in no invidious spirit of retaliation that I have tried to present a summary balance of what Germany has suffered from the French for three hundred and fifty years; it is only to show how utterly unfounded is the cry for revenge, and that we inflicted upon the French in 1814-15 and 1870-71 not the hundredth part of what they have imposed upon us. As to the last war, no one denies that certain outrages did occur; but, in opposition to the foolish stories of the French press about clock-stealing, etc., we can appeal to unimpeachable French authorities, who acknowledge that, on the whole, German discipline was strictly kept up; no art treasures were taken away, as was the custom under Napoleon the First; the pictures of Versailles which glorified German defeats remained untouched; the king took quarters in a private house, whilst the castle was reserved to the wounded Germans and French; and the only revenge of history during the occupation of Versailles was that the empire was proclaimed in the same *salle des glaces* from which Louis the Fourteenth had launched his declarations of war.

M. St.-Genest is right—the accounts of the two nations are settled by the peace of Frankfort. Germany only wishes for peace and a good understanding with her western neighbor, nor do the French people at large desire war; but they must learn to control their noisy demagogues, and not allow themselves to be led again into a struggle by which they certainly would suffer most.

F. HEINR. GEFFCKEN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
IN MACEDONIA.

"SALONIQUE — *sâle et unique*," contemptuously ejaculated our captain as we ran up the Thermaic Gulf, and, strangers as we were, ventured to remark favorably on the distant view of Cassander's capital, rising up the low hills before us; and so saying he lighted a fresh cigarette, turned

on his heel, and philosophically dismissed the unsavory city from his mind until such time as he should be actually there. Not so ourselves. We had not yet trod its malodorous alleys or stumbled among its perpetual puddles, and we only turned from the approaching picture of gables, domes, minarets, and cypress-trees set in a straggling frame of white wall, to look back at the grand prospect now emerging behind us from the mists of sunrise; for hanging as it seemed in mid-air, with mighty base all enveloped in sea fog, with mile on mile of snow blushing rose-colored in the morning sun, was Olympus itself, awful as of old. Among the mountains of Greece it has no rival; and indeed there can be few in the world that so immediately impress the beholder with a sense of magnitude. Seen, as it almost always is for the first time, from the sea, its height appears enormous, far beyond its actual measurement of not quite ten thousand feet, and the illusion is assisted by the vast snow-cap which in April comes far down its mighty sides. Its neighbors, both south and west, are by no means small, but it dwarfs them all alike, and verily one understands why the giants piled Ossa upon Pelion to attain its summit. The snowy cone of the former was before us at the moment, and while we lay at Volo it seemed that nothing could be finer than Pelion's shaggy, riven sides, whereon Jason cut the timber for his Argo, and Chiron trained Achilles to be Homer's hero. But seen from Salonica, at morning, midday, or evening, the superb seat of Zeus triumphantly attests the constant appositeness of Greek myth, which honored it above all other mountains of the Mediterranean.

Once past the venal *douane* and inside Salonica, the force of both the captain's epithets is amply vindicated. The principal products may be summed as beggars, deformities, dirt, fruit, and Jews. The latter are lords and masters of the place, and almost make it appear a foreign city garrisoned by a handful of Turks. Even the ubiquitous and assertive Greek, who in most Levantine cities, and above all in his own country, is more than a match for the Jew (whence there are so few Jews in Greece) must yield to him here. For the first time one sees the Hebrew as he may have looked in the days of his independence; not as elsewhere occidentalized, pliable, transformed in outward habit and manner, if still bearing in his face the unmistakable signs of his origin; but erect, black-bearded, clad in the flowing

robe of his fathers, conscious that he is of the dominant race, though his fez proclaims political allegiance to the sultan. In these stern, dark faces one sees at last the possible heroes of the Old Testament, if at the same time those that killed the prophets and consented to the stoning of Stephen. The women are picturesque, seldom really handsome, and in this are inferior to the Greeks. Seventy thousand Jews are there in Salonica at the smallest computation, out of a total population of some hundred and ten thousand; verily a city of Israel! Consequently the language of the place is the language of the Jews, a strange, degraded form of Spanish, assuredly not understood in Seville, and rapidly approximating to the Levantine Italian. The latter tongue, even in its purer form, will serve the traveller better than anything else in this city of varied and villainous speech; it bears enough resemblance to their hybrid tongue for the Jews to understand it; the Greeks speak it fairly well; there are many pure Italians in the town; and a Turk understands it as well as anything beyond his own language. Greek is spoken very generally and very well; Turkish is necessary to command respect, especially in the rural districts; but besides these three or four tongues, there is a medley of Bulgarian, Albanian, Wallach, and what not, which makes the old Via Egnatia which runs through the town a very street of Babel.

A bye-street in Salonica is a slum indeed, ill-paved and filthy and odorous to the last degree; but the quay is well paved and fairly clean, and the best walk in Salonica, if only for the view of Olympus down the gulf. Some three main streets run almost parallel with it, the middle one being in the line of the old Via Egnatia, paved during most of its long course, and the place above all others wherein to see the strangest sights of Salonica. There congregates a confusion of nationalities and of dirt unsurpassed at least in Europe. The street is of course narrow, and a walk along it from the place where the Vardar Gate ought to be, but is not, thanks to a Vandal of a pasha who built his house therewith some years ago, to the rickety arch of Constantine, is a difficult, if an amusing performance. Now come two or three tattered *saphtiehs* (mounted police), clattering along the pavement with horses as ragged as themselves; now a pasha rides more gravely by, though he is quite as dangerous, proceeding as he does, in a manner totally irrespective of foot-passengers; now a

Bulgar, with a string of hares or unsavory meats on a pole, swings his wares into your face as he turns to wrangle with a customer; there a dancing bear is blocking the way and snarling at the delighted peasants who stand round him; here a string of camels, or two or three donkeys laden with perfect bushes of furze, must be avoided. These donkeys are often laden with long stakes for firewood or palings, and these, catching the spokes of passing wheels, spin their patient bearers round like whipping-tops. Everywhere are porters bearing on their bent backs those enormous and unwieldy loads which no man would ever carry out of Turkey; and all around such a confusion of high-pitched voices as can only be fitly compared to the parrot-house in the Regent's Park. Every one talks to every one else from the back of the little shops where they sit cross-legged behind their wares, and what with the intervening distance, and the multitude of competitors in the talking match, a man with a weak voice would have no chance of a hearing; consequently the struggle for existence has eliminated such, and they do not exist at this day in Salonica.

The city wall and citadel, so conspicuous from the sea, are no longer in a state of defence, nor could they be made so now. They would delay neither Greeks nor Austrians, whichever is to get this portion of the spoils of dismembered Turkey. But perhaps Greece had better confine her aspirations to Janina just at present, and not forget withal one or two facts. Turkish soldiers are ill-clad, ill-shod, and unkempt to the last degree, but they have proved over and over again that they can and will fight. Plenty of people who should know, assert that so far as sheer "give and take" went, they were as good men as the Russians in the last war; and, fine troops as are the Guards who strut about Athens, it may well be that the Turkish soldier of the line can fight quite as stoutly, and he has the advantage of numbers. The Turkish infantry, if ill-paid, is very well fed, and has a real *esprit de corps*, begotten of the devotion to the Padisha, which in its way is no less strong than the undoubted national spirit of modern Greece; and if the powers were to stand aloof and see the battle out, the Turks might be nearer to Athens at the finish, than the Greeks to Constantinople or even Salonica. The latter perhaps are not wholly blind to this, and their present premier is not likely to lead them astray; but, after seeing Salonica, one

cannot but think that the "favorable conjuncture" will have to be very favorable indeed, if King George is to sit on the throne of Cassander and Boniface. The Jews will always be directly opposed to a Greek occupation, the foreign elements in the place apparently desire no change, and even among the villagers, so often quoted as favorable to Greece, we fail to find a predonderance of Hellenic blood. It is another matter in Epirus; there the population is at least as Greek as in Attica, the Turkish hold is weak, and putting aside historical sentiment, the Greeks have a real claim on Janina by the Treaty of Berlin. In Macedonia they can only justify their claim by a somewhat imperfectly understood past, for Demosthenes would hardly have comprehended the indissoluble integrity of Macedonia and Hellas, and might, were he to hear the phrase for the first time, even call it a barbarian lie invented in Pella; while if the Byzantine Empire be the justification — and the only really Greek Empire was that of Nicaea and its consequence at Constantinople after 1251 — the historical argument becomes very hard to follow in a time when Greece herself was Frankish and when Salonica was Genoese, Bulgarian, or what not. Indeed, on this ground she might claim many other cities more accurately than Salonica.

The antiquities are fast disappearing before time and the Turk. Of the Macedonian capital there is little or nothing to be found, though much lies buried under the crowded houses at a depth of ten or twelve feet, as witness the fragments and monumental inscriptions which are always turned up when the foundations of houses are disturbed; several have been found recently in the Jewish quarter, but the stone-masons do not allow them to survive for long. An archæologist will always find new ones by searching stone-masons' yards and the like; but he will look in vain for many of those already published. Almost all will be of the Roman period, when Thessalonica had become an important military and commercial station, the capital of a province and the key of the Egnatian Way. Of Christian Thessalonica there are remaining the many churches now converted, though with little alteration, into mosques. Murray's Handbook sufficiently describes them all, and it only remains to be said that their future preservation depends on a foreign occupation, for the mosaics are fast being ruined and the pillars chipped and defaced; while the original pavements

seem in most cases to have disappeared, for they have now a heterogeneous flooring of brick, fragments of Hellenic stone, and what not, and their frequent use as barracks or receptacles for refugees does not tend to their advantage. Of the famous or infamous Hippodrome, the scene of Theodosius's massacre, no trace can be found; and the same may be said of most relics of antiquity for which one searches painfully at Salonica. The crowded town has swallowed them up. Occasionally in impenetrable gardens a broken column or two might be found, if an archæologist were allowed to search; but, worst of all, the imagination cannot play in these busy, overcrowded streets as it can in open spaces. Not the least of the claims of Athens to be the most interesting ancient city in the world, rests on its open spaces. The Acropolis has only its ruins; weeds and grass grow between the stones and half bury the fallen fragments (save where the excavator has been at work during the last few years), and nothing obstructs the mind in its passage back to the day of former splendor. There is no jarring modernism, no break in the logical sequence of decay. Around lie the Pnyx, the Museum Hill, the Areopagus, the wild waste of the southern slope, all alike deserted, all ready to be peopled by the fitting shadows of imagination, too delicate, too sly for the vivid colors, the moving throng, the noise, the dirt, the life of Salonica.

The Turks are trying hard to simulate an interest in antiquities, and, being entirely ignorant thereof, regard the less ignorant with jealousy. Anything found of intrinsic value goes into the vast grave of the sultan's treasury, if not arrested previously by the greed or the complaisance of an official. A show is even made of preserving such dusty relics as inscriptions; seven comparatively valueless Roman *stelæ* are set up in state round the courtyard of the Konak, where the weeds grow over them and the children jump upon them. The usual archæological processes are not very well known yet in Salonica, and it needs some imperturbability to take a paper-impression either in the courtyard of the Konak or in the open. In the former, besides a gallery of soldiers, boot-blacks, beggars, and so forth, your operations will be watched by the officials from the windows; and possibly you will be presently summoned courteously to the Bureau of Public Instruction up stairs. The minister of public instruction (whose office, it need hardly be said,

is a sinecure) has, as usual, nothing to do, and is the natural channel through which the governor-general may obtain a nearer view of a foreigner who, under the mask of putting wet paper on useless stone, is doubtless making plans of the Konak for the benefit of Austria. The *modus operandi* is as follows: the minister is very desirous to converse with any one interested in antiquities; will you follow the messenger? Leaving your impressions to the tender mercy of the wind and the boot-blacks, you comply, and are introduced in bad French to one of those dirty bureaux peculiar to Turkey, where no work is ever done, but where a minister, a secretary, and one or two officers sit all day long drinking coffee, praying at intervals, and smoking incessantly. Presently comes the second part of the farce: the governor has had an antique pin presented to him at Cavalla; will you be so good as to come into his room and tell him its value? You once more follow your guide, this time to a drawing-room upholstered in dirty yellow satin. The governor enters; you *salaam*; the pin is produced, being a wholly valueless intaglio in a modern setting; you solemnly pronounce it genuine and priceless, and, your photograph having been mentally taken by the officials present, once more *salaam* and retire. To take a "squeeze" in the open is to be for twenty minutes the centre of a crowd consisting of all the dogs, boys, and loafers of the particular quarter, an obstructor of traffic, and the mark of a hundred questions in half the languages of the Levant. Not that the crowd is troublesome or offensive—far from it; it helps in every way it can, by putting its fingers on and through the paper to keep it on the stone, and only the necessity of getting a nearer view compels it to block out all the available light; but the whole ordeal is distinctly novel and conducive to a certain slackness in future as to taking impressions in public places.

The town is safe enough, and the same holds good of the country for a few miles round. The streets are quiet at night in spite of the paucity of police and lamps, but there is no harm, and there may possibly be some good, in carrying a revolver; it will always scare a footpad in the town, if it is useless against a brigand in the country. Many travellers strongly discountenance the six-shooter in these countries; but the matter may be summed up in this wise: if a man has not self-control, if he is subject to sudden excitement or

terror, he ought not to travel in the East at all; if he is none of these things then a revolver, which he will probably never use, will often give him a confidence which may enable him to go into queer places and among queer people, and do valuable work which he would otherwise have left undone. In extreme cases also it will serve against the fierce dogs on the mountains; in very extreme cases only, for he who slays the dog may have to do the same for the master. But if attacked by two or more dogs at once, for whom stick and stone have no terrors, a revolver must be used, or the matter may become serious, for the dogs are hardly to be distinguished from wolves; if one dog is killed it will be enough, sometimes a shot in the air will be sufficient, and then you must avoid the shepherd himself as you best can.

Two things have given Salonica a bad name: the massacre of the two consuls ten years ago, and the constant brigandage in the district. As to the former, it was the work solely of the lowest part of the populace, infuriated by a religious quarrel with the Greek Church, and finally inflamed by the gratuitous presence of the two consuls who were identified with the opposite party. The story was well enough known at the time. For some days the Mussulman population, already distracted by the political troubles which ultimately led to the deposition of Abdul Aziz, had been excited by the refusal of the Greek priests to give up to her parents a young girl who herself wished to enter the orthodox communion. On the fatal day a meeting was announced in one of the mosques in order to protest against this slight to the Mahometan religion, and nothing further would have occurred, had not the two consuls, impelled by a foolish curiosity, and relying on their inviolability, entered the place of assembly. They were recognized; the mob waxed furious at their insulting presence, and barred their exit. The leading Turks present stood round them as a guard, and for a long time kept the rabble at bay, and had the governor sent at once for the men-of-war's men from the harbor (the soldiers were accidentally in the country districts), all would have been well; but he lost his head, hesitated, the mob broke down all resistance and beat and hacked the unlucky consuls to death. In less than a week, seventeen ships of war were in the port. The Turks did all they could by way of reparation; they paid huge sums to the bereaved families, and hanged the

ringleaders on the quay, some in bravado fitting the noose to their own throats and jumping off the ladder. But the office of the victims and the terrible circumstances of the crime have darkened and perpetuated the stain on the reputation of Salonica.

The causes and character of Macedonian brigandage are complicated by a possible political element; but it is no easy matter to learn the true state of the question. Turks and philo-Turks assert positively that it is supported by secret societies in Bulgaria and Greece, with the view of discrediting the Ottoman government in the eyes of the powers; but in spite of the preponderance of Greeks in the brigand bands, one is loth to believe in the complicity of the Greek nation, even through a secret society. In any case, the authorities are absolutely innocent of such foul play, and do what they can in the absence of an extradition treaty. It would be well, nevertheless, to be more careful, and not to allow notorious ruffians to harbor in Thessaly, as was asserted to be the case not long ago, for no diplomatic jealousies ought to give security to a blood-stained monster like the infamous Nicko, who was said to have lived for some time at Larissa. The taking of Colonel Synge was the least of this brute's misdeeds, the atrocious character of which shocked even his own villainous profession. Here is one which can be absolutely certified. Some years ago he took two little children, for whom he demanded four and three hundred *liras* respectively. The larger sum was paid, and, like a strict man of business, he gave up the child; in the second case he had to do with poor parents to whom the sum demanded was an impossibility. Fifty *liras* were sent up, and sent back again. The wretched parents sold all that they had, raised a subscription, and got together another hundred. Nicko sent this back as before, with the brief message that, if he was not satisfied in three days, the child would not be living. He kept his word; the parents received the body in four quarters, and Nicko told his own horrified ruffians that business was business, in this as in anything else.

But be the causes what they may, the country is never quite safe, even though no cases of brigandage have occurred for months, or even years. The Turkish authorities do their best spasmodically; but they cannot clear out Olympus, so long as the dubious frontier line runs among that mass of mountains. Nor do

they quite seem to realize the full extent of the offence against society and the discredit to themselves which are involved in the continual existence of brigandage; for when they do lay the offenders by the heels, they often inflict upon them wholly inadequate punishment. A case like Colonel Synge's galvanizes them into energy for the time, while an angry consul threatens a visit from the squadron, and the deduction of the ransom from the Cyprus surplus; but no one who knows Turkey can expect that to last. Let no one make a mistake about the character of a Greek brigand chief; he is not a picturesque, chivalrous rascal, a king of the mountains, a Byronic freebooter; he is a filthy, sordid, cruel trader in human flesh and blood, with as brutal an attention to business as the most unwashed, rum-drinking slave-master of fiction. To be sure, he is not in the habit of keeping ladies in bondage, because it does not do to be encumbered with captives who cannot keep up with his band in the flight to the mountains; if he is obliged, as in the last case, to take the wife also, he sends her back to treat for the ransom. This latter is a mere question of supply and demand, and an Englishman is worth a good deal more than any one else. Nicko began with a demand for £20,000 in the case of Colonel Synge; and finally released him (thanks to the diplomacy and unremitting exertions of Mr. Blunt, the well-known consul-general of Great Britain at Salonica) for £14,000 and forty gold watches, the latter being bought for something less than a pound a piece in Salonica. The money was paid in gold and every coin was counted and tested by the commercial robber, two or three which had become a trifle light being rejected; and, as Mr. Blunt's *kavass* ruefully remarks, they gave *him* nothing for bringing it all the way up the mountain. These brigands seem to treat their prisoners fairly well, so long as all goes right, giving them what food is procurable, and allowing them the use of newspapers and the like, sent up by their friends; while nothing delights them so much as to be regarded in the light of belligerent powers treating with the authorities on equal terms. But let any hitch occur, and they will threaten anything—from making their victim into a human bonfire with petroleum (as they did to Colonel Synge), to simply going through the pantomimic action four or five times a day of cutting his throat. These pleasant threats, combined with the torture of bonds and the

far worse agony of hope deferred, make a thirty days' detention in Olympus a terrible ordeal which leaves an abiding mark on those that have endured it.

There are never brigands actually established in the plain of Salonica; their haunts are the district under Olympus, and the mountains near Monastir and Serres; but give them time to hear of a prize worth taking in the lowland, and they will come far and brave much to take it. Colonel Syngé's farm lay only three hours from the Vardar and was surrounded by a village, but the brigands attacked him and set his house on fire unmolested. Mr. Soutar was taken in the peninsula of Cassandra, the western prong of Chalcidice, by the brigands from Olympus, Manuel, Aristides, and Nicolas, who crossed the gulf with their band of ruffians in a *caïque*, and carried off their prize from the middle of a brigade of soldiers. This will show that no one, and least of all an Englishman after these enormous ransoms paid by the British government, can ever be safe for long; and he must either make, as we did, short expeditions of two or three days only from a town, or take his chance. The old bands are now broken up, but some of their members are still at large, and the stray cases that occur from time to time near the mountains show that the danger still exists, and would become pressing did a suitable prize expose himself. Police and guards generally are not of much avail; they would, and indeed could, do little against an organized attack, while with the solitary highwayman the traveller himself could probably cope; but they certainly give an official air to the party which commands respect in the villages, and might make a weak band of brigands chary of attacking. In any case, if the consul's advice is not implicitly followed, the captive traveller has no claim on his government for ransom. The brigand has, as a rule, no other calling; he is not an impecunious shepherd who takes to the road, as is so often the case in Albania, but his villainous trade is almost hereditary. He plays as a rule for his own hand, killing his prisoners if not ransomed, or if he be too hotly pursued, as in the terrible case of Mr. Vyner in Attica; but he doubtless takes to himself some credit for being a good if somewhat disreputable patriot.

At the other end of the great marshy plain lies all that remains of Pella. We left the city founded by the weak, cruel Cassander, still as full of life as it had

been through all its long, chequered history; we came, six hours later, to the city of the mighty Philip to find it as though it had never been. A Roman fountain, two bits of fluted Doric columns near Alaklisi, a fragment of wall, some scattered rubbish, was all that we could find of the creation of one of the world's master-minds, the city whereby Philip signalized the birth of the Macedonian empire, the city which gave birth to Alexander and moulded the destinies of two continents. And yet beyond all doubt this is as Philip himself would have wished; that it is desolate to-day while Salonica lives, is only the sequence of his far-seeing, ever-happy schemes. No one who has stood on the site of Pella and looked at the dull marsh and level plain below, marking the remoteness of the sea and the absence of all strategical importance in the position, can suppose for one moment that it was intended for the permanent capital of the new empire of Macedon. Little wonder that Alexander was suspected of a preference for an Asiatic capital. Why then did Philip found it? Study the history of the Macedonian people, read Alexander's speech to the mutineers at Opis (be it Arrian's or be it Alexander's), and it will become evident enough. Mr. Tozer, who is one of the very few who have been actually on the site, says that Philip wished to bring his people nearer to the sea than they had been at Vodina or Monastir; he should rather have said that Philip wished to bring his people into the plain, to make them from wild mountaineers the civilized world-conquerors that they became. Pella could never have been a port of consequence. When it was created, Macedonia was still shut out of her own seaboard and not yet prepared to assert her right thereto; but Pella in the plain proved the essential point of departure, whence the transformed highlanders marched to subdue their whilom rivals of Thrace, to crush in Olynthus the Hellenic monopoly of their seaboard; to annex Thessaly, to spare Athens, to traverse Asia from the Hellespont to the Hyphasis. Hence the enormous interest of this vacant site, the more suggestive for its very vacancy.

No one who looks at the marsh can believe in its having ever furnished decent communication with the sea; but at the same time its unhealthiness is probably mythical. We saw no signs of disease in Jenidjeh, and felt no bad effects from our stay there. It is accordingly not for the port or canal that an archæologist should

search, but for the city itself in the neighborhood of Alaklisi. The object of our visit was to estimate the possible success of such research, and we were compelled to admit that it was by no means assured. The site is so vast, the indications are so slight, and the difficulties of procuring labor and obtaining security would be very great in existing circumstances. Add to this that the whole site is under cultivation, and the proprietors must be bought out at a considerable cost from their fertile fields. If excavation be anywhere undertaken, it must be in the neighborhood of the track which leads from Alaklisi across the main road, and which is marked by the two broken Doric columns aforesaid. The difficulties once overcome, much ought to be found, for neither Alaklisi nor Jenidjeh have stolen very much; the city wall seems mainly to have been quarried for the latter. An uninteresting, stifling, dirty place is this successor of Pella, in whose *khan* we slept in despite of noisy soldiers (collected there with a view to coming troubles on the frontier) and obtrusive entomological specimens. Far more interesting in many ways is the Bulgarian village of Alaklisi on the other side of the old site, with its barbarian population from whom we bought various relics of Pella, including some eighty coins, for about five shillings sterling. Jenidjeh is full of refugees from Bulgaria, living in very holes of the earth, though, we were told, of good position in their own country. A wild-looking lot is that one meets between the Vardar and Jenidjeh, each sullen man sitting sideways on his mule or donkey, armed to the teeth, and riding silently on in Indian file. The customary salutations to the passing traveller seem little in vogue here, and altogether one hardly covets a more intimate acquaintance. The strangest group that we passed consisted of five dancing bears of all ages, sleeping peacefully in the sun by the side of their snoring masters. Animal life was further represented by numbers of buffaloes, used for draught, countless coney or lemur, cranes and herons in the marshes, and storks on trees and chimneys. Near the fountain of Pella an eagle has also taken possession of a tree, but he sailed away unscathed from an attack with our only available weapon of long range, a Martini rifle.

But whatever the defects of Pella as a site, whatever the dulness and deadness of its marshes, one need only lift one's eyes to the glorious mountain ring encircling it in a half-moon from the su-

perb Olympus to the long, white-capped blue line running down in front of Cavalla. It was worth the journey to stand in the centre of that gorgeous arc, even had the site of Pella no other interest; and we left the solitary plateau, if with subdued hopes of resuscitating the city of Philip, at least with an understanding of the motives of its foundation.

D. G. HOGARTH.

From Longman's Magazine.
SEEN AND LOST.

We can imagine what the feelings of a lapidary would be — an enthusiast whose life is given to the study of precious stones, and whose sole delight is in the contemplation of their manifold beauty — if a stranger should come in to him, and, opening his hand, exhibit a new unknown gem, splendid as ruby or as sapphire, yet manifestly no mere variety of any familiar stone, but differing as widely from all others as diamond from opal or cat's-eye; and then, just when he is beginning to rejoice in that strange, exquisite loveliness, the hand should close and the stranger, with a mocking smile on his lips, go forth and disappear from sight in the crowd. A feeling such as that would be is not unfrequently experienced by the field naturalist whose favored lot it is to live in a country not yet "thoroughly worked out," with its every wild inhabitant scientifically named, accurately described, and skilfully figured in some colossal monograph. One swift glance of the practised eye, ever eagerly searching for some new thing, and he knows that here at length is a form never previously seen by him; but his joy is perhaps only for a few moments, and the prize is snatched from sight forever. The lapidary might have some doubts; he might think that the stranger had, after all, only mocked him with the sight of a wonderful artificial gem, and that a close examination would have proved its worthlessness; but the naturalist can have no doubts; if he is an enthusiast, well acquainted with the fauna of his district, and has good eyesight, he knows that there is no mistake; for there it is, the new, strange form, photographed by instantaneous process on his mind, and there it will remain, a tantalizing image, its sharp lines and fresh coloring unblurred by time.

Walking in some open forest glade, he may look up just in time to see a great, strange butterfly — a blue Morpho, let us

say, wandering in some far country where this angel insect is unknown—passing athwart his vision with careless, buoyant flight, the most sylph-like thing in nature, and all blue and pure like its aerial home, but with a more delicate and wonderful brilliance in its cerulean color, giving such unimaginable glory to its broad, airy wings; and then, almost before his soul has had time to feel its joy, it may soar away unloitering over the tall trees, to be seen no more.

But the admiration, the delight, and the desire are equally great, and the loss just as keenly felt, whether the strange species seen happens to be one surpassingly beautiful or not. Its newness is to the naturalist its greatest attraction. How beautiful beyond all others seems a certain small unnamed brown bird to my mind! So many years have passed and its image has not yet grown dim; yet I saw it only for a few moments, when it hopped out from the thick foliage and perched within two or three yards of me, not afraid, but only curious; and after peering at me first with one eye and then the other, and wiping its small dagger on a twig, it flew away and was seen no more. For many days I sought for it, and for years waited its reappearance, and it was more to me than ninety and nine birds which I had always known; yet it was very modest, dressed in a brown suit, very pale on the breast and white on the throat, and for distinction a straw-colored stripe over the eye—that ribbon which Queen Nature bestows on so many of her feathered subjects, in recognition, I suppose, of some small and common kind of merit. If I should meet with it in a collection I should know it again; only, in that case it would look plain and homely to me—this little bird that for a time made all others seem unbeautiful.

Even a richer prize may come in sight for a brief period—one of the nobler mammals, which are fewer in number, and bound to earth like ourselves, and therefore so much better known than the wandering children of air. In some secluded spot, resting amidst luxuriant herbage or forest undergrowth, a slight rustling makes us start, and, lo! looking at us from the clustering leaves, a strange face; the leaf-like ears erect, the dark eyes round with astonishment, and the sharp black nose twitching and sniffing audibly, to take in the unfamiliar flavor of a human presence from the air, like the pursed-up and smacking lips of a wine-drinker tasting a new vintage. No sooner seen than

gone, like a dream, a phantom, the quaint, furry face to be thereafter only an image in memory.

Sometimes the prize may be a very rich one, and actually within reach of the hand—challenging the hand, as it were, to grasp it, and yet presently slip away to be seen no more, although it may be sought for day after day, with a hungry longing comparable to that of some poor tramp who finds a gold doubloon in the forest, and just when he is beginning to realize all that it means to him drops it in the grass and cannot find it again. There is not the faintest motion in the foliage, no rustle of any dry leaf, and yet we know that something has moved—something has come or has gone; and, gazing fixedly at one spot, we suddenly see that it is still there, close to us, the pointed ophidian head and long neck, not drawn back and threatening, but sloping forward, dark and polished as the green and purple weed-stems springing from marshy soil, and with an irregular chain of spots extending down the side. Motionless, too, as the stems it is; but presently the tongue, crimson and black and glistening, darts out and flickers, like a small jet of smoke and flame, and is withdrawn; then the smooth serpent head drops down, and the thing is gone.

There are ophiologists who never tire of telling you that it is the simplest thing in the world to distinguish the venomous from the non-venomous species. Behold, this is a ring-snake, and this is a viper; how can things so manifestly different be confounded? I should like to see one of these clever gentlemen, when sitting amidst the herbage, suddenly discovering a serpent at his side—neither ring-snake nor viper, nor any species known to him in a state of nature or in a glass bottle. A serpent motionless as if cut out of stone, but the lifted head and neck glittering with life and energy. No doubt he would instantly reflect that (out of Australia) the chances are at least five to one in favor of any strange ophidian one may encounter being innocuous; at the same instant he would consider the form and comparative thickness of the tail, or, that being hidden, the shape of the head and neck, and without hesitation put forth his hand and boldly grasp the prize. Harmless snakes seldom show fight, and, in any case, their small teeth inflict a very slight wound.

One of my earliest experiences of seeing and losing relates to a humming-bird—a veritable “jewel of ornithology.” I

was only a boy at the time, but pretty well acquainted with the birds of the district I lived in, near La Plata River, and among them were three species of the humming-bird. One spring day I saw a fourth — a wonderful little thing, only half as big as the smallest of the other three — *Phaethornis splendens* — and scarcely larger than a bumble-bee. I was within three feet of it as it sucked at the flowers, suspended motionless in the air, the wings appearing formless and mist-like from their rapid vibratory motion, but the rest of the upper plumage was seen distinctly as anything can be seen. The head and neck and upper part of the back were emerald green, with the metallic glitter usually seen in the burnished scale-like feathers of these small birds; the lower half of the back was velvet black; the tail and tail-coverts white as snow. On two other occasions, at intervals of a few days, I saw this brilliant little stranger, always very near, and tried without success to capture it, after which it disappeared from the plantation. Four years later I saw it once again not far from the same place. It was late in summer, and I was out walking on the level plain where the ground was carpeted with short grass, and nothing else grew there except a solitary stunted cardoon thistle-bush with one flower on its central stem above the grey-green, artichoke-like leaves. The disc of the great thorny blossom was as broad as that of a sunflower, purple in color, delicately frosted with white; on this flat disc several insects were feeding — flies, fire-flies, and small wasps — and I paused for a few minutes in my walk to watch them. Suddenly a small, misty object flew swiftly downwards past my face, and paused motionless in the air an inch or two above the rim of the flower. Once more my lost humming-bird, which I remembered so well! The exquisitely graceful form, half circled by the misty, moth-like wings, the glittering green and velvet-black mantle, and snow-white tail spread open like a fan — there it hung like a beautiful, bird-shaped gem, suspended by an invisible gossamer thread. One — two — three moments passed, while I gazed, trembling with rapturous excitement, and then, before I had time to collect my faculties and make a forlorn attempt to capture it with my hat, away it flew, gliding so swiftly on the air that form and color were instantly lost, and in appearance it was only an obscure grey line traced rapidly along the low sky and fading quickly out of sight. And that was the last I ever saw of it.

The case of this small "winged gem," still wandering nameless in the wilds, reminds me of yet another bird seen and lost, also remarkable for its diminutive size. For years I looked for it, and when the wished opportunity came, and it was in my power to secure it, I refrained; and fate punished me by never permitting me to see it again. On several occasions while riding on the pampas I had caught glimpses of this minute bird flitting up moth-like, with uncertain tremulous flight, and again dipping into the weeds, tall grass, or thistles. Its plumage was yellowish in hue, like sere dead herbage, and its extremely slender body looked longer and slimmer than it was, owing to the great length of its tail, or of the two middle tail-feathers. I knew that it was a *Synallaxis* — a genus of small birds of the South American family *Dendrocolaptidae*, which contains about two hundred and thirty species already described. A numerous family of inconspicuous birds, dull-looking in their homely brown colors, and without a song among them. The loss of this small bird might then be thought a trivial matter, especially when it is known that every year adds to the long list of species. But it is not so, for these are wise little birds, more interesting — I had almost said more beautiful — in their wisdom, or wisdom simulating instincts, than the quatzel in its resplendent green, or the cock-of-the-rock in its vivid scarlet plumage. In nest-making they show the utmost ingenuity, and do not, like the members of some other families and orders — pigeons and humming-birds, for instance — follow one plan or style, but their architecture exhibits endless variety. They excavate deep tunnels in the solid earth, feeble folk as they are, and others rear solid clay structures that no egg-stealer can enter and no tempest overthrow. The stick nests they build are in most cases domed, with the entrance designed to keep out all enemies. Some are gigantic structures, larger than an eagle would require to breed in, with a long winding passage and secret chamber for the eggs and young; and in size they vary from these huge fabrics to dainty little cradles, no bigger than a wren's nest, suspended basket-wise from slender reeds and twigs. As to the forms of the nests, they are spherical, oblong, oval, flask-shaped, fruit and stem shaped, and teapot-shaped, with the spout for entrance. Wrens and mocking-birds have melody for their chief attraction, and the name of each kind is, to our minds, also the

name of a certain kind of sweet music; we think of swifts and swallows in connection with the mysterious migratory instinct; and humming-birds have a glittering mantle, and the miraculous motions necessary to display its ever-changing iridescent beauty. In like manner, the homely *Dendrocolaptide* possess the genius for building, and an account of one of these small birds without its nest would be like a biography of Sir Christopher Wren that made no mention of his works.

One morning in the month of October, the great breeding-time for birds in the southern hemisphere, while cautiously picking my way through a bed of cardoon bushes, the mysterious little creature flitted up and perched among the clustering leaves quite near to me. It uttered a feeble, grasshopper-like chirp; and then a second individual, smaller, paler-colored, and if possible shyer than the first, showed itself for two or three seconds, after which both birds dived once more into concealment. How glad I was to see them! for here they were, male and female, in a suitable spot in my own fields, where they evidently meant to breed. Every day after that, I paid them one cautious visit, and by waiting from five to fifteen minutes, standing motionless among the thistles, I always succeeded in getting them to show themselves for a few moments. I could easily have secured them then, but my wish was to discover their nesting habits; and after watching for some days I was rewarded by finding their nest; then for three days more I watched it slowly progressing towards completion, and each time I approached it one of the small birds would flit out to vanish into the herbage. The structure was about six inches long, and not more than two inches in diameter, and was placed horizontally on a broad stiff cardoon leaf, sheltered by other leaves above. It was made of the finest dry grass loosely woven, and formed a simple, perfectly straight tube, open at both ends. The aperture was so small that I could only insert my little finger, and the bird could not, of course, have turned round in so narrow a passage, and so always went in at one end and left by the other. On visiting the spot on the fourth day I found, to my intense chagrin, that the delicate fabric had been broken and thrown down by some animal; also that the birds had utterly vanished—for I sought them in vain, both there and in every weedy and thistly spot in the neighborhood. The bird without the nest had seemed a use-

less thing to possess; now, for all my pains, I had only a wisp of fine dry grass in my hand, and no bird. The shy, modest little creature, dwelling violet-like amidst clustering leaves, and even when showing itself still "half-hidden from the eye," was thereafter to be only a tantalizing image in memory. Still, my case was not so hopeless as that of the imagined lapidary; for however rare a species may be, and near to its final extinction, there must always be many individuals existing, and I was cheered by the thought that I might yet meet with one at some future time. And even if this particular species was not to gladden my sight again, there were others, scores and hundreds more, and at any moment I might expect to see one shining, a living gem, on Nature's open extended palm.

Sometimes it has happened that an animal would have been overlooked or passed by with scant notice, to be forgotten, perhaps, but for some singular action or habit which has instantly given it a strange importance, and made its possession desirable.

I was once engaged in the arduous and monotonous task of driving a large number of sheep a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, in excessively hot weather, when sheep prefer standing still to travelling. Five or six gauchos were with me, and we were on the southern pampas of Buenos Ayres, near to a long, precipitous, stony sierra which rose to a height of five or six hundred feet above the plain. Who that has travelled for eighteen days on a dead level in a broiling sun can resist a hill? That sierra was more sublime to us than Conondagua, than Illimani.

Leaving the sheep, I rode to it with three of the men; and after securing our horses on the lower slope we began our laborious ascent. Now the gaucho when taken from his horse, on which he lives like a kind of parasite, is a very slow-moving creature, and I soon left my friends far behind. Coming to a place where ferns and flowering herbage grew thick, I began to hear all about me sounds of a character utterly unlike any natural sounds I was acquainted with—innumerable low, clear voices tinkling or pealing like minute, sweet-toned, resonant bells—for the sounds were purely metallic and perfectly bell-like. I was completely ringed round with the mysterious music, and as I walked it rose and sank rhythmically, keeping time to my steps. I stood still, and immediately the sounds ceased. I took a step

forwards, and again the fairy bells were set ringing, as if at each step my foot touched a central meeting-point of a thousand radiating threads, each thread attached to a peal of little bells hanging concealed among the herbage. I waited for my companions, and called their attention to the phenomenon, and to them also it was a thing strange and perplexing. "It is the bell-snake!" cried one excitedly. This is the rattlesnake; but although at that time I had no experience of this reptile, I knew that he was wrong. Yet how natural the mistake! The Spanish name of bell-snake had made him imagine that the whirring sound of the vibrating rattles, resembling muffled cicada music, is really bell-like in character. Eventually we discovered that the sound was made by grasshoppers; but they were seen only to be lost, for I could not capture one, so excessively shy and cunning had the perpetual ringing of their own little tocsins made them. And presently I had to return to my muttons; and afterwards there was no opportunity of revisiting the spot to observe so singular a habit again and collect specimens. It was a very slender grasshopper, about an inch and a half long, of a uniform, tawny, protective color—the color of an old dead leaf. It also possessed a protective habit common to most grasshoppers, of embracing a slender, vertical stem with its four fine front legs, and moving cunningly round so as to keep the stem always in front of it to screen itself from sight. Only other grasshoppers are silent when alarmed, and the silence and masking action are related, and together prevent the insect from being detected. But this particular species, or race, or colony, living on the sides of the isolated sierra, had acquired a contrary habit, resembling a habit of gregarious birds and mammals. For this informing sound (unless it mimicked some *warning sound*, as of a rattlesnake, which it didn't) could not possibly be beneficial to individuals living alone, as grasshoppers generally do, but, on the contrary, only detrimental; and such a habit was therefore purely for the public good, and could only have arisen in a species that always lived in communities.

On another occasion, in the middle of the hot season, I was travelling alone across country in a locality which was new to me, a few leagues east of La Plata River, in its widest part. About eleven o'clock in the morning I came to a low-lying, level plain where the close-cropped grass was vivid green, although elsewhere

all over the country the vegetation was scorched and dead, and dry as ashes. The ground being so favorable, I crossed this low plain at a swinging gallop, and in about thirty minutes' time. In that half-hour I saw a vast number of snakes, all of one kind, and a species new to me; but my anxiety to reach my destination before the oppressive heat of the afternoon made me hurry on. So numerous were the snakes in that green place that frequently I had as many as a dozen in sight at one time. It looked to me like a coronella—harmless colubrine snakes—but was more than twice as large as either of the two species of that genus I was already familiar with. In size they varied greatly, ranging from two to fully five feet in length, and the color was dull yellow or tan, slightly lined and mottled with shades of brown. Among dead or partially withered grass and herbage they would have been undistinguishable at even a very short distance, but on the vivid green turf they were strangely conspicuous, some being plainly visible forty or fifty yards away; and not one was seen coiled up. They were all lying motionless, stretched out full length, and looking like dark yellow or tan-colored ribbons, thrown on to the grass. It was most unusual to see so many snakes together, although not surprising in the circumstances. The December heats had dried up all the water-courses and killed the vegetation, and made the earth hard and harsh as burnt bricks; and at such times snakes, especially the more active non-venomous kinds, will travel long distances, in their slow way, in search of water. Those I saw during my ride had probably been attracted by the moisture from a large area of country; and although there was no water the soft fresh grass must have been grateful to them. Snakes are seen coiled up when they are at home; when travelling and far afield, they lie as a rule extended full length, even when resting—and they are generally resting. Pausing at length, before quitting this green plain, to give my horse a minute's rest, I got off and approached a large snake; but when I was quite twelve yards from it, it lifted its head, and, turning deliberately round, came rather swiftly at me. I retreated, and it followed, until, springing on to my horse, I left it, greatly surprised at its action, and beginning to think that it must be venomous. As I rode on the feeling of surprise increased, conquering haste; and in the end, seeing more snakes, I dismounted and approached the largest, when

exactly the same thing occurred again, the snake rousing itself and coming angrily at me when I was still (considering the dull specific character of the deadliest kinds) at an absurd distance from it. Again and again I repeated the experiment, with the same result. And at length I stunned one with a blow of my whip to examine its mouth, but found no poisonfangs in it.

I then resumed my journey, expecting to meet with more snakes of the same kind at my destination; but there were none, and very soon business called me to a distant place, and I never met with this species afterwards. But when I rode away from that green spot, and was once more on the higher, desolate, wind-swept plain surrounding it—a rustling sea of giant thistles, still erect, although dead, and red as rust, and filling the hot blue sky with silvery down—it was with a very strange feeling. The change from the green and living to the dead and dry and dusty was so great! There seemed to be something mysterious, extra-natural, in that low-level plain, so green and fresh and snaky, where my horse's hoofs had made no sound—a place where no man dwelt, and no cattle pastured, and no wild bird folded its wing. And the serpents there were not like others—the mechanical coiled-up thing we know, a mere bone-and-muscle man-trap, set by the elements, to spring and strike when trodden on; but these had a high intelligence, a lofty spirit, and were filled with a noble rage and astonishment that any other kind of creature, even a man, should venture there to disturb their sacred peace. It was a fancy, born of that sense of mystery which the unknown and the unusual in nature wakes in us—an obsolescent feeling that still links us to the savage. But the simple fact, was wonderful enough, and that has been set down simply and apart from all fancies. If the reader happens not to be a naturalist, it is right to tell him that a naturalist cannot exaggerate consciously; and if he be capable of unconscious exaggeration, then he is no naturalist. He should hasten “to join the innumerable caravan that moves” to the fantastic realms of romance. Looking at the simple fact scientifically, it was a case of mimicry—the harmless snake mimicking the fierce threatening gestures and actions proper to some deadly kind. Only with this difference: the venomous snake, of all deadly things in nature, is the slowest to resentment, the most reluctant to enter into a quarrel; whereas in this species

angry demonstrations were made when the intruder was yet far off, and before he had shown any hostile intentions.

My last case—the last, that is, of the few I have selected—relates to a singular variation in the human species. On this occasion I was again travelling alone in a strange district on the southern frontier of Buenos Ayres. On a bitterly cold mid-winter day, shortly before noon, I arrived, stiff and tired, at one of those pilgrims' rests on the pampas—a wayside *pulperia*, or public house, where the traveller can procure anything he may require, or desire, from a tumbler of Brazilian rum to make glad his heart, to a poncho, or cloak of blue cloth with fluffy scarlet lining, to keep him warm o' nights; and, to speed him on his way, a pair of cast-iron spurs weighing six pounds avoirdupois, with rowels eight inches in diameter, manufactured in this island for the use of barbarous men beyond the sea. The wretched mud-and-grass building was surrounded by a fosse crossed by a plank drawbridge; outside of the enclosure twelve or fourteen saddled horses were standing, and from the loud noise of talk and laughter in the bar I conjectured that a goodly company of rough frontiersmen were already making merry at that early hour. It was necessary for me to go in among them to see the proprietor of the place and ask permission to visit his kitchen in order to make myself a “tin of coffee,” that being the refreshment I felt inclined for. When I went in and made my salutation, one man wheeled round square before me, stared straight into my eyes, and in an exceedingly high-pitched reedy or screechy voice and a singsong tone returned my “good morning,” and bade me call for the liquor I loved best at his expense. I declined with thanks, and in accordance with gaucho etiquette added that I was prepared to pay for his liquor. It was then for him to say that he had already been served and so let the matter drop, but he did not do so; he screamed out in his wild animal voice that he would take gin. I paid for his drink, and would, I think, have felt greatly surprised at his strange, insolent behavior, so unlike that of the usually courteous gaucho, but this thing affected me not at all, so profoundly had his singular appearance and voice astonished me; and for the rest of the time I remained in the place I continued to watch him narrowly. Professor Huxley has somewhere said, “A variation frequently occurs, but those who notice it take no care about noting down the par-

ticulars." That is not a failing of mine, and this is what I noted down while the man's appearance was still fresh in memory. He was about five feet eleven inches in height—very tall for a gaucho—straight and athletic, with exceedingly broad shoulders, which made his round head look small; long arms and huge hands. The round, flat face, coarse, black hair, swarthy, reddish color, and smooth, hairless cheeks seemed to show that he had more Indian than Spanish blood in him, while his round black eyes were even more like those of a rapacious animal in expression than in the pure-blooded Indian. He also had the Indian or half-breed's moustache, when that natural ornament is permitted to grow, and which is composed of thick bristles standing out like a cat's whiskers. The mouth was the marvellous feature, for it was twice the size of an average mouth, and the two lips were alike in thickness. This mouth did not smile, but snarled, both when he spoke and when he should have smiled; and when he snarled the whole of his teeth and a part of the gums were displayed. The teeth were not as in other human beings—incisors, canines, and molars; they were all exactly alike, above and below, each tooth a gleaming white triangle, broad at the gum where it touched its companion teeth, and with a point sharp as the sharpest-pointed dagger. They were like the teeth of a shark or crocodile. I noticed that when he showed them, which was very often, they were not set together as in dogs, weasels, and other savage, snarling animals, but apart, showing the whole terrible serration in the huge red mouth.

After getting his gin he joined in the boisterous conversation with the others, and this gave me an opportunity for studying his face for several minutes, all the time with a curious feeling that I had put myself into a cage with a savage animal of horrible aspect, whose instincts were utterly unknown to me, and were probably not very pleasant. It was interesting to note that whenever one of the others addressed him directly, or turned to him when speaking, it was with a curious expression, not of fear, but partly amusement and partly something else which I could not fathom. Now, one might think that this was natural enough purely on account of the man's extraordinary appearance. I do not think that a sufficient explanation; for however strange a man's appearance may be, his intimate friends and associates soon lose all sense of wonder

at his strangeness, and even forget that he is unlike others. My belief is that this curiosity, or whatever it was they showed in their faces, was due to something in his character—a mental strangeness, showing itself at unexpected times, and which might flash out at any moment to amuse or astonish them. There was certainly a correspondence between the snarling action of the mouth and the dangerous form of the teeth, perfect as that in any snarling animals; and such animals, it should be remembered, snarl not only when angry and threatening, but in their playful moods as well. Other and more important correspondences or correlations might have existed; and the voice was certainly unlike any human voice I have ever heard, whether in white, red, or black man. But the time I had for observation was short, the conversation revealed nothing further, and by-and-by I went away in search of the odorous kitchen, where there would be hot water for coffee, or at all events cold water and a kettle, and materials for making a fire—to wit, bones of dead cattle, "buffalo chips," and rancid fat.

I have never been worried with the wish or ambition to be a head-hunter in the Dyak sense, but on this one occasion I did wish that it were possible, without violating any law, or doing anything to a fellow-creature which I should not like done to myself, to obtain possession of this man's head, with its set of unique and terrible teeth. For how, in the name of evolution, did he come by them, and by other physical peculiarities—the snarling habit and that high-pitched, animal voice, for instance—which made him a being different from others,—one separate and far apart? Was he, so admirably formed, so complete and well-balanced, merely a freak of nature, to use an old-fashioned phrase—a sport, or spontaneous individual variation—an experiment for a new human type, imagined by nature in some past period, inconceivably long ago, but which she had only now, too late, found time to carry out? Or rather was he, like that little hairy maiden exhibited not long ago in London, a reproduction of the past, the mystery called reversion—a something in the life of a species like memory in the life of an individual, the memory which suddenly brings back to the old man's mind the image of his childhood? For no dream-monster in human form ever appeared to me with so strange and terrible a face; and this was no dream but sober

fact, for I saw and spoke with this man; and unless cold steel has given him his quietus, or his own horse has crushed him, or a mad bull gored him—all natural forms of death in that wild land—he is probably still living and in the prime of life, and perhaps at this very moment drinking gin at some astonished traveler's expense at that very bar where I met him. The old palæolithic man, judging from the few remains we have of him, must have had an unspeakably savage and, to our way of thinking, repulsive and horrible aspect, with his villainous low receding forehead, broad nose, great projecting upper jaw, and retreating chin; to meet such a man face to face in Piccadilly would frighten a nervous person of the present time. But his teeth were not unlike our own, only very much larger and more powerful, and well adapted to their work of masticating the flesh, underdone and possibly raw, of mammoth and rhinoceros. If, then, this living man recalls a type of the past, it is of a remoter past, a more primitive man, the volume of whose history is missing from the geological record. To speculate on such a subject seems idle and useless; and when I coveted possession of that head it was not because I thought that it might lead to any fresh discovery. A lower motive inspired the feeling. I wished for it only that I might bring it over the sea, to drop it like a new apple of discord, suited to the spirit of the times, among the anthropologists and evolutionists generally of this old and learned world. Inscribed, of course, "To the most learned," but giving no locality and no particulars. I wished to do that for the pleasure—not a very noble kind of pleasure, I allow—of witnessing from some safe hiding-place the stupendous strife that would have ensued—a battle more furious, lasting, and fatal to many a brave knight of biology, than was ever yet fought over any bone or bony fragment or fabric ever picked up, including the celebrated skeleton of the Neanderthal.

W. H. HUDSON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A MODERN NOVELIST.

ON DONNE A QUI DEMANDE.

TERENCE HEBER'S wife was a beautiful woman and no more, so his friends said, just as when he had married her she had been no more than a beautiful girl. It had happened quite unexpectedly; in-

deed, his marriage with Rose Markham had been the one episode in his life which he had not anticipated. Terence had constantly been in love; it was a state of feeling he appreciated; it brought with it the assurance of vitality, and supplied the necessary stimulus to artistic effort. Further, apart from its reflex action, he regarded the condition as a convenient school for the study of character. "Emotion," he said, "was the lime-light which served to throw the pictures of life's magic-lantern into sharp relief." It animated the conceptions of his imagination, and invested his creations with a keen personal interest, an interest which at times, and that not infrequently, rose to genuine excitement. He had few scruples in drawing from life; he permitted himself freely to impersonate, if not his models, at least their sensations and his own; he carried the art of veiled portraiture to its highest perfection. In fact, this special exercise of his literary skill afforded him a double satisfaction, for it enabled him to enliven the hours of composition with reminiscences of the pursuits of his leisure, while all social intercourse and relationships gained an additional zest from his consciousness of the practical uses to which he could put them as an author. He regarded life as a reversible slide; not only did it offer the actual satisfactions of active enjoyment, but it also presented an inexhaustible supply of raw material for him to manipulate. To select, reproduce, and combine various phases of nature was his chosen avocation; and the one form of duty he recognized was to present only such subjects as were capable of awakening his own sympathy and that of his audience. That he was himself part of this raw material, and the part, moreover, most at his disposal, was no disadvantage in his eyes. He defined his personality as "an undigested fact," and brought to its investigation the practical imagination of the born naturalist.

To sum up his case, the study of life was one which commended itself to his taste and promoted his literary success; and he maintained that no one was much the worse, if no one was any the better, for his experimental researches in that branch of emotion which it is the novelist's main business to illustrate.

Men and women of the society which Terence frequented accepted with indifference alike the unprofessional results and the professional application of his theory. If the masculine mind viewed his conduct with tolerant irritation, the feminine con-

science excused it with affectionate liberality; and on all sides it was allowed that his experiences had not been without a beneficial influence on his talent.

Before thirty Terence Heber had run through a course of what, for want of a better name, he called "minor sentiments." At thirty he achieved the ambition of his earlier years, and found himself entertaining a *grande passion* for a woman his elder in years and his superior in social position and moral quality. The result was that Terence re-entered life, as he thought, a disappointed man.

At this point in his career his friends lost sight of him for some months. It was, however, rumored that, resuming his customary emotional experiments, he had found time to become engaged to Miss Jerome, a young writer and a literary *protégée* of his own. Miss Jerome, it was further stated, had broken off the engagement, having been given abundant cause and excuse for declining to fulfil it. This report lost credence when it was known that he had discovered and was about to marry Rose Markham.

It was during a week of enforced idleness, after a too severe strain of work, that Terence had become acquainted with the Markhams. One of several sisters, Rose had been considered the unsuccessful daughter. The rest were spoken of collectively as "the handsome Miss Markhams;" they possessed what they were pleased to refer to as "traditional" good looks, the beauty in question being of a somewhat emphatic type. By their side Rose appeared a graceful, colorless sketch; her face, with its delicate perfection of outline, her neutral-tinted brown hair, the somewhat ascetic grace of her figure, looked as much out of place in her mother's drawing-room as a Greek statue in a modern dress.

Terence had been quick to detect the incongruity of her face and its setting. He found pleasure in polishing this fragile shell and detaching it from its unsuitable surroundings. The task was new to him. The other women with whom he had, to use the expression of an American writer, "made friendship," had been, so to speak, ready made, belonging by birth or adoption to the world which claimed him citizen. Rose, with her gracious tranquillity of manner, her harmonious voice and gentle face, trying in vain to reproduce the family pattern of assertive success, presented a little comedy the pathetic significance of which Terence appreciated. For the first time she found herself singled out

and sought after by a man of a different stamp from those who were accustomed to find entertainment at her home.

The fact gave rise to the amused comments of her sisters. Terence was distinctly a man of whose admiration they might be proud. He was undeniably handsome, and was quite devoid of the assumed negligence of the would-be artist in regard to his dress; he had among the intellectual laity a reputation for talent verging on genius—a reputation, be it owned, he had taken pains neither to acquire nor to retain—and his manner to women was gentle and chivalrous, even if its exaggerated deference suggested a vein of contempt.

"What does Rose find to say to him?" so her sisters debated in friendly conclave. "If he marries her, what will they talk about?" Their anxiety was not groundless; but in those long summer evenings the scent of carnation and musk, the fragrance of the mown lawns, filled the pauses of conversation.

"She talks to me more than you ever do," Terence observed one day, pointing to a portrait of her which he had been painting, and which, like all he did, displayed considerable desultory talent.

"Yes," Rose replied, taking his jest as a well-merited reproach; "but you know I never can talk."

"You can do more. You can listen, and that is far better for a vain fellow such as I am," Terence answered. He was fond of making superfluous self-accusations; he had no desire to impose upon the world, but there was an ingenuity even about his candor, and his confessions tended rather to convict him of humility than of guilt—a tendency which discredited his truthfulness unjustly in the eyes of his friends. Rose, however, only heeded his self-condemnation so far as it was her acquittal.

"But I am not clever even at listening; I often do not understand; I cannot amuse people," she continued gravely.

Had her voice been less soft, had the outline of her face, framed in summer twilight, been less perfect, he would have believed her.

"I hate clever women," he answered hastily, "women who are never happy unless on a stage. After all, for us men, whose business is to do and to act, the face of one spectator matters more than the skill of all our fellow-performers."

For the moment his errant mind reverted to one face, the face of the woman who had not loved him, which no effort of

his had availed to stir from its dispassionate composure. But as he ended he saw that Rose had appropriated the reference; she was not acclimatized to the abstract-personal conversations to which he was addicted, and mistook both their candor and their reserves.

"I would always," she said with a slow smile — she rarely smiled — "be looking on."

In a few months they were married. Terence Heber felt that her beauty had found its right place in the picturesque disorder of his home; he was proud of it; he watched her movements, criticised her dress, praised her adaptability to her new life. For a year, so far as she was concerned, all went well. She was pliable, content, quiescent, not clever enough to perceive her want of cleverness when no one told her of it, nor sensitive enough to divine her husband's sentiments when he did not express them.

"I cannot talk," she had told him before her marriage, and so she told him after, with the same placid humility, when he hinted that conversation was apt to languish between her and those of his old acquaintances with whom he maintained his former intimacy. "I have not read books, nor heard music, nor lived with clever people. I do not know what they are talking about; it does not interest me. Poor Terry, you should not have married a fool!" she would end, little guessing that he was beginning to believe it.

So matters stood when Mrs. Heber met Maud Jerome, and asked her to the house. Maud accepted her invitation and came.

People said Maud was a failure. Rose had heard hints of her story, and it was her own fault if she remained ignorant of the precise nature of the girl's quarrel with life, for Miss Jerome's story had been, to a certain extent, public property, as she herself was fond of implying, whether in bravado or in earnest it was difficult to tell.

"To have even a failure in one's past is something — for a woman," she said; "anything is better than a blank."

It was Miss Jerome's first visit. Rose made no response. Maud read her silence.

"You are surprised at my talking of it. You think that if one cared one would not; it is not the custom in your world to discuss one's losses. But that is because it looks at things from a false point of view. For me — for us — we do not profess reserve; we see no particular nobility

in ignoring our mistakes, or, as we prefer to name them, our misfortunes. Providence provides facts — why should we pretend not to see them? We recognize no privileged classes, no monopolies of good fortune; it does not surprise us that the fate of a hundred other women should be ours as well. We know the good and the evil, and expect our fair share of each."

"I am sorry," Rose answered vaguely; "I have never been unhappy."

"That is why I like you." Maud's eyes, restless and dissatisfied, softened; then her variable features changed at Terence's entrance.

He, too, looked for a moment disconcerted as he came forward and shook hands with his unexpected guest.

"I did not know that you knew my husband," Rose said.

Terence laughed — he had promptly recovered his usual ease.

"Perhaps Miss Jerome thought the acquaintance no passport to your favor, Rosie," he answered for her, and Mrs. Heber made no further remark.

"What made you ask Maud Jerome here?" he asked, when she had taken her leave. His tone betrayed transient dissatisfaction.

"I thought she would amuse you. She is clever, is she not? And I like her. Where did you know her?" Rose answered simply.

Terence smoothed her brown hair, as he bent over the chair where she sat, quiet and content.

"Clever? No." Terence evaded the last question. "She makes a common mistake; she confuses feelings with thoughts, and when she thinks she is expressing an idea she is only trying to put a sensation into words. That is why she fails, why she cannot even talk well. To express thought is a fairly simple process — thought, speech, and even writing, being a trio by long custom intimately connected; but to translate sensation into either of the three requires a skilled interpreter, which she is not."

He spoke, as he often did, to an abstract listener rather than to his wife.

"I like her," Rose repeated.

"So did I," — Terence abandoned his analytical tone. "Yes, have her here by all means. Perhaps you are right, and she may — amuse me."

He was at that time engaged on a new work of fiction, or, as was suggested, of autobiography. He did not resent the charge, though when on one occasion Miss

Jerome alluded to the accusation he denied it.

"No," he said, "this time it is not true. I am writing the romance we all write when our own is ended."

"That is?" she asked.

"Difficult to define, but a difference every writer knows," he answered.

"Up to a certain date, you mean, perhaps, the artist turns feelings into sentiments for literary reproduction; whereas afterwards, being better practised, he can, when in need of such stimulants, turn sentiments into feelings for the exigency of the moment." She spoke sharply.

"From a sentiment which is the result of a feeling evoke a feeling which is the result of a sentiment," said Terence lightly. "Well, it is possible. But in the present case I have taken a new departure altogether. To start with, I have for the first time bestowed the fatal gift of beauty on my heroine."

"I always thought it was the want, not the possession, which deserved that adjective," Miss Jerome interposed.

Mr. Heber's eyes rested for a moment upon the speaker's face. It was thin and brown, with sharply cut features and dark, discontented eyes. Then he went on, without commenting on her interruption.

"Besides," he said, "it is a moral problem — my story, and the question is this: Is it permissible to deviate from the path of virtuous mediocrity in order to scale the heights of what I have ventured to call 'a moral martyrdom'?"

"Have you solved the problem?" Maud inquired.

"Judge. My heroine endeavors to live down, in outward seeming, to a crime of which from the best of motives she wishes to be thought guilty. She becomes, in so doing, at length capable of committing the said offence, and at the crisis of the story the guilt she had falsely espoused becomes hers by right."

"I see no heroism in making a lie the basis of action," Maud replied. A curious strain of severity was an inconsistent but vital element in her nature.

"I did not expect you would. You, Miss Jerome, will never be tempted to cry *mea culpa* over your neighbor's sin."

"It is enough to bear the penalty without adopting the crime." She moved abruptly as she spoke, but not before Terence had noted the sudden painful flush which she had sought to hide.

The novel succeeded; it had more depth, people said, than his former writings. Terence belonged to a school — if

school it can be called where all consider themselves masters — for whom the old heavens, if not the old earth, are passed away. Pending their reconstruction on some better plan, he was disposed to enjoy the exemption afforded by the interval from earlier restrictions. He fancied he had rejected a faith he had never been capable of holding, and a creed to the comprehension of which he had never attained. On the other hand, he had a lucid enthusiasm for the qualities appertaining to the best of the human race, and a shallow idealism which reflected the deeper thoughts of others and lent them a sympathetic and individual color of his own. Added to this, he possessed an instinctive delicacy, which he indulged as necessary deference to social conventions. Further, he was so thoroughly in sympathy with himself that his readers caught the infection. With his customary frankness Terence acknowledged this last source of his popularity.

"Writers should not efface themselves," he asserted in his preface to the book in question. "They should take the public into their confidence, should invite it to sit at their writing-table, and to inspect their work-room. We should counteract its tendency to demand perfection of the author by appealing to it to palliate the inevitable frailties of the man. Without obtruding one's personality one should make it felt that upon that personality, as upon a faulty exponent, lie the sins of the artist whose ideas are compelled to filter through so imperfect a medium."

Whether his theory was just or not, its results were satisfactory, and the fortunes of the Hebers prospered.

Rose saw more of Terence than in the first year of their married life. He had ceased to demand of her those qualities of intelligence she did not possess, and his temporary impulse of disappointed impatience had subsided. On her part she exacted no companionship from her husband, and her friendship with Maud Jerome supplied what might be lacking to her in that respect. It was a friendship of affection rather than of common tastes or interests; a somewhat silent partnership in which Miss Jerome, as happens to women without domestic ties, fell into a recognized place in the Hebers' household. Rose took her presence as a matter of course; Terence treated her with the tentative confidence of a trusted comrade who yet presents a slightly enigmatical study of human nature.

Perhaps most people could have read at

first sight the story which was being enacted; the two women each giving of their best — Rose gentle, affectionate, and content; Maud remorseful, weakly acquiescent to circumstances, all the threads of her life drawn to one perilous issue — while Terence accepted the situation in an attitude of sympathetic neutrality and of gentle curiosity as to its possibilities of crisis and catastrophe.

The stress of work and excitement had left him with an indisposition for effort; he accepted whatever interests came most easily within reach, and if he calculated the cost it was not Maud's risk he estimated.

"Help me to keep him amused," was Mrs. Heber's constant request to her friend. "He wants some one to talk to, and you always manage to interest him."

Yet on Maud, even more than on Terence, the strain of the last years had told. Outside the Hebers' house she was silent, dull, and constrained. One evening, in Terence Heber's drawing-room, an old acquaintance made jesting comment on her altered ways. She changed color, as had become her wont, with quick inconsequence.

"She is now, as Hazlitt — is it? — says, too happy to be gay," Terence, standing near, answered in her place.

"Reverse it; I was too gay, perhaps, to be happy," she said, but her voice reached his ear alone. The other speaker had moved away with a sense of having made a false step.

"Poor gaiety! Why blame her?" Terence protested. "You deal out scant justice altogether to the past. Correct the fault; it is unphilosophical and crude. For my part, there is not one scene, even the most trivial, to which I would not willingly give an *encore*."

"Fortunately for illusions, nature allows no repetitions," she observed.

"You beg the question. Why call the pleasantness of the past illusion?" Terence asked, with gentle kindliness.

"Because it is the realm where imagination reigns supreme," Maud spoke with unguarded vehemence. "We see a green leaf, fresh and living, where were in truth but dry, lifeless fossils."

"So you think it is better to leave Yar-row unvisited, as Wordsworth thought before he unearthed his inevitable moral lesson," Terence replied — he was watching her worn face with more attention than usual. There was a pause. She did not answer his last words. He felt sorry for her; her eyes, restless and unhappy,

gave him a sense of disquiet; he would have liked to rid himself of an uncomfortable fear from which even his easy-going conscience shrank — a fear that he might have had some share in her life's unsuccess. He spoke on an impulse, half selfish, half affectionate.

"You can, at least, afford better than most people to indulge memory. You were wise and good, too good for me, and, unlike Rose, you knew it. Have you ever quite forgiven me?"

It was a close September night. The last guest had at length taken leave. Rose leant against the balcony, looking silently down on the square garden below. A large yellow moon hung in the foggy sky; the leaves of the flaming Virginian creeper rustled and dropped at the slightest stir of a fitful breeze. She was thinking of the summer before her marriage, of the flower-garden of the big country house which had been her home, of the corn-fields beyond the high iron gates. There was no regret in her mind. Regret is an active reflection on the pictures memory retains; it is a contrasting, an adding up of accounts when the balance is on the wrong side. Rose simply followed the train of past impressions — the gardener watering at sunset, the sound of the mowing-machine in the morning, the stain on her white dress when a crushed geranium had soiled it, her mother's annoyance — she smiled now to remember how long it was since any one had scolded her. Each separate scene drifted before her passive gaze, while the moon grew dimmer and the fog thickened.

Terence's voice recalled her to the present. He was close beside her, and turning she saw his face in the uncertain light.

"Poor Terry! how ill you are looking!" she cried, startled, putting both her hands on his shoulders.

"Come," he said, "you have had enough moonlight, and Miss Jerome is waiting to say good-night."

Rose paused to shut the window, and when she came back into the room Maud was alone.

"Poor Terry!" his wife repeated; unconsciously she adopted a tone of gentle commiseration when she spoke of him.

"Poor!" Maud repeated under her voice; then aloud, "Rose, did you know he was the man I was once to have married?"

She spoke abruptly and rather breathlessly.

Rose made no reply; then, as if vaguely aware something had been demanded of

her, she stooped and kissed the girl absently.

"He is ill to-night," she said, thinking aloud as was habitual to her when only Maud was present. Maud's tired face contracted.

"Rose," she began again, low and urgently, "do you — do you understand?" She broke off. Terence had re-entered the room, and Mrs. Heber was not even listening to her.

Two years had come and gone. At Biarritz, in a room the shaded windows of which look straight upon the sea, Terence was dying. He was upon the very eve of starting upon that voyage of discovery whose results remain unrecorded. It was the hottest hour of the day; the other inmates of the *Maison Martin* — a young couple with two children still in the stage of babyhood — were asleep or silent. Rose, too, was resting, and Maud Jerome had taken her place in the sick-room. An unfinished manuscript lay on the table by the bed, two or three French novels, the newspaper of the day, and a pile of unanswered letters.

Never since that September night in London had Maud reverted to the subject of her broken engagement with Rose Heber's husband. Yet through all those months that night had made the background of her thoughts.

"Tell me, Maud, have you ever quite forgiven me?" he had asked.

"Once I loved you too little to forgive, now I love you too much." Her answer, reckless of consequences; the self-reproachful pity with which he had responded to her words, repented as soon as uttered; his hand as it touched hers, his kiss as it burned on her cold fingers — every detail of the scene, her half-begun confession to Rose of the past and of the present, remained stamped on her memory; remembered by her, forgotten by him.

"How often the whole existence of a woman seems made for nothing but to serve as a chance episode in the life of a man!" she thought now, as, reviewing the past with unresentful patience, she sat by the open window. The blue sea, the bluer sky, what would they be to her a week, a day hence, she speculated — to her who had no right to mourn, no claim to sorrow, save as the universal birthright? Then, conscious that Terence had stirred, she turned. His eyes were wandering from her face to the letters on the table, to the window; then he spoke.

"It was good of you to come out to us. Rose could not have done without you." Then his thoughts reverted to himself. "Do you know — they have not said it — but I am going to die." He looked as if the idea amused him faintly. "Those letters will remain unanswered. Death is a great experiment —" the last words came like an after-thought.

"Do you — do you mind?" Maud's question escaped her involuntarily.

"Do I mind?" he repeated slowly. "Yes;" then he paused and smiled, and added, "a little. I should even like to prolong the situation. Dying is a new experience, though one of which the use is uncertain."

She saw that he was laughing at himself; perhaps he had laughed at himself throughout more than people suspected. Once again she looked away from him. She watched the receding sails of a small boat till they lessened to a mere white speck on the water.

"Tell me, what do you think of dying?" Terence spoke again.

"That it is the only evil under the sun," she said with subdued anger. "It is the prison where our joy lies chained. Death is our jailer."

"Do not think that, Maud. I have a better theory. I think he holds us hostages, not prisoners — a hostage, not a prisoner," he repeated, as if to himself.

She rose. Once more she looked down on the bay. The sail she had followed was out of sight; other sails of other boats drifted towards the same track.

"I must call Rose — I promised," she said. She paused on her way beside him; his eyes rested a little anxiously on her, till she smiled back at him, then stooping she lifted his hand to her lips.

There was no struggle during that last hour; Death had, as it were, signed a truce with Life. The children below wakened; people stirred in the house; the children's mother stole up the stairs to make some kind inquiry, and came back, the inquiry unmade.

"Which of the three will it hit hardest?" she said, rejoining her husband.

"One recovers everything but death," he said, checking a smile.

In the room above, Mrs. Heber rose from her knees. She had at first repeated some fragmentary prayers, now she had forgotten her praying; there was nothing new to tell God, except that Terry was dead.

"What is it, Rose?" asked Maud, as she moved. Maud's face looked dull and

blind as Rose's sad eyes were lifted from her husband and fell on her.

"He did not love either of us," said Mrs. Heber in her low, still voice. It was as though she expressed a thought so familiar as to have lost its significance. "Poor Terry!"

Mrs. Heber had, after all, understood.

From The Fortnightly Review.
GIORDANO BRUNO.

PARIS: 1586.

"Jetzo, da ich ausgewachsen,
Viel gelesen, viel gereist,
Schwillt mein Herz, und ganz von Herzen,
Glaub' ich an den Heiligen Geist."

HEINE.

It was on the afternoon of the Feast of Pentecost that news of the death of Charles the Ninth went abroad promptly. To his successor the day became a sweet one, to be noted unmistakably by various pious and other observances; and it was on a Whit-Sunday afternoon that curious Parisians had the opportunity of listening to one who, as if with some intentional new version of the sacred event then commemorated, had a great deal to say concerning the Spirit; above all, of the freedom, the independence of its operation. The speaker, though understood to be a brother of the order of Saint Dominic, had not been present at the mass — the usual university mass, *De Spiritu Sancto*, said to-day according to the natural course of the season in the chapel of the Sorbonne, by the Italian Bishop of Paris. It was the reign of the Italians just then, a doubly refined, somewhat morbid, somewhat ash-colored, Italy in France, more Italian still. Men of Italian birth, "to the great suspicion of simple people," swarmed in Paris, already "flightier, less constant, than the girouettes on its steeples," and it was love for Italian fashions that had brought king and courtiers here to-day, with great *éclat*, as they said, frizzed and starched, in the beautiful, minutely considered dress of the moment, pressing the university into a perhaps not unmerited background: for the promised speaker, about whom tongues had been busy, not only in the Latin Quarter, had come from Italy. In 'an age in which all things about which Parisians much cared must be Italian there might be a hearing for Italian philosophy. Courtiers at least would understand Italian, and this speaker was rumored to possess in perfection all the curious arts of his native language.

And of all the kingly qualities of Henry's youth, the single one that had held by him was that gift of eloquence, which he was able also to value in others — inherited perhaps; for in all the contemporary and subsequent historic gossip about his mother, the two things certain are, that the hands credited with so much mysterious ill-doing were fine ones, and that she was an admirable speaker.

Bruno himself tells us, long after he had withdrawn himself from it, that the monastic life promotes the freedom of the intellect by its silence and self-concentration. The prospect of such freedom sufficiently explains why a young man who, however well found in worldly and personal advantages, was conscious above all of great intellectual possessions, and of fastidious spirit also, with a remarkable distaste for the vulgar, should have espoused poverty, chastity, obedience, in a Dominican cloister. What liberty of mind may really come to in such places, what daring new departures it may suggest to the strictly monastic temper, is exemplified by the dubious and dangerous mysticism of men like John of Ruysbroek and Joachim of Flora, reputed author of the new "Everlasting Gospel," strange dreamers, in a world of sanctified rhetoric, of that later dispensation of the Spirit, in which all law must have passed away; or again by a recognized tendency in the great rival order of St. Francis, in the so-called "spiritual" Franciscans, to understand the dogmatic words of faith *with a difference*.

The three convents in which Bruno lived successively, at Naples, at Citta di Campagna, and finally the *Minerva* at Rome, developed freely, we may suppose, all the mystic qualities of a genius in which, from the first, a heady southern imagination took the lead. But it was from beyond conventional bounds he would look for the sustenance, the fuel, of an ardor born or bred within them. Amid such artificial religious stillness the air itself becomes generous in undertones. The vain young monk (vain of course!) would feed his vanity by puzzling the good, sleepy heads of the average sons of Dominic with his neology, putting new wine into old bottles, teaching them their own business — the new, higher, truer sense of the most familiar terms, the chapters they read, the hymns they sang, above all, as it happened, every word that referred to the Spirit, the reign of the Spirit, its excellent freedom. He would soon pass beyond the utmost limits of his

brethren's sympathy, beyond the largest and freest interpretation those words would bear, to thoughts and words on an altogether different plane, of which the full scope was only to be felt in certain old pagan writers, though approached, perhaps, at first, as having a kind of natural, preparatory kinship with Scripture itself. The Dominicans would seem to have had well-stocked, liberally selected, libraries; and this curious youth, in that age of restored letters, read eagerly, easily, and very soon came to the kernel of a difficult old author—Plotinus or Plato; to the purpose of thinkers older still, surviving by glimpses only in the books of others—Empedocles, Pythagoras, who had enjoyed the original divine sense of things, above all, Parmenides, that most ancient assertor of God's identity with the world. The affinities, the unity, of the visible and the invisible, of earth and heaven, of all things whatever, with each other, through the consciousness, the person, of God the Spirit, who was at every moment of infinite time, in every atom of matter, at every point of infinite space, ay! *was* everything in turn; that doctrine—*l'antica filosofia Italiana*—was in all its vigor there, a hardy growth out of the very heart of nature, interpreting itself to congenial minds with all the fulness of primitive utterance. A big thought! yet suggest'd, perhaps, from the first, in still, small, immediately practical voice, some possible modification of, a freer way of taking, certain moral precepts; say, a primitive morality, congruous with those larger primitive ideas, the larger survey, the earlier, more liberal air.

Returning to this ancient "pantheism," after so long a reign of a seemingly opposite faith, Bruno unfalteringly asserts "the vision of all things in God" to be the aim of all metaphysical speculation, as of all inquiry into nature; the Spirit of God, in countless variety of forms, neither above, nor, in any way, without, but intimately within, all things—really present, with equal integrity, in the sunbeam ninety millions of miles long, and the wandering drop of water as it evaporates therein. The divine consciousness would have the same relation to the production of things, as the human intelligence to the production of true thoughts concerning them. Nay! those thoughts are themselves God in man; a loan, there, too, of his assisting Spirit, who, in truth, creates all things in and by his own contemplation of them. For him, as for man in proportion as man thinks truly, thought and being are iden-

tical, and things existent only in so far as they are known. Delighting in itself, in the sense of its own energy, this sleepless, capacious, fiery intellect evokes all the orders of nature, all the revolutions of history, cycle upon cycle, in ever new types. And God the Spirit, the soul of the world, being really identical with his own soul, Bruno, as the universe shapes itself to his reason, his imagination, ever more and more articulately, shares also the divine joy in that process of the formation of true ideas, which is really parallel to the process of creation, to the evolution of things. In a certain mystic sense, which some in every age of the world have understood, he, too, is creator, himself actually a participator in the creative function. And by such a philosophy, he assures us, it was his experience that the soul is greatly expanded: *Con questa filosofia, l'anima mi s'aggrandisce; mi se magnifica l'intelletto*.

For, with characteristic largeness of mind, Bruno accepted this theory in the whole range of its consequences. Its more immediate corollary was the famous axiom of "indifference," of "the coincidence of contraries." To the eye of God, to the philosophic vision through which God sees in man, nothing is really alien from him. The differences of things, and above all, those distinctions which schoolmen and priests, old or new, Roman or Reformed, had invented for themselves, would be lost in the length and breadth of the philosophic survey; nothing, in itself, either great or small; and matter, certainly, in all its various forms, not evil but divine. Could one choose or reject this or that? If God the Spirit had made, nay, was, all things indifferently, then, matter and spirit, the spirit and the flesh, heaven and earth, freedom and necessity, the first and the last, good and evil, would be superficial rather than substantial differences. Only, were joy and sorrow also to be added to the list of phenomena really coincident or indifferent, as some intellectual kinsmen of Bruno have claimed they should?

The Dominican brother was at no distant day to break far enough away from the election, the seeming "vocation" of his youth, yet would remain always, and under all circumstances, unmistakably a monk in some predominant qualities of temper. At first it was only by way of thought that he asserted his liberty—delightful, late-found privilege!—traversing, in mental journeys, that spacious circuit, as it broke away before him at every

moment into ever-new horizons. Kindling thought and imagination at once, the prospect draws from him cries of joy, a kind of religious joy, as in some new "canticle of the creatures," a new monkish hymnal or antiphonary. Nature becomes for him a sacred term. "Conform thyself to nature" — with what sincerity, what enthusiasm, what religious fervor, he enounces the precept to others, to himself! Recovering, as he fancies, a certain primeval sense of Deity broadcast on things, in which Pythagoras and other inspired theorists of early Greece had abounded, in his hands philosophy becomes a poem, a sacred poem, as it had been with them. That Bruno himself, in "the enthusiasm of the idea," drew from his axiom of the "indifference of contraries" the practical consequence which is in very deed latent there, that he was ready to sacrifice to the antinomianism, which is certainly a part of its rigid logic, the purities of his youth, for instance, there is no proof. The service, the sacrifice, he is ready to bring to the great light that has dawned for him, which occupies his entire conscience with the sense of his responsibilities to it, is that of days and nights spent in eager study, of a plenary, disinterested utterance of the thoughts that arise in him, at any hazard, at the price, say, of martyrdom. The work of the divine Spirit, as he conceives it, exalts, inebriates him, till the scientific apprehension seems to take the place of prayer, sacrifice, communion. It would be a mistake, he holds, to attribute to the human soul capacities merely passive or receptive. She, too, possesses, not less than the soul of the world, initiatory power, responding with the free gift of a light and heat that seem her own.

Yet a nature so opulently endowed can hardly have been lacking in purely physical ardors. His pantheistic belief that the Spirit of God was in all things, was not inconsistent with, might encourage, a keen and restless eye for the dramatic details of life and character, for humanity in all its visible attractiveness, since there, too, in truth, divinity lurks. From those first fair days of early Greek speculation, love had occupied a large place in the conception of philosophy; and in after days Bruno was fond of developing, like Plato, like the Christian Platonist, combining something of the peculiar temper of each, the analogy between intellectual enthusiasm and the flights of physical love, with an animation which shows clearly enough the reality of his experience in the latter. The "*Eroici Furori*," his book of books,

dedicated to Philip Sidney, who would be no stranger to such thoughts, presents a singular blending of verse and prose, after the manner of Dante's "*Vita Nuova*." The supervening philosophic comment reconsiders those earlier physical impulses which had prompted the sonnet in voluble Italian, entirely to the advantage of their abstract, incorporeal equivalents. Yet if it is after all but a prose comment, it betrays no lack of the natural stuff out of which such mystic transferences must be made. That there is no single name of preference, no Beatrice or Laura, by no means proves the young man's earlier desires merely Platonic; and if the colors of love inevitably lose a little of their force and propriety by such deflection, the intellectual purpose as certainly finds its opportunity thereby, in the matter of borrowed fire and wings. A kind of old, scholastic pedantry creeping back over the ardent youth who had thrown it off so defiantly (as if Love himself went in for a degree at the university) Bruno develops, under the mask of amorous verse, all the various stages of abstraction, by which, as the last step of a long ladder, the mind attains actual union. For, as with the purely religious mystics, union, the mystic union of souls with each other and their Lord, nothing less than union between the contemplator and the contemplated — the reality, or the sense, or at least the name of it — was always at hand. Whence that instinctive tendency, if not from the Creator of things himself, who has doubtless prompted it in the physical universe, as in man? How familiar the thought that the whole creation longs for God, the soul as the hart for the water-brooks! To unite oneself to the infinite by breadth and lucidity of intellect, to enter, by that admirable faculty, into eternal life, — this was the true vocation of the spouse, of the rightly amorous soul — "*a filosofia è necessario amore*." There would be degrees of progress therein, as of course also of relapse; joys and sorrows, therefore. And, in interpreting these, the philosopher, whose intellectual ardors have superseded religion and love, is still a lover and a monk. All the influences of the convent, the heady, sweet incense, the pleading sounds, the sophisticated light and air, the exaggerated humor of Gothic carvers, the thick stratum of pagan sentiment beneath ("*Santa Maria sopra Minerva!*"), are indelible in him. Tears, sympathies, tender inspirations, attraction, repulsion, dryness, zeal, desire, recollection: he finds a place for them all; knows

them all well in their unaffected simplicity, while he seeks the secret and secondary, or, as he fancies, the primary, form and purport of each.

A light on actual life, or mere barren scholastic subtlety, never before had the pantheistic doctrine been developed with such completeness, never before connected with so large a sense of nature, so large a promise of the knowledge of it as it really is. The eyes that had not been wanting to visible humanity turned with equal liveliness on the natural world in that region of his birth, where all its force and color is twofold. Nature is not only a thought in the divine mind; it is also the perpetual energy of that mind, which, ever identical with itself, puts forth and absorbs in turn all the successive forms of life, of thought, of language even. But what seemed like striking transformations of matter were in truth only a chapter, a clause, in the great volume of the transformations of the Spirit. To that mystic recognition that all is divine had succeeded a realization of the largeness of the field of concrete knowledge, the infinite extent of all there was actually to know. Winged, fortified, by this central philosophic faith, the student proceeds to the reading of nature, led on from point to point by manifold lights, which will surely strike on him, by the way, from the intelligence in it, speaking directly, sympathetically, to the intelligence in him. The earth's wonderful animation, as divined by one who anticipates by a whole generation the "philosophy of experience:" in that, the bold, flighty, pantheistic speculation became tangible matter of fact. Here was the needful book for man to read, the full revelation, the detailed story of that one universal mind, struggling, emerging, through shadow, substance, manifest spirit, in various orders of being—the veritable history of God. And nature, together with the true pedigree and evolution of man also, his gradual issue from it, was still all to learn. The delightful tangle of things,—it would be the delightful task of man's thoughts to disentangle that. Already Bruno had measured the space which Bacon would fill, with room perhaps for Darwin also. That Deity is everywhere, like all such abstract propositions, is a two-edged force, depending for its practical effect on the mind which admits it, on the peculiar perspective of that mind. To Dutch Spinoza, in the next century, faint, consumptive, with a hold on external things naturally faint, the theorem that God was in all

things whatever, annihilating their differences, suggested a somewhat chilly withdrawal from the contact of all alike. In Bruno, eager and impassioned, an Italian of the Italians, it awoke a constant, inextinguishable appetite for every form of experience—a fear, as of the one sin possible, of limiting, for oneself or another, that great stream flowing for thirsty souls, that wide pasture set ready for the hungry heart.

Considered from the point of view of a minute observation of nature, the infinite might figure as the "infinitely little;" no blade of grass being like another, as there was no limit to the complexities of an atom of earth, cell, sphere, within sphere. But the earth itself, hitherto seemingly the privileged centre of a very limited universe, was, after all, itself but an atom in an infinite world of starry space, then lately displayed to the ingenuous intelligence, which the telescope was one day to verify to bodily eyes. For if Bruno must needs look forward to the future, to Bacon, for adequate knowledge of the earth—the infinitely little; he looked back, gratefully, to another daring mind, which had already put the earth into its modest place, and opened the full view of the heavens. If God is eternal, then, the universe is infinite and worlds innumerable. Yes! one might well have supposed what reason now demonstrated, indicating those endless spaces which siderial science would gradually occupy, an echo of the creative word of God himself,—

Qui innumero numero innumerorum nomina dicit.

That the stars are suns; that the earth is in motion; that the earth is of like stuff with the stars,—now the familiar knowledge of children, dawning on Bruno as calm assurance of reason on appeal from the prejudice of the eye, brought to him an inexpressibly exhilarating sense of enlargement of the intellectual, nay, the physical atmosphere. And his consciousness of unfailing unity and order did not desert him in that larger survey, making the utmost one could ever know of the earth seem but a very little chapter in that endless history of God the Spirit, rejoicing so greatly in the admirable spectacle that it never ceases to evolve from matter new conditions. The immovable earth beneath one's feet,—one almost felt the movement, the respiration of God in it. And yet how greatly even the physical eye, the *sensible* imagination (so to term it), was flattered by the theorem! What

joy in that motion, the prospect, the music, the music of the spheres! — he could listen to it in a perfection such as had never been conceded to Plato, to Pythagoras even.

Veni, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia,
Quæ tu creasti pectora!

Yes! the grand old Christian hymns, perhaps the grandest of them, seemed to blend themselves in the chorus, to deepen immeasurably under this new intention. It is not always, or often, that men's abstract ideas penetrate the temperament, touch the animal spirits, effect conduct. It was what they did with Bruno. The ghastly spectacle of the endless material universe, infinite dust, in truth, starry as it may look to our terrestrial eyes, — that prospect from which Pascal's faithful soul recoiled so painfully — induced in Bruno only the delightful consciousness of an ever-widening kinship and sympathy, since every one of those infinite worlds must have its sympathetic inhabitants. Scruples of conscience, if he felt such, might well be pushed aside for the "excellency" of such knowledge as this. To shut the eyes, whether of the body or the mind, would be a kind of dark ingratitude; the one sin, to believe directly or indirectly in any absolutely dead matter anywhere, because involving denial of the indwelling Spirit. A free spirit, certainly, as of old! Through all his pantheistic flights, from horizon to horizon, it was still the thought of liberty that presented itself to the infinite relish of this "prodigal son" of Dominic. God the Spirit had made all things indifferently, with a largeness, a beneficence, impiously belied by any theory of restrictions, distinctions, absolute limitations. Touch, see, listen, eat freely of all the trees of the garden of Paradise with the voice of the Lord God literally everywhere: here was the final counsel of perfection. The world was even larger than youthful appetite, youthful capacity. Let theologian and every other theorist beware how he narrowed either. The plurality of worlds, — how petty in comparison seemed the sins, to purge which was the chief motive for coming to places like this convent, whence Bruno, with vows broken, or obsolete for him, presently departed! A sonnet, expressive of the joy with which he returned to so much more than the liberty of ordinary men, does not suggest that he was driven from it. Though he must have

seemed to those who surely had loved so lovable a creature there to be departing, like the prodigal of the Gospel, into the furthest of possible far countries, there is no proof of harsh treatment, or even of an effort to detain him.

It happens, of course most naturally, that those who undergo the shock of spiritual or intellectual change sometimes fail to recognize their debt to the deserted cause; how much of the heroism, or other high quality, of their rejection has really been the growth of what they reject? Bruno, the escaped monk, is still a monk; his philosophy, impious as it might seem to some, a new religion. He came forth well fitted by conventual influences to play upon men as he was played upon. A challenge, a war-cry, an alarm; everywhere he seemed to be the creature of some subtly materialized spiritual force, like that of the old Greek prophets, like the primitive "enthusiasm" he was inclined to set so high, or impulsive Pentecostal fire. His hunger to know, fed at first dreamily enough within the convent walls as he wandered over space and time an indefatigable reader of books, would be fed physically now by ear and eye, by large matter-of-fact experience, as he journeys from university to university; yet still, less as a teacher than a courtier, a citizen of the world, a knight-errant of intellectual light. The philosophic need to try all things had given reasonable justification to the stirring desire for travel common to youth, in which, if in nothing else, that whole age of the later Renaissance was invincibly young. The theoretic recognition of that mobile spirit of the world, — its youth, became, — the motive of a life as mobile, as ardent, as itself; of a continual journey, the venture and stimulus of which would be the occasion of ever new discoveries, of renewed conviction.

The unity, the spiritual unity, of the world, — that must involve the alliance, the congruity, of all things with each other, great reinforcements of sympathy, of the teacher's personality with the doctrine he had to deliver, the spirit of that doctrine with the fashion of his utterance. In his own case, certainly, as Bruno confronted his audience at Paris, himself, his theme, his language, were the fuel of one clear spiritual flame, which soon had hold of his audience also; alien, strangely alien, as it might seem from the speaker. It was *intimate* discourse, in magnetic touch with every one present, with his special point of impressibility; the sort of speech which,

consolidated into literary form as a book, would be a dialogue according to the true Attic genius, full of those diversions, passing irritations, unlooked for appeals, in which a solicitous missionary finds his largest range of opportunity, and takes even dull wits unaware. In Bruno, that abstract theory of the perpetual motion of the world was a visible person talking with you.

And as the runaway Dominican was still in temper a monk, so he presented himself in the comely Dominican habit. The eyes which in their last sad protest against stupidity would mistake, or miss altogether, the image of the crucified, were to-day, for the most part, kindly observant eyes, registering every detail of that singular company, all the physiognomic lights which come by the way on people, and through them, on things, the "shadows of ideas" in men faces ("De Umbris Idearum" was the title of his discourse), himself pleasantly animated by them, in turn. There was "heroic gaiety" there; only, as usual with gaiety, the passage of a peevish cloud seemed all the chillier. Lit up, in the agitation of speaking, by many a harsh or scornful beam, yet always sinking, in moments of repose, to an expression of high-bred melancholy, it was a face that looked, after all, made for suffering—already half pleading, half defiant—as of a creature you could hurt, but to the last never shake a hair's breadth from its estimate of yourself.

Like nature, like nature in that country of his birth, which the Nolan, as he delighted to proclaim himself, loved so well that, born wanderer as he was, he must perforce return thither sooner or later, at the risk of life, he gave *plenis manibus*, but without selection, and, with all his contempt for the "asinine" vulgar, was not fastidious. His rank, unweeded eloquence, appearing in a play of words, rabbinic allegories, verses defiant of prosody, in the kind of erudition he professed to despise, with a shameless image here or there, product not of formal method, but of Neapolitan improvisation, was akin to the heady wine, the sweet, coarse odors, of that fiery, volcanic soil, fertile in the irregularities which manifest power. Helping himself indifferently to all religions for rhetoric illustration, his preference was still for that of the soil, the old pagan one, the primitive Italian gods, whose names and legends haunt his speech, as they do the carved and pictorial work of the age, according to the fashion of that ornamental paganism which the Renais-

sance indulged. To excite, to surprise, to move men's minds, as the volcanic earth is moved, as if in travail, and, according to the Socratic fancy, bring them to the birth, was the true function of the teacher, however unusual it might seem in an ancient university. *Fantastic*, from first to last that was the descriptive epithet; and the very word, carrying us to Shakespeare, reminds one how characteristic of the age such habit was, and that it was pre-eminently due to Italy. A bookman, yet with so vivid a hold on people and things, the traits and tricks of the audience seemed to revive in him, to strike from his memory, all the graphic resources of his old readings. He seemed to promise some greater matter than was then actually exposed; himself to enjoy the fulness of a great outlook, the vague suggestion of which did but sustain the curiosity of the listeners. And still, in hearing him speak you seemed to see that subtle spiritual fire to which he testified kindling from word to word. What Parisians then heard was, in truth, the first fervid expression of all those contending apprehensions, out of which his written works would afterwards be compacted, with much loss of heat in the process. Satiric or hybrid growths, things due to *ὕβρις*, insolence, insult, all that those fabled satyrs embodied—the volcanic south is kindly prolific of this, and Bruno abounded in mockeries; it was by way of protest. So much of a Platonist, for Plato's genial humor he had nevertheless substituted the harsh laughter of Aristophanes. Paris, teeming, beneath a very courtly exterior, with mordent words, in unabashed criticism of all real or suspected evil, provoked his utmost powers of scorn for the "triumphant beast," the "constellation of the Ass," shining even there, amid the university folk, those intellectual bankrupts of the Latin Quarter, who had so long passed between them gravely a worthless "parchment and paper" currency. In truth, Aristotle, as the supplanter of Plato, was still in possession, pretending to determine heaven and earth by precedent, hiding the proper nature of things from the eyes of men. Habit—the last word of his practical philosophy—indolent habit! what would this mean in the intellectual life, but just that sort of dead judgments which are most opposed to the essential freedom and quickness of the spirit, because the mind, the eye, were no longer really at work in them?

To Bruno, a true son of the Renais-

sance, in the light of those large, antique, pagan ideas, the difference between Rome and the Reform would figure, of course, as but an insignificant variation upon some deeper, more radical antagonism between two tendencies of men's minds. But what about an antagonism deeper still? between Christ and the world, say, Christ and the flesh?—that so very ancient antagonism between good and evil? Was there any place for imperfection in a world wherein the minutest atom, the lightest thought, could not escape from God's presence? Who should note the crime, the sin, the mistake, in the operation of that eternal Spirit, which could have made no misshapen births? In proportion as man raised himself to the ampler survey of the divine work around him, just in that proportion did the very notion of evil disappear. There were no weeds, no "tares," in the endless field. The truly illuminated mind, discerning spiritually, might do what it would. Even under the shadow of monastic walls, that had ever been the precept, which the larger theory of "inspiration" had bequeathed to practice. "Of all the trees of the garden thou mayst freely eat! If you take up any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you! And I think that I, too, have the spirit of God."

Bruno, the citizen of the world, Bruno at Paris, was careful to warn off the vulgar from applying the decisions of philosophy beyond its proper speculative limits. But a kind of secrecy, an ambiguous atmosphere, encompassed, from the first, alike the speaker and the doctrine;

and in that world of fluctuating and ambiguous characters, the aliter mind certainly, pondering on this novel reign of the Spirit—what it might actually be—would hardly fail to find in Bruno's theories a method of turning poison into food, to live and thrive thereon; an art, surely, no less opportune in the Paris of that hour, intellectually or morally, than had it related to physical poisons. If Bruno himself was cautious not to suggest the ethic or practical equivalent to his theoretic positions, there was that in his very manner of speech, in his rank, unweeded eloquence, which seemed naturally to discourage any effort at selection, any sense of fine difference, of *nuances* or proportion, in things. The loose sympathies of his genius were allied to nature, nursing, with equable maternity of soul, good, bad, and indifferent, rather than to art, distinguishing, rejecting, refining. Commission and omission,—sins of the former surely had the preference. And how would Paolo and Francesca have read the lessons? How would this Henry the Third, and Margaret of the "Memoirs," and other susceptible persons then present, read it, especially if the opposition between practical good and evil traversed another distinction, to the "opposed points," the "fenced opposites" of which many, certainly, then present, in that Paris of the last of the Valois, could never by any possibility become "indifferent," between the precious and the base, æsthetically—between what was right and wrong, as matter of art?

WALTER PATER.

LONDON FOGS.—At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society, the president, Dr. W. Marquet, read a paper on "Fogs," whose varieties and peculiarities he illustrated by means of an interesting series of lantern-slides. Fog and clouds, he said, were one and the same thing. A cloud was a fog when entered into, and a fog seen from a distance, suspended in the air, became a cloud. The various sorts of fog were then described and accounted for—river, sea, Newfoundland, radiation, and other varieties. Coming to fogs in town, the lecturer said that Dr. Tyndall had accounted for London fogs by assuming each particle of condensed vapor to be covered by coal smoke. These fogs usually accompanied a high barometer, and were frequently dry in their character. It was a well-known fact in meteorology that cold air on the top of hills, being heavier than the air below, slid down the slopes, so that the lower

parts of hillsides were actually colder than the plains at some distance from the hills. Now, London, in the Thames valley, was surrounded by hills—north, west, and south. The air was colder on those hills than in London with its millions of inhabitants, its coal fires and factories; hence it was heavier, and would have a great tendency to slide down the hills towards the town and the river. Should the air in town be on the point of saturation, and the cold air from above saturated with vapor, it was obvious that the increased cold from above would cause a precipitation of moisture, and it would come to pass that a fog was produced. If the hilltops were not only colder than the air below, but enveloped in a fog, it stood to reason that the fog below would be all the denser, and especially in the neighborhood of water, such as the river Thames and the ornamental waters in the parks.

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GRUDGER'S CLERK.

"GOD knew you were so tired and sad,
And said, 'My little angel, go
And be his Pearl again below,
And he will see you, and be glad.'

"And so I come with morning red,
And fade in night when toil is o'er,
And in that day I come no more,
You will have come to me instead."

Seems it so strange that I who lost
All who were dear to me on earth;
By sight's defect and hearing's dearth,
Wandering like some half-conscious ghost;

Should seem at times to see and hear,
What others fail to hear and see;
Sweet sights of days which used to be,
Sweet sound of voices once so dear?

And so I say, if one should move
That old red ledger from its place;
She would be there with shining face,
My little Pearl, my little dove.

And she would smile, and glide with fleet
Soft tread across the silent floor,
And vanish thro' the creaking door
Into the crazy glaring street.

ASHTON CLAIR.

DREAM VISIONS.

THE garden lies in silence — shadow deep!
On filmy wings of purple, soft, unfurled,
Comes that ethereal presence we call sleep,
To drug the throbbing senses of the world.
Still is the night — ah, Heaven, how still and
clear!

Acacia wrapped in showering sheets of
bloom
Droops ghost-like o'er the pathway; I can
hear

A scented petal falling in the gloom.
Oh, love! whom nevermore I may call mine,
I hear thy footsteps on the pathway now:
I hear the music of that voice of thine

As distant harp-notes, tremulous and low.
I fold thee in mine arms — ah, rest, my love!
In this death-silence rest thou on my heart!

The wind goes shuddering to pale stars above,
We two are here alone — the world apart.
Nay, steal not yet away; my lips are laid
Upon thy lips of shadow — rest awhile!
Ah, me! that spirit-form may not be stayed,
And thy dream-presence passes in a smile.

FRANCES NICHOLSON.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

SAVIOUR, now receive him
To thy bosom mild;
For with thee we leave him,
Happy, blessed child.

Though his eye hath brightened
Oft our weary way;
And his clear laugh lightened
Half our heart's dismay;

Now let faith behold him
In his heavenly rest,
Where those arms enfold him
To the Saviour's breast.

Yield we what was given,
At thy holy call;
The beautiful to heaven.
Thou who givest all!

Still, 'mid heavy mourning,
Look we now to God;
There our spirit turning,
Kneel beside the sod.

FELICIA HEMANS.

SONG — A MEMORY.

WHEN thy burdened spirit fails,
Worn with grief and weary days,
And the purple distance sails
In the fading saffron haze,

Droop thy fringed lids, nor sigh,
Should the gathering tears o'erflow;
Sing again the song that I
Sang to thee, long, long ago.

Let thy snowy fingers stray
In among the ivory keys,
While the twilight sinks to gray,
And upswells the sweet night-breeze —

They will find the dear old strain,
Woo'd from out the trembling strings;
They will find it, not in vain,
If thy spirit with them sings!

And though day be overcast,
Starlight glimmers on the sea,
While through darkness, dawn, at last,
Brighter days for you and me!
Chambers' Journal. ALEXANDER GRANT.

SO LONG AGO.

(ROUNDEL.)

So long ago the hours of joy took flight —
As roses wane when Autumn bids them go;
Love's sunshine passed to one dark dismal
night
So long ago.

When Tyrant Time's grim scythe hath ceased
to mow,
May e'er again these long-lost hours dawn
bright?

Shall love renew his heart-songs faint and low?
And Faith be fain once more her lamp to light?
Ah, may this be? Alas! I do but know
They waned, the sunlit hours of heart's delight,
So long ago.

Blackwood's Magazine.

C. W. B.

From The Contemporary Review.

MR. WALLACE ON DARWINISM.

BY GEORGE J. ROMANES, F.R.S.

TO all who have read the life and letters of the late Mr. Darwin it must appear that, over and above the personal and scientific interest which attaches in so high a degree to that admirable biography, there is what may be termed a dramatic interest. The antecedents of Charles Darwin, the Sir Isaac Newton of biology, in Charles Darwin, the undergraduate at Cambridge—hitherto unconscious of his own powers, and waking up to a love of science under the guiding influence of a beautiful friendship; the delight and the diffidence which attended his nomination by Professor Henslow as a suitable naturalist for the Beagle expedition; the uncertainty which afterwards marked the course of negotiations between his family on the one hand, and the Admiralty on the other, wherein issues of incalculable importance were turning and re-turning in the balance of chance, determined this way and that by the merest featherweights of circumstance; the eventual suddenness of a decision which was destined to end not only, as his father anticipated, in an “unsettling” of his own views, but also, and to a never paralleled degree, in the unsettling of the views of all mankind; the subsequent dawning upon his mind of the truth of evolution in the light of his theory of natural selection, and the working out of that theory during twenty years of patient devotion in the quiet retirement of an English country life; the bursting of the storm in 1859, and all the history of the great transformations which have followed,—these in their broadest outlines are some of what I have ventured to call the dramatic elements in the records of Mr. Darwin’s life. Now, not least among these dramatic elements is the relation in which Mr. Darwin’s work stood to that of Mr. Wallace. For assuredly it was in the highest degree dramatic, that the great idea of natural selection should have occurred independently and in precisely the same form to two working naturalists; that these naturalists should have been countrymen; that

they should have agreed to publish their theory on the same day; and last, but not least, that, through the many years of strife and turmoil which followed, these two English naturalists consistently maintained towards each other such feelings of magnanimous recognition, that it is hard to say whether we should most admire the intellectual or the moral qualities which, in relation to their common labors, they have displayed.

Now, I have sought to lay emphasis on this the dramatic side of Darwinism, because in the work which under this title I am about to review, it appears to me that Mr. Wallace has added yet another scene, or episode, which, in the respects we are considering, is quite worthy of all that has gone before. I do not allude merely to the fact that in this work we have the matured conclusions of the joint originator of Darwinian doctrine, published most opportunely at a time when biological science is especially anxious to learn his views upon certain questions of the highest importance which have been raised since the death of Darwin; nor do I allude merely to the further fact that in now speaking out, after nearly a decade of virtual silence on scientific topics, the veteran naturalist has displayed an energy of investigation as well as a force of thought which is everywhere equal to, and in many places surpasses, anything that is to be met with in all the solid array of his previous works. That these facts present what I call a dramatic side I fully allow; but the point which in this connection I desire to bring into special prominence is the following.

It is notorious that, from the time when they published their joint theory of evolution by natural selection, Darwin and Wallace failed to agree upon certain points of doctrine, which, although of comparatively small importance in relation to any question of evolution considered as a *fact*, were, and still continue to be, of the highest possible importance in relation to the question of evolution considered as a *method*—*i.e.*, in relation to the causes or factors which have been concerned in the process. It was the opinion of Mr. Darwin that natural selection has been the

chief, but not the only, cause of organic evolution; while in the opinion of Mr. Wallace natural selection has been the all and in all of such evolution — virtually the sole and only principle which has been concerned in the development both of life and of mind from the amœba to the ape — although he further and curiously differs from Darwin in an opposite direction, by holding that natural selection can have had absolutely no part at all in the development of faculties distinctively human. Disregarding the latter and subordinate point of difference (a re-presentation of which in the concluding chapters of his present work I may however remark appears to me sadly like the feet of clay in a figure of iron, marring by its manifest weakness what would otherwise have been a completed and self-consistent monument of strength), let us first clearly understand to what it is that the major point of difference amounts. This may best be done by quoting from each of the authors in question parallel passages, which occur in the concluding paragraphs of their latest works.

Mr. Darwin writes : —

I have now recapitulated the facts and considerations which have thoroughly convinced me that species have been modified during a long course of descent. This has been effected chiefly through the natural selection of numerous successive, slight, favorable variations, aided in an important manner by the inherited effects of the use and disuse of parts; and in an unimportant manner, that is in relation to adaptive structures, whether past or present, by the direct action of external conditions, and by variations which seem to us in our ignorance to arise spontaneously. It appears that I formerly underrated the frequency and value of these latter forms of variation, as leading to permanent modifications of structure independently of natural selection. But as my conclusions have lately been much misrepresented, and it has been stated that I attribute the modification of species exclusively to natural selection, I may be permitted to remark that in the first edition of this work, and subsequently, I placed in a most conspicuous position — namely, at the close of the Introduction — the following words: "I am convinced that natural selection has been the main, but not the exclusive, means of modification." This has been of no avail. Great

is the power of steady misrepresentation; but the history of science shows that fortunately this power does not long endure.

Mr. Wallace writes : —

While admitting, as Darwin always admitted, the co-operation of the fundamental laws of growth and variation, of correlation and heredity, in determining the direction of lines of variation or in the initiation of peculiar organs, we find that variation and natural selection are ever-present agencies, which take possession, as it were, of every minute change originated by these fundamental causes, check or favor their further development, or modify them in countless varied ways according to the varying needs of the organism. Whatever other causes have been at work, natural selection is supreme, to an extent which even Darwin himself hesitated to claim for it. The more we study it the more we are convinced of its overpowering importance, and the more confidently we claim, in Darwin's own words, that it "has been the most important, but not the exclusive, means of modification."

Now, in the latter quotation it is manifest that the "co-operation" which is spoken of takes cognizance only of factors which are themselves either necessary conditions to, or integral parts of, the process of natural selection; and, therefore, the approval which Mr. Wallace bestows upon Mr. Darwin's emphatic reservation ("but not exclusive means of modification") can only be understood to have reference to the development of those distinctively human faculties which he immediately proceeds to consider, and touching which, as already indicated, Mr. Darwin's reservation was certainly not intended to apply. Thus, in brief, at the time of Mr. Darwin's death the state of matters was this: while Mr. Wallace held persistently to his original belief in natural selection as virtually the sole and only cause of organic evolution, the whole body of scientific opinion, both in this country and abroad, had followed Mr. Darwin in holding that, while natural selection was "the main" factor of such evolution, nevertheless it was largely supplemented in its work by certain other subordinate factors, of which the most important were taken to be the inherited effects of use and disuse, together with the influence of the environment in directly producing

alterations both of structure and of instinct.

Shortly after Mr. Darwin's death, however, this state of matters underwent a very serious change. For it was shortly after Mr. Darwin's death that Professor Weismann began to publish a remarkable series of papers, the effect of which has been to create a new literature of such large and rapidly increasing proportions that, with the single exception of Mr. Darwin's own works, it does not appear that any publications in modern times have given so great a stimulus to speculative science, or succeeded in gaining so influential a following. The primary object of these papers is to establish a new theory of heredity, which has for one of its consequences a denial of the inherited effects of use and disuse, or, indeed, of any other characters which are acquired during the lifetime of individuals; according to this theory, the only kind of variations that can be transmitted to progeny are those which are called congenital. For instance, there is no doubt that in his individual lifetime the arms of a blacksmith have their muscular power increased by constant exercise (or use) of the muscles in hammering; and therefore, if there were a thousand generations of blacksmiths, it seems reasonable to suppose that the children of the last of them would inherit somewhat stronger arms than those of average children — or *a fortiori*, than those of children born of a similarly long line, say, of watchmakers. This was the supposition that constituted the basis of Lamarck's theory of evolution, and, as we have seen, it was sanctioned by Darwin — although, of course, he differed from Lamarck in not regarding this supposed transmission of the effects of use and disuse as the sole factor of evolution, but merely as a factor greatly subordinate to that which he had himself discovered in survival of the fittest. Nevertheless, he unquestionably did regard this subordinate factor as one of high importance in co-operation with survival of the fittest, and, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown in detail, he apparently attributed more and more importance to it the longer that he considered its relation to

the greater principle. But, as we have just seen, according to the school of Weismann it is only variations of a congenital kind that *can* be inherited; no matter what adaptive changes may be induced in the individual by suitable use and disuse of its several parts, and no matter what adaptive changes may be directly caused by environing agencies, these all count for nothing in the process of evolution; the only adaptive changes that can count for anything in this process are those which can be transmitted to progeny — *i.e.*, according to this school, those which arise fortuitously as congenital variations, for the accidental occurrence of which natural selection is always, so to speak, waiting and watching. The human hand, for example, considered as a mechanism, owes nothing to its continued use through numberless generations as an instrument for the performance of functions which it is now so admirably adapted to discharge; on the contrary, its evolution has throughout been exclusively dependent on the occurrence of fortuitous variations, which, whenever they happen to occur in a profitable direction, were preserved by natural selection, and passed on to the next generation. Now, it is evident that, according to this theory, natural selection is constituted the one and only cause of organic evolution; and for this reason the followers of Weismann are in the habit of calling his doctrine "pure Darwinism," inasmuch as, without invoking any aid from the Lamarckian principles above described, it constitutes the Darwinian principle of natural selection the sole, and not merely as he said the "main, means of modification."

Obviously, without going further than this quotation (which I have already made from the last edition of the "Origin of Species"), it is a misnomer to designate the doctrine in question "pure Darwinism." That quotation presents the only note of bitterness which is to be met with in the whole range of Mr. Darwin's writings, and it is a note which has express reference to this very point; notwithstanding the multifarious directions in which his doctrines were abused, the only protest against "steady misrepresentation"

that he has ever allowed himself to lodge, he lodged against those who imputed to him this so-called doctrine of "pure Darwinism." On the other hand, it is no less manifest that this doctrine, although not pure Darwinism, assuredly is, and always has been, pure *Wallaceism*. In point of fact, it is with reference to this very doctrine of natural selection as the sole cause of organic evolution that the opinion of these two renovators of biology has been from the first divided; it is upon this point, and upon this point alone, that there has ever been any serious difference between them — for, as we shall presently find, every other point in which they failed to agree (save with respect to the origin of man) has a direct logical reference to this one, or grows out of this one by way of logical consequence.

And here we arrive at what seems to me the dramatic interest attaching to Mr. Wallace's latest work. On the present occasion I am not going to consider the pros and the cons of the momentous question which has always divided his teaching from that of his great compatriot. But, whether he is right or whether he is wrong, he has lived to see a most extraordinary revolution of biological thought in the direction of opinions which have always been distinctively his own, and which for a large part of a lifetime he has been virtually alone in maintaining.

Yet, notwithstanding the gratification with which Mr. Wallace must have watched this remarkable change within the last few years, there is in his recently published book no sound of exultation. On the contrary, his aim everywhere appears to be that of concealing his personal interest in this matter; and so well does he succeed that, after having finished his book, not one in a hundred of his readers will be in a position to surmise that for more than a quarter of a century their author has steadily maintained the opinions which are now being adopted by an influential and rapidly increasing body of evolutionists. Therefore, it is partly for the sake of drawing attention to a claim which Mr. Wallace characteristically abstains from making on his own behalf that I have ventured to write this review of his latest work. If ever there was an occasion when a man of science might have felt himself justified in expressing a personal gratification at the turning of a tide of scientific opinion, assuredly such an occasion is the present; and in whichever direction the truth may eventually be found to lie, historians of science should

not omit to notice that in the very hour when his lifelong belief is gaining so large a measure of support Mr. Wallace quietly accepts the fact without one word of triumph.

To me individually it does not appear that the recent movement of scientific opinion in the direction of Wallaceism is scientifically justifiable; and therefore I remain an adherent of Darwinism, as this was left by the matured judgment of Darwin. For, on the one hand, I cannot find that the school of Weismann has added anything of importance to the body of facts previously known; while, on the other hand, I do find that Professor Weismann himself is put to the sorest straits while trying to maintain his theory in the presence of some of these facts. So that, while fully recognizing the extraordinary ability with which he has marshalled his evidence — and also, it may be added, the great service which he has rendered to biological science in raising certain questions of the highest possible importance in the acutest possible form — I must still confess that to my mind there does not seem to have been hitherto shown any adequate reason to pass from the theory of evolution as this was always held by Darwin, to the theory of evolution as it has always been held by Wallace. Therefore I am free to conclude this article by briefly considering the points upon which Wallace, in his matured publication on Darwinism, expressly differs from the teachings of Darwin.

As already stated, all these points of difference (with the one exception as to the origin of man) arise by way of logical necessity from the great or radical difference which we have hitherto been considering — viz., as to whether natural selection is only the "main" or actually "the exclusive means of modification." Nevertheless, it is desirable to consider what Mr. Wallace has to say upon these secondary or sequent points of difference, because, by examining them in the light of the diverse facts which they severally involve, we may obtain valuable material for guiding our judgment upon the larger issue.

SEXUAL SELECTION.

AGAINST Mr. Darwin's theory of sexual selection — *i.e.*, selection which depends on the superior power which males may be supposed to present in the way of charming their females — Mr. Wallace urges the following objections, which, in

his opinion, are sufficient to dispose of the theory *in toto*.

In the first place, he argues that the principal cause of the greater brilliancy of male animals in general, and of male birds in particular, is that they do not so much stand in need of protection arising from concealment as is the case with their respective females. Consequently natural selection is not so active in repressing brilliancy of color in the males, or which amounts to the same thing, is more active in "repressing in the female those bright colors which are normally produced in both sexes by general laws."

Next he argues that not only does natural selection thus exercise a negative influence in passively permitting more heightened color to appear in the males, but even exercises a positive influence in actively promoting its development in the males, while, at the same time, actively repressing its appearance in the females. For heightened color, he says, is correlated with health and vigor; and as there can be no doubt that healthy and vigorous birds best provide for their young, natural selection, by always placing its premium on health and vigor in the males, thus also incidentally promotes, through correlated growth, their superior coloration.

Again, with regard to the display which is practised by male birds, and which constitutes the strongest of all Mr. Darwin's arguments in favor of sexual selection, Mr. Wallace points out that there is no evidence at all of the females being in any way affected thereby. On the other hand, he argues that this display may be due merely to general excitement; and he lays stress upon the more special fact that movable feathers are habitually erected under the influence of anger and rivalry, in order to make the bird look more formidable in the eyes of his antagonists.

Furthermore, he adduces the consideration that, even if the females are in any way affected by color and its display on the part of the males, and if, therefore, sexual selection be conceded a true principle in theory, still we must remember that, as a matter of fact, it can only operate in so far as it is allowed to operate by natural selection. Now, according to Mr. Wallace, natural selection must wholly neutralize any such supposed influence of sexual selection. For, unless the survivors in the general struggle for existence happen to be those which are also the most highly ornamented, natural selection must neutralize and destroy any influence

that may be exerted by female selection. But obviously the chances against the otherwise best fitted males happening to be likewise the most highly ornamented must be many to one, unless, as Wallace supposes, there is some correlation between embellishment and general perfection, in which case, as he points out, the theory of sexual selection lapses altogether, and becomes but a special case of natural selection.

Once more, Mr. Wallace argues that the evidence collected by Mr. Darwin himself proves that each bird finds a mate under any circumstances — a general fact which in itself must quite neutralize any effect of sexual selection of color or ornament, since the less highly colored birds would be at no disadvantage as regards the leaving of healthy progeny.

Lastly, he urges the high improbability that through thousands of generations all the females of any particular species — possibly spread over an enormous area — should uniformly and always have displayed exactly the same taste with respect to every detail of color to be presented by the males.

Now, without any question, we have here a most powerful array of objections against the theory of sexual selection. Each of them is ably developed by Mr. Wallace himself in his work on "Tropical Nature;" and although I have here space only to state them in the most abbreviated of possible forms, I think it will be apparent how formidable these objections appear. Unfortunately the work in which they are mainly presented was published several years after the second edition of the "Descent of Man," so that Mr. Darwin never had a suitable opportunity for replying. But if he had had such an opportunity, as far as I can judge it seems that his reply would have been more or less as follows.

In the first place, Mr. Wallace fails to distinguish between brilliancy and ornamentation — or between color as merely "heightened," and as distinctively decorative. Yet there is obviously the greatest possible difference between these two things. We may readily enough admit that a mere heightening of already existing coloration is likely enough — at all events in many cases — to accompany a general increase of vigor, and therefore that natural selection, by promoting the latter, may also incidentally promote the former, in cases where brilliancy is not a source of danger. But clearly this is a

widely different thing from showing that not only a *general brilliancy of color*, but also the *particular disposition of colors* in the form of ornamental patterns, can thus be accounted for by natural selection. Indeed, it is expressly in order to account for the occurrence of such ornamental patterns that Mr. Darwin constructed his theory of sexual selection; and therefore, by thus virtually ignoring the only facts which that theory endeavors to explain, Mr. Wallace is not really criticising the theory at all. By representing that the theory has to do only with brilliancy of color, as distinguished from disposition of colors, he is going off upon a false issue which has never really been raised.* Look, for example, at a peacock's tail. No doubt it is sufficiently brilliant; but far more remarkable than its brilliancy is its elaborate pattern on the one hand, and its enormous size on the other. There is no conceivable reason why mere brilliancy of color, as an accidental concomitant of general vigor, should have run into so extraordinary, so elaborate, and so beautiful a pattern of colors. Moreover, this pattern is only unfolded when the tail is erected, and the tail is not erected in battle (as Mr. Wallace's theory of the erectile function in feathers would require), but in courtship; obviously, therefore, the design of the pattern, so to speak, is correlated with the act of courtship — it being only then, in fact, that the general design of the whole structure, as well as the more special design of the pattern, becomes revealed. Lastly, the fact of this whole structure being so large, entailing not only a great amount of physiological material in its production, but also of physiological energy in carrying about such a weight, as well as of increased danger from impeding locomotion and inviting capture — all this is obviously incompatible with the supposition of the peacock's

tail having been produced by natural selection. And such a case does not stand alone. There are multitudes of other instances of ornamental structures imposing a drain upon the vital energies of their possessors, without conferring any compensating benefit from a utilitarian point of view. Now, in all these cases, without any exception, such structures are ornamental structures which present a plain and obvious reference to the relationship of the sexes. Therefore it becomes almost impossible to doubt — first, that they exist for the sake of ornament; and next, that the ornament exists on account of that relationship. If such structures were due merely to a superabundance of energy, as Mr. Wallace supposes, not only ought they to have been kept down by the economizing influence of natural selection; but we can see no reason, either why they should be so highly ornamental on the one hand, or so exclusively connected with the sexual relationship on the other.

For these reasons I think that Mr. Wallace's main objection falls to the ground. Passing on to his subsidiary objections, I do not see much weight in his merely negative difficulty as to there being an absence of evidence upon hen birds being charmed by the plumage or the voice of their consorts. For, on the one hand, it is not very safe to infer what sentiments may be in the mind of a hen; and, on the other hand, it is impossible to conceive what motive can be in the mind of a cock, other than that of making himself attractive, when he performs his various antics, displays his ornamental plumes, or sings his melodious songs. Considerations somewhat analogous apply to the difficulty of supposing so much similarity and constancy of taste on the part of female animals as Mr. Darwin's theory undoubtedly requires. Although we know very little about the psychology of the lower animals, we do observe in many cases that small details of mental organization are often wonderfully constant and uniform throughout all members of a species, even where it is impossible to suggest any utility as a cause.

Again, as regards the objection that each bird finds a mate under any circumstances, we have here an *omnis bonum* of the whole question. That every feathered Jack should find a feathered Jill is perhaps what we might have antecedently expected; but when we meet with innumerable instances of ornamental plumes, melodious songs, and the rest, as so many

* The fact that colors are offered on disposition as well as on brilliancy of colors are offered as an example of the latter. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, in *Animals and Plants* (1886). In this paper Mr. Tylor sought to show "that diversified coloration follows the chief lines of structure, and changes at points, such as the joints, where function changes." Now, while agreeing with Mr. Wallace that this posthumous work is "most interesting and suggestive," I certainly cannot agree with him in regarding the material which it presents as in any degree subversive of the theory of sexual selection. Even if it be granted that Mr. Tylor has satisfactorily established his principles, these principles do not in any way apply to sexual coloration; they apply only to coloration as affected by physiological functions common to both sexes. Moreover, even these functions are of a kind which is not to affect, in either sex, those of the other sex, others, etc., which it is the object of Mr. Darwin's theory to explain.

witnesses to a process of sexual selection having always been in operation, it becomes irrational to exclude such evidence on account of our antecedent prepossessions.

There remains the objection that the principles of natural selection must necessarily swallow up those of sexual selection, as the fat kine swallowed up the lean in the dream of Pharaoh. And this consideration, I doubt not, lies at the root of all Mr. Wallace's opposition to the supplementary theory of sexual selection. He is self-consistent in refusing to entertain the evidence of sexual selection, on the ground of his antecedent persuasion that in the great drama of evolution there is no possible standing-ground for any other actor than that which appears in the person of natural selection. But here, again, we must refuse to allow any merely antecedent presumption to blind our eyes to the actual evidence of other agencies having co-operated with natural selection in producing the observed results. And, as regards the particular case now before us, I think I have shown, as far as space will permit, that in the phenomena of decorative coloring (as distinguished from merely brilliant coloring), of melodious song (as distinguished from merely tuneless cries), of enormous arborescent antlers (as distinguished from merely offensive weapons), and so forth — I say that in all these phenomena we have phenomena which cannot possibly be explained by the theory of natural selection; and, further, that if they are to be explained at all, this can only be done, so far as we can at present see, by Mr. Darwin's supplementary theory of sexual selection.

I have now briefly answered all Mr. Wallace's objections to this supplementary theory, and, as previously remarked, I feel pretty confident that, at all events in the main, the answer is such as Mr. Darwin would himself have supplied, had there been a third edition of his work upon the subject. At all events, be this as it may, we are happily in possession of unquestionable evidence that he believed all Mr. Wallace's objections to admit of fully satisfactory answers. For his very last words to science — read only a few hours before his death at a meeting of the Zoological Society — were :—

"I may perhaps be here permitted to say that, after having carefully weighed, to the best of my ability, the various arguments which have been advanced against the principle of sexual selection, I remain firmly convinced of its truth."

INHERITED EFFECTS OF USE, DISUSE, AND DIRECT ACTION OF ENVIRONMENT.

WE have just seen that one of Mr. Wallace's strongest arguments against sexual selection consists in representing *a priori* that there *can* be no room for the operation of such a principle in the presence of natural selection; the greater principle must swallow up the less. This *a priori* argument he extends to all the other supplementary principles which have ever been suggested, and appears to regard it as "a short and easy method" with the Darwinists. He urges it with special vehemence against the so-called Lamarckian principles, and therefore it is suitable that under this head we should consider more carefully the value of such an argument.

In the present connection this argument is that, even admitting the abstract possibility of Lamarckian principles, in the presence of natural selection they could never have an opportunity of acting, inasmuch as the needful changes would be effected by a natural selection of fortuitous variations more rapidly than they could be by an inheritance of the effects of use and disuse, etc. Now this argument admits of two rejoinders. First, it is surely conceivable that in many cases where slight (because initial and afterwards finely graduated) improvements are concerned, such improvements need not have been, *in every stage of their progress*, matters of life and death to the organisms presenting them. Yet, unless at *every* stage of their progress they were matters of life and death, they could not have been produced by the unaided influence of natural selection. Now it is just in such cases that the supplementary or Lamarckian principles are supposed by Darwinists to come in; for to the operation of these principles it is not necessary that at each stage of the process every slight improvement should be a matter of life and death to the organisms presenting it. To me it appears that we have here a consideration of the highest importance. Nowadays no one disputes the supremacy of natural selection over all other principles of organic change hitherto suggested, or even, it may be predicted, suggestable. But this acceptance of natural selection as *supreme* by no means necessitates (as Mr. Wallace appears to imagine) acceptance of natural selection as *unique*. Nor is there any incompatibility between our acceptance of natural selection as supreme and a further acceptance of any other

principles as subordinate or co-operative. What we all agree upon is, that no such other principles can act, save in so far as they are allowed to act by natural selection; but to maintain that there can be no room for the action of any other principle hitherto suggested, or in the future suggestable, appears to me extravagant. At all events, the burden of proof must lie with any one who affirms that no adaptive improvement — or, indeed, change of any kind — can ever take place unless every stage in the gradual process has been a matter of life and death to the organisms presenting it — a burden of proof which it is obviously impossible that any one can ever be in a position to discharge.

In view of this consideration it seems to me that Mr. Wallace's *a priori* objection to the abstract possibility of Lamarckian principles falls to the ground, although of course the question remains whether there is any sufficient evidence *a posteriori* of their operation in actual fact. And a virtual answer to this question appears to me to be involved in the second consideration, which, as above stated, remains to be adduced.

Long ago Mr. Herbert Spencer pointed to the facts of co-adaptation within the limits of the same organism as presenting the strongest possible evidence of Lamarckian principles working in association with Darwinian. Thus, taking one of Lamarck's own illustrations, Mr. Spencer showed that there must be thousands and thousands of changes — extending to all the organs and even to all the tissues of the animal — which in the course of numberless generations have conspired to convert an antelope into a giraffe. Now the point is that, throughout the entire history of these changes, their utility must have always been dependent on their association. It would be useless that an incipient giraffe should present a tapering down of the hind-quarters, unless at the same time it presented a tapering up of the fore-quarters; and as each of these modifications entails innumerable subordinate modifications throughout both halves of the creature concerned, the chances must be infinity to one against the required association of so many changes happening to arise by way of merely fortuitous variation. Yet, if we exclude the Lamarckian interpretation as adopted by Darwin, which gives us an intelligible *cause* of co-adaptation, we are required to suppose that such a happy concurrence of innumerable co-adaptations must have occurred by mere accident, and this thou-

sands and thousands of times in the bodies of as many successive ancestors of the existing species; for, at each successive stage of the improvement, natural selection (if working alone) must have needed all, or at any rate most, of the co-adaptations to occur in the same individual organisms.

Against this formidable consideration Mr. Wallace adduces the following rejoinder: "The best answer to this objection may, perhaps, be found in the fact that the very thing said to be impossible by variation and natural selection has been again and again effected by variation and artificial selection." This analogy he then enforces by special illustrations, etc.; but does not appear to perceive that it really misses the whole point of the difficulty against which it is brought.

The point of the difficulty is, not that the needful variations do not occur, but that they occur associated in the same individual, and that unless they do thus occur associated in the same individual they must be useless — *i.e.*, cannot fall under the sway of natural selection. Therefore the analogy of artificial selection is here irrelevant, seeing that it fails in respect of the very point which it is adduced to meet. The difference between natural selection and artificial selection is, that while the former acts with exclusive reference to the utility (or life-preserving character) of variations, the latter acts without such reference. Hence, there is obviously no difficulty in understanding how artificial selection is able to choose this, that, and the other congenital variation as each happens to occur in so many different individuals, and, by suitable pairing, to blend them together in any required proportions. But artificial selection is able to do this simply because the selected individuals do not depend for their lives upon presenting the blended characters which it is the object of such selection to produce. Natural selection, on the other hand (if working alone), must wait until the blended characters happen to arise *fortuitously* in the same individuals — in all cases, that is, where utility depends on the co-adaptation of characters, which are the only cases now under consideration. Thus the two forms of selection present absolutely no point of analogy in the very respects where it is necessary that they should, if Mr. Wallace's appeal from one to the other is to be logically justified. In the one case the association of characters is purposely produced *by* the selection; in the other case

it must arise by chance before its resulting utility can be offered to the selection.

NATURAL SELECTION AS A CAUSE OF STERILITY BETWEEN SPECIES.

AFTER matured deliberation Mr. Darwin came to the conclusion that natural selection could not be a cause of sterility between species. Mr. Wallace now furnishes an argument to show that in this respect also Mr. Darwin "underrated" the powers of natural selection. The argument, however, is too abstruse to admit of reproduction here. On the present occasion, therefore, I will merely remark that it does not seem so much as to try to meet the considerations which determined Mr. Darwin's judgment in the opposite direction. Nevertheless the theory is profound as well as ingenious, and, although it fails to convince me, I am glad to note that in the course of its exposition Mr. Wallace appears to sanction the essential principle of my own hypothesis of "physiological selection" — viz., to quote his own words, "it is by no means necessary that all varieties should exhibit incipient infertility, but only some varieties; for we know that of the innumerable varieties that occur but few become developed into distinct species, *and it may be that the absence of infertility, to obviate the effects of intercrossing, is one of the usual causes of their failure.*" The words which I have italicized very tersely convey the whole gist of "physiological selection."

Later on, however, he criticises adversely what I have written upon this subject, and also represents me as having misunderstood Mr. Darwin's views with respect to the utility and inutility of specific characters. On both these points I shall have an answer to make on some future and more suitable occasion. In this article I have confined attention to points wherein Mr. Wallace differs from Mr. Darwin; and although in so doing it has been necessary for me to express uniform disagreement with the author of "Darwinism," this has been due only to the limitations of my project, and in no way prevents my cordial appreciation of his work as a whole. Indeed, with the exception of those differences from Mr. Darwin, which it has been my object on the present occasion to consider, it appears to me that Mr. Wallace's latest work is one of the most interesting and suggestive in the whole range of Darwinian literature. And even these points of difference, it will be remembered, all arise out of the single difference before stated

— namely, whether natural selection is to be regarded as the main, or as the exclusive, means of modification. Therefore, notwithstanding all that I have said on the Darwinian side of this momentous question, the fact that it still remains an open question compels us to recognize that Mr. Wallace's views with regard to it may eventually prove to be right; while, in any case, he is certainly to be congratulated on having lived to see the great movement which has recently taken place in the direction of those views. But to many of us it still appears that Mr. Darwin's judgment on this matter is the sounder one to follow. When a great generalization has been fairly established, there is always a tendency to exaggerate its scope; and, perhaps, in no respect was the wonderful balance of Mr. Darwin's mind so well displayed as it was in the caution with which he abstained from assigning to his vast principle of natural selection a sole prerogative. Moreover, as previously stated, the longer that he pondered the question, the more he became persuaded that the problem of organic evolution as a whole was too complex and many-sided to admit of being resolved by the application of a single principle. This conclusion, I believe, will eventually be justified by the advance of biological science; and, therefore, until some better reason is shown than has yet been shown for departing from it, I cannot help feeling that naturalists will do well to suspend their judgments, even if they are not so sure as they used to be touching the doctrines of Darwinism, as these were left by Darwin.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
PATIENCE.

CHAPTER I.

SHE was the plainest — one might almost say ugliest — of the entire cargo; and there were seventeen of them. Poor Patience Owen! The cargo consisted of real live English women, sent out to become the wives of the bachelor missionaries of Shikarore. The Trincomalee had brought them out from Liverpool, and they were now coming into harbor at Khansal, chaperoned by the wife of a leading minister who was coming to rejoin her husband, and all agog to espy the first aspirants to their hands. The principle upon which the brotherhood acted on these occasions was that of "first

come first served." and, lest some ill-favored maiden should be palmed off upon them through the carelessness of a proxy, a good number of the missionaries had managed to get away from the scene of their labors so as personally to select upon their arrival at Khansal the future partners of their joys and sorrows. If once a young woman had been told off to an absentee, and a suitable escort found for her to the gentleman's neighborhood, objections were useless, and the very next day she would be married to him from her escort's house.

Speculations, conjectures, even dreams, had formed the staple of the young ladies' conversation on the voyage out; needless to say whither they tended. Were not the seventeen coming out *to be married*? What harm then to give the reins to imagination and tongue on the subject of their *futures*? The prettiest aimed high, for of course on so sketchy an acquaintance the charms of the outer woman would principally attract the suitors, and the most engaging in appearance would be the first chosen; though indeed the passing triumph thus obtained might well be neutralized by the possible undesirability of the "first come." If a hard-featured and elderly person be ever so capable a housewife, and a noted teacher of Sunday schools be afflicted with a cast in her eye and a bad complexion, men (and missionaries are also men) will fail in properly appreciating their good qualities; weakly preferring some better-favored sister, ignorant, perchance, of the best recipe for strawberry jam — not after all of overwhelming importance in the East — or the names of the kings of Israel and Judah. But Patience! She was small, and a little bit lame. Her poor little face had a pinched and half-starved look; her little grey linen dress was skimpily made; her hair was turning grey although she was only twenty-five; and, from having always been the butt and fetish of her own family, she had grown stupidly awkward, apt to blush and to knock things over in her nervousness, afraid to say what came into her head lest she should be laughed at, and therefore remaining silent, shy, and apparently dull. *She* was far too much afraid of the children to be an efficient Sunday-school teacher, and her mother was a notable housekeeper who had tolerated not so much as an offer of help from clumsy Patience. But she could sew neatly, and would no doubt darn her husband's socks to perfection; her voice had a pleasant tone whenever she dared to use

it; and she was the most unselfish creature upon earth, with a heart like an artichoke and the courage of a mouse. She had been shipped off to the East because she was no longer welcome at home. Her mother was dead, and her brother, now the head of the family, and his young wife despised her, and looked upon her as an encumbrance. She was not very strong-minded; and when the minister under whom they sat suggested a means of providing for poor little Patience, her relations showed such eagerness to seize the opportunity that it was impossible to withstand them, even had she had any reasonable objection to offer, which she had not. So here she was, standing, one of seventeen, on the deck of the *Trincomalee*.

"Cheer up, my dear," said her neighbor, a buxom damsel, unaffected with nerves and notions. "One good thing, there'll be no mothers-in-law, at least none to speak of. For my own part I would not object to marrying a foundling; I don't hold with taking on a pack of your husband's relations for your own."

"Ah," sighed Patience, "perhaps you're right. It isn't always too easy to live at peace with one's own family, let alone some one else's."

"True, my dear, for such as you who couldn't hold your own with a daddy-long-legs. But we aren't all made alike, thank God."

With which pharisaical observation she turned away, leaving poor Patience to reflect upon her *condition*. These reflections had not materially improved her case before the ship came to an anchor, and her thoughts were diverted, not too agreeably, from their channel by the sight of swarms of scantily clad natives jabbering and scuffling in the shore-boats alongside. None of the candidates had come out to the steamer, but awaited the arrival of its fair freight at the shipping office. Thither the gallant seventeen were duly conveyed under Mrs. Abbott's maternal eye; and indeed no better guardian could have been chosen than this shrewd but kind-hearted woman, whose task had been no sinecure since she left Liverpool a month before. Each gentleman in the order of his arrival at the office had been presented with a numbered ticket, No. 1 having been secured by a small, pale, patient missionary, whose first wife had been similarly purveyed, and who knew exactly how to proceed on this, the second "auspicious occasion." He sat quietly on a packing-case, with his ticket tightly

clasped in his hand, apparently unconscious of the envious glances cast upon him by Nos. 2 to 17. Seven of the number were ministers, and the remainder proxies, who were distinguishable from their clerical brethren by the informality of their attire, whereas the missionaries were decently and unsuitably habited in black, and wore chimney-pot hats. Mrs. Abbott was the first to ascend the steps, and advanced with becoming solemnity along the quay towards the shipping office, where she shook hands with one or two of the brotherhood, the great majority of whom, it must be admitted, wore a sheepish air, as though the sanction which custom kindly extended to their present business were not quite sufficient to keep them in countenance. The young women, while endeavoring to appear unconcerned, shot many a curious glance at their future lords—in the mass, all chaotic and unclassified—and more than one, even in the brief space which preceded the ceremony of choosing, breathed a hope that the one really handsome man of the party might be inspired to choose her for his bride. But he was a proxy, and, sad to say, the proxies were a better-looking set than the missionaries. Let us hope that no embryo Lancelots lurked in their midst. With them, at any rate, we have nothing to do.

Drawn up in two long rows, with Mrs. Abbott and the shipping agent between them, and with all the appearance of being arranged for some country dance or rustic game, the thirty-four contracting parties stood, and at a word from Mrs. Abbott the process of selection began. Five minutes were allowed to each gentleman in which to "suit himself," as the servants say. No. 1 rejecting, perhaps through bitter experience, the comelier of his *vis-à-vis*, announced, after only three minutes' deliberation, that his choice had fallen upon the third young lady from the top. They were accordingly presented to one another, and fell out to make acquaintance, while the game proceeded as before. Sixteen selections had been made, and now there remained only the two who had no choice—Patience and the seventeenth missionary. We cannot here enter upon the discussion of a difficult and painful question, that of the suitability of certain persons to hold the office of spiritual pioneer to the heathen; but, if ever there was a bad specimen of a missionary, it was No. 17. That he was No. 17 was due to a partiality for cooling drinks at irregular intervals, and he had swallowed the

last three on the way down to the shipping office, coming in hot, dusty and anathematical, five minutes later than No. 16.

"I say, Mrs. Abbott," he began in a loud, coarse voice, "I say, this isn't fair, you know. I'll complain to the authorities. It's a regular swindle. The girl's lame. I saw her limp coming up the steps. I won't have her at any price, not if I know it. You don't catch Adolphus Simkin making such a fool of himself. I have the honor to wish you a very good morning;" and, taking off his hat with an ironical flourish (though he never lifted it to any one in the way of politeness), he took his departure, blundering as he went over the miscellaneous litter of the quay.

Patience stood transfixed with shame and terror. She had just sense to see that anything would be better than life with such a brute; but where was she to go? what could she do? Her heart failed her; and, but for the welcome support of Mrs. Abbott's friendly arm, she would have fallen.

"Don't you mind, my child," the good woman whispered kindly; "it's the greatest piece of luck for me. For you'll come up to Pagiri with me, and help me about the house and the farm, for I'm not as young as I was, and it's more than I can manage single-handed."

"Thank you," murmured poor Patience, "you're too kind; I'll only be a burden to you, but I don't know what else to do till I see my way."

CHAPTER II.

It was a twenty-four hours' journey by rail to Pagiri, at that time terminus. But a new line was in progress connecting it with Pamba, the capital of the district, and the little town was overflowing with coolies engaged upon the work, and its society augmented by the staff of Englishmen who directed their labors. The neighborhood had much deteriorated during the last six months. Crime and the death-rate had increased fifty per cent., owing to a very complete system of overcrowding combined with a generous consumption of raw spirits. Cholera and small-pox were no longer mere visitors but naturalized inhabitants, presented with the freedom of the city; and for one chicken that had formerly strayed from Mrs. Abbott's fowl-yard into the hut of a hungry coolie there were now seven, plainly showing that the more equal distribution of the good things of this world is the direct product of civilization. But for the prolongation of the line the simple natives of Pagiri would

have been content with robbing Mrs. Abbott's hen-roosts once a week. Now the minister and his wife revelled no more frequently in the consumption of fowls, roast, boiled, or curried, than the deserving natives who surrounded them. Another result, and one which struck the Abbotts as being more distinctly advantageous, was that their social circle had gained by the arrival of the English engineers. Not one of them was of the missionary's way of thinking on religious matters, but he was a tolerant man, and permitted himself to enjoy a pleasant chat with a son of Belial now and then on topics purely worldly. Indeed, before long the bungalow became a much-favored resort of several of the new-comers, with whom Mrs. Abbott was deservedly popular, and hardly an evening passed without one or more turning in at the gate for an hour's smoke in the verandah, and a bit of harmless gossip with the good man and his wife. Patience, who kept herself a good deal in the background on these occasions, was happier at Pagiri than she had ever been in her life. The soothing warmth of the atmosphere, both moral and climatic, had done wonderful things for her, and she began at length to look her age. At two years old she might have been a hundred; at fifteen, thirty-five; and at twenty, fifty. Now she was twenty-five, and looked it. The pained, drawn expression had left her face; her smooth skin had taken a faint tinge of pink; her white dress was made with less regard for economy than the grey linen; and she had developed a latent genius for housekeeping, and a handy, helpful way which made her friends regard her as a valuable acquisition to their household, and congratulate themselves upon her rejection as a missionary's wife.

"She is reserved for some other fate, my dear," Mr. Abbott had said to his wife with some solemnity as they sat together in the verandah one afternoon six months after Patience had become an inmate of their house. "Predestination is at the bottom of it, you may depend. Providence intervened on her behalf."

"It was time somebody did," answered his wife, rather irreverently. "Poor child, she has had a sad life, and I think she must have been half starved into the bargain, now that I see the difference being here has made in her. I shouldn't be surprised if she married and left us after all. She isn't so very lame, and she's a nice, sweet-tempered, handy little thing."

Patience, who was laying the dinner-

table, unintentionally overheard these remarks, and blushed and trembled, startled by the joyous leap her heart gave, and half-afraid to contemplate the wonderful vista of possibilities which Mrs. Abbott's words had opened out before her timid eyes. For she had lost her heart, and without the slightest encouragement. Among the engineers was one who had lived for some years in the district. He had lost his wife when his little boy was born, and the child was now four years old, strong and hearty for one reared in the East, but, to an eye accustomed to English babies, only a poor little scrap. John Graham was grave beyond his years (which were thirty-five), but kindly and gentle with women and devoted to his little Jack. In his profession he was highly esteemed, and by all held to be an upright and honorable man, though more reserved than many of his associates quite understood or approved. His reserve had broken down before Mrs. Abbott's motherly concern for his child's welfare, and almost every evening, when the little fellow was in bed, he would come over from his unhomelike shanty and sit smoking, for the most part in silence, in the missionary's verandah. He never omitted, however, to pay his respects to Mrs. Abbott and Patience, whom he treated with as much courtesy as if she were a queen, and often allowed himself to stay a while when the others were gone, chatting on a variety of subjects with the two women — subjects on which with the world at large he kept his own counsel. It was a sort of worship which the girl gave to the tall, grave man. They were too wide apart for love — indeed, there was something almost ludicrous in the mere suggestion of such a thing, and Patience's cheeks burned when she thought of it, and she rated herself soundly for giving way, even for a moment, to the wild flight her imagination had taken when she heard herself pronounced not unmarriageable.

Mrs. Abbott had carefully kept the secret of Patience's rejection from the gossips of Pagiri, but she could not close the mouths of all those young women — eye-witnesses of the incident — who were now scattered broadcast through the district as missionaries' wives. Graham rarely left Pagiri, where he was in charge of the works; but others went further afield, and one evening young Jameson came back from Pamba with a wonderful tale to tell, and brought it straight to the engineers' office, where they had just knocked off work.

"You know that girl up at old Abbott's," he said to his chum, while Graham, unnoticed, was turning over some papers at his desk. "Well, would you believe it, she was so wild to get married that she left her good home in Wales and came out here six months ago with a lot of others, in spite of her people's wishes, to be married to one of the bachelor missionaries—and not one of them would have her! I suppose they had been warned of the flighty sort of young woman she was. So she was in a nice fix, and Mrs. Abbott had to ask her to come and stay with her till she could find something to do, for the Missionary Society refused to give the girl her passage-money back to England."

"Well, she's a deep one, then; she looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Where did you hear the story?"

"Oh, a fellow who had been up at Katali told me. The missionary has the only bungalow in the place, so he was staying there, and Mrs. Missionary, who was one of the cargo herself, told him."

"Excellent authority, no doubt," interrupted Graham. "Perhaps you might hear something to the disadvantage of the lady at Katali if you asked Miss Owen. It would be a valuable addition to your collection of 'queer stories,' and make you a welcome guest at some houses where gossip is thoroughly appreciated." And Graham, who rarely spoke to his subordinates save on matters of business, gathered up his papers, and left the two young men uncertain whether to be more surprised or offended by his observations.

Graham himself was disgusted. He did not believe that what he had just heard was correct in all its details, but he feared that the main fact—that of Patience's having come out to Shikarore to be married—was likely to be true. It was a shock to him to find that the demure little woman with the sweet voice and quiet ways, whom he had got to like almost insensibly, was after all nothing but a vulgar husband-hunter, and he was pained and irritated by the idea. His horror of gossip forbade his broaching the subject to Mrs. Abbott, so he put it away at the back of his mind, and, but for a slight shade of coldness in his manner to Patience, it produced no outward effect. But, keenly alive to all that concerned Graham's intercourse with herself, Patience immediately perceived the change, and, conscious of the weak place in her armor, concluded that the hated incident had been made known to him. Her face began once more

to assume the careworn expression which her kind friends had believed banished forever, and she no longer sang as she went about her work. Graham came no less frequently to the house, and scarcely a day passed on which Patience did not see him. But this was now more a pain than a pleasure to her, and she was almost glad when he announced one evening that he had been summoned to attend a meeting of directors at Pamba, and that this, along with some other work at a distance, would keep him away for about a fortnight. He asked Mrs. Abbott to look in on the little boy now and then to see that all was well, although he had the greatest confidence in the child's ayah; and Patience ventured to join with Mrs. Abbott in assuring him that they would look after little Jack during his father's absence. But Graham's formal words of thanks sent a chill to her heart, and she wished she had not spoken.

CHAPTER III.

GRAHAM had been away for ten days, and Patience had not passed one without making a pilgrimage to his house in the faithful fulfilment of her promise to look after his little lonely child. They had become fast friends, and Jack watched anxiously for "Pacie's" coming, skipping out on to the verandah to meet her, and demanding the stories which he had discovered she was a very good hand at telling. But on the eleventh day "Baba Sahib he being very sick" were the words with which the ayah greeted her, and her heart sank as she followed the woman into the nursery. Little Jack was in high fever, and Patience directed the ayah to go or send for the doctor without a moment's delay. Then she took off her hat, and sat down beside the child's cot, soothing him with gentle words and touches, and singing in a hushed voice one or two of the old psalm tunes which were her only songs. At last the doctor came, pronounced that the child "looked uncommonly like small-pox," and asked Patience if she intended to stay, as the ayah already showed signs of losing her head.

"Of course I will stay," answered Patience (adding to herself, "Nothing is likely to happen to me just because I could so well be spared). I shall be glad if you will tell Mrs. Abbott what keeps me here, and she will send over somebody with what things I shall want." So the doctor gave his orders, and, being in a hurry, as he always was nowadays, took his leave, and Patience's watch began.

About an hour later the medicines and a small trunk containing her clothes arrived, with a kindly message from Mrs. Abbott, and then the stillness of night closed round the bungalow, broken only by the sick child's impatient moaning and tossing, which Patience was now powerless to still. All night she watched, and all the next day she would not let her strained and weary eyes close for one moment lest she should fall asleep at her post. When the doctor came in for the third time on that day, he looked so grave that her fears were thoroughly aroused, and she could not have slept had she tried. Against such raging fever the child's strength could not hold out much longer, and when the doctor looked in at five o'clock on the second morning he was scarcely surprised to see the poor little man lying pale and exhausted in his cot, with nothing but his faint breathing to show he lived.

"I fear he cannot last through the day," said the young man, "even if he were to take all the nourishment I order for him. The fever has burnt the life out of him, poor little chap; and no one knows where his father is. None of my telegrams have been answered." And the doctor was off once more.

Patience's eyes filled with the tears that would not be kept back when she thought of Graham's despair. "O God," she murmured, "take me, and let little Jack live. Take me, and let me be at rest, for I have no place here, O Lord." Little Jack opened his eyes, and when she looked at him she knew her prayer was vain.

When the doctor had paid his evening visit, and was on his way back to the town, he met Graham, hurrying with a grey, set face towards his bungalow.

"Is he — alive?" he asked hoarsely.

"My dear fellow, he is conscious," said the doctor, and sped on, knowing he could say no more.

Graham stopped on the threshold to take off his boots, and then softly entered the nursery. Patience was seated beside her charge, with a tiny hand clasped in one of hers, while with the other she screened her face from the child, lest he should see her tears. But he was lying quite still, with closed eyes, and it was only when Graham whispered, "Jack, my little man, daddy is here," that he showed signs of consciousness. Then he tried to raise himself from his pillow, but fell back on his father's shoulder with a sigh and a piteous murmur of "Jack so tired, daddy," that went through poor Graham's

heart like a knife. He took the child into his arms, and Patience, relinquishing the little hand, tried to steal away unobserved. But Jack's "Not go 'way, Pacie," brought her back to her post, and kept her there until the end came.

From time to time the child would swallow a few spoonfuls of food, uttering a few words of plaintive remonstrance, — either "Jack so tired," or "Let Jack alone." Once he asked "Pacie" to sing "Fox," and, steadying her voice with an effort, she gently crooned "When shepherds watched their flocks by night." He was too weak to say the customary "adenn" when she had finished, and lay quite motionless till just before his death. Then he looked up into his father's face and said, "Kiss Jack, daddy; Jack goin' bye. Pacie, kiss Jack too."

Five minutes later Patience knew that her vigil was at an end, and she crept noiselessly from the room.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT day Patience had sickened with small-pox, and Mrs. Abbott hastily migrated to Graham's bungalow to nurse her. It was a sharp attack, but the little woman weathered it bravely, thanks to her naturally wiry constitution and her friend's careful nursing. When she was allowed to sit up in bed she asked for a looking-glass, trembling exceedingly lest one more trial might be in store for her in the disfigurement of her poor little face, at no time of more than passable comeliness. Was it wrong of her to thank God for having spared her this further affliction? It meant so much to one of her shrinking disposition, whose path through life would have become even harder had she believed herself to be a repulsive object as well as stupid, dull, awkward, and unwelcome. And she had dreaded — for was she not a woman? — the painful impression which her countenance, blurred and altered, would have produced upon her hero's mind, kindly as he would have striven to conceal the fact.

When she was considered out of quarantine Graham came to see her, and her shyness in receiving him was much tempered with gentle sympathy, for she had shared his sorrow with him, and no longer felt herself on a different platform. He did not allude to his loss, but kept the conversation on every-day subjects, never permitting it to flag, and drawing out his companion's ideas with so much tact that she forgot to be nervous, and delighted him with her quaint sayings and simple,

unworldly wisdom. Now Graham had just heard the true story of Patience Owen from Mrs. Abbott, and pitied her sincerely, though he could not rid his mind of the notion that a girl who allowed herself, without a word of protest, to be put in the undignified position of a candidate for marriage with a total stranger would hardly have the strength of character to steer a straight course through life—speaking the truth and shaming the devil—and so he proposed to himself to put her to the test, with the idea that if she came through it triumphantly he would consider the advisability of asking her to be his wife. Therefore, when at length a pause occurred in their conversation, Graham, instead of rising to go, suddenly resumed his serious manner, and remarked, "We are friends, Miss Owen, are we not?"

"Yes," faltered Patience, all at once grown shy.

"And friends will not fall out for a trifle?"

"No, indeed," she answered. "I have so few that I could not afford that."

"Then will you tell me what brought you out to Pagiri?"

Poor Patience blushed painfully, twisted her fingers in her pocket-handkerchief, and showed every sign of distress. "I left home because they didn't want me," she said hurriedly and with downcast eyes, "and came out to marry one of the missionaries. No one would have me, so Mrs. Abbott took me to live with her."

What it cost her to make such a confession Graham dimly guessed. He hated himself for his cruelty, and a great wave of compassion for the poor forlorn girl swept through his heart—compassion mingled with admiration for her courage. "Forgive me," he said. "Poor child, there is a great deal of happiness owing to you. Do you think I could make your life brighter? Patience, will you let me try?" But before she could answer him Mrs. Abbott had bustled into the room.

CHAPTER V.

THE directors at Pamba telegraphed for Graham once more on the day following his visit to Patience, and she made up her mind that on his return a week later he should not find her at Pagiri. "He shall not marry me out of pity," she said to herself. "He cannot possibly love me, and without his love I could not be his wife. It would break my heart." So with a good deal of difficulty she persuaded Mrs. Abbott that she had centred

all her hopes on becoming a hospital nurse, begging her to use her influence with the matron of the great hospital at Khansal, so that she might be taken on at once as a probationer. The day before Graham returned to Pagiri Patience had left, and as she was being deposited twenty-four hours later with her modest luggage at the gates of the hospital, tired out and heartsick now that the excitement of her flight was past, Graham was crossing the bit of waste land which lay between his own bungalow and the Abbotts', turning over in his mind as he walked what he should say to Patience if only Mrs. Abbott would give him a chance of seeing her alone.

His surprise was great when he heard of her departure, and that night he smoked in stony silence—"for all the world like a deaf-mute," Mrs. Abbott complained when he had gone. Next day, after making arrangements so that his work should not suffer during his absence, he gave himself forty-eight hours' leave, and took the train for Khansal.

Patience had been given a day's rest after her journey, but on the second day she had begun her training, and in the old grey linen gown, large white apron, and mob-cap she had been all day long receiving instruction in her future duties. The sights which she saw made her seriously doubt her suitability for the profession she had chosen, and from standing about for so many hours she was ready to faint with fatigue. She could not eat, and felt weary and lonely to the very last degree. At seven o'clock she was free, and on her way to her own little cubicle, where she hoped to lie down for an hour before supper, but she was stopped by a message from the matron to the effect that there was a visitor for Miss Owen—not yet metamorphosed into Sister Patience—and would she "step down" into the dining-hall? Wonderingly she obeyed the summons, thinking as she went down the long flight of stairs how fatiguing it would be to "step up" again.

The long, cool dining-room was very dark, and she was not at first quite sure that it was John Graham who stood before her. But when he held out his hand, saying, "Patience, why did you run away from Pagiri when you knew I had something to say to you?" she felt all that his presence at Khansal meant. She tried to speak so as to answer his question, or at least to ask him how he did, but no words would come. And when he saw the tired white face, and felt how her hand trem-

bled, he did not press for a reply, but led her to a sofa and sat down beside her. "I have come to fetch you home, dear," he said. "You are not strong enough for the work here, and I want you very much."

From Macmillan's Magazine.
WILLIAM COWPER.

COWPER has probably few readers now. One sometimes meets with an elderly lady, brought up in an Evangelical family, who, having been made to learn the "Moral Satires" and "The Task" by heart when a child, still remembers a good deal of them, and cherishes for the poet of Evangelicalism the tender affection which gathers in old age round the things which belong to childhood. But we have most of us ceased to be Evangelical, and most of us who love poetry having come under the spell of Goethe and of the lesser poets of the nineteenth century, find poor Cowper a little cramped, a little narrow, and, to tell the truth, a little dull.

Yet there are passages in Cowper's poetry which deserve to live and will live, and which will secure him a place, not indeed among English poets of the first rank, but high among those of the second. The pity is that they run great risk of being buried and lost forever in the wilderness of sermons which fills up such a large part of "The Progress of Error" and "The Task." It is very hard to write sermons that will live, and, as a writer of sermons, I am afraid Cowper is likely to take his place on the very peaceful and dusty upper shelf in our libraries where the divines of the last century repose. But he deserves a better fate than this, and all lovers of English poetry ought to do what they can to save him from it. The difficulty is that we cannot do for him what can generally be done for other poets who have written dull things. We all know what Mr. Matthew Arnold has done for a man who, though a far greater poet than Cowper, has written things as dull as any Cowper ever wrote, and with as much innocent ignorance of their dullness. But Wordsworth's best things are not passages torn from his longer poems, but separate pieces, complete in themselves, whether long or short, such as "Michael" or "The Highland Reaper." Unfortunately, Cowper cannot be treated in this way. For one thing, there is too little of him; his collected works are not bulky enough to bear much reduction in size. But the

great difficulty is that his poetical work consists mainly in two long poems, and that it is here, scattered about in these and surrounded by dissertations, which, however moral, are highly unpoetical, that the pearls of his poetry must be looked for. There are indeed a few perfect lyrics, but they are so few that they do not interfere with the truth of the statement that it is in the main stream of his poetry, in "The Task" and the "Moral Satires," especially in the former, that the best of his work will be found embodied. But the stream is too often, like Cowper's own Ouse, rather deep, and rather muddy, and makes the search for the best a little difficult.

But when all has been said that can be said against him, lovers of Cowper need not fear for his future fame. His original popularity was due to three causes. One was that he stepped into an arena where there were no combatants. In 1785, when "The Task" appeared, Crabbe was the only poet of importance alive, and he had ceased for the time to write. Its author was at once recognized as the first of living English poets, and, if he would have allowed it, his friends would have no doubt been able, as they were anxious, to procure the laureateship for him. The second cause was that he had not to contend with the difficulty which has stood in the way of so many poets. Wordsworth had to create a taste for his poetry, and did not succeed in doing so till over thirty years after his best work was done. Cowper found a special public ready to his hand. The Evangelical movement was then at its height. Cowper, a sincere friend of the movement and a most genuinely religious man, appealed at once to Revivalist sympathies. His poems may be said to have borne in their very first page credentials addressed to the Evangelical party. Both his volumes were dedicated to Evangelical clergymen; the first to the Rev. John Newton, a leader in the party and a writer of some of their favorite hymns, as indeed Cowper himself had also been. Naturally Cowper at once became the poet of Revivalism, and his popularity rose with the rising tide of the movement. But the inevitable ebb has followed the flow, and Cowper has felt the effects.

But there was a third cause of his popularity. His poetry gratified a wider and more permanent taste than the taste for sermons in verse. He made himself the spokesman in a special way of two classes of people, always very numerous in En-

gland, if not generally very romantic, the lovers of the country and the lovers of home. These feelings are characteristically English. For we are always struck with the English fondness for houses in the country, which presents such a contrast to the typical Frenchman's idea that Paris is the only place in the world in which life is endurable or even possible. And as to the English love of home, it has been pointedly remarked that the word "home" is untranslatable. The French and Germans have not the word, for the best of reasons, they have not the idea. The convivial pleasures which in England are associated entirely with the idea of home, are connected in French or German minds very largely with the café or the Bier-garten. So that in this way Cowper becomes something more than the mere poet of a religious party; he becomes in some sense a national poet. What ordinary people like best in poetry is their own feelings beautifully expressed. They sometimes have a liking for the mere glitter of rhetoric, or even an ear for the true music of verse, which will carry them into a fondness for poetry they do not in the least understand. There are people who have so felt the magic of the language of the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," that they have learnt it by heart, and who yet could not give you an intelligible account of one idea in the poem. But in general, people cannot endure the discomfort of grasping a new idea. Now Cowper's readers had always loved simple English scenery; the quiet lanes, the pretty hedgerows, the lazy streams, the woods and hills and valleys had always had a vague charm for them. They had loved them in their own way, which was perhaps not a very romantic or enthusiastic or poetical way; and here was a poet who also loved them in just that same way. So, too, they had always enjoyed the "intimate delights of home," and here was a poet who sang of the joys of the fireside, the pleasures of the home in winter, even of the very teapot. "Our own thoughts neatly put, and little more," they might have cried, if it had been lawful in those days to parody Pope. Not that they would have been telling the whole truth, for of course there was much more in Cowper than in them; but they would naturally feel the kinship of Cowper's ideas with theirs, and overlook differences. Before, they hardly knew what they felt; "they could not speak," as Carlyle would put it; but now they found their utterance in Cowper. In this way Cowper is

national and English. Neither his religion, the mainspring of his poetry, nor his two leading ideas, the love of retirement and the love of the country, had much interest for foreigners. And so he has never been much translated, or had in any sense a European reputation. To gain that, a poet must take his stand upon a common ground of universal interest. A philosophical, sentimental, or dramatic poet has a chance, if he be great enough. Shakespeare's vast knowledge of human nature, not to mention his dramatic genius, appeals to all alike. Byron's sentiment, and his fiery revolt against the shams and hypocrisies of his day, appealed perhaps even more easily to foreigners than to Englishmen. Of all this there was of course nothing in Cowper. But if his leading ideas were a little insular, I do not think we need say, with Mr. Goldwin Smith, that they were false. He says: "Cowper writes perpetually on the assumption that a life of retirement is more favorable to virtue than a life of action, and that God made the country while man made the town;" and he adds, "Both parts of the assumption are untrue." Are they? Is it not a great drawback to a life of virtue among the working classes, and indeed among men of business in all classes, that they live so entirely a life of action? Is there no truth in their complaint or excuse, "I have no time for religion"? Will any one maintain that a growth in spirituality—that is, religion in the best sense of the word—is helped by occupations which crowd out and crush all attempts at the inner life? That is not the teaching of the most deeply religious men. And as for the other assumption which Mr. Goldwin Smith thinks false, that, too, has great poetic truth in it. In a poet's sense—that is, in a very real sense—God did make the country and man the town. The most prosaic person can distinguish between the works of Nature and man, and it did not need Mr. Ruskin to point out the difference between a street in a manufacturing town and a lane among country fields.

Granting, then, that Cowper's leading ideas are not so fatal to his claims as has been supposed, what is our precise debt to him? "Poetry," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "is the noble and profound application of ideas to life." And we may say of poetry what Mr. Ruskin has said of pictures; the greatest poem is that which contains the greatest number of the greatest ideas. Definitions like these make it at once clear that Cowper's place cannot

be among the highest. He is certainly not rich in ideas; the very words "noble and profound" suggest to the mind an altogether loftier spiritual atmosphere than that which Cowper commonly breathed. When Milton writes an epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, his store of noble and profound ideas, or perhaps rather his profoundly noble and spiritual cast of mind, enables him at once to touch the highest of human faculties, the imaginative reason. The poem leaves on us that impression of perfect calm, combined with intense delight, which only true poetry can give. The real poet is our friend at all times, but also at all times our teacher, in whose presence we at once stand rebuked if we come before him in any mean or trivial frame of mind. Reverence of this kind can only be felt for the greatest; for men like Michael Angelo or Milton, men who, by their own lofty natures, are enabled to make themselves the interpreters of all that is noblest and most eternal in the nature of man; who can lay their fingers on those perfect chords which are to be struck in every human heart, though it requires a master-musician to strike them. Cowper can do none of these things; he never makes us feel far beneath him; he does not inspire us with reverence and awe, as Milton does, nor with amazement, as Shakespeare does. Rather he fills us with affection; we may say of him what Mr. George Saintsbury has said of Thomson: every one feels that he has seen what Cowper has put into words for him; every one also feels that Cowper has added a charm for him when he shall see the scene again. For this kind of poet friendliness and affection are the feelings which become the prevailing ones. We seem to know him and love him; and his poems are our own thoughts "tinged with emotion and overheard."

That is Cowper's real function; his work is a wise and tender application of simple ideas to life. It is the poetry of the second rank. He does not give us, as the third-rate poets of the eighteenth century too often give us, the jealousies and meannesses of vulgar and vain people; he gives us the true ideas of genuine, if simple, people. He feels the beauty of every hedgerow, and no vulgar or trivial man can do that; he sees it with his own eye and feels it in his own soul, not as Pope saw the beauties of Windsor Forest. He can paint the picture of the humblest and simplest character in the only true way, not lingering like a Dutch

artist to trace with pleased ingenuity every coarse or ugly feature in it; nor deforming it beyond recognition with the simpering unrealities of the nymph and shepherd school of poetry. His claim as a poet is really nothing more and nothing less than this—he had an eye to see some of the things that were worth seeing in the world and a voice to utter them.

To feel this, you have only to take a stroll in a Huntingdonshire or Buckinghamshire lane, or indeed in any country lane, with "The Task" in your hand. The elderly Methodist rises before you as the very *genius loci* as you read such a passage as this:—

The night was winter in its sharpest mood,
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon

Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,

The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue

Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendor of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale:
And through the trees I view the embattled tower,

Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings, as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade;
The roof, though movable through all its length

As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half-suppressed;

Pleased with his solitude, and fitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes

From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments.

Or, again, it needs only a stroll by the Ouse to show how perfectly in harmony with its surroundings, how absolutely genuine, a picture like this from "The Sofa" is:—

Here Ouse slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand never overlooked our favorite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and over-thwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,

The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
 Displaying on its varied side the grace
 Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square
 tower,
 Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful
 bells

Just undulates upon the listening ear,
 Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.
 Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily viewed,
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives
 Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years;
 Praise justly due to those that I describe.

Passages like these are typical of Cowper at his best. And they come home to most of us at some time or other, especially if our lot has been much cast in quiet places. They will not give us much inspiration; Cowper's Muse is not often an inspiring one. But there are moods, which come to most of us, in which we do not wish for, perhaps do not feel quite equal to receiving inspiration; moods, which find us lonely or tired or depressed; in which we are not fit to be braced by any strong blasts, but yet find the soft breezes that blow from Cowper's poetry cooling and refreshing. And lovers of the country may enjoy in Cowper what few other poets with the conspicuous exception of Wordsworth will give them; they can enjoy in him perfect truthfulness. He describes what he has seen. The robin's "slender notes," the "drops of ice that tinkle in the withered leaves below," the bells just undulating upon the listening ear, are what his poet's eye and ear had seen and heard in his daily walks; and every one feels their simple truth as well as their simple beauty.

But Cowper has a second function; he is the poet of the home as well as the poet of the country. And perhaps the plain home at Olney, as we know it from his poetry and his letters, with his study and his greenhouse where he worked, one for winter, the other for summer, and the parlor where he read to the ladies in the evening, filled full as it was with quietness and contentment and affection, is as interesting to us now after all is over as the more famous villa at Twickenham where so many great people, so very different from humble Mrs. Unwin, were wont to assemble. Somehow affection follows Cowper everywhere; and it is hard to read his letters without the wish that we could drop in without notice, and have a quiet evening by the fireside with the poet of Olney and his friends. It is the feeling of course which comes up always in picturing a past scene; if only we could have been there! But it is not often that we are so sure of the reception we should get

and of our own feelings, as we are in this case. Very generally our historical enthusiasm carries us only so far as the wish to have seen, without at all inducing any wish to have been seen. How amusing, for instance, to have a glance at the wits in the Twickenham villa; but how nervously should we have to ransack our brains and memories for smart sayings before we could venture on such a company! But at Olney or at Weston Underwood we know we should feel at home at once; and our host would be much more likely to be afraid of us than we of him. Still, even if we could get leave from the fairies to look in at that quiet scene, the poet could not tell us more clearly than he has told us how much he loved it. His letters are full of affection for it, and his poems frequently exhibit the same feeling. It could not be better given than in this passage from "The Winter Evening," a passage full of the "riches of the quiet eye."

But me perhaps

The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
 With faint illumination, that uplifts
 The shadows of the ceiling, there by fits
 Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.
 Not undelightful is an hour to me,
 So spent in parlor twilight; such a gloom
 Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind:
 The mind contemplative, with some new theme
 Pregnant, or indispensed alike to all.
 Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild
 Soothed with a waking dream of houses,
 towers,
 Trees, churches, and strange visages expressed
 In the red cinders, while with poring eye
 I gazed, creating what I saw.
 Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
 The sooty films that play upon the bars
 Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
 Of superstition, prophesying still,
 Though still deceived, some stranger's near
 approach.

Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
 At evening, till at length the freezing blast,
 That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons
 home
 The recollected powers; and, snapping short
 The glassy threads with which the fancy
 weaves
 Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
 How calm is my recess; and how the frost,
 Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
 The silence and the warmth enjoyed within!

The same note is struck in his address to Winter in the same poem:—

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
 I crown thee King of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof

Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

All this is certainly not very profound. But it has the note of sincerity; and, what is even more, the note of poetry, though of the humbler sort no doubt; and if it is not very highly tinged with emotion, still the tint, the true tint, is there. It is on passages like those quoted, which are fairly frequent, that Cowper's claims on us must be mainly based. For admirable as are a few of the smaller poems, like "Boadicea" and the immortal "Toll for the brave, the brave that are no more," and that almost perfect sonnet, "Mary, I want a lyre with other strings," they are so few that they could not really do more for Cowper than "The Burial of Sir John Moore" has been able to do for its almost unknown author. To settle the rank of a poet, quantity must be considered as well as quality; and for that reason, in judging Cowper we must look to "The Task," for in "The Task" the body of his best work is to be found.

But Cowper has something else to interest us, besides his intrinsic worth as a poet. He occupies a most important place in the history of English poetry. That great gulf, the gulf between Pope and Wordsworth, which seems to be so immeasurably vast, and to do such credit to our powers of leaping, or rather to those of Wordsworth, if it be taken at one bound, can be passed over quietly enough and without its width being more than observed, if we make use of the bridge which Cowper has provided. Cowper disliked Pope, and thought his method and style suitable only to himself, if suitable at all. He says as much as this several times in his letters. He says it, for instance, in a letter to Johnson, his printer, who had tampered with some of his verses: "I know that the ears of modern verse-writers are delicate to an excess, and that their readers are troubled with the same squeamishness as themselves. For this we may thank Pope; but unless we could imitate him in the closeness and compactness of his expression, as well as in the smoothness of his numbers, we had better drop the imitation, which serves no other purpose than to emasculate and weaken all we write. Give me a manly, rough line, with a deal of meaning in it, rather than a whole poem full of musical periods, that have nothing but their oily smoothness to recommend them."

Some lines in "Table Talk" express much the same thing:—

Give me a line that ploughs its stately course,
Like a proud swan, conquering the stream by force:

That like some cottage beauty strikes the heart

Quite undebted to the tricks of art.
When labor and when dulness, club in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand,
Beating alternately in measured time,
The clockwork tintinabulum of rhyme,
Exact and regular the sounds will be,
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.

Even more pointedly he contrasts his translation of Homer with Pope's in a letter to his friend Hill [March 10th, 1791]: "I have two French prints," he writes, "hanging in my study, both on Iliad subjects; and I have an English one in the parlor, on a subject from the same poem. In one of the former Agamemnon addresses Achilles exactly in the attitude of a dancing-master in a minuet; in the latter, the figures are plain, and the attitudes plain also. This is, in some considerable measure, I believe, the difference between my translation and Pope's."

Thus Cowper's feelings about Pope and his school, expressed at various times and in various ways, are clear enough. But no one can escape from his environment. Whatever Cowper might say or feel, Pope and his school were dominant; they held the field; their theory and system was still everywhere in the air. Cowper himself could not escape the subtle infection. In the very lines in which he is calling for poetry of the "cottage beauty" type, he shows how much he is under the influence which he deplors. Nothing could be more completely in Pope's manner than

Beating alternately in measured time,
The clockwork tintinabulum of rhyme.

These are lines that would not have disgraced the skilful workmanship of the Twickenham craftsman if they had been pieced together in his workshop.

Naturally the influence of Pope is seen more in Cowper's first volume than in his second; partly, no doubt, because he was then a beginner in poetry, and had not the full courage which is required for originality, and which only the independence born of success can give. But probably the main reasons for the traces of Pope's influence discoverable in the "Moral Satires" is that Cowper was in Pope's world of ideas in writing them, and he was using the metre which Pope had made his own. Rhymed couplets written in 1782 of a didactic order and about society and manners could hardly fail to fall un-

der Pope's influence. The matter of Cowper's satires was similar to that of Pope's epistles, except that Cowper's moralizing is religious and Pope's is philosophical, and probably the one was as interesting to the Methodist enthusiasts of the end of the century, as the other had been to the fashionable dabblers in philosophy at its beginning; and perhaps the one is nearly as interesting, or rather as uninteresting, to us as the other. But if Pope's matter be dull as Cowper's, his manner will always save him from entire neglect. That extraordinary power of finished and pointed epigram, which he acquired by such prodigious labors, his gift of saying telling things, in which he almost rivals the great French wits, and the vigor and brilliance of his antitheses, will always secure him a hearing. He is a mine of epigrams which will be always current coin in conversation, and it is safe to prophesy that his designs for coins of that kind are never likely to be superseded. Cowper did not apparently revise his original poems very carefully; he had neither the desire nor the power of being particularly smart. Any one who knows Cowper's letters, and appreciates the delicious vein of humor they everywhere display, will agree that Cowper had more humor than wit. His humorous touches are always absolutely natural, whereas the kind of epigrammatic wit aimed at in the "Moral Satires" has always something forced and artificial in it. *Ars est celare artem.* Pope's wit is so artificial as almost to seem natural sometimes; Cowper's epigrams display more labor than Pope's, though they actually received much less.

It is clear that the tradition of the school of Pope hampered Cowper in his first poems. But they are admittedly inferior productions, and written in rhyme. What then of "The Task"? Does Pope's fatal influence disappear with the disappearance of his metre? Not altogether perhaps. The poetic language of the eighteenth century, the taste for Latinisms and the four-syllabled epithets which were supposed to give a poem dignity and elegance, have not been entirely got rid of. But when all resemblances have been taken into account, it remains true that in taking up "The Task" you are entering a new world, a world quite different from the polite and elegant world of fashionable wits and learned ladies, of Pan and Flora, and nymphs and shepherds. "The Task" breathes an atmosphere of simplicity and reality. It is the child, not of "Windsor Forest," but of "The

Seasons." Indeed, when we have reached "The Task," the link between Cowper and the dominant school seems broken; all that remains of it is the rather too frequent appearance of "swains" and "vales" and "groves" and "the fair," and similar fashionable furniture for a literary drawing-room of a hundred years ago. Cowper's real master, so far as he had one at all (for he often declares that he imitated no one) was Thomson. Thomson had like Cowper a genuine appreciation of nature; and like Cowper he loved her best, because he knew her best, in her simpler moods. "The Seasons" and "The Task" are both poems in blank verse on the beauties of nature, and as such naturally invite comparison. Moreover they are often not unlike in style and manner. In spite of incidental heavinesses Cowper's work is more deeply tinged with emotion; he shows more imagination, in fact more poetry. But it is certain that the resemblance is very striking. It was felt at the first appearance of "The Task," and Cowper alludes to it in a letter to Mr. Newton [December 13th, 1784]. He says: "Having imitated no man, I may reasonably hope that I shall not incur the disadvantage of a comparison with my betters. Milton's manner was peculiar. So is Thomson's. He that should write like either of them would in my judgment deserve the name of a copyist, but not of a poet." There is no doubt that he did not consciously imitate any one. He had been but a very rare reader of English poetry, and, according to his own extraordinary account, for twenty years before publishing this first volume he had only read one English poet. Apparently, after publishing, he continued something of the same practice on principle: "English poetry," he says, "I never touch, being pretty much addicted to the writing of it, and knowing that much intercourse with these gentlemen betrays us unavoidably into a habit of imitation which I hate and despise most cordially." But there is no doubt that he was an admirer of Thomson; he says in a letter to Mrs. King [June 19th, 1788]: "Thomson was admirable in description; but it always seemed to me that there was somewhat of affectation in his style, and that his numbers are not well harmonized." "Thomson was admirable in description!" Praise from Cowper on such a point is worth consideration, for it is also Cowper's characteristic to be admirable in description. And no doubt Cowper was unconsciously influenced by Thomson;

as he says himself, "We imitate in spite of ourselves just in proportion as we admire." Any one well acquainted with "The Seasons" would almost inevitably, in sitting down to write a poem like "The Task," find Thomson ringing in his ears. And Cowper the critic must have told Cowper the poet that his true work and function was to get rid of the "somewhat of affectation" in Thomson's style, and strictly refrain from the habit he sometimes indulges of describing what he had never seen, while maintaining to the full, or even increasing, his power of beautifully and truthfully describing what he had seen. And this, in plain fact, is precisely what Cowper actually did in "The Task."

But, after all, when all has been said that can be said, when Cowper has been weighed in the balance, and his poetic merits and demerits noted, it must be confessed that, great as is the charm of his poetry, the charm of his personality is even greater. His letters, among the most perfect letters in the language, are the key to his poetry, and double its interest. Go to them, go and see him in every mood, happy and unhappy, wise and witty, serious with Mr. Newton, jocose with Lady Hesketh, kind and affectionate with every one, and new light will be let in on every line of his poetry. Every one valued and kept his letters from the beginning to the end; so that, full as they are, and as all letters ought to be, of quiet talk about himself, we have a pretty complete history of him. Indeed, there are few people we know better. Especially to Lady Hesketh he poured out all his heart, and it is above all from his letters to her that we get the full history of his pre-eminently pathetic life. Just a hundred years ago their correspondence was at its height; and there are few things of a hundred years ago which stand so clear before our eyes as the little circle at Olney and Weston Underwood. The life and its story are simple enough; and yet few stories are more touching. We have enough of sentiment and to spare nowadays; have we none to give to a poet, driven to poetry as a remedy for insanity, bearing, and bearing uncomplainingly, through a long life singularly devoid of incident or change the unutterably heavy burden of dark and distressing religious delusions, and then at last, after having given new and true delights to all of his contemporaries who could appreciate poetry, sinking down to the grave through deeper and ever deeper gulfs of dejection? Have we Christians of the nineteenth cen-

tury no sympathy for a man who might almost be taken as the type of a Christian, a man whose whole story breathes patience in sorrow and suffering, constant affection, constant unselfishness, that "turning of the other cheek," that "losing of life" which has been well called the secret of Jesus? And then his death, — except one or two faithful friends, no one seems to have been particularly concerned about him. The first poet of the day dying in melancholy and misery, and no one regarding it! It is a curious spectacle to us now, accustomed to such extremes of publicity that we almost know when our great men get up and when they go to bed. But in no circumstances would Cowper have been well known. An interviewer would have found him a bad speculation. There is absolutely nothing of self-assertion or egotism in him; he had no interesting literary peculiarities, and, certainly from the newspaper's point of view, no picturesque personality. Many poets leave their mark wherever they go; everywhere, for instance, where Byron went, he left his footprints. There could not be a greater contrast to this than is afforded by the case of Cowper. Westminster cares nothing for him. There are no Cowper's Buildings in the Temple; no stories current of him at Olney or Weston; at Dunham Lodge nothing remains in connection with his stay except a hole in the ceiling through which it is said they used to sing hymns to him in his illness; no poet's walk; not even a favorite tree. So it was all through; he did not greatly impress people. Poets whom the world despised have generally enjoyed the worship of a few friends at any rate. Cowper's friends seem to have treated him with but little deference; rather indeed with the contrary. What a contrast to the adulation Dr. Johnson was all the while receiving; or even to the attitude of Gray's friends towards him! No doubt Cowper himself was the obstacle; he was so modest and retiring, so inclined to look up to others and lean on them, so perfectly humble, that it would have been impossible to make a hero or a literary dictator of him. Probably it was this modesty and shyness of character, combined with the unfavorable circumstances in which he lived, which prevented him from leaving us more and better poetry. Mr. Matthew Arnold has ascribed Gray's unproductiveness to his living in an age of prose. May it not well be that Cowper would have struck a higher and a fuller note if he had not all his life been weighed down by the deadening

influence of Mr. Newton, and the depressing religious atmosphere which, mainly through that influence, he was for over thirty years compelled to breathe? The poet who could write the "Lines on the Loss of the Royal George" and the "Sonnet to Mary," could have done more work of the same quality. But no poet ever had so little to inspire him in his surroundings as Cowper. Even a fate so unkind as his could not deny him nature; but she placed him in a spot where nature wears her least attractive dress. His spiritual director long strictly forbade him to write poetry, and always discouraged it; the same rigorous will persuaded him to sell his books and set him to work as a district visitor, a task for which his nervous temperament rendered him peculiarly unfit. In the earlier part of his life few inspiring events occurred; and in the latter part, though there were enough and to spare of inspiring events, he was as far removed as he could well be from their influence. His companion through life was a lady much older than himself, who was indeed a good angel to him in his troubles, but was hardly the woman to inspire his Muse. In such circumstances the wonder is not that he has left us so little good work but that he has left us so much. What might Wordsworth have been if fate had ordained that he should live and die in the fens instead of among the lakes; that he should be born in 1731, contemporary with nothing in particular, instead of in 1770, contemporary with the infant French Revolution; and that he should spend his life in the society of good Mrs. Unwin instead of that of his wife and sister and Coleridge?

But the consideration of what might have been is proverbially foolish. Only in this case there is a moral attached. We can never know how many "mute, inglorious Miltons" have been buried in the gulf of professional eminence of which Hume's biographer is so naturally led to speak, or crushed by inexorable scientific law, forcing them into harmony with their surroundings, however far beneath them those surroundings may have been. Probably parents will never be brought to believe that there can possibly be anything better for their sons than the loaves and fishes of the world; but the rest of us may perhaps some day learn that after all it is at once pleasantest and best to let our neighbors follow their own bent and develop on their own lines.

Meantime regrets cannot now undo the sadness of Cowper's life; that curious

melancholy which entered into all his thoughts and made him even think of a postman as a

messenger of grief

Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some.

We must leave all that alone; and as far as his ill-health goes, we may even think of him as one of those who were guided to the path of fame by Plato's bridle of Theages. Certainly, when all has been said, in spite of that large portion of his life of which insanity robbed him and us, in spite of his frequent sufferings, his melancholy, his isolation, he has left us a legacy for which those who love English poetry can never cease to be grateful.

J. C. BAILEY.

From Murray's Magazine.

IN PRAISE OF THE CARNOTS.

AS yet the French nation has had no opportunity of being guided or governed by a citizen dowered by the universal respect of his fellow-citizens. The Revolution produced no Washington; its outcome was a military despot.

In the month of November, 1887, France was wholly unprepared for the advent of such unostentatious worth as was elected to the headship of the State in the person of M. Carnot. She is beginning to know day by day now, what it means; she ignored its real meaning then, and when she first took account of her new president, she at once asked of him precisely that which he could not give. She asked him to exercise what she called "power;" namely arbitrary self-will, and to interfere in matters where the law—the constitutional law of the State—only was concerned. There was for some months a misunderstanding—a temporary one—for it is idle to suppose M. Carnot coming down to the crowd's estimate of public duty; the crowd will have to work up to his, to "get used to it." It is beginning to do so.

M. Carnot's task is to endure—to *be* what he *is*, without heed of any passing circumstance or any passing "cry." Quiet, gentle, mild, unbending; his law is to remain steady—to be the one point in the business of the commonwealth which does not swerve.

In this steadiness of M. Carnot's there lies such importance, not only for the welfare of France, but for the peace of the whole world, that to be quite sure that he will always do his duty—his entire duty

— is a fact of great political consequence to every European.

What then is M. Carnot, that his faithfulness to himself should be so useful to so many human beings?

Whence comes he?

Even in France people are learning to ask scientifically where a man comes from; and it is, above all, *there*, lucky; for nowhere are undercurrents so strong, so hidden, and so variable.

These Carnots are long descended from the soil; "old as the hills" is with them no figure of speech, and they emphatically date from *la vieille France*, a phrase implying more solid, stern virtue than most foreigners wot of. From earliest to latest of their line, their prime virtue is self-respect; and amongst the children of modern France, the idea is already dawning that when self-respect is long-descended under the pressure of centuries, its weight becomes incalculable; without exactly knowing why, they *trust* it. A new instinct in Gaul, and reviving long-dead days.

The Carnots are more than a "family," they are a tribe, a manner of small folk or people — *gens* as those of ancient Rome, and like their classic forefathers, worshipping the public good. But besides being French of a France that practised largely all the higher virtues and duties, they are individually of the perhaps grandest province of France, of rough, hardy, self-reliant, jovial Burgundy. No cavillers at fate or fortune are these men; they revolt not against Providence, but being healthy in every sense, deriving their wisdom from mental and physical equipoise, they submit cheerfully to do their work, whatever may be ordained them to do; and there lies another great secret for France to discover; when Frenchmen shall learn to make the best of circumstances (really, honestly to do their utmost in order to make the best of things), and not strain after the unattainable, then will France have taken her first step in the political education of modern times.

In the pre-revolutionary epoch, spite of all shortcomings, there were a very considerable number of men who had inherited public-spiritedness of a singularly stout description, and who, in the century between 1610 and 1710, were equal to any fate. Their household traditions came to them from their fathers and grandfathers of the Reformation. As a rule, they indulged no weak vanities; did not hanker after what set them apart from their fel-

low-creatures; and when the distinctions of caste, class, or career, were gone, they bravely took up the duties common to all.

So, when Lazare Carnot ceases to be (as the Versailles portrait shows him) the privileged *officier des armées du roi*, he unrepiningly does "his best" in the new sphere of action allotted him, and becomes what history has sanctioned under the name of *le Grand Carnot*. The adversary ratified the title, too, for Lazare Carnot lived for near ten years among the Germans of the north, where his renown was so bright, that, at his death, the one plain word "CARNOT" inscribed upon his gravestone, seemed sufficient to all to tell what the man who lay there had been.

Self-respect, as aforesaid, was the law of the race; public duty, domestic virtues, honor paid to their name, were the traits that distinguished each and all.

Claude Carnot, of Nolay,* was the father of the *Grand Carnot*, who was one of eighteen children (fourteen sons and four daughters), and who writes thus of his father in a paper preserved by the family: "He watched over us all unremittingly, being convinced that the development of the children depends upon the father; he was always with us, in our walks, in our amusements, in our studies. He taught us the happiness entailed by rectitude of conscience, and the holiness of hard work. He made us know the beauty of family affection, and the perfect solidarity between those of the same blood, which makes each responsible for the pure fame of all." And by these teachings transmitted to Claude Carnot from his forefathers have the Carnots held through all time until now, and in no country does there exist a family — or, let us repeat it, a clan or tribe — more united by the same bonds of sentiment, opinion, and creed.

The word I have applied to the present chief of the State may be rigorously applied to Lazare Carnot; he was so quiet, so mild, so gentle, that many of his intimates doubted whether he would show all the sternness of purpose required by the terrible situations he was called upon to fill. Himself was wont to say that the last term of "knowledge of mankind was *indulgence*;" and the highest honor perhaps ever paid him was the phrase used by Napoleon I. (not precisely in a flattering sense): "Carnot is so easily deceived!" These identical words occur

* Nolay is the original home of the Carnots; a small town near Dijon, where stands an old house bearing their arms.

in Stanley's "Life of Arnold," and for the same righteous reason: Carnot was loth to believe in falsehood; his family inherit that reluctance.

The Carnots are Biblical in their mode of education, and answer for each other from father to son. It is like reading a chapter of Holy Writ; Claude brings up Lazare, Lazare brings up Hippolyte, Hippolyte brings up Sadi, and Sadi will in turn bring up his own boys (without counting the younger brothers brought up by the elder ones, as in the case of the Grand Carnot and Carnot Feulin).

But for a moment at Hippolyte we stop, for he connects the present with the past, transmitting unbroken to the son what he got from the father, direct. Hippolyte Carnot, the president's father, though less historically illustrious than Lazare, was perhaps the most remarkable of the family.

"All the men of Burgundy are honest men," was a saying of a grand-uncle in Nolay which has become proverbial; but Hippolyte Carnot was not only a mirror of Burgundian honesty, a model of that *integritas* which comprises everything, he was the finest sample of a stalwart *Bourguignon* that it may fall to the lot of our age to see. At *eighty-seven*, a few months before his death, he might in every sense, moral, mental, and physical, have done duty for fifty or fifty-five, at the very outside. None of those who, in December, 1887, saw him, on the occasion of his son's election to the presidency, read to the Senate the programme of the government, will ever forget the scene or the individuality of the man who constituted its singular importance; everything was as it should be, everything was simple, natural — nothing was forced or strained, nothing "brought about" — all was in its place, and this wonderful fitness of things was the mere consequence of coincidences in themselves as strange and unforeseen.

It so happened that from the suddenness of events, and their dates, the house officers of the Senate were not yet nominated; there was no bureau, no chairman, and M. Carnot (*père*) was, from his age, *doyen du Sénat*, and presided over the Assembly; his first function thus being to proclaim the policy of the new government on the occasion of the presidential election. Nothing could be more strange or unforeseen, but from the first moment it gave to the circumstance a distinctive character, and contributed one more proof of the unity of type which stamps all Carnots in creation. The father spoke not

for his son, but *as* his son, and no one doubted the absolute indivisibility of the two. One might be at the Elysée and the other at the Luxembourg, but that did not separate them; they were Carnots indissoluble, not to be pulled to pieces, but taken *en bloc*. When Hippolyte Carnot read that wise, moderate, citizen-like government declaration of December, 1887, he spoke his son's thoughts and words, because that son whom he had fashioned was the outcome of their race, coming direct from the long line of "honest Burgundians," who through centuries had never done other than their duty, the duty that it was theirs to do, whatever the place they filled.

And how that magnificent veteran knew, when he spoke to the Senate, *as* his son, that he was truly filling his own right place, and how the Senate felt it! No opposition suggested to itself even a stray hint of resistance; the speaker spoke so obviously what it was his duty to feel; and with what simplicity of conviction, and what strength! His very pride was so fitting, so in accord with all he had to uphold; and proud, nobly proud, was every inch of him that day. Many a man loaded with years seems young, but this man, Hippolyte Carnot, *was* young. Like a true Carnot, he had *stood* while the years passed by him. When he mounted the tribune of the Senate on that winter's day, it was in all the real strength of maturity on which rests still the after-glow of determined youth. The splendid head bore its silver crown, it is true, but how grandly it rose from the broad shoulders, and how the bright, untired eye looked the whole world in the face, and how the firm sweep of the rare gesture helped the word on its way, as it sped to the extreme end of the wide hall on the full, ringing vibrations of the voice of "twenty-five"! The sight was truly one never to be forgotten. Hippolyte Carnot numbering, as he did, eighty-seven years, stood there apparently on the borders of time, with all the waves of time's fathomless ocean rolling out *before* him; it was the spendthriftness of youth, conscious of unlimited reserves.

He died three months later, not from any cessation of vital power, but from a mere accident caused by the abuse of energies which nothing seemed able to exhaust. On a bleak March night, quitting the hot atmosphere of an evening party where he had stayed late, and insisting on going home on foot, he caught the fatal chill that only a very few days afterwards ended his career, leaving his

son bereft of more than half the wealth life had, or ever could have had, in store for him.

The death of Carnot, the father, was as severe a blow to France as to the president. It took from the former a champion who, living, would have cowed many an adventurous pretender, and it left his son to make himself known to the nation. Carnot the Senator, was fashioned by the *Grand Carnot*, had learnt all the lessons of exile and of a period when men were resolute and "full of resource;" he lent *prestige* to his son; and in troubled waters and with excitable populations, prestige is a very useful saving of time.

The new president was elected for his immaculate honesty. He was, it may be said, involuntarily elected under the impulse of the country's good luck, and because the whole Chamber had some weeks before, as involuntarily, risen to its feet to cheer him in recognition of his incorruptibility. Not perhaps ten men in those six hundred went to the Congress at Versailles with the fixed intent to vote for Carnot; but they voted. They remembered the name he bore, and in that name all had faith. The father was known to be a Carnot, and all the renown of other days sprang into life behind him. But such was not the case with the son, he might or might not be "a Carnot," and when his father died he would have to prove himself one. He would have to make himself known.

Hippolyte Carnot had led an active, a nobly active life; he had been taught by his own father to know foreign countries, to study political history, to learn other languages, and to judge men with fairness; he was a great scholar, a passionate Greek for whom the *Iliad* was a living reality, and its heroes companions of his own existence. He was, like his friend Villemain,* and a few others of their kind, full of idealism, and in all matters aspired to the highest. A deputy under the July monarchy, but of statesmanlike Liberal tendencies never sharing in excessive ideas of any description, he became minister in 1848, and did his very utmost to further all genuine reforms, above all, those that rendered education of easier, more general attainment, and of improved quality. His aim was to educate the people, not as mere *savants* or administra-

tors, but as men, able to fulfil more thoroughly the duty that was set down for them to do. Under the second empire (and after its fatal and well foreseen consequences) he never stirred one hair's breadth from his hatred and contempt of despotism and military autocracy, but always bore his patriotism without bluster. He was from his cradle a republican, but of the classical type, a Roman citizen of the Cincinnatus order, loving the land, dreaming of an order of things in which humanity should be better — more upright, less selfish, truer, and with loftier aims.

He was pre-eminently a man in whom character, in the British sense, rose superior to all thoughts of success or of power, and in whom the self-respect of his race guided every single thought and feeling of daily life.

When Hippolyte Carnot died, his son, the president, stood alone. One thing he had — a blessing shared by many of those whose work has been recorded in their country's annals — he had a mother. Such a woman as, whatever be the so-called progress of our age in enlightenment or science, our age does not often see. Madame Carnot is the worthy mother of such honest, dutiful citizens as her two sons. Worthy to have been the true and perfect helpmate of such a statesman as Hippolyte Carnot; and with all that, showing absolutely no trace of the "Roman matron," nothing of the Volumnia or Cornelia type, nothing of the traditional "republican female," of the *Républicaine* whom the pretentious art of David set apart above her sisters. No; but a gentle, kindly, genial woman; a woman full of sweetness and light, robing her inflexible moral strength in the pleasantest and most smiling of garbs, and no more painting her inward virtues for outward show than the flowers of the field paint their petals. The Carnots are not only happy, but lucky in their wives.

Guarded in earlier life by the tenderness of so rare a mother, there stands by the side of the president of the French republic another woman, younger in years, his wife. Madame Carnot was Mlle. Dupont-White, daughter of the well-known political economist, a man who ranked high in both England and France — high for his talent and for his social charm. He was the introducer of Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer to the French public, and as an accomplished man of the world there was no party and no opinion that did not rejoice at welcoming Dupont-

* Minister of public instruction, and Grand Maître de l'Université under the July Monarchy — the French Person as far as Greek went, and of whom Duke Victor de Broglie, in his "Mémoires," says: "Il était l'âme la plus élevée, l'esprit le plus délicat, de son pays et de tous les temps."

White in its salons. From him the *présidente* inherits her English blood, for the mother of Dupont White was an English woman. Madame Carnot is marked by nature as the complete partner of a public man; handsome, and by birth gifted with all the attributes of feminine grace, if she were not so very graceful, one would at first declare dignity to be the special characteristic of the *présidente*. As the case really stands, whatever of mere dignity might grow into distant stateliness is softened and made attractive by the magic of sympathy and *le charme*,—that word for which there is no translation. Add to this that Madame Carnot is one of the five or six best-dressed women in the civilized world (no mean quality in France), and such a mistress of a house as perhaps no other capital in Europe can produce,—so incomparable is her profound science of whatever concerns either the relations or the mere splendors of society,—and it may then be imagined with what various adjuncts and advantages M. Carnot stepped into his present complicated position.

But of all this the vast majority of the public in France was wholly ignorant. The president's father, as has been said, was known; known as the *Grand Carnot's* son, and, as a public man, worthy of the name he had inherited. But his son, modest and retiring as he had always been, had lived so quiet a domestic and family life, that even when twice minister, once of public works, and again "*aux finances*," he was but little attended to. History answered for him; the outward world of the present had no need to trouble itself about him, for his charming but notoriety-avoiding wife.

Yet it was his term of office at the finance ministry that forced the presidency on him, and his conduct as minister of public works that forced his popularity into full bloom—and this, as the French say, *sans que ça paraisse*. While finance minister, the opportunity was offered him of committing a decided "irregularity," desired and recommended by the Elysée and M. Wilson. Others committed it later on; M. Carnot refused, but quietly, simply, without any fuss, and no more was said about it. It was in course of time (in 1887) mentioned, as a mere fact, an unimportant detail, in a narrative given to the Chamber of what had taken place before. But the public sense, that highly refined magnetic power, as Lamartine called it, seized on it instantly, and the Assembly rose to applaud the public ser-

vant who "would not do what was not his duty."

The real outburst of popularity which only reached its maximum a few weeks since, at the inauguration of the new docks at Calais, repaid the president for the initiative he took eight years ago, which almost every one had forgotten. In 1881, as minister of public works, M. Carnot alone obtained from his colleagues the determining vote for the enlargement of the deep-sea port of Calais, the rest of the government resting on the plea of the "want of funds." In reality, though for the most part unconsciously, the storm of applauding welcome he was met with at Calais was the recognition of an achievement whereof the further results are incalculable; namely, success in virtually bridging over the Channel, and abolishing (without the objectionable tunnel!) the needless, foolish delays, that made the "silver streak" an absolute obstacle to the easy intercommunication of two great nations.

M. Carnot has thereby rendered as signal a service to England as to his own country, and we owe him a debt of gratitude we shall daily appreciate more thoroughly.

If I have dwelt on his race in speaking of the man, it is because his forefathers have so helped in the making of him, that they may all be said to be latent in him, and he could not be what he is expected to be if he were not an epitome of all the Carnots.

I stated in the beginning that what was required of M. Carnot was to subsist, *à se*. It was necessary that time should elapse, in order that people might learn to know what perfect faithfulness to himself implied. To judge of what is the meaning of a man's duty to himself, you must distinctly learn what is the "self" to which the fulfilment of that duty is essential. A considerable number of illustrious men have gone out of themselves, beyond themselves, to a discharge of duty most useful to the general community, but not reflecting their own personal and private duty represented by the strict and sole obligation of being true and faithful to themselves, of maintaining absolute adherence to the rectitude of their own character.

There is a growing conviction in France of what the president really is, and of the fact that he would not know how to betray his duty. The next point is, to arrive at a clear conception of what the precise duty is. It is undoubtedly a circum-

scribed one, but has nevertheless a somewhat wider extension than is commonly supposed.

The president's duty is to defend and protect the law, and to resist all attempts to attack it. It is not his office to initiate or invent any new method of governing, or to forestall any offensive or dangerous act, however distinctly he may perceive the danger of it. It is forbidden him to do what Nelson did at Copenhagen, though that probably was one of the greatest services ever rendered to any country.

Constitutional law is incarnate in M. Carnot, and in its defence there is nothing he will not do; but beyond it or out of it he will not go—not one inch. He has many means of improving his position and widely exerting his influence. As a matter of fact he has, with the Senate, the power of dissolution of the Chamber and (what is far less known), not only the right but the obligation to preside, at least once a month, over the *Grande Commission* or *Grand Conseil de la Guerre*, on which sit all the commanding generals of France, and which legally overrules even the minister of war. He has also the right of incessant communication with the departments, if he so wills it; for though the departments cannot, "combined" even by two or three, address themselves to the Elysée, the Elysée can have constant contact with the country; but the best of all his rights or privileges, after all, consists in the power of making himself well known and well trusted. This has been M. Carnot's task from the day he was elected, and this is now succeeding.

There are assuredly more brilliant, more impressive ways of wielding power, nay, of also serving the country. One may conceive of a ruler who, by the help of what is termed genius, commits some act of audacity, and afterwards really grants relative liberties, ensuring to the nation tranquillity, good order, and prosperity; there may even be men whose duty—"glorious," history may perhaps style it—is thus to "save a nation," but such is not the duty M. Carnot owes to himself, and through himself to France. His power must rest on character; that is the lesson he is bound to teach Frenchmen. We have learnt in the pages of this magazine, from the testimony of Lady de Ros, what the Great Duke's final estimate was of the first Napoleon: "*He was not a gentleman.*" It is hard to expect any foreigner, however "liberal," to understand *all* that the word implies on British lips; and yet it is a foreign poet who has given

the true formula: "A *man* and brave, a *man* and good, a *man* and *gentile*."

Now beyond all other things it may of the Carnots be said, that they are "gentlemen;" and the "plain gentleman" who is first magistrate of France will prove this. He is not a man of many words; but should the hour of trial come, should no matter what pretender assail the constitution by any overt act, M. Carnot will quietly set his back to the wall, and do his defensive duty, the duty it is his to do—resolutely and at all costs.

Under whatsoever *régime* France may pass, royal or otherwise, she can never have at her head rulers of whom to be prouder or whom she can point to as a nobler example for all her citizens, than President Carnot and his family. M.

From The National Review.

SOME FEW THACKERAYANA.

LET us call it "Grey Friars" still. The pseudonym has become of as classical a fragrance as the real name. I met him there from whom and about whom I have treasured up some jottings, W. M. Thackeray, the only lion among authors whom up to that time I had met. There are scores of men still living who know more about him than I do, and they would tell. But they have forgotten to give what they know to the world, and memories get washed out by time. Let me then pick up my few crumbs. There is, I am told, no "life" of him written. Those who know best and most say he would not have it—did not care for a *post mortem* of the pen. So there is no patent to infringe. No one, in short, knew aught about him, save as he showed himself in his "foolscap uniform turned up with ink," until Mrs. Brookfield peached—but only in a reserved and ladylike way—with an unstudied string of letters and sketches; so I fling without fear or shame my little bunch of anecdotes, like a handful of *immortelles*, at five sous apiece, on a grave.

Let me explain that I was not a Grey Friar *pur sang*, was never a *fraterculus* within those classic shades, but only became by generous adoption a *frater*, through—shall I say—the discerning kindness of my old friend and chief, Dr. Doublefirst, since Dean of Flatlands, who insisted on my "trying my 'prentice hand" on birching a small boy before I had worn the gown a fortnight in Grey

Friars. It was worse than preaching one's first sermon—only the boy got off easier than the congregation. There I met several who had met and trembled as boys at Thackeray's side before the awful predecessor of Dr. Doublefirst, whose name was long a word of fear in Grey Friars, a tremendous sort of human quintain, Dr. Crushall, "the brute who drubbed *τύπτω* into me when a boy," as Thackeray used to say. I mean, of course, into *him*—not the present writer, who got his *τύπτω* at an older shop, but the genuine article still. I knew Crushall well; a man framed by nature for a pedagogue, but mellowed out of his overbearing airs when he became rector of St. Spindleshin's, on his retirement from the "Orders Grey," and had to rub shoulders in the vestry with the merchant princes who subscribed to his charities; besides receiving at confirmations Bishop Meadowbloom, one of the last of the great bishops of the Greek drama, whom I remember when a very small boy to have seen sublimely aureoled in a wig.

Among my senior colleagues, when I experienced my "serious call" to the birch as before stated, was the Reverend Charles Oldfield, who remembered Thackeray's coming to Grey Friars as a boy. "Take that boy *and his box*" were the imperious directions thundered out by Dr. Crushall in his big brassy voice to the school *janitor*, as though sentencing a culprit for execution, "to Mrs. Juno" (the matron of the boarding-house); "and make my compliments to Mr. Smiler" (then junior master), "and tell him the boy knows nothing and will just do for the lowest form." Crushall's Rhadamanthine tones, and power of storming the feeble wits out of dullard idlers by vociferous exaggeration of their school peccadilloes, seem to have impressed Thackeray even more than his heavy hand, which swung round on you like the paddle of an ichthyosaurus with stunning effect. Thackeray, thus, in the innocent, *tabula rasa* state of mind, consigned to the mill of the prison house, seems from Oldfield's account to have shirked his share of the grinding all he could, read his story-books about "Scottish Chiefs," "Corinthian Tom," and Fielding's "Amelia" to more purpose than the more ponderous stuff to which the finger of authority—from Mr. Smiler upwards—duly pointed him; and, taking his fights and floggings with a light heart, I should suppose, to have made his mark among his schoolmates by his ever ready fun of pen-and-ink sketches. Oldfield re-

membered a series of these, labelled "fine arts" by the author: "Painting" was illustrated by a young ragamuffin, shoeless himself, laying blacking on a boot, the blacking-bottle very big with label to match, "Warren's Best."* The next was "Carving," representing a pimple-faced man with strong Jewish features, going in with a huge knife and fork at a similarly exaggerated ham; while "Music" showed an Italian of the stage-bandit type, slouch-hatted, gaitered, and monkeyed, grinding a hurdy-gurdy. Apropos of school fights, Thackeray received his mark there, if he made it with his caricatures. He met some Grey Friars cronies one day and the needle of reminiscence pointed to a well-known *frère*, Venables, then talked of as a writer in the *Saturday Review*.† "He did *this*," said Thackeray, laying an emphatic finger on his own nose, the bridge of which had suffered some disfigurement from a school encounter with that worthy in those early days. One cannot but smile at the omen conveyed in the future critic thus putting out of joint the schoolboy nose of the future author.

To gather from what I gleaned in anecdote and from the evidence of his works, I should say that Thackeray took up to Cambridge with him "little Latin and less Greek." I have never been able to trace his lore further than the earlier odes of Horace with parallel elementary portions of Virgil and Livy, and the first book or two of Homer's *Iliad*, and perhaps as many Greek plays. Oldfield's only special classic crumb of Thackerayan learning, that I can remember, was a line of the former, with a free translation or rather modern development of the thought, rudely rhyming the Latin, —

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
Waiter! a mutton chop and potatoes!

But perhaps this has occurred elsewhere in print, as well as in a private letter to Oldfield, who probably had asked him to dine in the austere simplicity of the Grey Friars' refectory, known as Crook Hall (of which more anon), and received this for reply. I may add a remark about Dr.

* Or it may have been "Hunt's." I must guard myself against an anachronism, and know not which of these great Nigro-mancers was first in applying to the human "understanding" its last polish of civilization.

† Possibly an allusion to this occurs in the "Letters," p. 170, where, referring apparently to some adverse critique in that periodical, Mr. Thackeray says, "I never for one minute should think that my brave old Venables would hit me, or if he did that he hadn't good cause for it." See also p. 731, "Venables was there, very shy and grand-looking; how kind that man has always been to me!"

Crushall's exaggerated way of "piling up the agony," when rebuking boyish error. There is an early scene in "Pendennis," where the major comes to remove Arthur from school, and, overhearing from the ante-room a thundering denunciation against "Pen"—the obvious culprit of some unprepared lesson—infers some terrible moral delinquency of his nephew; but is presently reassured by the pedagogue's appearing and explaining that the supposed monster of depravity is a nice young fellow enough, "but doesn't always do his work as I could wish." (That is not the exact phrase, but some admiring friend has borrowed my copy of "Pendennis," with the usual consequences. Readers, however, can verify the passage for themselves.) This scene, I have no doubt, reflects personal experiences very closely. These withering oburgations were what "stuck by" Crushall's *alumni* at Grey Friars even more than the weight of his hand—though that too, as explained above, by no means scaled light in memory's balance—and his way of trampling upon—nay, jumping upon—a boy's feelings, checked a good deal of old pupils' loving enthusiasm in the after-glow of recollection. He was, however, a good scholar according to "the lights of other days;" sound, at any rate, and exact (not to say exacting); and on one occasion not only "caught out" with a wicket-keeping smartness, in a false quantity, some tall-crested senior classic who came fresh from Cambridge to examine the sixth, but pounced upon him with a ready quotation from Homer, when he hesitated to accept the correction, thus putting down morally his stumps to boot. He was, indeed, great at this; and with, perhaps, a touch of jealousy at rival establishments to the "Orders Grey," used to say, "There's always a false quantity in the prologue or epilogue of the Westminster Terence play, if you only know where to find it." Oldfield assured me that once, on witnessing with himself that performance, he started from his seat, closing smartly his lifted fist as if on a noxious insect, with the exclamation, "There it is!" uttered *coram populo*, somewhat to the discontentment of the youthful *débutant*, who was reciting the passage.

Going home one night from some civic feast, he saw a blaze spurting up through a grated window where no light should be, and instantly "twigging" the facts, and diverging from his course to Grey Friars Lodge, rapped at the porter's wicket of the Mansion House, exclaiming, "The

Royal Exchange is on fire! Tell the lord mayor I say so, I, John Crushall!" And so it was; as I a youthful neophyte of the *τύπτω* mystery, plodding to and fro to my day-school at the time, well remember, and how for days by turns it blazed and smouldered. The best of it was, there was then a minister of state of the same name exactly, say the Hon. John Crushall of the Home Department, to whose omnipresent vigilance the porter and police of course ascribed this "earliest information." This had a fine moral effect in the city, and strengthened the government much in that important constituency.

Such was the man who, on the breech-loading principle then of universal, since of limited, application, "drubbed into" Thackeray, not, indeed, much of word and letter, but a good deal of the spirit and aroma of ancient classics; especially that instinct of clear fibrous delineation which cleaves to his English style, as closely as it does to that of Euripides or Xenophon.

His delight, as a boy, in fun spiced with sportive mischief did not die out wholly in maturer years. He tells Mrs. Brookfield how he met Macaulay, and both were made aware of the passion of an American lady to be introduced to the respective authors of the "Lays of Ancient Rome" and "Vanity Fair." "I offered Macaulay to take his part, if he would represent me; but he gravely said he did not approve of practical jokes, so this bit of sport did not come off." Again, he seriously assured Jules Janin in Paris, in 1849, that "in November you saw every lamp-post on London Bridge with a man hanging from it." I do not think this waggishness ever died out of him. Here, then, we can father the man upon the boy, in the following story, which I heard from the lips of my lamented sometime chief, Dr. Senior (vide "The Newcomes"), successor of Dr. Doublefirst. Senior, a quick, clever, and industrious boy, Thackeray's junior, moved up rapidly, and caught him in the fifth form. Mated thus, one afternoon found them side by side in "third school." It was a sultry July whole school-day, when the long holidays were in sight, and the blue-bottle flies all about, provoking easy slumbers in gods and men. Senior added that they had had a gooseberry pudding, heavy with dough and suet, for dinner, which turned the scale against vigilance. It seems, on such afternoons lighter work was taken, the heavy construe and parsing, etc., lessons being got through in the forenoon. A certain number of pages in

Adam's "Roman Antiquities" (then a standard text-book, long since superseded), were to be read over by the sixth and fifth forms, brigaded together for the purpose. The sixth-formers were then to propound questions, which the head master might call upon any boy in either form to answer. Senior, under the above soporific influences, was recalled suddenly from "the land of Nod" to embarrassing realities by his name being called out. Nudged on either side, he started to his feet with an abject sense of hopeless incapacity, having wholly missed the question, and heard a Mephistophelic whisper at his side: "Wine—say 'wine'!" Catching like a drowning man at this twig of help, Senior uttered the word "Wine," by way of reply to the unknown. He was instantly roused to fuller consciousness by the two forms bursting into an uproar of loud laughter, while the doctor, like Neptune above the storm, starting from his chair, burst forth upon the platform which sustained it, "stamping and roaring like a bull." I remember Senior's exact expression. But amidst the din was audible the same small fiendish voice, suggesting, "Try 'bread and cheese'!" He was, however, by now too painfully awake to facts to "try" anything else, so meekly subsided and took his imposition. The voice of the tempter was, of course, Thackeray's.

"And what," said I to Dr. Senior, "was the question after all?" "Oh," said he, "just the stupidest thing possible, just the superficial point on which a careless mind would fasten. The passage was something like this: 'The senators met periodically in the Temple of So-and-so, where seats or benches were provided for their accommodation.' On this, some Tom Noddy of the sixth put the silly question, 'What was provided for the senators when they met?'"

The reader now sees fully the suggestive character of the "light refreshments" indicated by the astute prompter and future satirist; and the insight thus given into his boyish character on one side is noteworthy. But there was another side to it, as my next anecdote, for which the Rev. Charles Oldfield was (alas! that I must say "was," for his genial presence has passed from us) my authority. A curly-headed, innocent gown-boy, of the sort which Thackeray loved to contemplate and delineate, came fresh from home with his pocket superfluously full of guinea tips, administered by loving aunts, grandmamas, *et hoc genus omne*. Among

the bigger boys was a contemporaneous cadet of the Sheridan family, although I know not in what degree of relationship to the famous Richard Brindsley, whose genius (*splendide mendax*) for borrowing and forgetting to repay was still proverbial when this century was young. So he fastens, like a young boa-constrictor, on this tender guinea-pig, and borrows first one guinea one week, then another the next, and how many more I know not. However, Thackeray—whether the little one was his fag, or was found by him crying in a corner—somehow found this out, and said to the fleeced innocent: "Why, you little spoony, what made you lend this money to Sheridan? Don't you know you'll never see it again?" "Oh," pleaded the plucked doveling, "he did beg me so for it; and he told me he'd be so certain to pay me back as soon as ever —" "All gammon and spinach!" put in Thackeray here. "What have you got left? Hand it over to me, and you shall have half-a-crown a week as long as it lasts; or else Sheridan will sack you clean." "And there he was, going about," added Thackeray to Oldfield, "with the Sheridan blood in him—the *young marauder*!" Those who knew Thackeray best will appreciate the half-playful indignation, caustic yet not unkindly, which he flung into the last words. Here, again, I remember precisely, and "tell it as 'twas told to me." Oldfield, though my colleague then, was much my senior, and had caned me, when quite young, at another early school. Perhaps this added to the impressiveness of his later words.

I leave my anecdotes to point their own moral, if any be discernible. Again I cite Oldfield. For a "lark" and a lounge on leave days there was a phrenological shop in the Strand, which I almost fancy lasted until my own time, kept by a Frenchman, one Deville, or Delille, I think. Thither with a "pal" or two would Thackeray betake himself, and anxiously inquire how much he had increased in "philophlebotomy" since his "bump" of that useful quality was last thumbed by the professor of this key to all sciences. This intellectual recreation of poking fun at the Frenchman came in his way, I was told, as he was going up to Cambridge, or, at any rate, lasted till then. For, on his shaking hands with the professor at parting, the latter said: "Monsieur vill come—next year—I vill tell him if he have studied classique or mattematique, by feel of his bump." My informant went on to say that in the next long vaca-

tion Thackeray actually reappeared to consult the oracle and challenge its verdict. It pronounced for one or the other, Oldfield did not remember which; but the answer of the facetious patient was, "Sold! I haven't opened a page of either."

But when "Vanity Fair" was rapidly making him a famous man, Oldfield, taking his cue from a then recent number of that work, wrote to ask him to dine one Saturday in Crook Hall, which was a sort of ward-room mess for the officers of the Grey Frairs. What the legend was about Crook the Great, I presume, who gave it its name, I was never able to learn; and the question was of no more use puzzling over than the origin of Stonehenge. There we represented among us all the faculties, with a modest *soupeçon* of the fine arts. The port wine there was apt to be a little fiery; but on Saturdays, when the master—or abbot, shall we call him?—often graced the refectory with his presence, a choicer bin would be broached, as grateful memory recalls. So writes Oldfield to Thackeray: "Come and dine, and look up old friends and young, and see how 'Georgy Osborne' is getting on." Thackeray could not come; but wrote back a highly illustrated epistle, as his wont was when in the humor,— "As for 'Georgy Osborne,' who cares for him now that the Marquis of Steyne has cut him? * And does discipline flourish still? And what's the weekly consumption of birches? This is how it is used to be in our time."

And here followed, in vivid pen-and-ink, a penal group of a gigantic and terrible head master, with a broad-trencher cap and sweeping tassel, clerical "bands" down to his waist, and wielding a sheaf of birch-twigs, bristly-looking and budded, which cast a yard-long shadow. Facing him was that severe judiciary, the "gown-boy monitor," whose trencher cap was a picturesque ruin in the pointed style, holding a diminutive urchin awaiting "admonition," a finger in his eye and his nether garments a good deal dishevelled. If I remember right, the "flogging block" had the honor of a distinct sketch all to itself, looking somewhat like a naval gun-carriage of the old type, with the gun dismounted. Possibly in some album reliquary these are extant still.

But, though he did not then dine,

* What incident in "Vanity Fair" this allusion recalls I can't remember, and must refer the gentle reader to the text of that great work, disclaiming responsibility in case none be found to match.

Thackeray, I seem to remember being told, turned up one "Founder's Day," a feast long blotted in oblivion from my personal calendar, found a former chum of his own time, and singling out a name from the gown-boy's list, said, "Here's the son of dear old So-and-so; let's go and tip him," and walked off with his chum to administer "admonition" in a more soothing form.

But when "The Newcomes" story was running towards its end, a buzz went round Crook Hall that Thackeray the Great was actually coming to refresh his recollections at the fountain-head of genuine tradition. I had been dining out for a day or two consecutively, and my friend and colleague, Fitzcook, informed me that in my absence he had actually met him at that festive board and had the honor of being chaffed by him personally. This set me on the *qui vive*, and I put my name down for the officers' mess, met and dined with him, and was disappointed, not in him, but with my selfish egotism; felt shy and stupid like a twopenny *sub*, as I was. I think the impression prevailing in most minds—I can answer for one—was, "Our distinguished guest sets down every man as 'a snob' until he shows himself something better." I felt as if the burden of proof lay on me, and that I was by no means equal to it. But here the photo of memory is blurred. Did the port wine help, I wonder? However, we adjourned to my chiefs, Dr. Senior's, or rather Mrs. Senior's, drawing-room for coffee, and there I saw him at full length, and could study him better. I seem to remember a good breadth of chest behind a white waistcoat, forming the frontispiece of a large, well-limbed man, surmounted by a massively moulded head-piece with a fine contour of silvery hair, and rather keen blue (I think) eyes, mitigated by large-orbed, silver-set spectacles. I only remember his beginning a story of his, I think then recent, return from America (it was in the early "fifties" that this meeting occurred). "I was on deck with the captain of the vessel, smoking a cigar—a bad habit, I'm sorry to say, that I'm given to." But I can remember no more; though, so queer a thing is memory, that very probably, if I were to hear it again by chance, I should exclaim, "I heard Mr. Thackeray tell that at Grey Friars in the year 185—"

It was understood that he was studying for the closing scenes of "The Newcomes," and had been introduced specially for that purpose to one of the lay

brothers of the "Orders Grey," a highly respected Captain L——, who, being in reduced circumstances, had accepted a vacancy in those privileged ranks. "I'm told I'm to sit for Colonel Newcome," said the veteran (so the *ou dit* went) with considerable glee. The time of year was just the close of one of the school-terms, and it was arranged that Thackeray should wind up his series of visits by giving a lecture to the boys in the long room of one of the There we all met. I can recall fragments only; what would I not give to recover the whole! But it is useless scrubbing at the palimpsest of memory. His exordium was, I remember, addressed, characteristically, to the little juniors, who, as the room was crowded, were packed away on shelves, with their legs humorously dangling in air at the end of it. "You little fellows perhaps won't understand a sentence of what I'm going to say; but you don't care, you're so full of delight at the thoughts of going home to-morrow that no words of mine could make any difference, or make you feel a bit jollier." Then, turning to the elder boys, "The predecessor of my dear friend, Dr. Senior, whom I well remember in that chair, and who gave me the soundest reasons for remembering him, was the author of two highly popular treatises; one the 'Grey Friars' Latin Grammar,' the other its Greek ditto, to which amusing works we all subscribed. They ran through many editions, and, I believe, are not yet quite obsolete." Then came some facetiously pensive recollections of his days as a fag, making So-and-so's toast, and (I rather think) blacking So-and-so's boots for a leave-day outing. Then, looking round at the "uppers," "Is there still in the purlieus of this venerable foundation a Red Cow? I'm not referring to Smithfield, or rather, to speak quite classically, 'Smiffel.' There was in my time. She lived up a lane" (here the titters of the "uppers" and sixth became a broad laugh), "and to the milk of that animal many of us were strongly addicted." Then followed some remembrance of "tibbing out" — "a practice which, I presume, has quite disappeared," and a confession of furtive peccadilloes. In short, by the Red Cow hung a *tale* which has gone from me, I regret to say, like spilt milk.

Some notice of the story-books which delighted him as a boy, and of the greater privileges of "you youngsters now," in "having 'Pickwick' and 'Nickleby' to revel in" (here introducing a handsome

eulogy on the merits of his own chief rival in current popular authorship, Charles Dickens), is all that I can now recall. And here the curtain falls. "He went his way," as saith the pilgrim of Bunyan, "and I saw him no more."

Of all the men I have named not one survives to share these memories. Perhaps some of the then boyish audience may be able to fill up the gaps in this piece of patchwork. How many times since then has the Grey Friars emptied and refilled — its youthful ranks rapidly, that of its teaching, etc., staff more slowly — like a broad tide-stream, swift in the middle, but tardy at the banks; all the long procession, —

Save one, the meanest of them all,

"marched off into the Hades," as Thackeray says of some stalwart regiment in his "Georges." There, let us hope, Dr. Crushall and his whilom pupils — Thackeray among them — are reconciled at last. Nay, Grey Friars itself, in its better, *i.e.* its scholastic, half, has vanished from the scene it once adorned, gone out of town, like a red cow turned to grass. The abbot of my time, who stood out — time-honored champion of the past, *laudator temporis acti* — against migration, sleeps now the sleep of the just; and "day-boys," and "gown-boys," if they linger still as names, must be names with a lost legend, like Crook Hall itself. More curious still, another and even older school has housed and cloistered itself in the Friars' cast-off shell. The lay brethren still, however, cling to the spot, and eat their dinners duly, and possibly grumble at them, as they did, or so the abbot used to say, of old. But who remembers now the cell in which Thackeray conversed with the military recluse, Captain L——? And possibly, in a lane adjacent may still survive — for such animals are gifted with longevity — the Red Cow. Or has the lane and all disappeared? I commit the question to the future Dugdale of the Grey Friars.

D. D.

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HIPPOLYTUS VEILED.

A STUDY FROM EURIPIDES.

CENTURIES of zealous archæology notwithstanding, many phases of the so varied Greek genius are recorded for the modern student in a kind of shorthand only, or not at all. Even for Pausanias,

visiting Greece before its direct part in affairs was quite played out, much had perished or grown dim — of its art, of the truth of its outward history, above all of its religion as a credible or practicable thing. And yet Pausanias visits Greece under conditions as favorable for observation as those under which later travellers, Addison or Eustace, proceed to Italy. For him the impress of life in those old Greek cities is not less vivid and entire than that of mediæval Italy to ourselves; at Siena, for instance, with its ancient palaces still in occupation, its public edifices as serviceable as if the old republic had but just now vacated them, the tradition of their primitive worship still unbroken in its churches. Had the opportunities in which Pausanias was fortunate been ours, how many haunts of the antique Greek life unnoticed by him we should have peeped into, minutely systematic in our painstaking! how many a view would broaden out where he notes hardly anything at all on his map of Greece!

One of the most curious phases of Greek civilization which has thus perished for us, and regarding which, as we may fancy, we should have made better use of that old traveller's facilities, is the early Attic deme-life — its picturesque, intensely localized variety, in the hollow or on the spur of mountain or seashore; and with it many an early growth of art parallel to what Vasari records of artistic beginnings in the smaller Italian cities — many a relic of primitive religion. Colonus and Acharnæ, surviving still so vividly by the magic of Sophocles, of Aristophanes, are but isolated documents of a widespread manner of life, in which, amid many provincial peculiarities, the first, yet perhaps the most costly and telling steps were made in all the various departments of Greek culture. Even in the days of Pausanias, Piræus was still traceable as a distinct township, once the possible rival of Athens, with its little, old, covered market by the seaside, and the symbolical picture of the place visible on the wall. And that is but the type of what there had been to know of threescore and more village communities, having each its own altars, its special worship and place of civic assembly, its trade and crafts, its name drawn from physical peculiarity or famous incident, its body of heroic tradition lingering on, while Athens, the great deme, absorbed more and more of those achievements, passing away almost completely as political factors in the Pelopon-

nesian war, yet still felt, we can hardly doubt, in the actual physiognomy of Greece. That variety in unity, which its singular geographical formation secured to Greece as a whole, was at its utmost in these minute reflections of the national genius, with all the relish of local difference — new art, new poetry, fresh ventures in political combination, in the conception of life, springing as if straight from the soil, like the thorn-blossom of early spring in magic lines over all that rocky land. On the other hand, it was just here that ancient habits clung most tenaciously — that old-fashioned, homely, delightful existence, to which the refugee, pent up in Athens in the years of the Peloponnesian war, looked back so fondly. If the impression of Greece generally is but enhanced by the littleness of the physical scene of events intellectually so great — such a system of grand lines, as in one of its fine coins, restrained within so narrow a compass — still more would this be true of those centres of country life. Here, certainly, was that assertion of seemingly small interests, which brings into free play, and gives his utmost value to the individual, making warfare, equally with more peaceful rivalries, deme against deme, the mountain against the plain, the seashore (as in our own old Border life, but played out here by wonderfully gifted people) tangible as a personal history, to the doubling of its fascination for those whose business is with the contemplation of the dramatic side of life.

As with civil matters, so it was also, we may fairly suppose, with religion; the deme-life was a manifestation of religious custom and sentiment, in all their primitive local variety. As Athens, gradually drawing into itself the various elements of provincial culture, developed, with authority, the central religious position, the demes-men did but add the worship of Athena Polias to their own pre-existent ritual uses. Of local and central religion alike, time and circumstance had obliterated much when Pausanias came. A devout spirit, with religion for his chief interest, eager for the trace of a divine footstep, anxious even in the days of Lucian to deal seriously with what had counted for so much to serious men, he has, indeed, to lament that "Pan is dead:" — "They come no longer!" — "These things happen no longer!" But the Greek, as his very name also, *Hellen*, was the title of a priesthood, had been religious abundantly, sanctifying every detail of his actual life with the religious idea; and as

Pausanias goes on his way he finds many a remnant of that earlier estate of religion, when, as he fancied, it had been nearer the gods, was certainly nearer the earth. It is marked, even in decay, with varieties of place; and is not only continuous but *in situ*. At Phigaleia he makes his offerings to Demeter, agreeably to the paternal rites of the inhabitants, wax, fruit, undressed wool, "still full of the *sordes* of the sheep." A dream from heaven cuts short his notice of the mysteries of Eleusis. He sees the stone, "big enough for a little man," on which Silenus was used to sit and rest; at Athens, the tombs of the Amazons, of the purple-haired Nisus, of Deucalion: "It is a manifest token that he had dwelt there." The worshippers of Poseidon, even at his temple among the hills, might still feel the earth fluctuating beneath their feet. And in care for divine things, he tells us, the Athenians outdid all other Greeks. Even in the days of Nero it revealed itself oddly; and it is natural to suppose that of this temper the demes, as the proper home of conservatism, were exceptionally expressive. Scattered in those remote, romantic villages, among their olives or seaweeds, lay the heroic graves, the relics, the sacred images, often rude enough amid the delicate tribute of later art; that too oftentimes finding in such retirement its best inspirations, as in some Attic Fiesole. Like a network over the land of gracious poetic tradition, as also of undisturbed ceremonial usage surviving late for those who cared to seek it, the local religions had been never wholly superseded by the worship of the great national temples; were, in truth, the most characteristic developments of a faith essentially earth-born or indigenous.

And how often must the student of fine art, again, wish he had the same sort of knowledge about its earlier growth in Greece, he actually possesses in the case of the Italian. Given any development at all in these matters, there must have been phases of art, which, if immature, were also veritable expressions of power, intermediate discoveries of beauty, such as are by no means a mere anticipation of service only as explaining historically larger subsequent achievements, but of permanent attractiveness in themselves, being often, indeed, the true maturity of certain amiable artistic qualities. And in regard to Greek art at its best, the Parthenon, no less than to mediæval art at its best, the Sistine Chapel, the more instructive light would be derived rather from what

precedes than what follows its central success, from the determination to apprehend the fulfilment of past adventures rather than the eve of decline, in this critical moment which partakes of both. Of such early promise, early achievement, we have in the case of Greek art little to compare with what is extant of the youth of the arts in Italy; while Overbeck's careful gleanings of its history form indeed a sorry relic as compared with the intimations of Vasari regarding the Renaissance. Fired by certain fragments of its earlier days, of a beauty, in truth, absolute, and vainly longing for more, the student of Greek sculpture indulges an ideal of youthful energy therein, yet withal of youthful self-restraint; and again, as with survivals of old religion, its privileged home, he fancies, must have been in those venerable Attic townships, as to a large extent it passed away with them.

The budding of new art, the survival of old religion, at isolated centres of provincial life, where varieties of human character also were keen, abundant, asserted in correspondingly effective incident — this is what irresistible fancy superinduces on historic details, themselves meagre enough. The sentiment of antiquity is indeed a characteristic of all cultivated people, even in what may seem the freshest ages, and not exclusively a humor of our later world. In the earliest notices about them, as we know, the Attic people are already impressed by the immense antiquity of their occupation of its soil, of which they are the very first flower. And we must fancy some at least of those old demes-men sentimentally reluctant to change their habits, fearful of losing too much of themselves in the larger stream of life, clinging to what is antiquated as the work of centralization goes on, needful as that work was, with the great "Eastern difficulty" already ever in the distance. The fear of Asia, barbaric, splendid, hardly known, yet haunting the curious imagination of those who had borrowed thence the art in which they were rapidly excelling it, developing, as we now see, crafts begotten of tyrannic and illiberal luxury in the interest of Greek humanity, was finally to suppress the rivalries of those primitive centres of activity, the "invincible armada" of the common foe coming into sight; as, at a later period, civil strife was to destroy their last traces. The old hoplite, from Rhamnus or Archarnæ, pent up in beleaguered Athens during that first summer of the Peloponnesian war, occupying with his household a turret of the

wall, as Thucydides describes — one of many picturesque touches in that severe historian — could well remember the ancient provincial life which this conflict with Sparta was bringing to an end. He could recall his boyish, half-scared curiosity in those Persian ships, coming first as merchantmen, or pirates on occasion, the half-savage, wicked splendors of their decoration, the monstrous figure-heads, their glittering freightage. Men would hardly have trusted their women or children with that suspicious crew, hovering through the dusk. There were soothsayers, indeed, who had long foretold what happened soon after, giving shape to vague, supernatural terrors. And then he had crept from his hiding-place with other lads to go view the enemies' slain at Marathon, beside those belated Spartans, with whom this new war seemed to revive the fierce local feuds of his younger days. *Paraloi* and *Diacrioi* had ever been rivals. Very distant it seemed now, with all the stories he could tell; for in those crumbling little towns, as heroic life had lingered on into the actual, so, at an earlier date, the supernatural into the heroic; the last traces of those divine visitors vanishing like mists at dawn, in retreat from the land, on which, however, they had already begotten "our best and oldest families."

It was Theseus, uncompromising young master of the situation, in fearless application of "the modern spirit" of his day to every phase of life where it was applicable, who, at the expense of Attica, had given Athens a people, reluctant enough, as Plutarch suggests, to desert "their homes and religious usages and many good and gracious kings of their own" for this elect youth, who thus figures, passably, as mythic shorthand for civilization, making roads and the like, facilitating travel (how usefully!), suppressing various forms of violence, but many innocent things as well; as must needs be in a world where, even hand in hand with a god-assisted hero, justice goes blindfold. He slays the bull of Marathon and many another local tyrant, but also exterminates that delightful creature, the centaur. The Amazon, whom Plato will reinstate as the type of improved womanhood, has but the luck of Phæa, the sow-pig of Crommyon, foul old landed proprietor. They exerted, however, the prerogative of poetic protest, and survive thereby. Centaur and Amazon, as we see them in the fine art of Greece, represent the regret of Athenians themselves for something that could never be brought to life again,

and have their pathos. Those young heroes contending with Amazons on the frieze of the mausoleum had best make haste with their bloody work, if young people's eyes can tell a true story. A type still of progress triumphant through injustice, set on improving things off the face of the earth, Theseus took occasion to attack the Amazons in their mountain home, not long after their ruinous conflict with Hercules, and hit them when they were down. That greater bully had labored off on the world's highway, carrying with him the official girdle of their queen, gift of Ares, and therewith, it would seem, the mystic secret of their strength; for, at sight of this new foe, she came to a strange submission; the savage virgin had turned to very woman, and was presently a willing slave, returning on the gaily appointed ship in all haste to Athens, where in supposed wedlock she bore King Theseus a son.

With their annual visit to the — to the Gargareans! — for the purpose of maintaining their species, parting with their boys early, these husbandless women could hardly be supposed a very happy, certainly not a very joyous people; figure rather as a sorry measure of the luck of the female sex in taking a hard natural law into their own hands, and by abnegation of all tender companionship making shift with bare independence, as a kind of second best — the best practicable by them in the imperfect actual condition of things. But the heartstrings would ache still where the breast had been cut away. The sisters of Antiope had come, not immediately, but in careful array of battle, to bring back the captive. All along the weary roads from the Caucasus to Attica, their traces had remained in the great graves of those who died by the way. Against the little remnant, carrying on the fight to the very midst of Athens, Antiope herself had turned, all other thoughts transformed now into wild idolatry of her hero. Superstitious, or in real regret, the Athenians never forgot their tombs. As for Antiope, the conscience of her peridy remained with her, adding the pang of remorse to her own desertion, when King Theseus, with his accustomed bad faith to women, set her, too, aside in turn. Phædra, the true wife, was already there, peeping suspiciously at her arrival; and even as she yielded to her lord's embraces the thought had come that a male child might be the instrument of her anger, and one day judge her cause.

In one of those doomed, decaying vil-

lages, then, King Theseus placed the woman and her babe, hidden, yet safe still within the Attic border, as men veil their mistakes or crimes. They might pass away, they and their story, together with the memory of other antiquated creatures of such places, who had had connubial dealings with the stars. The white, paved wagon-track, a by-path of the sacred way to Eleusis, zigzagged through sloping olive-yards, from the plain of silvered blue, with Athens building in the distance, and passed the door of the rude stone house, furnished scantily, no one had ventured to inhabit of late years till they came there. On the ledges of the grey cliffs above the laurel groves, stem and foliage of motionless bronze, had spread their tents. Travellers bound northwards were glad to repose themselves at the Notch, and take directions, or provision for their journey onwards, from the highland people, who descended hither to sell their honey, their cheese, and woollen stuff, in the tiny market-place. At dawn the great stars seemed to halt a while, burning as if for sacrifice to some pure deity, on those distant, obscurely-named heights, like broken swords, the rim of the world. A little later you could just see the newly opened quarries, like streaks of snow on their russet-brown bosoms. Thither in spring-time all eyes turned from Athens devoutly, intent till the first shaft of lightning gave signal for the departure of the sacred ship to Delos. Racing over those rocky surfaces, the virgin air descended hither with the secret of profound sleep, as the child lay in his cubicle hewn in the stone, the white fleeces heaped warmly round him. In the wild Amazon's soul, to her surprise, and at first against her will, the maternal sense had quickened from the moment of his conception, and (that burst of angry tears with which she had received him into the world once dried up) kindling more eagerly at every token of manly growth, at length driven out every other feeling. And this animal sentiment, teaching the human hand and heart in her, had become a moral one, when King Theseus leaving her in anger, visibly unkind, the child had crept to her side, and tracing with small fingers the wrinkled lines of her woe-begone brow, carved there as if by a thousand years of sorrow, sown between them the seed of an undying sympathy.

She was thus already on the watch for a host of minute recognitions on his part, of the self-sacrifice involved in her devotion to a career of which she must needs drain out the sorrow, careful that he might

find only the joy. So far, amid that spare living, the child, as if looking up to the warm, broad wing of her love above him, seemed replete with comfort. Yet in his moments of childish sickness, the first passing shadows upon the deep joy of her motherhood, she teaches him betimes to soothe or cheat pain—little bodily pains only, hitherto—ventures sadly to assure him of the harsh necessities of life: "Courage, child! Every one must take his share of suffering. Shift not thy body so vehemently. Pain, taken quietly, is more easily borne."

Carefully inverting the habits of her own rude childhood, she learned to spin the wools, white and grey, to clothe and cover him pleasantly. The spectacle of his unsuspecting happiness, though at present a matter of purely physical conditions, awoke a strange sense of poetry, a kind of artistic sense in her, watching, as her own recreation in life long deferred, his delight in the little delicacies she prepared to his liking—broiled kids' flesh, the red wine, the mushrooms sought through the early dew—his hunger and thirst so daintily satisfied, as he sat at table, like the first-born of King Theseus, with two wax-lights and a fire at dawn or nightfall, dancing to the prattle and laughter, a bright child, never stupidly weary. At times his very happiness would seem to her like a menace of misfortune to come. Was there not with herself the curse of that unsisterly action? and not far from him, the terrible danger of the father's, the step-mother's jealousy, the mockery of those half-brothers to come? Ah! how perilous for happiness the sensibilities which make him so exquisitely happy now! Ere they started on their dreadful visit to the Minotaur, says Plutarch, the women told their sons and daughters many tales and other things to encourage them; and, even as she had furnished the child betimes with rules for the solace of bodily pain, so now she would have brought her own sad experience into service in precepts beforehand for the ejection of its festering power out of any other trouble that might visit him. Already those little unavoidable disappointments which are as the shadow of all conscious enjoyment, were no petty things to her, had for her their deeper pathos, as children's troubles will have, in spite of the longer chance before them; were as the first steps in a long story of deferred hopes, or anticipations of death itself and the end of them.

The gift of Ares gone, the mystic girdle

she would fain have transferred to the child, that bloody god of storm and battle, hereditary patron of her house, faded from her thoughts with the memory of her past life. The more completely, because another familiar though somewhat forbidding deity, accepting certainly a cruel and forbidding worship, was already in possession, and reigning in the new home when she came thither. Only, thanks to some kindly local influence (by grace, say, of its delicate air) Artemis, this other god she had known in the Scythian wilds, had put aside her fierce ways, as she paused awhile on her heavenly course among these ancient abodes of men, gliding softly, through their dreams mainly, with abundance of salutary touches. Full, in truth, of grateful memory for some timely service at human hands! In these high-land villages the tradition of celestial visitants clung fondly, god or hero, belated or misled on long journeys, pleased to be among the sons of men, as their way led them up the steep, narrow, crooked street, condescending to rest a little, as one, under some sudden stress not clearly ascertained, had done here at the Notch, in this very house, thereafter forever sacred. The place and its inhabitants, of course, had been something bigger in the days of those old mythic hospitalities, unless, indeed, divine persons took kindly the will for the deed—very different, surely, from the present condition of things, for there was little here to detain a delicate traveller, even in the abode of Antiope and her son, though it had been the residence of a king.

Hard by stood the chapel of the goddess, who had thus adorned the place with her memories. The priests, indeed, were already departed to Athens, carrying with them the ancient image, the vehicle of her actual presence, as the surest means of enriching the capital at the expense of the country, where she must now make poor shift of the occasional worshipper on his way through these mountain passes. But safely roofed beneath its sturdy tiles of grey Hymettus marble, upon the walls of the little square recess enclosing the deserted pedestal, a series of crowded imageries, in the devout spirit of earlier days, were eloquent concerning her. Here from scene to scene, touched with silver among the wild and human creatures in dun bronze, with the moon's disk around her head, shrouded closely, the goddess of the chase still glided mystically through all the varied incidents of her story, in all the detail of a written book.

A book for the delighted reading of a scholar, willing to ponder at leisure, to make his way surely, and understand. Very different, certainly, from the cruel-featured little idol his mother had brought in her bundle—the old Scythian Artemis, hanging on the wall, side by side with the forgotten Ares, blood-red, she reveals herself to the lad, poring through the dusk by taper-light, as at once a virgin, necessarily therefore the creature of solitude, yet also as the assiduous nurse of children, and patroness of the young. Her friendly intervention at the act of birth everywhere, her claim upon the nursling, among tame and wild creatures equally, among men as among gods, nay, among the stars (upon the very star of dawn), gave her a breadth of influence seemingly co-extensive with the sum of things. Yes! his great mother was in touch with everything. Yet throughout he can but note her perpetual chastity, with pleasurable though half-suspicious wonder at the mystery, he knows not what, involved therein, as though he awoke suddenly in some distant, unexplored border of her person and activity. Why the lighted torch always, and that long straight vesture rolled round so formally? Was it only against the cold of these northern heights?

To her, nevertheless, her maternity, her solitude, to this virgin mother, who, with no husband, no lover, no fruit of her own, is so tender to the children of others, in a full heart he devotes himself—his immaculate body and soul. Dedicating himself thus, he has the sense also that he becomes more entirely than ever the chevalier of his mortal mother, of her sad cause. The devout, industrious hands clear away carefully the dust, the faded relics of her former worship, renewed once more as the sacred spring, set free from encumbrance, in answer to his willing ministries murmurs again under the dim vault in its marble basin, work of primitive Titanic fingers,—flows out through its rocky channel, filling the whole township with chaste thoughts of her.

By much labor at length he comes to the veritable story of her birth, like a gift direct from the goddess herself to this loyal soul. There were those in later times who, like Æschylus, knew Artemis as the daughter not of Leto but of Demeter, according to the version of her history now conveyed to the young Hippolytus, together with a somewhat deeper insight into her character. The goddess of Eleusis, on a journey, in the old days when, as Plato says, men lived nearer the

gods, finding herself with child by some starry inmate of those high places, had lain down in the rock-hewn cubicle of the inner chamber, and, certainly in sorrow, brought forth a daughter. Here was the secret at once of that genial, all-embracing maternity, and of those more dubious tokens, the lighted torch, the winding-sheet, the arrow of death on the string—of sudden death, truly, as from the bow of that other Artemis, which may be thought after all the kindest, as prevenient of all disgraceful sickness or waste in the unsullied limbs. For the late birth of this shadowy daughter was identified dimly with the sudden passing into Hades of Persephone, her first-born. As he scans her acts anew, an awful surmise comes to him: his divine patroness moves there as death, surely. Still, however, putting aside gratefully all suspicious fancies, he seized even in these ambiguous imageries their happier suggestion, satisfied in thinking of his new mother as but the giver of sound sleep, of the benign night, whence—mystery of mysteries!—good things are born softly, from which he awakes betimes for his healthful service to her. Either way, sister of Apollo, sister of Persephone, to him she would be a power of sanity, sweet as the flowers he offered her gathered at dawn, setting daily their purple and white frost against her ancient marbles. There was more certainly than the first breath of day in them. Was it something of her person, her sensible presence, by way of direct response to him in his early devotion, astir for her sake before the very birds, nesting here so freely, the quail above all, in some privileged connection with her story, still unfathomed by the learned youth? Amid them he too found a voice, and sang articulately the praises of the great goddess.

Those more dubious traits, nevertheless, so lightly disposed of by Hippolytus (Hecate still counting for him as Artemis goddess of health) became to his mother, in the light of her sad experience, the sum of the whole matter. While he drew only peaceful inducements to sleep from that two-sided figure, she reads there a volume of sinister intentions, and liked little this seemingly dead goddess, who could but move among the living banefully, stealing back with her night-shade into the dawn where she had no proper right. The gods had ever had much to do with the shaping of her fortunes and the fortunes of her kindred; and the mortal mother felt nothing less than jealousy from

the hour when the lad had first delightedly called her to share his discoveries and learn the true story (if it were not the malicious counterfeit) of the new divine mother to whom he had so absolutely entrusted himself. Was not this absolute chastity itself a kind of death? She, too, in secret, makes her gruesome midnight offering with averted eyes. She dreams one night he is in danger; creeps to his cubicle to see; the face is covered, as he lies, against the cold. She traces the motionless outline, raises the coverlet; with the nice black head deep in the fleecy pillow he is sleeping quietly, dreams of that other mother gliding in upon the moonbeam, and awaking turns sympathetically upon the living woman, subdued in a moment to the expression of her troubled spirit, and understands.

And when the child departed from her for the first time, springing from his white bed before the dawn, to accompany the elders on their annual visit to the Eleusinian goddess, the after-sense of his wonderful happiness, though it stirred a new sort of anxiety for the future, yet tranquillizing her in spite of herself by its genial power over the actual moment, defined her work in life henceforward as a ministry, in full consciousness of its risk, to so precious a gift; it became her religion, the centre of her pieties. She missed painfully his continual singing hovering about the place, like the earth itself made audible in all its humanities. Half-selfish for a moment, she prays that he may remain forever a child, to her solace, welcoming now the promise of his chastity (though chastity were itself a kind of death) as the pledge of his abiding always with her. And these thoughts were but infixed more deeply by the sudden stroke of joy at his return home in ceremonial trim and grown more manly, with much increase of self-confidence in that brief absence among his fellows.

For from the first the unwelcome child, the outcast, had been successful, with that special good fortune which sometimes attends the outcast. His happiness, his invincible happiness, had been found engaging, by the gods perhaps, certainly by men; and when King Theseus came to take note how things went in that rough life he had assigned them, he felt a half liking for the boy, and bade him come down to Athens and see the sights, partly by way of proof to his already somewhat exacting wife of the difference between the old love and the new as measured by the present condition of their respective

offspring. The fine nature, fastidious by instinct, but bred with frugality enough to give all the charm of contrast to that delicate new Athens, draws, as he goes, the full savor of its novelties, the marbles, the space and finish, the busy gaiety of its streets, the elegance of life there, still refining somehow the thought of his own rude home. Without envy, in hope only one day to share, to win them by kindness, he gazes on the motley garden-beds, the soft bedding, the showy toys, the delicate keep of the children of Phædra, who turn curiously to their half-brother, venture to feel his long strange gown of homespun grey, like the soft coat of some wild creature who might let one stroke it. Close to their dainty existence for a while, he regards it as from afar; looks forward all day to the lights, the prattle, the laughter, the white bread, like sweet cake to him, of their ordinary evening meal; returns again and again, in spite of himself, to watch, to admire, feeling a power within him to merit the like; finds his way back at last, still light of heart, to his own poor fare, able to do without what he would enjoy so much. Grateful for his scanty part in things—for the make-believe of a feast in the little white loaves she too has managed to come by, sipping the thin white wine, as he touches her dearly, she is shocked with the sense of some unearthly submissiveness in his contentment, while he comes and goes, singing now more abundantly than ever a new canticle to his divine mother. Were things, after all, to go grudgingly with him? Sensible of that curse on herself, with her suspicions of his kinsfolk, of this dubious goddess to whom he has devoted himself, she anticipates with more foreboding than ever his path to be, with or without a wife—her own solitude, or his—the painful heats and cold. She fears even these late successes; it were best to veil their heads. The strong as such had ever been against her and hers. The father came again; noted the boy's growth. Manliest of men, like Hercules in his cloak of lion's skin, he has after all but scant liking, feels, through a certain meanness of soul, scorn for the finer likeness of himself. Might this creature of an already vanishing world, who for all his hard rearing had a manifest distinction of character, one day become his rival, full of loyalty as he was already to the deserted mother?

To charming Athens, nevertheless, he crept back, as occasion served, to gaze peacefully on the delightful good fortune of others, waiting for the opportunity to

take his own turn with the rest, driving down thither at last in a chariot gallantly, when all the town was assembled to celebrate the king's birthday. For the goddess, herself turning ever kinder, and figuring more and more exclusively as the tender nurse of all things, had transformed her young votary from a hunter into a charioteer, a rearer and driver of horses, after the fashion of his Amazon mothers before him. Thereupon all the lad's wholesome vanity had centred on the fancy of the world-famous games then lately established, as, smiling down his mother's terrors, and grateful to his celestial mother for many a hairbreadth escape, he practised day by day, fed the animals, drove them out, amused though companionless, visited them affectionately in the deserted stone stables of the ancient king. A chariot and horses, as being the showiest outward thing the world afforded, was like the pawn he moved to represent the big demand he meant to make, honestly, generously, on the ample fortunes of life. There was something of his old miraculous kindred, alien from the busy new world he came to, about the boyish driver with the fame of a scholar, in his grey fleecy cloak and hood of soft white woollen stuff, as he drove in that morning. Men seemed to have seen a star flashing, and crowded round to examine the little mountain-bred beasts, in loud, friendly intercourse with the hero of the hour—even those usually somewhat unsympathetic half-brothers, now full of enthusiasm for the outcast and his good fight for prosperity, as indeed people ever instinctively admired his wonderful placidity, and would fain have shared its secret, as it were the carelessness of some fair flower upon his face. A victor in the day's race, he carried home as his prize a glittering new harness in place of the very old one he had come with. "My chariot and horses!" he says now, with his single touch of pride. Yet at home, savoring to the full his old solitary happiness, veiled again from time to time in that ancient life, he is still the student, still ponders the old writings which tell of his divine patroness. At Athens strange stories are told in turn of him, his nights upon the mountains, his dreamy sin, with that hypocritical virgin goddess, setting the jealous suspicions of Theseus at rest once more. For so "dream" not those who have the tangible, appraisable world in view. Queen Phædra even looks with pleasure, as he comes, at home now here too, singing always audaciously, on the once despised, illegiti-

mate creature, so visibly happy, occupied, popular.

Encompassed by the luxuries of Athens, far from those peaceful mountain places, among people further still in spirit from their peaceful light and shade, he did not forget the kindly goddess, still sharing with his earthly mother the prizes, or what they would buy, for the adornment of their spare abode. The tombs of the fallen Amazons, the spot where they had breathed their last, in the very sanctuary of Artemis, he piously visited, informed himself of every circumstance concerning the event with devout care, and, thinking on them amid the dainties of the royal table, boldly brought them too their share of the offerings to the heroic dead. Aphrodite, indeed — Aphrodite, of whom he had scarcely so much as heard — was just then the best-served deity in Athens, with all its new wealth of color and form, its gold and ivory, the acting, the music, the fantastic women, beneath the shadow of the great walls still rising steadily. Hippolytus would have no part in her worship; instead did what was in him to revive the neglected service of his own goddess, stirring an old jealousy. Aphrodite! she too had looked with delight upon the youth, already the centre of a hundred less dangerous human rivalries among the maidens of Greece, and was by no means indifferent to his indifference, his instinctive distaste; while the sterner, almost forgotten Artemis found once more her great moon-shaped cake, set about with starry tapers, at the appointed seasons. They knew him now from afar, by his emphatic, shooting, arrowy movements; and on the day of the great chariot races "he goes in and wins." To the surprise of all he compounded his handsome prize for the old wooden image taken from the chapel at home, lurking now in an obscure shrine in the meanest quarter of the town. Sober amid the noisy feasting which followed, unashamed, but travelling by night to hide it from their mockery, warm at his bosom, he reached the passes at twilight, and through the deep peace of the glen bore it to the old resting-place, now more worthy than ever of the presence of its mistress, his mother and all the people of the village coming forth to salute her, all doors set mystically open, as she advances.

Phædra too, his step-mother, a fiery soul with wild, strange blood in her veins, forgetting her fears of this illegitimate rival of her own children, seemed now to have seen him for the first time, loved at

last the very touch of his fleecy cloak, and would fain have had him of her own religion. As though the old neglected child had been another, she tries to win him as a stranger in his manly perfection, grown more than an affectionate mother to her husband's son. But why thus intimate and congenial, she asks, always in the wrong quarter? Why not compass two ends at once? Why so squeamishly neglect the powerful, any power at all, in a city so full of religion? He might find the image of her sprightly goddess everywhere to his liking, gold, silver, native or stranger, new or old, graceful, or indeed, if he preferred it so, in iron or stone. By the way, she explains the delights of love, of marriage, the husband once out of the way; finds in him, with misgiving, a sort of forwardness, as she thinks, on this one matter, as if he understood her craft and despised it. He met her questions in truth with scarce so much as contempt, with laughing counter-queries, why people needed wedding at all? They might have *found* the children in the temple, or bought them, as you could flowers in Athens.

Meantime Phædra's young children draw from the seemingly unconscious finger the marriage-ring, set it spinning on the floor at his feet, and the staid youth places it for a moment on his own finger for safety. As it settles there, his step-mother, aware all the while, presses suddenly his hand over it. He found the ring there that night as he lay; left his bed in the darkness, and again for safety, put it on the finger of the image, wedding once for all that so kindly mystical mother. And still, even amid his earthly mother's terrible misgivings, he seems to foresee a charming career marked out before him in friendly Athens, to the height of his desire. Grateful that he is here at all, sharing so freely at last life's banquet, he puts himself for a moment in his old place, recalling his old enjoyment of the pleasure of others; feels, just then, no different. Yet never had life seemed so sufficing as at this moment — the meat, the drink, the drives, the popularity as he comes and goes, even his step-mother's selfish, false, ostentatious gifts. Yet she, too, begins to feel something of the jealousy of that other divine, would-be mistress, and by way of a last effort to bring him to a better mind in regard to them both, conducts him (immeasurable privilege!) to her own private chapel.

You could hardly tell where the apartments of the adulteress ended and that of

the divine courtesan began. Haunts of her long, indolent, self-pleasing nights and days, they presented everywhere the impress of Phædra's luxurious humor. A peculiar glow, such as he had never before seen, like heady lamplight, or sunshine to some sleeper in a delirious dream, hung upon the bold, naked, shameful imageries, as his step-mother trimmed the lamps, drew forth her sickly perfumes, clad afresh in piquant change of raiment the almost formless goddess crouching there in her unclean shrine or style, set at last her foolish wheel in motion to a low chant, holding him by the wrist, keeping close all the while, as if to catch some germ of consent in his indifferent words. And little by little he perceives that all this is for him—the incense, the dizzy wheel, the shreds of stuff cut secretly from his sleeve, the sweetened cup he drank at her offer, unavailing; and yes! his own features surely, in pallid wax. With a gasp of flighty laughter she ventures to point the thing out to him, full at last of visible, irrepressible dislike. Ah! it was that very reluctance that chiefly stirred her. Healthily white and red, he had a marvellous discretion about him, as of one never to be caught unaware, as if he never could be anything but like water from the rock, or the wild flowers of the morning, or the beams of the morning star turned to human flesh. It was the self-possession of this happy mind, the purity of this virgin body, she would fain have perturbed, as a pledge to herself of her own gaudy claim to supremacy. King Theseus, as she knew, had had at least two earlier loves; for once she would be a first love; felt at moments that with this one passion once indulged, it might be happiness thereafter to remain chaste forever. And then, by accident, yet surely reading indifference in his manner of accepting her gifts, she is ready again for contemptuous, open battle. Is he indeed but a child still, this nursling of the forbidding Amazon, of that Amazonian goddess—to be a child always? or a wily priest rather, skillfully circumventing her sorceries, with mystic precautions of his own? In truth, there is something of the priestly character in this impossible discretion, reminding her of his alleged intimacy with the rival goddess, and redoubling her curiosity, her fondness. Phædra, love-sick, feverish, in bodily sickness at last, raves of the cool woods, the chase, the steeds of Hippolytus, her thoughts running madly on what she fancies his secret business; with a storm of

object tears, foreseeing in one moment of recoil the weary tale of years to come, star-stricken as she declares, dares to confess her longing to half-suspicious attendants; and the cruel inherited nature of the daughter of the Minotaur now at full force in her, awoke one morning to find Hippolytus there kindly at her bidding, drove him openly forth in a tempest of insulting speech. There was a mordent there, like the menace of misfortune to come, in which the injured goddess also was invited to concur. What words! what terrible words! following, clinging to him, like acrid fire upon his bare flesh, as he hasted from Phædra's house, thrust out at last, his vesture remaining in her hands. The husband returning suddenly, she tells him a false story of violence to her bed, and is believed.

King Theseus, all his accumulated store of suspicion and dislike turning now to active hatred, flung away readily upon him, bewildered, unheard, one of three precious curses (some mystery of wasting sickness therein) with which Poseidon had indulged him. It seemed sad that one so young must call for justice, precariously, upon the gods, the dead, the very walls! Admiring youth dared hardly bid farewell to their late comrade; are generous, at most, in stolen, sympathetic glances towards the fallen star. At home, veiled once again in that ancient twilight world, his mother fearing solely for what he may suffer by the departure of that so brief prosperity, enlarged as it had been, even so, by his grateful taking of it, is reassured, delighted, happy once more at the visible proof of his happiness, his invincible happiness. Duly he returned to Athens, early astir, for the last time, to restore the forfeited gifts, drove back his gaily painted chariot to leave there behind him, actually enjoying the drive, going home on foot poorer than ever. He takes again to his former modes of life, a little less to the horses, a little more to the old studies, the strange, secret history of his favorite goddess,—wronged surely! somehow, she too, as powerless to help him; till he lay sick at last, battling one morning, unaware of his mother's presence, with the feverish creations of the brain; the giddy, foolish wheel, the foolish song, of Phædra's chapel, spinning there with his heart bound thereto. "The curses of my progenitors are come upon me!" he cries. "And yet, why so? guiltless as I am of evil." His wholesome religion seeming to turn against him now, the trees, the streams, the very rocks, swoon into living crea-

tures, swarming around the goddess who has lost her grave quietness. He finds solicitation, and recoils, in the wind, in the sounds of the rain; till at length delirium itself finds a note of returning health. The feverish word-ways open unexpectedly upon wide currents of air, lulling him to sleep; and the conflict ending suddenly altogether at its sharpest, he lay in the early light motionless among the pillows, his mother standing by, as she thought, to see him die. As if for the last time, she presses on him the things he had preferred in that eating and drinking she had found so beautiful. The eyes, the eyelids are big with sorrow; and again, as he understands, making an effort for her sake, the healthy light returns into his; a hand seizes hers gratefully, and a slow convalescence begins. The happiest period in the wild man's life. When he longed for flowers for the goddess, she went a toilsome journey to seek them, growing close, after long neglect, wholesome and firm on their tall stalks. The singing she had longed for so despairingly hovers gaily once more within the chapel and around the house.

At the crisis of that strange illness she had supposed her long forebodings about to be realized at last; but upon his recovery feared no more, assured herself that the curses of the father, the step-mother, the concurrent ill-will of that angry goddess, have done their utmost; he will outlive her; a few years hence put her to a rest surely welcome. Her misgivings, arising always out of the actual spectacle of his profound happiness, seemed at an end in this meek bliss, the more as she observed that it was a shade less unconscious than of old. And almost suddenly he found the strength, the heart, in him, to try his fortune again with the old chariot; and those still unsatisfied curses, in truth, going on either side of him like living creatures unseen, legend tells briefly how, a competitor for pity with Adonis, and Icarus, and Hyacinth, and other doomed creatures of immature radiance in all story to come, he set forth joyously for the chariot races, not of Athens, but of Troezen, her rival. Once more he wins the prize; he says good-bye to admiring friends anxious to entertain him, and by night starts off homewards, as of old, like a child, returning quickly through the solitude in which he had never lacked company, and was now to die. Through all the perils of darkness he had guided the chariot safely along the curved shore; the dawn was come, and a little breeze astir,

as the grey level spaces parted delicately into white and blue, when in a moment an earthquake, or Poseidon the earth-shaker himself, or angry Aphrodite awake from the deep betimes, rent the tranquil surface; a great wave leapt suddenly into the placid distance of the Attic shore, and was surging here to the very necks of the plunging horses, a moment since enjoying so pleasantly with him the caress of the morning air, but now, wholly forgetful of their old affectionate habit of obedience, dragging their leader headlong over the rough pavements. Evening and the dawn might seem to have met on that hapless day through which they drew him home entangled in the trappings of the chariot that had been his ruin, till he lay at length, grey and haggard, at the rest he had longed for dimly amid the buffeting of those murderous stones, his mother watching impassibly, sunk at once into the condition she had so long anticipated.

Later legend breaks a supernatural light over that great desolation, and would fain relieve the reader by introducing the kindly Asclepius, who presently restores the youth to life, not, however, in the old form or under familiar conditions. To her, surely, counting the wounds, the disfigurements, telling over the pains which had shot through that dear head now insensible to her touch among the pillows under the harsh broad daylight, that would have been no more of a solace than if, according to the fancy of Ovid, he flourished still, a little deity, but under a new name and veiled now in old age, in the haunted grove of Aricia, far from his old Attic home, in a land which had never seen him as he was.

WALTER PATER.

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THE CIVIL LIST AND GRANTS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THE question as to the principles by which Parliament shall be guided in making any future grants to members of the royal family has been brought to a practical issue under circumstances the reverse of auspicious. It has been assigned to a select committee, but the appointment of a committee had not been agreed upon by the government when the royal messages were delivered to the House of Commons. It cannot be described as an afterthought, for, in view of

his repeated promises, the thought must have been present to the first lord of the treasury when he read the messages to the House. It was a concession unwillingly made at the last moment, and made under pressure, heightened, we may charitably conclude, by a reconsideration of the moral weight attaching to previous pledges. But the appointment came too late for a free and unbiassed discussion of the question. It was overshadowed by the royal messages, which assumed that the main point—namely, whether the House was prepared to make such grants to her Majesty's grandchildren—had been already decided, whereas it was upon this that doubt rested. It may be held to savor of some disrespect to the queen to send her messages to be sat upon by a committee. The responsible advisers of the crown should be actuated by a more delicate regard for her Majesty's position. They are the proper guardians of her credit, and they cannot show their loyalty better than by declining to sanction demands upon the liberality of the nation which are likely to meet with a hesitating and qualified assent, or to provoke a blank refusal. If any wise rule has been broken in this respect the government alone are to blame. As for the House, and the independent politicians in the House, they have the strongest possible grounds for complaint. On the last occasion of a royal grant many votes were given in assent on a distinct pledge that a committee should be appointed to take into consideration the subject of future grants. Mr. Gladstone, who gave the pledge, was not able to redeem it. If it should be said that he might have done so there and then, the reply is that he probably foresaw the storm which wrecked his ministry a month later. But the pledge was adopted by his successors. Six times over since 1887 has Mr. W. H. Smith recognized the obligation, and promised that it should soon be discharged. The sixth time he ventured upon an excuse for delay. He pleaded that there was no urgency. He cannot be blamed for not foreseeing the nuptials of the Earl of Fife, but at any rate he knew the age of Prince Albert Victor, and might have guessed, if he did not know, what were the expectations of the Prince of Wales. If he had fulfilled his promise last session, or at the beginning of this, he would have enabled the committee to enter upon its task uninfluenced by special or personal considerations, and have rendered a dutiful service to the queen. As it is, he has

committed a blunder which operates vexatiously, if not disastrously, in both directions.

It cannot be denied that the grants which Parliament has been called upon to make to the children of the queen have been viewed with disfavor from the beginning, and with growing impatience at every fresh demand. There is some evidence that ministers have been apprehensive of these feelings, if they have not shared them. We have it on the authority of Sir Theodore Martin* that at the commencement of the series, when a dowry and an annuity were asked for the princess royal on her marriage with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the prince consort was anxious that the occasion should be taken to settle once for all what provision should be made for the royal children. We are told that "the ministry were averse to this course, and seem indeed to have been under some misgiving as to how Parliament might be disposed to deal with the special case which they were now called upon to meet." It turned out that their fears were misplaced. Mr. Roebuck strove to lead an opposition, but "was able to do nothing." The proposals of the government were carried by a majority of 328 to 14. "The House," says the prince, in a letter to Baron Stockmar, "was determined to be unanimous out of respect to the queen." "All this," he adds, "only shows how little politicians, in their over-anxiety, often know what the feeling of the country is." The prince expressed his belief that it "would have been an easy matter to have carried through the future endowments of them all," and regretted that the attempt was not made. But, on the whole, he was satisfied. "We have," he said, "established a good precedent, not only for the grant itself, but for the way and manner in which such grants should be dealt with." Experience has shown that the prince was over-sanguine in this conclusion. The settlement on the Prince of Wales, of course, raised no difficulty, but subsequent grants have seldom been carried without an unpleasant discussion. The large majorities which vote for them are misleading. They are proposed by the ministry of the day, who command a majority of the House, and the precaution is invariably taken of coming to an understanding with the leaders of the opposition, whose co-operation is never refused. It is here that the influence of the crown makes

* *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. iv., p. 43.

itself felt. Those who are and those who hope soon to be its servants have a common interest in avoiding any course which would wound the susceptibility of the sovereign. It must always be so, but in an especial degree when the sovereign is a queen and a mother, and when the question in hand relates to the making of a provision for her children. It is impossible to impute it as blame to ministers, actual or expectant, that they should be influenced by such feelings, but it explains the result in a way which warrants no conclusion as to the sentiments of the people. When the bonds of party discipline are unrelaxed the leaders carry their followers with them, and party loyalty lends itself to the wishes of the crown.

If from the lobbies of the House of Commons, just after a victorious vote of perhaps twenty or thirty to one has been declared, we could pass into some workshop or factory, or into some quiet family, which might serve as a sample of hundreds of thousands throughout the land, we should probably find no such near approach to unanimity. We should hear nothing disloyal, but we should catch many a dissonant note. Men of plain speech would say, perhaps, that the queen should provide for her children like other people; that she is rich enough to do it, and ought to be made to do it, instead of being permitted to throw them one after another on the nation. It is likely that arithmetic would be called in to illustrate the argument. The queen's children would be counted up, and it would be reckoned how much had been paid to each in lump sums and yearly allowances, and how much the whole amounted to. To working men, earning their twenty or thirty shillings a week, the aggregate may well seem fabulous. Their labor would not produce it in the course of centuries. Then would follow the reflection that it all comes out of the taxes to which they contribute when they drink a glass of ale or buy an ounce of tobacco or sit down with their wives to a cup of tea, and ingenious heads will do their best to compute how much they must drink and smoke before the enormous total will be covered. Such comments will justly be voted crude and perhaps too vulgar for repetition, but we have to remember that the people who make them may be counted by the million. It is to be feared that in many a family of the humbler middle class the case for the crown does not come off much better. The father winces at his income-tax, and he reflects that it will take five hundred

men like himself to defray the cost of a prince's annuity. He has a family of girls, perhaps, who have their matrimonial expectations. What careful saving is requisite by way of preparation! Perhaps less sordid thoughts come in. It is a blessed thing, after all, to plod and strive and deny oneself for those we can call our own. Affection exacts it, and turns toil and privation into enjoyment. And then it may occur as a matter of surprise that the queen can so easily forego such pleasures. Her sole privilege, it will be said, is to have children; the further privilege of maintaining them and providing for them is thrown upon the public. Such reflections are no doubt very one-sided, very narrow, and very wrong; but if they could all find vocal utterance, and be combined in one chorus, they would drown the cheers of the courtly majority at St. Stephen's.

Much of the growing irritation that has been felt on the subject of these royal grants has arisen from circumstances which have no logical connection with them, though they, nevertheless, exert a powerful influence on the public mind. For more than a quarter of a century the queen has given herself up to a life of seclusion. We know the cause and can respect it, but there are limits beyond which condonation cannot be carried. Nothing has happened to the queen which is not written down in the unalterable fate of men and women. Of every married couple one must be the survivor, and in one-half of all such separations it is the stay of the household, the counsellor, the protector, the bread-winner, that is taken away. Such severed unions, could we look into their history, would for the most part be found as full of tender recollections and of the romance of early love as any that derive more of splendor, but not more of sanctity and nobleness, from their nearness to a throne. Thousands of women are doomed by one great loss to a life of penury and privation. They take up the struggle, the world knows nothing of their sorrows, and God helps them through. It is useless to make comparisons, but public duty must be held to weigh for something in the scales of private grief. The queen has not abandoned her position. Much to the satisfaction of her people, she has retained her place on the throne, but she has combined with a retention of its honors and emoluments the privileges of a recluse. We have it on the authority of some who have been her ministers that the queen is sedulous

in the discharge of one part of her duties. She reads the diplomatic despatches before they are sent out, she examines the draft of every important bill, she lends to her advisers the aid of her large political experience, and probably of her matured opinions. Of the value of the latter her Majesty's published works do not permit us to entertain an exaggerated estimate, but it is one thing to write a book and another to sit in council. The important fact is that these duties are done in private. The public know nothing of them. So far as outside observation goes, the life of the queen is one to which an epithet might be attached which, though true and not severely condemnatory, might sound harsh. Enough to say that it does not seem to be inspired by any keen instinct for the duties of her position. Parliament is never opened by the queen in person. The commissioners who appear on her behalf, were their attire a little more modern, would pass very well for so many republican deputies. The queen's social duties and State functions are discharged, and admirably discharged, by the Prince of Wales and her other children. Buckingham Palace is seldom tenanted. The year is spent in periodical transitions from Windsor to Osborne, and from Osborne to Balmoral. The people learn through the newspapers that the royal train swept through the country while they were asleep, and that the blinds were drawn up at Perth. Only on one point has her Majesty displayed unflinching vigilance. Her children have always been marched at the proper time to the trysting-tree, and most gracious messages have been sent to Parliament. The queen has never ceased to be alive to the duties of her people, and never for a moment entertained the suspicion that they might possibly remain unfulfilled.

Something must be said respecting the character of these royal marriages, since it has a distinct bearing on the question which has been raised in Parliament. With one exception they have been all un-English. Across the Border we may be reminded that the exception is Scotch. That correction breaks no bones. Union or no union, we are all one people from Land's End to John o' Groats. But with that exception all the queen's children have married foreigners. Of course we must not be unreasonable. England belongs to the family of nations, and inter-marriages among members of the ruling houses may be permitted, and in some cases welcomed, on grounds of amity. It

would be invidious to descend to particulars, but there is one royal lady amongst us whom we never think of as a foreigner, whose conduct in her high station has always been such as to entitle her to the warmest respect, and who never fails to win friends wherever her sunny glances fall. Two of the queen's children have made great alliances. They place the crown in the closest family connection with the imperial houses of Germany and Russia. The time has gone by when such marriages could have any political importance. They certainly do not threaten our liberties, and there is some reason to believe that they exert on the whole an influence rather favorable than otherwise to international peace. Hence we let them pass without any adverse comment. But it must be rather puzzling to an Englishman, and were he not rather thick-skinned would be somewhat irritating, to reflect that the royal family of England has always made it a rule to marry foreigners. The few marriages our princes have made with English women have been clandestine, illegal, and generally stamped with some great scandal. The brand of degradation is officially attached to them. There are willing swains, wealthy and of ancient lineage, who, but for one reason, would be ready to try their fortunes at court. The reason is one of mysterious origin, but of stringent rigor, and it is not pleasant to be doomed forever to sit below the salt. The queen is herself superior to this insane etiquette. She has suffered from it, and would, perhaps, dispense with it if she could. As it is she is content to supply, in rare instances, the means of evasion. Her latest son-in-law has been made a Royal Highness in order to render his position less intolerable. It is impossible to envy the fate of these illustrious personages who are from time to time brought over to become the husbands of English princesses. They are rather to be regarded as fit objects of compassion. They will never be naturalized, however long they may live amongst us. They cannot mix freely with English society, since they nowhere find their equals. Popular they cannot be. The public eyes them quizzically, taking in their position at a glance, and delighted at . . . one of them in Highland garb. . . . must be admitted that the main purpose of their presence on English soil is answered successfully. As purveyors of domestic happiness to the crown they fence it off from all admixture of native blood, and we have the honor of being their paymasters.

We now come to what is the principal source of hostility to these royal grants. They are believed to be unnecessary. The queen is supposed to be extremely rich. Her income is set down at £385,000 a year, the total which figures in the Civil List, amounting to more than a thousand pounds a day. It is seen to be impossible that the queen should spend anything like this enormous sum. Her Majesty has the reputation of being excessively economical, not to say penurious. Tales to this effect, which are afloat in the Highlands, come like small icebergs into these southern latitudes, and create the belief that she has a passion for hoarding. This is one of the reasons assigned for her preferring the secluded life she leads, and the first conclusion reached is one suggestive of injustice. The queen, it is said, enjoys all the emoluments of her high position, while she shirks its duties. The Prince of Wales is liberally, but not extravagantly, provided for by a Parliamentary grant and the income from his Cornish duchy. But this provision is made for him as heir apparent to the throne, and not as its occupant. The income of the prince must be heavily taxed in discharging duties for which his royal mother receives the pecuniary equivalent. It is not known that the queen has made any contribution to her son's purse in consideration of his taking so much of the burden of royalty upon his shoulders. If this has been done it would be well that it were known. It would go far towards removing presumable discredit. The general impression is that the queen finds a more profitable use for her money, that she puts it out to the exchangers, buys consols or invests in land. The belief is that she is building up a colossal fortune, and is already one of the wealthiest women in Europe. The mysteriousness which has been allowed to gather round the proprietary interests of the queen gives strength to this belief. An act of Parliament ensures her personal rights as regards all estates that have been purchased with money accruing from the privy purse, and provides that, however they may hereafter be disposed of, they shall never be merged in the revenues of the crown. Another act of Parliament secures the privacy of her Majesty's testamentary dispositions. The wills of all her subjects when they become operative are open to inspection. Any one may read them for a shilling. But the will of the queen is never to see daylight. Her subjects are never to know how rich

she was, or what she may have done with her money. The same secrecy is thrown over the expenditure of the Civil List. The accounts, we have learned from the recent debate, are made up annually to the end of the year, while the rest of the public accounts are made up to the 31st of March. The result is that the expenditure on the Civil List can never be checked, only the first quarter figures in the returns, and the accounts for that small portion of the year may be so managed as to be perfectly accurate, and at the same time misleading. This secrecy has been vindicated in connection with the appointment of the Committee on Grants to the Crown. The "militant" section of the House were most anxious that the accounts of the Civil List should be open to investigation, but the government stood firm, and the demand was for some time refused. What is the justification, what the motive for all this secrecy? It is naturally assumed that there must be something which it would be interesting to discover where so much pains is taken to conceal.

The discussions which have taken place in Parliament in connection with the more recent grants have made us acquainted with the suspicions entertained as regards the Civil List. Whether those suspicions are well founded, or whether, if clearly verified, they point to any practice which is wrong or illegal, are questions which we need not at present discuss. The point is to see how they arise, and what room there is for them within the facts of the case. The Civil List of the queen was settled in accordance with the report of select committee* of the House of Commons, which sat in December, 1837, the year of her Majesty's accession. It consisted of twenty-one members, among whom were Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Mr. Hume, Mr. Grote, Mr. Strutt, Viscount Ebrington, and Mr. Goulburn. The order of reference appears to have been extremely simple. Two sets of papers were referred to them, the first containing the accounts of the income and expenditure of the Civil List of William IV. from January 1, 1831, to December 31, 1836; the second an estimate prepared at the Treasury of the probable future charge of the Civil List of her Majesty. They were required to take these papers into their consideration and report thereon. They say, in the course of their

* Since the above was written the report has been reprinted.

report, that, "not having the power of sending for papers or examining witnesses," the information on which they proceeded was necessarily limited to the papers before them, and "to the explanations given by the official servants of her Majesty (*i.e.*, the members of the government) who were members of the committee." They add that not only had this information been given them to the extent afforded in 1830, when a similar committee was appointed on the accession of William IV., but that more detailed explanations were added in order to assist them in their deliberations. Contrary to a general impression, they state that it had not been found necessary during the two last reigns to apply to Parliament for the means of defraying any increased expenditure beyond the amount originally fixed as the income of the Civil List. It would therefore appear that, in the matter of keeping within their incomes, George IV. and William IV. are entitled to share in what has sometimes been regarded as the peculiar credit of the present reign. The changes made in the Civil List, in order to adapt it to the requirements of the new reign, did not extend much further than certain rearrangements. The Civil List of William IV. amounted to £510,000. From this sum was subtracted, first, the annuity of £50,000 paid to Queen Adelaide. A further sum of £75,000 for pensions was transferred to the Consolidated Fund, subject to an inquiry then about to be instituted by the House of Commons. A similar transfer was made of £10,000 which had stood under the head of Secret Service Money. Deducting these sums from the old Civil List, the aggregate is brought down to £375,000, which is £10,000 less than the amount at which the committee agreed to fix her Majesty's Civil List. This sum of £10,000 is made up of £8,000, which was left unappropriated, apparently as a margin to "go upon," and a small balance of increase in the charges, after certain economies and personal changes had been made. Thus, the salaries of the lord steward and the lord chamberlain were reduced to £2,000, a saving in round figures of £1,500; the salary of the master of the horse was reduced from £3,350 to £2,500. These reductions had been recommended by the committee of 1831, but were not carried into effect. This was now to be done, while the office of groom of the stole, with a salary of £2,163, was to be abolished. As regards inferior officers and "menial servants," the committee abstained from

making any inquiry, concurring in the opinion expressed by the committee in 1831, that "it was not consistent with the respect due to her Majesty to scrutinize the details of her domestic household." The committee agreed with the proposal made by the Treasury to reduce the number of lords-in-waiting from twelve to eight, and the number of grooms-in-waiting from thirteen to eight. On the other hand, as the ladies in attendance on the late queen consort had been provided for out of the annuity of £50,000, which was to be omitted from the new Civil List, it was held necessary to make some provision for the ladies of her Majesty's household. After making these changes, the committee reported that the Civil List of her Majesty should be fixed according to the following estimate: Class I., Privy purse, £60,000; Class II., Retired allowances, salaries, and wages, £131,260; Class III., Expense of household, £172,500; Class IV., Royal bounty, alms, and special services, £13,200; Class V., Pensions (her Majesty to be empowered to grant pensions in every year to the extent of £1,200 per annum). Unappropriated moneys, £8,040. The sum for pensions, which the committee enclose in brackets, is not usually reckoned in the Civil List. Omitting that sum, the other items amount to £385,000.

It may be interesting at this point to go a little further back in our inquiries concerning the Civil List than was thought necessary by the committee of 1837, or than, indeed, fell within the limited scope of the terms of reference. The Civil List is the offspring of the Revolution. The customs and excise were granted to Charles II. for life. They went to defray the whole of the cost of government, to be supplemented, when needful, by the subsidies of the House of Commons. On the accession of William III. the House changed its system. It kept in its own hands the bulk of the revenues, applicable, among other purposes, to the maintenance of the army, preferring to vote them year by year, and they granted to the king a life income of £600,000, to maintain his household and to defray those charges, set forth in a list or catalogue, which belonged to the service of the crown. The same system was adopted with Anne, George I., and George II., but the allowances were larger. The sum assigned to the Civil List during those reigns was not paid wholly or chiefly in money. Certain sources of revenue were made over to the crown, which were estimated to yield a

certain amount, though they might, and as time went on they did, yield an amount much larger. The Civil List of George II. included certain branches of the customs and excise, the duty on "low wines" and wine licenses, the flax duty, and the duty on certain yarn imported from Ireland. Several of these duties were repealed during his reign, but in each case an extra sum was paid him by way of compensation. There was also added a lump sum of £120,000, to be paid in cash, in order to bring up the payments under the Civil List to the amount fixed by Parliament. There were also several smaller or casual sources of income, of which no account was taken. The total sum fixed by the Civil List was £800,000. If the revenues fell short of that amount Parliament was pledged to make it good. If they exceeded that amount so much the better for the king. On the accession of George III. a new system was adopted. The king "gave up" these so-called hereditary revenues, and took in exchange a fixed annuity of £800,000, to be paid in money. It was not enough. Large additions were made to it, in spite of which the debts on the Civil List accumulated to enormous amounts. The annuity was raised to £900,000 in 1778, and to £1,021,538 in 1813, and yet it was reported by a select committee in 1815 that the grants which had been made in the course of the reign in liquidation of the arrears of the Civil List amounted to £3,113,061 19s. 10½d. The comment will be, what atrocious extravagance! and extravagant no doubt it was, but we must recollect what charges had to be borne. The Civil List was then, literally, a list of the services to be defrayed by the crown. First came the annuities paid to the numerous members of the royal family, including the king and the queen consort, and amounting for the year 1813 to £334,500. Next came certain "allowances" to the lord chancellor, the speaker of the House of Commons, judges of the Court of King's Bench and Common Pleas, barons of the Exchequer, and justices of the Court of Great Session in Wales. These were not small sums: the lord chancellor took £5,000, and the King's Bench £8,500, the total amounting to £32,678 3s. 4½d. These great officials had a part of their salaries paid out of the Civil List, the rest being made up of fees, or of moneys voted by Parliament. Next follows a colossal catalogue, comprising our diplomatic establishments in all parts of the world, from the great embassy at St.

Petersburg, with a salary of £10,000 a year, to the ministers at the court of the grand duke of Parma and the Swiss cantons, together with a host of consuls-general and consuls, the total cost amounting to £160,500 9s. 2½d. The next class we pass over. The charges under it are of a multifarious description, from the salary of the lord president of the Council at £4,000 a year, and the constable of Dover Castle at £4,100 a year, to the annuity of £50 paid to the mayor of Macclesfield towards the stipend of the vicar of the parish. The aggregate amounted to £46,485 4s. 8½d. We must also pass over the "occasional payments," including gifts of plate and equipages to our foreign ambassadors, quite in the usual course, and presents to foreign ministers, no doubt for services rendered in the complicated politics of the time. These payments vary in amount from £19,054 6s., under the head of deficiency of Treasury fees, to £1,157 2s. 2½d. to Messrs. Eyre and Strahan for printing Forms of Prayer. The Pension List also must be left untouched. But it may be added, as an illustration of the very various character of the charges thrown on the Civil List, that the king had to pay the cost of transporting felons to Botany Bay. After this review there may be some disposition to revise the censures which have been passed on the extravagance of George III., founded chiefly on the debts that accumulated on the Civil List, and the frequent appeals to Parliament for relief. The king bore a large part of the expenses of the government, such as now figure in the Civil Service estimates. The sum assigned for the purpose originally was far too small, and in the eventful course of his reign it was impossible to keep within the ancient bounds. The system was largely altered on the accession of George IV., but not completely till the reign of William IV., on whose Civil List that of the queen was modelled.

It is evident, from the account above given of their labors, that the committee of 1837 did not interpret their duties too seriously. They reduced some of the larger salaries, they slightly diminished the number of officials in attendance at court, and they transferred some considerable items of account from the Civil List to the Consolidated Fund; but they made no attempt to analyze the aggregates of expenditure. The accounts which were placed before them for their guidance showed how much had been actually spent in each year of the previous reign

from 1831 to 1836, and, with the exception of the changes just mentioned, they adopted the figures without inquiry in fixing her Majesty's Civil List. It was assumed that the expenditure under William IV. furnished no openings for economy, and that the same scale would be appropriate for the queen. To show how much room there was for investigation and possible retrenchment, it will suffice to mention how much of the expenditure was examined in detail and how much was passed in the lump. The salaries in the lord chamberlain's department amounted to £66,499. Of this sum, the salaries of the lord chamberlain himself and of the lords and grooms in waiting account for £10,304. The salaries of the ladies of the bed-chamber, the maids of honor, and the "menial attendants" on her Majesty's person bring the sum up to £20,064. Then come "other offices and superannuations," £46,435. Some of these are enumerated in one of the appendices, but the sum total is left untouched by the committee. It is the same with the salaries in the lord steward's department. His own salary is £2,000, reduced from £2,436; "other offices and superannuations" amount to £34,381. Turning to the list in which most of these offices are given, we find the corps of gentlemen-at-arms down for £5,129, the corps of yeomen of the guard for £7,500; gentlemen ushers, grooms, pages, etc., for £7,576; officers having charge of furniture, £5,809; while the comptroller of accounts, clerks, and messengers in the lord chamberlain's office cost £3,110. In the lord steward's department there is a treasurer with a salary of £904, a comptroller at the same sum, and a master of the household at £1,158. The secretary, paymaster of the household, and clerks, office-keepers, and messengers in the lord steward's office cost among them £2,920. Then follows a picturesque entry. Domestic servants in the ewry, wine and beer cellars, clerks of the kitchen's office, kitchens, confectionery, pastry, table-deckers, etc., £9,938. On the establishment of the master of the horse, we have the master himself with a salary of £2,500; a chief equerry and clerk marshal, salary £1,000; four equeries, £3,000; secretary and clerks of stables, £1,500; and finally, passing over other items, "coachmen, postilions, helpers, grooms, porters, footmen, and other domestic servants, £12,563." The superannuations and retired allowances for the three departments amount to more than £16,000. All this money goes

for salaries and wages alone. It was spent under William IV., and it followed, as a matter of course, that it should be spent under Queen Victoria. It amounts to a grand total of £131,260, and the committee took it over bodily into the new Civil List.

The same plan was adopted in fixing the sum that should be applied to the future expense of the royal household. The accounts referred to the committee included his late Majesty's tradesmen's bills for a period of six years, showing how much was spent each year on each article of outlay or consumption. The total amounted to an average of about £172,500, and this sum the committee adopted in fixing the expenditure of the queen. The tradesmen's bills in the lord chamberlain's department fall under some six-and-thirty different heads. Taking the year 1836, the upholsterers and cabinet-makers figure for £11,381; joiners and blindmakers, £1,038; locksmiths, ironmongers, and armors, £4,119; and so on with trunkmakers, clockmakers, silk-mercers, linendrapers, etc., to the end of the list. The tailors' bills vary a good deal from year to year. In 1832 they amounted to £2,682, the next year only to £59, the year after they reached £1,547, then sank to £938, and closed in 1836 at £25. In the whole of the six years £52 was spent in hats, and £97 in hosiery and gloves. The washing of the household came to £3,014 in 1836, and to £15,431 in the six years. Next to washing stands soap. It cost £479 in 1836, and this was about the average, the total for six years being £2,687. During the whole period £774 was spent on chimneysweeps, and £11,154 on surgeons, apothecaries, and chemists. Then follows a miscellaneous item of allowances in lieu of apartments and lodgings, hire of horses, disbursements of the lord chamberlain's office, the several housekeepers, extra housemaids, charwomen, rates and taxes, amounting to £4,631, or a six years' total of £28,050. Last of all comes an item of £2,997, or a total of £18,651, for "messengers' bills." We seem to have seen this before, but it has not been reckoned twice over. We are now among bills, and not salaries. Let us now cross over to the lord steward's department, which has mainly to do with consumable provisions, the furnishing of the royal tables. Again taking the year 1836 as an example, we find that £2,050 was spent on bread, £4,976 on butter, bacon, cheese, and eggs, £9,472 on butcher's meat, £3,633 on poultry, £1,979 on fish, and £4,644 on grocery. Among bev-

erages, £4,850 is down for wine, £1,843 for liqueurs, and £2,811 for ale and beer. The wax candles consumed cost £1,977; the tallow candles, £679; the lamps, £4,660; and the fuel, £6,846. The total amount expended on these and similar articles for one year was £63,907, while sundry other expenses in the lord steward's department, including gardens, yachts, travelling expenses, board wages, etc., bring it up to £92,065. We will spare our readers a visit to the establishment of the master of the horse, with its £6,208 for liveries, £5,208 for forage, and £4,825 for carriages, reaching a total in tradesmen's bills for one year of £38,734, and a total for the six years of £232,659. The total of these tradesmen's bills in all three departments was found, as has been said, to amount on an average to £172,500, and this allowance was inserted, without any questions being asked, in her Majesty's Civil List.

We cannot but profess some penitence for troubling our readers with these details. It would have been easier, and far more agreeable, to deal with aggregate figures. But great totals are apt to become unmeaning on account of their magnitude; when a practical object is in view it is necessary to unwrap them, so as to see what they enclose. Two points have been raised respecting the Civil List. One is that her Majesty must have made great savings upon the spending estimates; the other that such savings ought to have been paid into the Treasury, instead of going, as it is said they have gone, into the privy purse. Hitherto the public has been in profound ignorance on the whole matter. The Civil List was framed more than half a century ago, and from that time till now there has been no official information as to how it has worked. It may be assumed that there has been no deficiency, or Parliament would have been applied to; where the total sum is so considerable it would be surprising if it had proved to be just enough and no more. It is probable that there have been surpluses on some of the classes of expenditure, and, as they do not figure in any return that has been made to Parliament, there is but one way of explaining their disappearance. As to the possibility of introducing large economies into the expenditure of the royal household, the details we have given would seem to leave no manner of doubt. If some one clear head had the management of the money, there might be savings on an enormous scale. The great officers of State, the

lord chamberlain and the lord steward, who are supposed to preside over the chief spending departments, are but figure-heads. They go out with every change of ministry, and others take their place. They represent two separate and rival systems of household management, which perpetually tend to clash with each other, and they have each their separate hierarchies of administrators within the household. But these permanent officials are probably open to influence from the one supreme authority, and may be brought to lend themselves to measures conducive to economy. The number of "menial servants" may have been diminished. One-half of the vast population of the kitchens may have been struck off the lists. A firmer hand may have regulated the daily supply of bacon and eggs and butcher's meat. The tailors' bills and the upholsterers' bills may have fallen far below their former level. Some large reduction may have been made in the thousands of pounds which were spent under the easy *régime* of the sailor king in intoxicating liquors. We know that for twenty years the queen's household was under the enlightened and vigorous management of the prince consort. He had a battle to wage at the beginning with the State officials and their underlings, but he won it, and had his way. It is possible that under him a new series of traditions began, and that they have borne fruit. We know nothing of these things, and, notwithstanding the promise of information, which, as we learn while writing, Mr. Goschen has given to the select committee, it is not likely that we shall be permitted to know all. The Civil List is a farm of great natural fertility. It brings forth abundantly every year. How much of the produce runs to waste, or is lost on the way to the granary, and how much is safely garnered is simply a question of management. We may assume that it has been managed fairly well, as well as the intricate and absurd system which custom has imposed upon the royal household will permit. If so, there have been surpluses beyond doubt, and probably large ones. That they have been caught up and secured is at least a likely inference, and, whatever may be justly said as to the overriding claims of the Treasury, it is better that they should exist, and should be usefully invested, than that they should have been intercepted and allowed to stagnate and disappear in a swamp of extravagance.

It will be gathered from our analysis of the Civil List of William IV. that in his

time the royal establishment was under the control of three great officers of State, the lord chamberlain, the lord steward, and the master of the horse. The same arrangement still exists. The government will not part with these offices, which come in so conveniently for purposes of patronage and promotion. These and other appointments, which change occupants with every new ministry, absorb a great deal of the money which is popularly supposed to go to the queen, and though they add to the magnificence of the court, they do not add in the same degree to the personal comfort of the sovereign. The whole system is mediæval, and should be abolished. It would have been found unendurable under the present reign, with its closer domesticities, and its finer sense of household order and decorum, if a compromise had not been arranged in the early days of the prince consort, by which the ruling autocrats consented to give up to him some of their powers, and permit him to govern in their name. The subject is mentioned by Sir Theodore Martin, but is dealt with much more at large in a memorandum drawn up by Baron Stockmar, and published with some fullness in his "Memoirs," edited, in the English translation, by Mr. Max Müller. It is there printed for the amusement of the German public, and we have every right to share in the enjoyment. The baron relates* that the palace was in the charge of three separate departments, each of which moved along its own predestined track without any sort of unity or pre-arrangement. It was not decided which parts of the palace belonged respectively to their control. In the time of George III. the lord steward had the custody of the whole palace, excepting the royal apartments, drawing-rooms, etc. In the two next reigns it was held that the whole of the ground-floor, including halls and dining-rooms, was in his charge. At the beginning of the present reign the lord steward surrendered to the lord chamberlain the grand hall and other rooms on the ground-floor, but it was a question quite in the clouds to whom the jurisdiction of the kitchens, sculleries, and pantries belonged. The outside of the palace pertained to the department of the woods and forests. One result of this arrangement was that, while the lord chamberlain could clean the inside of the windows he could not clean the outside, and negotiations had to be carried on to secure that the opera-

tions within and without should be conducted at the same time. The housekeepers, pages, and housemaids were under the authority of the lord chamberlain; the footmen, livery porters, and under-butlers under that of the master of the horse; while the clerk of the kitchen, the cooks, and porters were under the jurisdiction of the lord steward. It was the duty of the lord steward to lay the fires and of the lord chamberlain to light them. The lord chamberlain had to provide the lamps and the lord steward to keep them in order. If a pane of glass in the scullery wanted mending a requisition had to be prepared and signed by the chief cook; it was then countersigned by the clerk of the kitchen, then taken to be signed by the master of the household, thence taken to the lord chamberlain, by whom it was authorized, and finally laid before the clerk of the works in the department of the woods and forests. The authority of the master of the household was entirely unrecognized. The servants went off duty whenever they liked, while the dormitories, where ten or a dozen footmen slept in the same room, were the scene of smoking, drinking, and other irregularities. Such was the glorious chaos for which we were paying under the Civil List. It certainly does appear that the committee of 1837 might have usefully asked a few questions.

Though the committee of 1837 might have turned their opportunities to better account, it would be wrong to blame them. They were the servants of the House of Commons, and acted on the terms of reference which fixed the limits of their duties. The time allowed them was short. The youthful queen was waiting to know on what footing her establishment was to be placed, and the House was anxious to get the work done. Besides, how could men like Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Grote undertake to grapple with the details of kitchen expenditure, or sit in judgment on tradesmen's bills? Nevertheless, the basis of the arrangement they adopted was absurd, and the whole of the proceedings perfunctory. They had no right to send for persons, papers, and records. Perhaps they ought to have had that right, but it is not likely that any information they had asked for would have been refused. In the days of George III. there were frequent committees on the Civil List, and they were far more inquisitive than that of 1837, or than that probably of 1889. Part of these debts arose out of wasteful expenditure

* *Memoirs of Baron Stockmar*, vol. ii., p. 177.

in fitting up rooms at the various palaces for members of the royal family, in furniture, clothing, and comestibles. A committee which sat in 1812 entered freely into all such matters, and has left several interesting discoveries on record. It was found, for example, that the royal princes, though receiving allowances from Parliament, drew largely from the lord steward's department. They received considerable additions to their income "in kind." In other words, they quartered themselves upon the Civil List for wine and butcher's meat and groceries, and, probably, for tailoring. The committee note these irregularities, and express a hope that, as the princes have a larger allowance than formerly, they will henceforth cease. Some curious light was also thrown upon the way in which articles of domestic consumption were supplied to the household. There were two methods: one by livery, the other by requisition. By the method of livery certain quantities of provisions of all sorts were sent in regularly and automatically, whether they were wanted or not, according to rules which had been framed thirty years before. As they were sent in of course they were received, and so much as was not wanted became the perquisite of the receiver. There would, no doubt, be a way of turning these superfluous supplies into money, and numerous members of the household would be in receipt of a regular income for articles which figured in the accounts as having been consumed by the household. The committee gravely recommend that in future the supplies furnished by the lord steward shall be based upon actual consumption. The other method, that of requisition, was simply this, that everybody asked for what they wanted, and got it. The committee suggest that for the future this privilege of unlimited demand should be reserved for members of the royal family.

Such were the discoveries made and the reforms suggested in 1812. No one knows whether the reforms were carried out. A too rigorous discipline was hardly likely under the regency, or under George IV., or under the free and easy arrangements of William IV. Legally and officially King William had no children. But unofficially he had a numerous family by Mrs. Jordan. To his honor he acknowledged them. To the honor of his queen she did the same. Moralists may be left to decide the quality of the connection, but it is understood to have had all the characteristics of a valid marriage except

the legal ceremony, and to have been productive of much more happiness to both parties than many unions that receive the consecration of the Church. The king's children frequented the court, and were always welcome at their father's house. They could not be placed on the Civil List. Parliament could not be applied to for grants. Yet there is not much doubt that we paid for them in one way or another. Like the children of George III., they probably got something "in kind." There would be a pretty free quartering on the royal table. When his Majesty's tailor's bill suddenly sprang up, as we have seen, to an inordinate amount, it is not to be necessarily inferred that the clothing all went on to the king's back. We may be perfectly sure that his Majesty cared but little about the kitchen, or about the "menial servants," or about the volume of the supply which rolled through all departments of the household. He was a jovial, good-natured fellow, ready to shake hands with anybody, and equal to a jig in the streets on loyal provocation. He was rough-hewn in his politics, and he would suddenly remember at times that it became him to be every inch a king, and then there would be some reactionary atonement for his usual gaiety. But at bottom the nation liked him. Have we not seen the medals on which he was affectionately described as the "Father of his People"? It was under such circumstances, and such auspices, that the expenditure on the Civil List took place during the six years covered by the accounts which were referred to the select committee of 1837, and which they took as a guide in fixing the Civil List of the present reign. It is too much to say that they took them as a guide; they adopted them bodily, and made them the rule of expenditure for the next half century. They certainly furnished a splendid field for retrenchment. No more luxuriant harvest ever invited the sickle, and, if there has been any economizing genius at work in the royal household, some large part of the crop must have been garnered.

The altered conditions of modern life, in which the sovereign shares as fully as the wealthiest of her subjects, must make some difference in the application of what may be described as the spending clauses of the Civil List. The arrangements contemplated in the framing of the list were made on the supposition that the sovereign would reside during most of the year at one or other of the royal palaces which have been built at the cost of the nation,

and principally either at Buckingham Palace or Windsor. The staff of servants, and the organization of the household in all its departments, have been settled on that supposition. The system is too colossal to be transferred from one place to another. But the queen resides for a great part of every year at Osborne and Balmoral, which are not royal palaces, but private country houses. Do the functions of the lord chamberlain and the lord steward extend to these residences? Do they undertake the furnishing, repairing, upholstering, and victualling just as they would if the royal household were inhabiting its official quarters? And what takes place with the fixed establishments at Windsor and Buckingham Palace during the queen's long absences? Does the costly machine run on as usual when the motive power — the presence of the sovereign — is withdrawn? These are mysteries into which perhaps it is presumption to attempt to pry. When George III. used to visit Weymouth, the furthest extent of his summer migrations, the expenses were merged into one lump sum, which was entered in the accounts of the year among the tradesmen's bills, but that method would hardly be applicable to the regular and long periods of residence in Scotland and the Isle of Wight. No one would dream of a wish to interfere with the tastes or to trammel the movements of the queen, but there is reason to infer that the whole system needs revising in adaptation to modern requirements and in the interests of convenience and economy.

Whether or not any savings have been made in those classes of the Civil List that are under the nominal control of the lord chamberlain and the lord steward, there is the privy purse to which no charges are assigned. This is income without any visible or imaginable expenditure, and it would seem that there is only one way in which it can have been disposed of. The establishments for which provision is made seem to cover every conceivable want. Servants, food, clothing, housekeeping in all its possible phases and ramifications, gardens, parks, yachts, horses, carriages, everything that the fancy can picture as requisite for the comfort of the sovereign and for maintaining the state of the crown are provided for on the most ample and magnificent scale. From the mistress of the robes to the chimney-sweeper, from the master of the household to casual charwomen, from the artists employed in refitting, furnishing, and decorating the royal apartments

down to those whose duty it is to chalk the floors, everybody and everything are included in the salaries and the tradesmen's bills, which are paid without the intervention of the queen. For sea excursions and passages to Cherbourg there is a costly royal squadron always in readiness. Until we know the contrary we may assume that the expenses connected with her Majesty's Continental expeditions are paid for in the same way. What then, it may be asked, is left for the privy purse? This is one of the standing puzzles with plain and simple people, who look into these matters and endeavor to understand in what way their money goes. The president of the United States receives £10,000 a year during his term of office, out of which sum he has to defray all the charges of the White House, and support the modest splendors of his administration. The queen of England has every imaginable want provided for out of the Civil List, and £60,000 a year besides. It is not our business to ask what is done with this large sum. It is paid avowedly as a private solatium or honorarium, and the terms of the contract must be kept. But when the question arises whether the queen is able from her private resources to make provision for members of her family instead of applying to Parliament, it cannot be forgotten, as a fact relevant to the inquiry, that this sum, which has gone annually to the privy purse for more than half a century, mounts up to an aggregate exceeding three millions. If any large part of it has not been spent but invested, her Majesty cannot be in a needy condition.

Then comes the question which has been mooted in Parliament, whether, supposing that savings have been made upon the Civil List, the queen is under any obligation to pay them into the Treasury. The Civil List Act is silent on the point. The report of the select committee on which the act was based is equally silent. There is just one sentence on which, perhaps, a doubt might be raised. After stating that it had not been found necessary during the two last reigns to apply to Parliament for the means of defraying any increased expenditure beyond the amount originally fixed as the income of the Civil List, the committee say: "The importance of this strict attention to the due and careful appropriation of the funds provided for the support of the dignity of the sovereign is so obvious as to require no further observation; and the necessity of avoiding all debt or excess of expenditure

for the future is no less essential to the best interests of the crown than to the reasonable hopes and expectations of the people." Among the papers referred to the committee there was a summary of the entire income and expenditure of the Civil List during six years of the late king's reign. The expenditure shows what had been spent in the various classes as against the income. The total income of the Civil List for that period amounted to £3,060,000, and the expenditure to £3,020,810. Out of the difference between the two a sum of £22,731 is set down as "applied to the privy purse." This sum evidently represents savings, and it is disposed of in this way. There is a final balance left of £14,909, which, it is fair to assume, would also have had the same destination. The signature of F. T. Baring, the chancellor of the exchequer, is at the foot of this statement, showing that the appropriation had been made with his knowledge and sanction. These accounts came under the notice of the committee, yet no objection was raised. In the minutes of the proceedings of the committee, the question of misappropriation, or of the duty of the sovereign to pay back any surplus into the Treasury, was not even mentioned, although Mr. Hume, who had an eye to rule and for the smallest economies, was one of the members. The one idea of the committee seems to have been that the total sum assigned to the Civil List should not be exceeded. They said, in effect: "Take this, and make it do; but you must take care not to ask us for more." It need hardly be said that there is absolutely not a single precedent for paying back into the Treasury any part of the allowance of the Civil List, or for not drawing the whole of it. This has been the case for the last two hundred years. There have been, as is well known, numerous and large departures from the rule in the opposite direction.

It may be assumed that, after an allowance has once been fixed by Parliament, any provision for the paying back of savings would be nugatory. There never would be any savings to be paid back. The money would always be spent. Extravagance is easy, and more especially when payments are made on a system which is not supposed to imply extravagance. This sum, it would be said, is what a select committee appointed by the House of Commons has judged to be sufficient, and has also thought to be required. Why should we impugn the judgment of

this important body by showing, as a matter of fact, that they have been wrong in their calculations, and have been liberal to a shameful excess? No, the money would be spent. It would be the easiest way, and, in some sense, the proper way. Economy is generally a difficult task. When established methods of procedure and personal interests have to be interfered with it easily becomes ungracious. The only all-prevailing motive to economy is self-interest. Make it the interest of the sovereign to save, and it is possible that savings will be effected. Take away that motive, and there will be none. What are the interests of the public in this matter? There can be no doubt that they are on the side of economy. Extravagance is a bad thing altogether, apart from the money that is needlessly expended. If the money saved were carried in chests to the cliffs of Dover and pitched into the sea, the moral influences of the economy by which it had been saved would remain as a clear gain. If, instead of being tumbled into the sea, it has been paid into the privy purse, and found its way into consols and manors, it would probably be regarded by most people as a better destination. The effect would be to enrich the sovereign, but if it were not hers it certainly would not be ours. It would have disappeared through innumerable sluices, creating moral malaria by the way. If savings are to be enforced and taken care of on behalf of the public, the most natural course would be to appoint an Argus-eyed comptroller, though we should probably have to appoint some one to control him. The appointment of such an officer was recommended by a select committee of the House of Commons in 1815, and he is probably the official who now figures under that name in the lord steward's department. But he can only take for his guide the provisions of the Civil List, and so long as they are not exceeded he has no right to challenge expenditure. Should they ever be exceeded the Treasury would now decline to pay. The authorities at Whitehall cannot overstep the limits laid down by act of Parliament.

Some jealousy has been expressed at the idea that the queen is growing rich by legacies and private accumulations. It is said to be opposed to the policy of the State, which has now been pursued for a couple of centuries, of depriving the crown of all independent resources, and making it entirely dependent on the liberality of Parliament. The feeling is respectable on the score of lineage, but it has outlived

the circumstances which gave rise to it. There are the strongest reasons why the public revenues should not be placed in the hands of the crown. Before the Revolution, as regards a large part of them, they were granted, as has been said, to the king for life, and they enabled him to avoid the summoning of Parliament for years together. We have some historical affection for the impecuniosity of the earlier Plantagenet kings, which compelled them to appeal to their subjects for aid, and laid the foundations of the House of Commons. Merely as a matter of wise administration, it is proper that the crown should not have the handling of any public money beyond the fixed sum assigned to the Civil List, and that this sum should be carefully adjusted to actual requirements. But we may abandon the ancient fear of a sovereign becoming too rich if the wealth is honestly acquired. It brings with it no danger to our political liberties. The abuses inveighed against by Burke arose from the vices of the constitution and from the laxity of ministerial administration. It thus happened that a member of Parliament held the post of turnspit in the royal kitchen, employing a deputy to do the work, and that seven members of Parliament were comfortably provided for at the Board of Plantations. It was the multiplication of offices which could be used as bribes, and a great part of which were paid out of the Civil List, that put in jeopardy the independence of the House of Commons. We have escaped these evils, and there is no likelihood of their recurrence. The crown has but small means of exercising political influence. Even the sprays and jets that spurt out from the fountain of honor fall upon persons designated by the prime minister. Meanwhile the sovereign may have a numerous offspring, that offspring may have offspring of their own, till there is a little army of princes and princesses to be provided for in the future, and Parliament gives notice that it will make no provision for any that do not come in the direct line of the succession. In these circumstances it would be against nature if the queen should not wish to lay by all she can. If her Majesty is as rich as she is supposed to be, it ought to afford no material for jealousy or regret. It may help to save us from some misgivings when we tighten the purse-strings, and will tend to cheapen loyalty.

But just at this point a question of some delicacy is raised. Why, somebody asked, during the recent debate in the House of

Commons, does the queen ask us to bestow grants upon her grandchildren? Is it because she cannot keep them herself, or because she thinks that we ought to keep them? The question is not, perhaps, put in the most considerate terms, but it has the merit of hitting the nail on the head. Her Majesty is probably of opinion that a distinct duty as regards maintenance devolves upon the nation with respect to the whole of the royal family, and the opinion, extreme perhaps as it may be deemed, is not incapable of being supported by some arguments of a constitutional and almost radical complexion. It is sound doctrine that the crown does not exist for its own sake, but for the sake of the nation. It is a valuable possession, in which all the subjects of the queen have some share. We should say of the crown, as an institution, that it is made for the people, and not the people for the crown. Our sovereigns reign over us not by right of conquest, nor yet by any principle of divine right, but in virtue of a Parliamentary settlement, in which for two centuries the nation has concurred. The ancestors of the reigning family were living contentedly at Hanover when we invited them over to help us to save the realm. It is easy to smile at this notion now, but it was a very real thing then. It may be said that we could and should have done without them, but this is to argue backwards from the state of enlightenment and comparative political maturity which it has taken two hundred years to reach. In the opinion of competent and impartial judges, our political future was by no means assured when the house of Hanover ascended the throne. It was at any rate on the cards that, if the Jacobite conspiracies had succeeded, the country might have been thrown upon a downward track, and our free institutions have suffered a long collapse. If the throne were now without heirs it can hardly be imagined that we should invite a new dynasty to take possession, but there are not many who would care to dispense with the throne except from sheer necessity. A few convinced politicians would, no doubt, easily extemporize a republican constitution, but no nation in its senses will abandon for the sake of theory a system of government which works well, or needlessly consent to be severed from its historical traditions. It would be to squander under this last head a treasure which could not be replaced, and to impoverish sentiments which are at once the cheapest of popular luxuries and

among the most powerful forces that sway mankind. A monarchy symbolizes the unity of the nation as it is to-day and in its connection with the past. It keeps the first place in the commonwealth out of the clutches of rival parties. It preserves clear and open a broad and picturesque domain, where, in the intervals of our political battles, we can all pitch our tents and live peaceably together. It also inspires a feeling of certainty as regards the future. Our prime ministers we can change as often as we see fit, but we have already fixed upon the titular chief of our "crowned republic," and the nation feels it some relief to know that he will not depend for his elevation upon the chances of an electioneering campaign.

Unless the monarchy is defenceless in the realm of argument, it must be defended on the score of utility, as an institution which, on the whole, is serviceable to the nation, and if it is useful it must, like other useful things, be paid for. That is a point which may still call for examination, for we may be asked to pay too much. The difficulty arises when the precincts of the throne become a congested district through over-population. The Duchess of Gloucester, the youngest of the children of George III., in looking back upon the family squabbles and troubles which chequered the experience of the royal household in her earlier years, is said to have remarked in her old age, "The truth is, there were too many of us." Perhaps the same explanation, not happily of domestic dissensions, but of Parliamentary difficulties in the matter of grants to members of the royal family, would serve to-day. Unhappily it is impossible to keep fecundity within strictly utilitarian limits. In these matters nature has a way of its own. It is said that all we are bound to provide for is the direct line of succession. We must take the eldest son and his progeny, and wash our hands of all the rest. There are some who have not got quite so far. They regard the children of the Prince of Wales as the grandchildren of the queen, and say that the line must be drawn at grandchildren. This view admits of some correction. The prince is the heir-apparent to the throne, and it is as his children, and not as the grandchildren of the queen, that the new claimants have to be considered. By the same rule his eldest son is marked out for preference, since it is through him, should he marry and have children, that the line of succession will run. Thus far all who accept the monarchy, whether on

their own convictions or in deference to the will of an overwhelming majority of the nation, must certainly see their way. The children of the queen are already provided for as regards the first generation, but with the exception of the eldest line, a difficulty arises as regards the second, and it will be found insuperable. The nation will not accept the principle that it is its duty, or in any sense its business, to provide for the maintenance of all the descendants of the queen. This being assumed, it must be admitted that with many of them the outlook is not a bright one. The income enjoyed by their parents is an annuity which terminates with their lives. It is enough for the first generation, but not enough to furnish the next with independent fortunes. If the foresight of the queen should have enabled her to make some provision for these contingencies, it is surely neither to be censured nor regretted. Otherwise, so far as the nation is concerned, the circumstances cannot be helped, and they must be left to work out their own remedy.

That some remedy will be forthcoming when the need becomes pressing, cannot be doubted. The members of the royal family have as an hereditary possession a large endowment of common sense. The queen and the Prince of Wales have shown it on many occasions in a supreme degree. The difficulty in prospect arises mainly from the policy which has hitherto hedged off the royal family as a separate caste from the rest of the nation. It is of old standing, but the older precedents are against it. The Plantagenets intermarried with the nobility. Henry VII. derived his patronymic from a Welsh gentleman. Four of Henry VIII.'s ill-fated wives were Englishwomen, and his younger sister, after tasting the sweets of royalty in France, chose a subject for her second husband. Queen Mary, of the obnoxious epithet, might have reigned more happily and lived longer if she had done as the nation wished and preferred an Englishman to Philip of Spain. Queen Elizabeth certainly would have done so if she had not judged it wiser not to marry at all. James II. married an Englishwoman, whose children mounted the throne. The marriage did not take place under the nicest auspices, and it might have been shirked if Charles II. had not insisted upon it, a point to be scored in favor of the Merry Monarch, and offering a striking contrast to the conduct in not very dissimilar circumstances of that pious and scrupulously moral sovereign George

III. Since the accession of the house of Hanover, with a recent exception, to which before these words appear in print we may be able to add another, there have been no such lapses into affinity with subject blood. The royal family of Great Britain has been exclusively German. We have been ruled by a foreign race, residence, the tenure of the throne, and acts of naturalization alone giving them a right to be called English. They have drawn for their matrimonial alliances upon the smaller German houses — Ansbach, Saxe-Gotha, Mecklenberg, Brunswick, the Coburgs, Schleswig, Hesse — right-handed and left-handed. Till lately, not a single breach has been made in the ring fence for a hundred and seventy years. Perhaps no other nation would have sustained this lengthened process with as much equanimity. It is high time that this exclusive system came to an end, and there is a certain auspiciousness in every indication that it has seen its best days. Meanwhile any arrangement, were it possible to frame one, which should free the members of the royal family from all care for the future, which should exact no foresight and leave no room for prudence and self-denial, would be in its nature immoral, and good neither for them nor for the nation.

Since the above was in type the report of the committee has been laid before the House of Commons. Had usage permitted there would have been three minority reports: one drawn up by Mr. Gladstone, another by Mr. Labouchere, and a third by Mr. Morley. In reality, though not in form, four reports have been presented to the House. The official report consisted of fifteen paragraphs, of which the first twelve, being recapitulatory and historical, were accepted without demur, except as to small matters of phrasing. The main difference in point of principle arose on the thirteenth and fourteenth, which set forth that the committee could not find that any "notice" had been given to the crown of any likelihood of change in what precedents showed to have been the previous practice, and that, in view of the facts recapitulated, they were of opinion that her Majesty would have claims upon the liberality of Parliament, which, however, her Majesty did not intend to press, in the case of her daughters and younger sons. The committee also

report it as their opinion that, at the proper time — namely, when a new Civil List has to be settled — arrangements should be made under which no such claims can arise at all. In the fifteenth paragraph, "in order to establish the principle that the provision for children should hereafter be made out of grants adequate for that purpose which have been granted to the parents," the committee recommend that an allowance of £9,000 per quarter should be made to the Prince of Wales as a trust fund, out of which, with the assent of the queen and the Treasury, he should make such provision for his children as he saw fit. Mr. Gladstone dissents from the report in holding that no "notice" to the crown was necessary, that alleged precedents leave the question quite open, and that the queen is not entitled as a matter of right to put forward any claim on behalf of the children of her daughters and younger sons, though he holds that, as her Majesty does not intend to press any such claim, it is at present unnecessary further to discuss this part of the subject, and assents to the creation of a trust fund in the hands of the Prince of Wales. The main obstacle to an agreement is the recognition by the government of her Majesty's right to make the disputed claims if she saw fit. There is thus no final settlement, and for this reason Mr. Morley declines to accept the suggested compromise. Our facts, having been derived from official sources, are in harmony with those which have been laid before the committee. They illustrate the argument, urged by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Labouchere, that large economies are possible under the Civil List. Her Majesty would, no doubt, be happy to have the spending of £385,000 a year, and make her own arrangements. In that case we should not be likely to hear of any special applications to Parliament. As it is, what with the privy purse, the large accumulated savings on the Civil List, and the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, it must be held as an irresistible conclusion that the queen has enough to meet the disputed claims. The action of the government in postponing the committee till the last moment, when the angry voices of controversy clash in dissonance with the wedding bells, is a blunder which impugns their wisdom and does no credit to their loyalty.

HENRY DUNCKLEY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
ORLANDO BRIDGMAN HYMAN.

BY AN OLD PUPIL.

IN Mr. Locker-Lampson's "Patchwork" he tells us of meeting a distinguished acquaintance to whom he happened to speak of the Athenæum Club as a delightful place, because it gave you the best chance of meeting the most interesting people—artists and men of science, statesmen and soldiers, great travellers and great scholars. His remark however failed to elicit any sympathy, the reply being, "Yes; that is all very well if you want to meet that sort of person, but as a matter of fact one doesn't!" To those whose opportunities are limited the superb indifference of such a rejoinder will sound even more grotesque than to members of the Athenæum Club. When we do find a remarkable man interesting it is difficult to over-rate a privilege that so rarely offers itself.

The subject of this paper, dead many years since, has acquired enviable distinction in a book * which at least cannot be accused of indiscriminate panegyric. His claim to be remembered is therefore to some extent a public one, and may furnish these reminiscences with their excuse, if any other be needed than the personal affection of a pupil. Our acquaintance was short indeed; it lasted little more than a month—two periods, I think, of about a fortnight each, separated by an interval of nearly two years, but they were fortnights of such rare enjoyment as are not immediately suggested by the words private tuition. When some twenty-two years ago I asked a friend to find me some one in London with whom I could read, the name of Hyman was unknown to me; and my friend could tell me nothing about him except that he was a fellow of Wadham College, and that a schoolfellow had pronounced him an excellent "coach." He had been, I believe, a lecturer at King's College, and when he gave up the post lived on in London in lodgings, taking pupils when they were sent to him. The house where he lodged when I knew him was in Porchester Place, off the Edgware Road. The only facts about himself that I remember his telling me were that his father was a German Jew, and (I think) that he had been at school at Reading. Long afterwards at Oxford, the late rector

of Lincoln College spoke to me of him "Hyman," he said, "was the first man who taught me what scholarship meant." These words made me think of the vast gulf which there then was between my opportunities and my deserts. I had left school, and was then engaged in the somewhat humiliating pursuit of a scholarship which had more than once slipped from my grasp as easily as the ghostly mother of Ulysses from the hero's embraces; and it was in no elevated or disinterested frame of mind that I lighted upon my good fortune. One can scarcely exaggerate the bathos of asking for the services of a man who could "tell you what scholarship meant," to get helped to a scholarship. But little as I deserved "the blind benefit of fate" thus conferred on me, it did not take long to discover that something different in kind as well as in degree from ordinary "coaching" had fallen to my lot. It seemed to me almost at once that this man had read more books than I had ever seen, and that he gave you the marrow of his reading "like wealthy men who care not how they give." The difference in degree spoken of above may be understood very literally. I was supposed to go for an hour's lesson; when I called to make arrangements, he begged that the lesson might be an hour and a half, as he "wasted men's time so by talking;" I seldom got away, as a matter of fact, under three hours, and would not have grudged another two, so rich was the reward of listening. He could illustrate at pleasure anything we were reading from ancient or modern literature, and never missed a chance of an apposite story. Like Præd's vicar, his talk

slipped from politics to puns,
And passed from Mahomet to Moses.

Great scholars are not generally credited with superfluous modesty, but I never knew any one so distrustful as Hyman of his own reputation. He thought his college paid him almost an extravagant compliment in asking him to continue examining for fellowships, adding that it was of course only a pretty act of courtesy, as he had been long left behind in the race of learning. He always denied any knowledge of modern languages, but when I assumed in consequence that he read Dante, whom he was quoting, in a translation, he broke in with fervid eagerness, "Oh, no, sir. I never could abide translations. My accent you see is dreadful, but I can make them out—I can make them out." I ought to mention that he

* Mark Pattison's "Memoirs," page 142. He speaks of Hyman "as offering in *his talk* a type of high scholarship which I had never been in contact with before."

had this Johnsonian peculiarity of invariably addressing you with "sir." There was one phrase of his indicating a certain amount of self-complacency, but even that was impersonal. When he was conscious that he had told a more than usually good story, he would look up and say, "Very funny fellows those, sir; very funny fellows those." He told me that he thought he had read most of "the pretty books that were going," meaning literature as distinguished from works of science and philosophy. Even in these last he had of course to make exceptions in classical literature—as "Of course, sir, I know all my Aristotle pretty well." He certainly did know the classics pretty well, and pretty well by heart. When I began reading Homer with him I noticed he had no book—no books in fact, except three dictionaries on which sat three cats, taking up a sort of official position as friends and counsellors. At the head of the table was a stuffed cat, indicating the strength and continuity of his friendships, and that he was not enslaved to the principle, *Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!* But he did not feel the want of books, certainly not of a Homer. Start him with the first line, and he knew at once where you were, and could correct your blunders as promptly as if he had the text before his eyes. I believe that at any given place in Homer he could have quoted for an indefinite number of lines. There was something specially delightful about the way he would dwell on the best things in famous books. The sixth *Æneid* and the speech of Pericles were prime favorites. His body would be bent double with fervor as he tasted these choice morsels again and again—*dulcem elaborabat saporem*.

And historical characters he found no less moving than famous passages. Cæsar was his great admiration. "No one to put against him, sir, is there?" he would say, "no one to put against him." He never however exalted the ancients at the expense of the moderns, was tender of the eighteenth century, and at the same time quite abreast of the criticism of the nineteenth. He was particularly fond of quoting Gibbon, whom he ranked above all other historians. At the same time he took a little amusement out of the eighteenth century, much as he loved it, for its scant knowledge of Greek, and its apparent preference for Latin literature.

He was distrustful of the mere antiquarian scholar, and hinted wickedly that there were some like the fellow-prisoner

of the Vicar of Wakefield who would be not unwilling to practise incantations with the name of Sanconiathon. Speaking once of a man, then well known in the world of scholarship, he said to me: "Don't they say, sir, that he knows more Greek than any one in England, without knowing anything else!"

It was said that at King's College he was a very pungent critic of those whose scholarly equipment was less complete than his own. I feel sure these criticisms must have been humorous rather than bitter. It was often not a little irritating and disappointing to be asked if one had heard some of the terrible things said by the famous people in old Oxford days of one another (Whately, I remember, was of the number), and the next minute to be denied them from considerations of humanity: "Ah well, sir," Hyman would say, "I don't think I'll tell you. It's not good for young men to hear these bitter things!"

The thing which naturally impressed you most in Hyman's teaching was the way in which he brought all his knowledge to bear on one place; so that over and above full verbal exposition and interpretation you would get illustrations without end, some serious and some playful, of the passage before you. There are, no doubt, books which we have felt to be more instructive than many teachers; though as a rule the Platonic indictment against books, and the solemn silence they preserve when you most wish to ask them questions, is a phrase that we can all understand. And when you are talking to, and can question a man who carries ever so lightly a weight of learning which two-and-twenty Homeric wagons would not enable his hearer to put to ready use, the educating power of such talk is something very different even from a very good book—something, perhaps, which the strongest minds can do without, but which to all, except the strongest, renders such a service that they must be very dull or very graceless if they are not the better for it in heart and head. Hyman was a man who never divorced the manner from the matter of his author. Just because he held Plato to be something greater than the particles he uses, no study of his particles would seem to him too great, if they contributed anything whatsoever to a better understanding of the man and his mind.

There was another side to Hyman's character which lent it a further charm, and made it impossible for his pupils to

be anything else than his friends. The humanities were his studies in every sense of the word: and the ingenuous arts have seldom done their work so finely. Those who had seen some of his queer ways, and had heard of some of his queer habits, and how he lived all alone, might be excused for thinking that such a man would prove somewhat of a crazed and crusty old scholar. There is no doubt that there were things about him that were strange enough; and I fear that as his health gave way, his mind gave way with it. Even when I knew him, it was said that he would cut his books to pieces after he had read them. But whatever these habits amounted to, they never affected the relevancy and vivacity of his talk or the beauty and courtesy of his manners. There is an ancient story of a famous personage who, on a visit to India, at some place where he was entertained was not a little pained at finding "Welcome" written over the lunatic asylum. Had officious people confined this eccentric old scholar for the infelicitous use he made of his scissors and for his other vagaries, I would hazard the assertion that any visitors he might have had would have got such a welcome as not many of the sane know how to give—not even when they put into it all the graciousness they can command. His power of entertaining was much more than mere cleverness. He had that beautiful ancient courtesy which, while it never forgets what may be claimed by the code, adds not a little on the score of equity. Such courtesy treats the stranger as if the presumption were in favor of his being good company, is easy itself, and tries to make him so; and has at least this degree of success, that he becomes much better company than he would otherwise have been. I have never, I think, met any one who understood better than Hyman what may be called the optimism of good manners. I well remember how one day a school friend called for me before our lesson was over. He came up-stairs by invitation, and sat with us during the few minutes we were finishing our book. When we had got to the end, Hyman turned to my friend, and in the easiest, pleasantest manner, drew him out about his work and his office, questioning him about Somerset House with as much interest as if it had been the Roman forum, where there were still to be seen the living traditions of Cicero and his contemporaries. The interview was never forgotten, and I was often asked afterwards about "that

wonderful old fellow, your coach."* Hyman himself preferred this designation, and would humorously dwell on the honorable traditions of his calling. "Milton, sir," he used to say, "was a coach, and Bob Lowe has been a coach, and I'm a coach."

But there was something in him beyond courtesy; there was real friendliness. He remembered all his friends with affection, and could not bear to think of their having enemies. Speaking of a very distinguished pupil—an extreme republican—he said once to me, "I believe they think he would send all the Tories to the guillotine—but, sir, if you could hear his kindly laugh, you would never believe he wanted to guillotine any one."

The last time I saw him I had a curious illustration of his humanity in the commonest sense. I would not stay, for he was going out—a thing sufficiently remarkable as he had formerly made it a rule to take no exercise. "My friend and I, sir," he said, "are going out. I will introduce you to my friend directly." He opened a door, and there stalked in the leanest and ugliest old greyhound I ever beheld. When the edict came out for the destruction of vagrant dogs, he was seized with a great compassion for this greyhound, which he had often observed rushing past his windows. Accordingly he gave some money to a neighboring shopkeeper to secure the dog and save it for him. "Exercise, sir," he said, "is good for my friend, and now I go out!" A friend of mine who had seen them go across the park together, told me they made the most wonderful-looking pair he had ever seen in his life.

Hyman's appearance was to me singularly attractive, though it had a touch of the grotesque. He always wore an ancient dress-coat, which must have been nearly coeval with the invention of this form of apparel. He was tall, and stooped, and his face was lined and seamy like an old apple, every line serving for a channel of humor and benevolence as he said some good or some kindly thing. At these times he would get up from his chair, and sway his body forward, and repeat his sentences with a raised voice and a tone of mingled jest and earnest, which, once heard, no one could ever forget.

It is often said that a hard life makes a hard man. It was not so in his case. An old clergyman, a contemporary of his,

* He was not really old, by the way, at that time; not much over fifty, I should think, but he looked much more so. He was "Ireland" scholar in 1834.

once told me that Hyman had nothing but his exhibition at college, and that his poverty was cruelly pinching at times. He told me himself that all he ever had from his father was the half of a five-pound note (he did not say what had happened to the other half), — "And what was I to say, sir, when friends asked me about a young man, and what he would want at Oxford?" What indeed! But this hard life had never induced him to adopt that principle of tribal justice which makes some visit their spleen on their fellows as a compensation for their own hard usage by fortune. Hyman was not the man to look for such revenges from the whirligig of time, and moved about "this delightful world" as if it had been always delightful to him; though it was not nature but humanity that engaged his love, for, like the Vicar of Wakefield, "happy human faces"

had more interest for him than "the color of a tulip or the wing of a butterfly." I can think of no fitter epitaph for him than the famous line from his favorite sixth *Æneid*. In Elysium, we are told, the poets and heroes have their place apart, but another "blest seclusion" is reserved for a still larger band, — for "those whose services to others have won them a grateful memory."

I never saw or heard anything of the last years of Hyman's life, but I fear there was much illness and weakness. I am glad to think that my recollections are all of a man at his best and brightest. I do not know even where he lies buried — but perhaps it is as well. It is not among "the cold *hic jacets* of the dead" that we most easily recall those richer lives whose cheery, generous warmth has lessened our own poverty.

LEPERS IN BOMBAY. — The report of a recent meeting of the Bombay Municipal Corporation discloses an extraordinary state of matters in regard to the lepers of Bombay. Mr. Kirkham, in support of a motion calling attention to the defective regulations with reference to lepers, stated that a few weeks previously he visited two large educational establishments, the Elphinstone High School and St. Xavier's College, and found that for some months a colony of lepers had taken up their abode on the flagstones of a large tank which lay between the two institutions. The Police and Health Department were unable to dislodge these people. The lepers performed their ablutions in the middle of the day, scratching their sores and ulcers with stones which they afterwards threw away. The principal of St. Xavier's College stated that the lepers rubbed their sores against the iron railings surrounding the Elphinstone High School, and that the boys afterwards sat upon them. The health-officer, when informed of this matter, stated that he was not empowered by the Municipal Act to interfere. Dr. Arnott agreed with Mr. Kirkham that measures should be taken for the segregation of lepers, and, as they were obliged to leave their homes and could not work, urged that more shelter should be provided for them. Mr. Framjee stated that he had very often seen lepers sitting in front of the Girgaum Police Court in company with healthy people; that many of them were to be seen at the Crawford Markets; and that he had known a leper selling fruit, and was told that some of them sold other things besides. Dr. Blaney stated that every year he gave orders for disposing of the dead bodies of ten to fifteen lepers, some of whom had

drowned themselves in the wells of the city, and further made the important statement that he believed that leprosy was vastly increasing in Bombay. In the light of such statements, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Kirkham should request the municipal commissioner to report what additional powers, if any, were required by the Health Department to enable it to deal effectively with the evil. Mr. Jamsetjee Mody thought the nuisance would be removed if the police were armed with sufficient powers to remove the lepers to the asylum at Trombay.

British Medical Journal.

THE OXYGEN RAYS IN THE SOLAR SPECTRUM. — M. Janssen has given us some valuable information regarding the terrestrial origin of the oxygen rays in the solar spectrum. The experiments which he has been enabled to make, by using the powerful light given by the electric lamp of the Eiffel Tower, in conjunction with the Meudon Observatory, tend to show that the groups of rays in the solar spectrum, due to oxygen, are caused by the oxygen of our atmosphere, and not that of the sun. They also prove that the rays follow quite a different law from the bands; for the rays, it seems indifferent whether a column of gas of constant density, or a column equivalent in weight but of variable density, be used; for the bands, the absorption taking place according to the square of the density, there would be required on the surface of the sun an atmospheric thickness of more than fifty kilometres for their production.

Science and Art.

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A POET'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

"He dieth young whom the gods love," was
said

By Greek Menander; nor alone by one
Who gave to Greece his English song and
sword

Re-echoed is the saying, but likewise he
"Who uttered nothing base," and from whose
brow,

By right divine, the laurel lapsed to yours, —
Great sire, great successor, — in verse con-
firmed

The avowal of "the Morning Star of Song,"
Happiest is he that dieth in his flower.*

Yet can it be that it is gain, not loss,
To quit the pageant of this life before
The heart hath learnt its meaning; leave half-
seen,

Half-seen, half-felt, and not yet understood,
The beauty and the bounty of the world;
The fertile waywardness of wanton Spring,
Summer's deep calm, the modulated joy
Of Autumn conscious of a task fulfilled,
And home-abiding Winter's pregnant sleep,
The secret of the seasons? Gain, to leave
The depths of love unfathomed, its heights
unscaled,

Rapture and woe unreconciled, and pain
Unprized, unapprehended? This is loss,
Loss and not gain, sheer forfeiture of good,
Is banishment from Eden, though its fruit
Remains untasted.

Interfered then the oracle, "He dies young
Whom the gods love," for song infallible
Hath so pronounced! . . . Thus I interpret it;
The favorites of the gods die young, for they,
They grow not old with grief and deadening
time,

But still keep April's moisture in their heart,
May's music in their ears. Their voice re-
vives,

Revives, rejuvenates, the wintry world,
Flushes the veins of gnarled and knotted age,
And crowns the majesty of life with leaves
As green as are the sapling's.

Thrice happy poet! to have thus renewed
Your youth with wisdom, — who, though life
still seems

To your fresh gaze as frolic and as fair
As in the callow season when your heart
Was but the haunt and pairing-place and nest

* *ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.*

MENANDER.

Whom the Gods love die young was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays even more,
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath.

(Don Juan, Canto iv., s. 12.)

The good die first,
But they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Bury n to the socket.

(The Excursion, Book I.)

And certainly a man hath most honour,
To dien in his excellence and flower.

(CHAUCER, The Knight's Tale.)

Of nightingale and cuckoo, have enriched
Joy's inexperienced warblings with the note
Of mature music, and whose mellow mind,
Laden with life's sustaining lessons, still
Gleams bright with hope; even as I saw, to-
day,
An April rainbow span the August corn.

Long may your green maturity maintain
Its universal season; and your voice,
A household sound, be heard about our
hearths,
Now as a Christmas carol, now as the glee
Of vernal Maypole, now as harvest song.
And when, like light withdrawn from earth to
heaven,
Your glorious gloaming fades into the sky,
We, looking upward, shall behold you there,
Shining amid the young unaging stars.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

August 6th, 1889.

Spectator.

WE have no words with which to tell
The truths that others teach,
And scarcely one would hearken well
Unto our childish speech.

Yet day by day, if we should try
To do the things we know,
The wisest that should pass us by
Might wiser, holier grow.

Our Saviour Christ a lesson taught,
From lilies in the grass;
From little birds that quick as thought
Amongst the branches pass.

A wise man and a holy one,
God's blessed word should preach;
But if by us his will be done,
Some truth may children teach.

If when our neighbor does us wrong
An answer kind we make,
And bear it patiently and long,
A lesson he may take.

And sinner thus from sinner learns
Something that God has taught,
And by a lamp that feebly burns
A holier light is brought.

"Children's Hymns," by Helen Taylor.

A SIBYLLINE LEAF.

WITH time to manhood comes this truth:
That *not* to taste, enjoy, attain;
Not — as in dreams we nursed in youth —
To love and to be loved again;
But to endure, self to control;
To shape the void and fugitive;
Firm, with still . . . soul —
This is to live . . .

Academy.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE DUKE OF COBURG'S MEMOIRS.*

THE second volume of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's memoirs is far more interesting than the first. Beyond the sketch of his early life and education, which derives a special importance from having been carried on conjointly with that of his brother the prince consort, the first volume is taken up with the complicated struggles for German unity, and the rivalry between Prussia and Austria, which have little attraction for any but professed students of history. The unity of Germany, so far as it has been accomplished, was eventually attained by very different methods. The fact that the duke was an actor in many of the scenes which he describes, and that he had access to the best sources of information, does not give his narrative a charm which is essentially wanting to the subject. Nor does the duke's style compensate for other defects. He is laborious, painstaking, and, we believe, honest. But his narrative is filled with a sense of his own importance which is entirely unjustified, and which is a source of irritation to the reader. The brother of the prince consort, the nephew of the king of the Belgians, the head of the most successful of the petty German houses, himself a reigning duke, can with difficulty believe that he is not a motive power in the course of events by which he is carried on. Prince Albert, dearly as he loved his brother, was quite conscious of his weaknesses; and few things are more amusing in the relations between them than the *naïveté* with which the duke publishes strictures which, although polite in form, were intended to be severe. The material of the second volume is very different. We are presented with a full history of the Crimean and Italian wars. The letters of the prince consort are numerous and important. The duke's relations to the imperial court of France were intimate and confidential. In the present article we shall attempt to omit the duke's personality as far as possible, and confine ourselves to placing before our readers

whatever new material the book contains for estimating the men and measures of these eventful years.

The volume opens with the conferences held at Dresden in the early months of 1851 for the purpose of healing the wounds caused by the treaty of Olmütz, the lowest point of Prussia's humiliation before Austria. Prince Albert writes of the European situation as follows: "The emperor Nicholas is for the moment complete master of Europe, Austria is only a tool, Prussia a dupe, France a nullity, England worse than nothing with her foreign affairs directed by an unprincipled minister." This is an instance of the writer's feeling toward Lord Palmerston, which constantly reappears throughout the narrative. The duke, who passed as a Radical among princes, on his visit to Dresden was gently rebuked by the good old king for having deserted the traditions of his house to follow the various strivings after German unity. This indeed was a time when Schwarzenberg could say of Germany what Metternich said of Italy: "Don't talk to me of Germany. It does not exist. I have lived abroad all my life as soldier and diplomatist, and have always found that no one ever heard of it." Indeed, those who remember the Exhibition of 1851 will not have forgotten that the only expression for a united Germany at that time was the outlandish name of Zollverein. Prince Albert saw clearly enough that the only hope of unity lay in the decisive action of Prussia, and that no sympathy could be expected from England. He writes on March 5, 1851:—

Our ministerial crisis has ended miserably; all parties have compromised themselves, and are now more entangled than ever. The old ministry has come back to office, much weakened, however, in Parliament. The Austrians and the Pope have succeeded in bringing England into confusion, and yet the Radical party will eventually derive the greatest advantage from what has happened. In this way Schwarzenberg digs for Europe and himself one ditch after another.

The duke, who liked to see everything with his own eyes, paid a year later a visit to the Austrian court. He was struck by the brilliant appearance and faultless tact

* *Aus meinem Leben und aus meiner Zeit.* Von Ernst II., Herzog von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha. Zweiter Band. Berlin: 1888.

of the young emperor; by his talents for war, for organization, and for languages; by the extent and exactness of his knowledge on all subjects. The magnificence of the court was only an outward sign of the efforts made in all directions to raise Austria to a leading position in Europe. The duke's impressions were fully reported to his brother, who replied from Osborne that the picture he had drawn caused a bad impression.

Austria wishes before everything to become a state, and as this requires time she expects Europe to wait till she has effected her object. If Europe does not object, Austria is quite justified in demanding this. The merit of the invention is not great; it is at bottom only a new application of the principle of Metternich, that Europe must stand still because Austria cannot become a state. The events of 1848 have shown that without the existence of a state there can be no cohesion between the separate parts of the monarchy; and therefore, while her internal policy is altered, her foreign policy remains the same. Yet Austria exaggerates her strength if she thinks that she can go on dictating to Europe for her own interests. She never would have attempted it if it had not been for the weakness of the King of Prussia and the enormous mistakes of Lord Palmerston. Everything is now being done to bring about an alliance between Austria and Louis Napoleon, the results of which can only be disastrous. Germany must take care of herself.

Prussia was, however, soon to enter into a new phase of activity. In May, 1851, Bismarck became first secretary of the federal legation at Frankfort. The duke, although opposed to him in politics, claims to have discerned his great qualities at an early period, whereas Prince Albert did not appreciate him. The early part of his mission was spent in silence and inactivity. To a lady who asked him in October, 1852, how it happened that when his chief Count Thun left Frankfort because a man of energy could not put up with such a lazy and aimless life, Bismarck could endure it, he replied that he had been all his days nothing but a loafing country gentleman, strolling about with his gun in his hand, and that the life at Frankfort would suit him admirably.

At this time the two most remarkable personalities at the head of European

States were the emperor Nicholas and Louis Napoleon. Both of them were intimately known by Duke Ernest. Nicholas appeared to him the most remarkable man of his age, the last real autocrat in Europe. The vague abstractions of Church, State, and nationality were lost in his personality. He seemed the embodiment of the Russian Empire, and yet to those who looked more closely there was nothing but the exterior, a mere painted picture. The whole idea of his life and reign was summed up in correctness of uniform. He could pose admirably in turn as the general and the statesman. The fascination of his courtly manners worked powerfully on men and women. His influence was everywhere and nowhere, like the wandering Jew. His ambassadors exercised a predominant influence in many European courts, and everywhere an influence opposed to freedom. England of all the great powers stood alone as the opponent of his ambition in the East. The queen and prince disliked him, and Cabinet ministers distrusted him. Yet he hoped to bring them over to his side by the bribe of the island of Candia.

Louis Napoleon was a very different character. During his residence in London he had attempted in vain to secure a footing in English society. The queen had refused to receive him. He was regarded as of no importance, and his character was shady. When he became president his two strongest enemies were Russia and England. Prince Albert not only had an aversion to Napoleonic traditions, but he disliked the man who represented them. He had never shown any desire to make his acquaintance. Even the keen interest which the president of the French republic took in the Exhibition of 1851 had no effect on Prince Albert's mind. For the moment, indeed, the attention of the English court was entirely occupied with this great idea. Many difficulties had to be overcome, and the death of Sir Robert Peel seemed an almost fatal blow. Prince Albert writes on July 4, 1850, that they are in the greatest distress.

Peel is a loss for all Europe, a terrible loss for England, an incalculable loss for the Crown

and for us personally. We are now entirely deprived of that support in Parliament and public opinion which he afforded to the throne. Parties will again run into extremes. Our Exhibition will be driven from London. The Protectionists, who fear for their interests; the Radicals, who wish to assert their property in the parks; the *Times*, whose solicitor has bought a house in Hyde Park, rage and abuse our project. The matter ought to have been decided this evening, but Peel, who had undertaken to support us, is no more. So we shall probably be beaten, and the whole Exhibition will be given up. You see that we are not exactly on a bed of roses.

These fears, however, proved to be groundless. The duke, who spent a month in England in the summer of 1851, pronounces the Exhibition far beyond all others which have succeeded it. It was the last great occasion, he says, in which the English aristocracy displayed their magnificence to the eyes of Europe. All their resources were placed at the disposal of the Exhibition. More than four thousand state carriages appeared at the opening. (?) The court kept open house. The queen and her consort stood at the height of their reputation. Prince Albert was the soul of everything.

The Exhibition closed on October 11, and in December Europe was astonished by the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. The queen and her husband were shocked by the want of faith and the duplicity which characterized it. Lord Palmerston's hasty and imprudent approval of the step led to his dismissal from office. Prince Albert was delighted with the result. He writes to his brother at the end of the year:—

I cannot complain of the past year. The Great Exhibition passed off in an incredibly fortunate and peaceable manner, and without the slightest *contretemps*. And now the year closes with the circumstance—so fortunate for us—that the man who has embittered our whole existence, because he was always placing us in the disgraceful dilemma of either supporting his misdeeds in the whole of Europe, or of allowing the Radical party here either to grow to a power under his leadership, or to break into open war with the Crown, and thus throw into a general chaos the only country in which freedom, order, and respect for law are to be found together—has cut his own

throat. "Give a rogue rope enough, and he will hang himself," is an old English proverb. We shall certainly have trouble with Palmerston, who is furious, and also with a Reform Bill which is promised.

At the end of February, 1852, Lord Derby became prime minister. Prince Albert writes upon this: "Lord Derby is a most excellent man, but he calls his ministry himself 'the Derbyshire militia fresh from the plough, ready to be disbanded immediately.' Not one of them was ever yet in a public office. The old Duke [of Wellington] says of them, 'People one never saw or heard of before.'" It was regarded as a transitional government, and in fact it lasted but ten months, and was succeeded by the Coalition ministry. The new ruler of France soon began to make his neighbors suspicious. England called out the militia, created a marine reserve, and fortified her harbors. Stockmar, the trusted friend of Prince Albert, declared that the new emperor was utterly untrustworthy. King Leopold formed the worst opinion of his designs. He saw a new Napoleonic era approaching. He wrote to Metternich that Napoleon III. was busy day and night with preparations for placing France in the position which she had held under Napoleon I. All the powers must combine to resist him. Prince Albert writes: "We are furbishing up our rusty cannon, building fortifications, have established a militia of eighty thousand men, are improving our arms, and are very busy." At this juncture the engagement of the emperor to Mademoiselle de Montijo was announced. She had been introduced to her future husband at a ball given at the Elysée. The emperor was attempting to establish an alliance with a royal or a semi-royal house. On receiving the last refusal he said to the American gentleman who had introduced her, "I will have no more of these princesses. I will marry your American." "She is not an American," replied his friend, "she is a Spaniard." "Never mind," said the emperor, "she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life, and I will marry her."

Suspicion of France was coincident with a rising enthusiasm for Italy. Prince

Albert had been early indoctrinated with the aspirations for Italian unity. He had written to King Leopold years before: "If you wish to see how far reaction can go, you must read Mr. Gladstone's report on the condition of things in Italy. I send it by the next messenger. It makes one's hair stand on end." This feeling was increased by the visit of the Duke of Genoa, the brother of Victor Emmanuel. The queen presented him with a beautiful riding-horse, with the words, "I hope that you will ride this horse when the battles are fought for the liberation of Italy." At the same time the prince took great pains to keep himself outside and above party. He rebuked his brother for visiting the Cosmopolitan Club, because he absurdly imagined that it might involve him in political complications. Indeed, the state of affairs was very serious, as is graphically described in Prince Albert's letters.

Everything depends on whether the Emperor Nicholas is anxious for war or not. There is no doubt that he is hankering after forbidden fruit; but whether he is ready to pay the price of a European war we do not yet know. . . . He wished to bring about an offensive and defensive alliance with Austria and Prussia against England and France; in other words, to make Germany again pay the reckoning for his Russian cupidity in the East. Austria agreed if Prussia would accede. The emperor succeeded in stirring up the king's wrath against France, but he could not drive Manteuffel from his position of neutrality. We have been obliged to form an *entente cordiale* with Louis Napoleon. The French are occupied with money-making, and the emperor is often out of health. . . . In England we are indignant against Russia, but determined to keep the peace as long as we can. . . . We might be forced into a war; we could not let Constantinople be taken by the Russians. . . . The best solution would be found in Austria taking up an honorable and manly attitude.

On November 1, 1853, Russia declared war against Turkey, and on November 16 Lord Palmerston left the Cabinet. Prince Albert writes on this subject:—

The day before yesterday an element of war disappeared from the cabinet in the shape of Lord Palmerston. He resigned purely on a question of internal policy. The great Liberal, Bramarbas, who wishes to force free institutions on all countries, finds a measure of reform which is approved of by Aberdeen too liberal. What a plague the man has been to us! His retirement naturally weakens the ministry, and gives the Protectionists and ultra-Tories a leader in the Lower House. It is probably his object to place himself at their head, and to force himself upon us one of these days as prime minister.

Shortly afterwards he was persuaded to return, which caused the erroneous impression that the Cabinet was beating up for war. Indeed, reluctant as the royal pair were to ally themselves with Napoleon III., the queen wrote to King Leopold that the war was "popular beyond belief."

The history of the Crimean war occupies a large share in the duke's book. Although he exercised little influence over events, he possessed admirable opportunities for knowing everything that went on. Sovereign of a small State belonging to a large confederation, he was obliged to be his own foreign minister and his own ambassador. His political sympathies were naturally on the side of England. He desired to destroy the influence which Russia exercised over all the German States. An ultimatum was addressed by England and came to Russia on February 27. A few days before this Prince Albert writes: "How Russia can enter upon a war under such circumstances, God only knows. The emperor must be mad to do it. But whether he does it or not, the magician's wand with which he commands Europe is broken." The ultimatum was supported by Austria at St. Petersburg, but Prussia declined even to take this step. Still less would she hear of doing anything which might draw her into a war with Russia. At this juncture Duke Ernest undertook, with the sanction of his uncle, King Leopold of Belgium, a journey to Paris, which was partly of a political nature, and of which he gives an interesting account. Prince Albert was at first very angry at the suggestion. He probably thought his brother would not be sufficiently discreet, and he only gave at last a hesitating approval. This was the first occasion on which a reigning prince had visited the new court of the Tuileries. He was received at the frontier with all honor, came to Paris by special train, and was lodged in the Pavillon Marsan. Everything reminded him of the mutability of fortune. He conversed with the king of Westphalia and with the son of Murat. The dinner napkins bore the cipher of Louis Philippe. The pictures, the furniture, even the servants gave suggestions of the Orleanist court. King Jerome told him that his chief object was to preserve his nephew from the dangerous paths of Napoleon I.; that the Napoleons were an unfortunate race, and that the emperor could only preserve himself by the greatest prudence and self-control. He believed that an

alliance with Germany would give greater security to the imperial throne than an alliance with England. The emperor spoke freely on political subjects. He said that it was fearful to think that they were standing on the eve of a terrible war, which no one desired, and which was of no use to any one. The next day he delivered to the duke a long statement of his policy. He said that the chief mistakes of his uncle lay in not recognizing the principle of nationalities, and that this proved his destruction. A speedy termination of the war could only be effected by an alliance with Prussia and Austria, which he particularly desired; their neutrality, on the other hand, could only prolong the war. Eventually he unfolded to the duke the deepest objects of his policy — the liberation of Italy from Austria, the restoration of Poland, and, above all, a general European congress for the revision of the treaties of Vienna and the securing of a lasting peace. To this might be added the creation of a united Scandinavia and the aggrandisement of Prussia. It was evident that he regarded the Crimea as only the first in a series of most important undertakings. France was to obtain compensation either on the Rhine or in Italy. Whilst the emperor did his best to engage the duke as a mediator for an alliance with Prussia, the empress regarded him mainly as the brother of Prince Albert and the brother-in-law of Queen Victoria. She asked innumerable questions about the queen and her family. "Ah!" she said, "if only all queens were as virtuous as the late queen of Portugal and Queen Victoria!" She added that the one hope of Spain was his cousin, King Ferdinand of Portugal. No flattery was omitted which could tend to soften the heart of the English court towards their former aversion. The emperor, as he sat in his armchair smoking cigarettes one after the other, conversing in a dreamy fashion, appeared to the duke more like a German scholar than the ruler of France. He sometimes recited whole poems of Schiller, and broke suddenly from French into German. Even his political views resembled those of a German *doctrinaire*. He remarked that the national feeling of Germany was stronger than any armies, although the unity of Germany would be a bad thing for France to put up with. When they parted, on March 10, the emperor said to him: "Remember me to your brother, whose great qualities I can appreciate, and who, I believe, is as kindly disposed to-

wards me as you are. I should be delighted to be able to speak with him, but the sea is between us."

Prince Albert in a letter expressed himself satisfied with the result of his brother's journey. After impressing upon him that Prussia was far more directly concerned than England in crushing the power of Russia, he continued:—

Our preparations for war proceed twice as quickly as those of the French. The fleet in the Baltic will be magnificent, although somewhat too heavy for that shallow sea. Twenty-five thousand men are organized for Constantinople, of whom ten thousand have already arrived in Malta; the artillery have started, and the cavalry will go through France, and, by the wish of the emperor, march through Paris. Who could have thought it a year ago!

It was vain to think any longer of peace, or to hope for the co-operation of the two German powers. They confined themselves to giving a mutual guarantee of each other's dominions. The treaty of alliance between England and France was signed on April 10. Prince Albert remarks upon it:—

The alliance with Napoleon is, I believe, sincere and solid. National jealousies have ceased—at least on our side. There is a Russian party in Paris, but not a trace of one here. Morny is said to be a Russian agent, and to have in view the breaking of Persigny's neck. It is in Brussels itself—in the house of Princess Lieven—that Brunnow, Kisseleff, and Creptovitch execute their unholy witches' dance round the boiling caldron.

After a short visit to Berlin, where the king congratulated him on having safely escaped from the lion's den, the duke proceeded to Vienna, where the emperor made even a more favorable impression upon him than he had done two years before. He seemed to possess an extraordinary talent for government, deciding all important questions himself, but leaving the details to be worked out by his ministers. Francis Joseph had a strong regard for the emperor Nicholas, but he felt that Austria might against her will be forced into a war with Russia. Signs of preparation were everywhere manifest, and the duke with characteristic self-love began to imagine that he would be promoted to a high command. However, while still in Vienna he heard from his brother that the Russian faction in Berlin had gained a complete victory, and had driven every good German and Prussian out of office. Yet that was no reason why Austria should not go on. It would be quite erroneous to

suppose that the Western powers were not in earnest with the war.

The war is certainly not popular in France. Here it is just the opposite. Englishmen are desirous to an incredible degree of fighting against a nation whose form of government and foreign policy they detest. The Opposition, who wish to take the popular side, have no weapon against the ministry, except to decry them as being too lukewarm with regard to the war, and especially to throw suspicion on Lord Aberdeen, who alone keeps the whole coalition together. . . . The fact that ten millions of *new* taxes will be imposed is a proof that we are in earnest. . . . Our difficulty lies in our prosperity. We can get no soldiers, seamen, or ships, so enormous is our trade, our industry, and our emigration. We have 40,000 sailors in America, 10,000 in Australia, and so on.

On his return from Vienna the duke visited the king of Prussia at Potsdam. Every pains was taken to prevent a conversation which might have been irritating. The suite interrupted at inopportune moments, and at last the queen said outright, "Do not let us bother the poor duke with these wretched politics, for I dare say he is tired after his fatiguing journey, and will be glad to get back to Berlin." Prince Albert wrote, on receiving an account of these events:—

Your news from Berlin unfortunately agrees with ours, and shows a terrible state of things. The king has written an extraordinary letter of sixteen pages to Victoria, in which he accuses Bunsen and Bonin of all kinds of offences against their sovereign, even to the tricolored shirt-studs which Bunsen wore in 1848. . . . Victoria's answer tried to make it clear that the more consistently the king acted and carried out a policy which rested upon a contradiction, so much the more contradictory must his action be. No contradiction could be greater than to wish evil to France because Russia did what was wrong.

In the mean time the Crimean war pursued its course. The inherent difficulties of the problem were increased by the inconveniences of the alliance and by other circumstances. The Duke of Wellington has told us that one of the causes of his success in Spain was the certainty that the French marshals could not co-operate together. This state of things does not seem to have improved under the second empire. The duke when at Paris expressed his surprise to Marshal Magnan that St. Arnaud in his precarious state of health should have been chosen for so important a command, and received the extraordinary answer, "*La canaille crève en route.*" It was impossible for a

French fleet to support the English fleet in the Baltic, because no French sailor had any knowledge of that sea. Our expectations of victory seem to have been formed on inadequate grounds. Lord Cowley said one day to Prince Chimay, "When the Russian fleets have been burned in the Baltic and the Black Sea the war will have lost much of its interest." The English expected the co-operation of the Turks, but their delay made it likely that they would find nothing but turbans. The emperor himself was in a wretched state of health. The organic disease which never afterwards left him began at this time, and he aged visibly from day to day under severe neuralgic pains. The expenses of the war began to press seriously on the French finances. As Prince Albert remarked, the emperor was in the position of a theatrical manager whose clients were clamoring for a new piece every day. Prince Albert wrote further at the end of June, 1854:—

The ministers give us a great deal of trouble. Aberdeen is still in 1814, Palmerston in 1848, Lord John in 1830. The Parliament and the press have become each and all at a moment's notice born generals, and are only prevented from conquering Russia by the army, which, they say, is worth nothing; the ministry of war, which ought to be held by Palmerston; and the Court, which persists in holding Palmerston aloof.

At last the expedition to Sebastopol was undertaken. Prince Albert, although not the author of this scheme, gave it his full support. He wrote to his brother:—

The right thing for us to do is, without doubt, to attack the Crimea. Whatever the end of the war may be, the East has no chance of life so long as Sebastopol remains as it is. . . . I consider the diversion against Sebastopol as politically the proper course, and strategically the most effective. I should consider a landing in Odessa in the rear of the Russians as more powerful than an attack on their left wing. Public opinion should also consider the position of Napoleon III. We stand in need of a success which not even a victory in Moldavia could give us.

Duke Ernest believed, contrary to received opinion, that the real desire of the French emperor was to attack Russia in Poland. Before the expedition was carried out all the world knew of it. It was decided in council on June 28, and the allied troops did not disembark in the Crimea till September 14. In the mean time Prince Albert and the emperor Napoleon had met at Boulogne, and had established relations of a more friendly

character than any one could have expected. The victory of the Alma succeeded, and the false news of the taking of Sebastopol, which deceived even the emperor of Austria. Then followed the battles of Balaklava and Inkerman, the tedious siege and the dreary winter. Prince Albert writes at the end of November:—

I have only one thought, and that is with our heroes in the Crimea. The poor fellows are much exposed, and behave wonderfully well. At Inkerman 6,000 English held out for two hours, then 8,000 for four hours, until they were reinforced by 6,000 French. These 14,000 men supported an attack of 60,000 Russians for nine hours in all, and repulsed them. The Russian dead that we had to bury were 4,500! Multiply that by five to obtain the number of the wounded, and that gives the result that 14,000 men disabled 15-20,000 of the enemy—a fact without parallel in the history of war.

Again on December 26 he writes:—

From Sebastopol we have no news except the many sufferings of the troops. All communications are utterly impossible from the total disintegration of the soil. The enemy must, however, be in the same condition, and must be even more impeded by it.

The bad news caused even a more painful effect in Paris. The emperor began to wish for peace. The expenses of the army amounted to three million francs a day. Prince Albert would have been willing to consent to peace on the basis of the "four points" if he could have been certain that they would be honorably carried out by Russia. Sardinia joined the alliance of the western powers on January 25, 1855. But an entire change in the situation was wrought by the sudden death of the emperor Nicholas on March 2. He had ordered on February 10 a *levée en masse* of the whole population. Believing that the Russian troops could stand the winter better than the allies, he urged his generals in the Crimea to assume the offensive. He died from devotion to his duties. Already overstrained by the difficulties of the war, he insisted on attending a parade of troops on Monday, February 26. He drove back in an open sledge, and caught the inflammation which caused his death.

The immediate result was to stimulate the desire for peace. Conferences were opened at Vienna on May 15, but these were rendered useless by the reluctance of the young emperor to accept the third of the "four points"—the limitation of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. This was considered indispensable for the security of Turkey. Prince Albert illus-

trates the rejection of it as follows: "A band of robbers threatens a house and attacks it; the inhabitants and neighbors come out to defend it. After hard fighting peace is made on these terms, that the robbers are to remain encamped before the house, but are to allow the inhabitants to spend the rest of their lives in standing sentry in front of it." There was nothing left but to continue the war. It was determined at a conference held at Windsor Castle on April 18, at which the emperor was present, that the war should be energetically pursued, and Sebastopol taken at any price. The national enthusiasm was considerable, but it did not still the voice of party conflict. Prince Albert writes on May 1:—

Lord Derby and the Protectionists wished to make common cause with Layard and his followers in order to overthrow the Palmerstonian government. They were beaten in the Upper House by the awkwardness of Lord Ellenborough, who was to have conducted the attack, but the attack was renewed by Disraeli in the Lower House. Then Gladstone and the Peelites took up the cry of peace, declared themselves against all prosecution of the war, and threw all the blame on Aberdeen and his colleagues, who had resigned, for their former weak and faulty conduct of the war, the public opinion having long desired to find a scapegoat. Disraeli—whose principal desire was to injure Lord John and his peace policy in Vienna, and who had attacked the uncertainty of the Palmerston Cabinet—was now in the position, with the support of the whole Liberal and patriotic party, to direct his whole strength against the Peelites. Palmerston obtains a large majority, but is obliged to proceed to the most violent warlike measures, and is freed from all control which might compel him to moderation in his foreign policy. At the same time the Russian party in Europe is able to use the expressions of the most distinguished of English statesmen to their advantage, and to represent the war as nothing but an outburst of savage passion against Russia. All this, however, has been surpassed by Lord Grey, who, inflamed by the passionate desire to contradict the whole House of Lords, and perhaps the whole world, has gone so far in a motion as to defend the mission of Menschikoff and the invasion of the Principalities. The conferences at Vienna, which it would have been better to leave open, must now be closed, if only to give the ministry some rest in Parliament. Oh! Oxenstiern! Oxenstiern!

At the beginning of May, 1855, the duke paid a visit to Paris and London. He found the emperor and empress full of their recent visit to England. The alliance appeared to be not only restored, but to be stronger than ever. He arrived in London just as the queen was distributing

the Crimean medals for the first time with her own hand. The conflict of parties in Parliament found its full echo in the conversations of the palace. Every one wished for peace, but did not know how to obtain it. The blame was laid principally upon the king of Prussia; Austria was treated with more consideration. There was nothing left but for the war to pursue its course, although the losses had been terrible. Out of two hundred thousand French soldiers sent to the Crimea more than seventy thousand had died.*

In Russia public feeling was very bitter against England, but more moderate towards the French and their emperor. On June 7 the French attacked and carried the Mamelon, but the great assault on the Malakhoff and the Redan on the anniversary of Waterloo failed with the loss of 7,551 French and 2,447 English killed and wounded. The battle of the Tchernai first raised the hopes of the allies. On September 5 a furious bombardment was opened, in which five thousand Russians lost their lives. On September 8 Sebastopol surrendered.

The conclusion of the war did not cause any great satisfaction to the emperor of the French. He regarded it as the point of departure for new designs. He desired above everything the abolition of the treaties of 1815, and saw in Austria the principal hindrance to his plans. He considered that there were certain open questions, such as Poland and Italy, which could only be determined by a European congress. His ill-feeling against Austria showed itself in various ways. Austria had not congratulated him on the capture of Sebastopol. It was a little too much, he said, to receive congratulations when Sebastopol had not been taken, and not to receive them when it had been. In England there was a great reluctance to conclude a definite peace. This was felt to be an unrivalled opportunity for humiliating Russia, and for expelling her from Bessarabia, the Crimea, and the Caucasus, with the help of Austria. The king of the Belgians appears even at this time to have foreseen that the course of European politics could only terminate in a Franco-Prussian war. However, in March, 1856, Louis Napoleon stood on the summit of his power. The conclusion of the peace of Paris exhibited him as the mediator of Europe. On March 16 the cannon of the Tuileries announced the birth of an heir

to the imperial crown. Peace was signed at one o'clock on the afternoon of March 30.

The piping time of peace which intervened between the Crimean and the Italian wars witnessed a large extension of the marriage connections of the Coburgs, to which they already owed so much of their aggrandisement. It had been said at an earlier epoch: "Let others fight; thou, lucky Austria, wed." But, from being Catholic, Austria was confined to alliances with members of its own religion. Prussia, on the other hand, could intermarry with Protestants on the one hand, and members of the Greek Church on the other. The close private relations between Berlin and St. Petersburg had materially affected the fortunes of the Crimean war. Those who wished to see Germany united under the hegemony of Prussia were anxious to break the yoke of Russian preponderance. For these reasons the betrothal of the princess royal of England to the crown-prince of Prussia was a political event of some importance. At the same time the prince consort loved his eldest daughter far too well to sacrifice her happiness to political considerations. He had taken a large share in her education, and the dearest wish of his heart had been for a long time to see her in a commanding position, in which she might be able to exercise a wide influence. The idea of the union, which was finally carried out, may have occurred to the parents some years before. The prince and princess of Prussia, who stayed in England in 1853, had full opportunity of seeing their future daughter-in-law, who was then thirteen years old. When Duke Ernest visited them at Coblenz in the autumn of 1855, he was informed of the betrothal as a strict secret. The prince consort writes to his brother on September 24:—

Yesterday I received your letter of the 20th, according to which you will arrive at Coblenz to-day on your return from Paris. You will, perhaps, learn there what I now write to you, that our guest has announced to us his wish to be united with Vicky *with the king's consent*. We have readily agreed, but have asked that the offer to V. herself might be deferred till after her confirmation next spring. Marriage cannot be thought of before her seventeenth birthday in November, 1857. You will recognize, as we do, the importance of this event, and will participate in our pleasure at it. The parents in Coblenz are extremely happy, and the betrothal of the sister with your brother-in-law binds yourself and Alexandrina in an additional tie. My lame hand and painful

* These numbers are the duke's. He declares them to be more trustworthy than the official accounts, which were disgracefully garbled.

shoulder compel me to conclude. I have only been able to hold my pen since yesterday, and that badly. Fritz Wilhelm leaves us tomorrow. I must make a general request that under the present circumstances you will keep the secret. Every one will speak of the event, but as long as none of us does so it does not matter.

The seal of secrecy was not removed till April 4, 1856, when the princess had been confirmed, and the peace of Paris concluded. It is strange, in the light of recent events, to see with what enthusiasm and with what brilliant hopes this union was regarded by the Prussian court. The German courts are not the first who, when they have attained their object, try to kick down the ladder by which they have risen. The princess of Prussia wrote to the duke: "May God bless this union for the beloved children, for our families, and for the poor German Fatherland, which can only raise itself from its present position in a natural manner by an alliance with England."

The duke gives an interesting picture of the betrothed pair, who have since become so illustrious, and whom he knew so well:—

They possessed in their youthful years all those qualities which inspire love and enthusiasm at once and forever. The manly, vigorous appearance of the prince, his open nature, his unprejudiced judgment of affairs, soon conciliated the friendship even of men older than himself. His great gifts and his unusual knowledge and powers almost made one fear that a narrow circle of activity might not be sufficient to develop his rich intellect to its full beauty and to raise it higher. It seemed that the powerful nature of the young man, so great physically and mentally, would, in the position he then occupied, find no worthy occupation which might bring it to perfection. The princess, who was much younger, possessed as rich an understanding as her future husband for intellectual and political interests. While her emotions were fully developed, she had made almost too much progress in knowledge and accomplishments, and had ripened in a truly manly school. She completely realized in herself the pedagogic and ethical ideal which my brother had set himself to construct from a very early period. In this respect the princess was entirely the pupil of Prince Albert, and as she was his favorite child she remained in many respects the most like him. My brother had educated her himself in the positive sciences, and in some subjects had been actually her tutor. She thus early acquired a habit of acting on principles which my brother himself possessed, and which he knew how to impart to his favorite daughter. By her marriage my brother lost an occupation which had be-

come dear to him and which had been very stimulating. The boys of the house had too little pliancy to make such a close relation possible between them and their father. The other daughters were too young, and thus the prospect of a separation filled my brother's letters with sadness and bad spirits long before it actually occurred.

The wedding took place in London on January 25, 1858. The young pair were received with the greatest enthusiasm in their own country, and no one in Germany doubted that the future of the German nation depended on the results of this auspicious union.

Before this took place the king of Prussia's health had entirely broken down, and the monarchy of Frederick the Great, which had long needed a strong hand to control it, was about to pass under a new master. In September, 1857, at the end of the autumn manœuvres the king rode suddenly up to the duke, tears burst from his eyes, he gasped for breath, and grasping the duke by the arm said with difficulty: "I am very ill, dear duke, much worse than any one believes. You will never see me again. Do not forget me." At the dinner which followed, the king's conduct became so eccentric that a regency seemed to be imminent. This was for the time averted, and a painful period of weakness and indecision ensued. Prince Albert, who visited his daughter at Babelsberg in June, 1858, writes to the duke:—

Here I find the young pair united in the tenderest love, the father cheerful, but somewhat too confident in the satisfactory nature of his isolated position and his power. The king came with the queen and spent half an hour, in which he did not once speak irrationally, but his appearance is terribly depressed, the ruins of his former personality. Yet he goes about as king, feels himself such, and hopes for improvement.

Two months later the duke joined the family circle in Berlin, and found the prince of Prussia determined to do nothing which could in the slightest degree injure the feelings or weaken the position of his brother, although Prince Albert seemed to be in favor of more energetic action. In October the king was ordered to spend the winter in Italy, and the prince of Prussia became regent. The momentous character of this great change, the inauguration of a new era which led eventually to Sadowa and Sedan, did not escape the penetration of Prince Albert. He writes:—

The importance of this great alteration in Berlin must exercise a sensible influence on

the whole of Germany, although it will, perhaps, express itself in a practical manner at first by degrees. The great net of reaction is torn asunder by a movement proceeding from the throne without a revolution, without bombast, without promises, without ulterior designs. This means a great deal. It is not, however, less unacceptable to France, where latterly one mistake has succeeded another. In Austria they appear to be less shocked about Berlin, partly because one has to do there with honorable people, and partly because the influence of Russia is as much dreaded as the democracy.

After the conclusion of the peace of Paris the tranquillity of Europe was by no means assured. Russia began immediately to pay court to France, and although her overtures were not accepted, they produced some effect. Napoleon III. felt that England would not assist his plans with regard to Poland and Italy. We were occupied with the Indian mutiny and with the supposed designs of Russia upon India. For this reason we insisted on the conditions of the peace being strictly enforced, whereas France seemed inclined to adopt the interpretation most favorable to her recent foe. The discrimination between the true and the false Bolgrad, the importance of the Isle of Serpents for the navigation of the Danube, the destruction of the fortifications of Kars, were all occasions of serious argument. The life of the emperor was attacked, especially by Italians, who congregated in London and in Switzerland. Cavour had laid the cause of Italy before the congress, and his views were warmly supported by Prince Jerome and the Duc de Morny. The emperor's difficulties were increased by a quarrel with his cousin Prince Napoleon about the regency. Another difficult question was that of the Danubian principalities, of which Prince Albert gives a graphic account in July, 1857 :—

The question of the principalities is still very much in embryo. They must be organized by a commission of the powers. France wishes them to be united, and that the powers shall declare this. Russia is ready to do so. Austria and the Porte are against the union, and the first insists that it shall be finally excluded from the questions to be decided by the voice of the principalities. We oppose both views and hold by the protocol, which says that the wishes of the principalities are to be consulted, as no settlement can be lasting which does not rest upon the wishes of the people. Whether this is done or not, the Porte wishes for a hospodar for life, three names being proposed by the Porte and one chosen; and to this our ministry is inclined to agree. I am opposed to it as a repetition of

the history of Poland, the origin of endless intrigues and endless rivalry between Austria and Russia. I think that the hereditary principle will triumph, but that the viceroy will be so placed that he cannot make himself independent of Turkey, since the whole object of the war and the peace was to secure the integrity of the Porte. Russia insists that the regent (be there one or two) should be of the Greek religion. It is uncertain whether he should be chosen from the country itself, or whether he should be a foreign prince. In the first case we should get an uncivilized, intriguing man; in the second case we must go to the smaller German courts, and then they cry out, "What! Another King Otto? We have enough with one." What they think about all this in Paris I do not know. Now you have the whole matter before you, and you will infer that it will be a long time before we come to talk of candidates.

Indeed, the proclamation of the first prince of Roumania, Prince Alexander John Couza, was made on December 23, 1861, the very day that the prince consort was buried in St. George's Chapel.

In order to carry out his Italian policy, Napoleon had to reckon with Austria, which held a large portion of that peninsula in subjection. This made him more inclined to friendship with Russia, the hereditary foe of the Austrian Empire, and this again brought him into collision with England, where the ground-swell of recent hostilities had not yet subsided. Prince Albert writes on October 5, 1857 :—

Russia has obviously suffered more than she will allow, and requires a few years' rest to resume her little game. In the mean time she wishes to break up the western alliances, and finds good material for doing so in the rascality of French public servants, and the good-humored indifference of their sovereigns in matters which have not yet come to a head. It is easy for us to stand with our backs against the wall because we are governed by fixed principles.

Prince Chimay informed the duke a little later that French national feeling was cooling down as to the English alliance, and that it would be imperilled if Lord Palmerston remained in power and continued to stir up democratic feeling. At the same time, Louis Napoleon now stood at the height of his power. The year 1857 witnessed a pilgrimage of kings and princes to the Tuileries. Even the Russian grand duke Constantine was among the number, which caused a painful feeling in England. In August the emperor and empress paid a visit to Osborne. Lord Clarendon and Lord Palmerston were also invited. But the most important utter-

ances of the emperor on political subjects were reserved for the ear of Prince Albert in a private walk. A full account of this conversation is given in the "Life of the Prince Consort." The result was not favorable to mutual good understanding. The emperor announced his approaching interview with the emperor of Russia at Stuttgart, which was the point of a new departure. Prince Albert neither approved of friendship to the enemy of England, nor of perilous adventures in new enterprises. He warned the emperor that his strength lay in breaking up the old northern alliance against France, that he had nothing to offer in return for a Russian alliance, and that to place Austria in the power of Russia would endanger the peace of Europe. In the mean time Cavour, supported by his chivalrous sovereign, was pleading the cause of Italy in every European court. The revolutionary left of the Italian patriots were in close alliance with French anarchists. The duke assures us that the conspiracy which culminated in the *attentat* of January 14, 1858, was not so much an act of Italian vengeance as a French movement to overthrow the existing government in France, and that the prominence of Orsini in the plot has given it a false complexion in history. The duke happened to be an eyewitness of this remarkable event, and his account of it is extremely interesting.

He arrived in Paris on January 12, and heard that a general rising in the capital and the provinces had been fixed for that very day. In Paris there was nothing but quiet and contentment. The emperor was in the best of spirits. The French police seemed to have their eyes directed more to Orleanist and Legitimist conspiracies than to the coercion of anarchists and reds. The duke on visiting the emperor found him well in health and cheerful in mind. Not a shadow of care or misgiving was to be discerned either in the political situation or in the domestic life of the palace. On Monday, January 14, the duke accompanied the emperor to the forest of Fontainebleau. The journey was occupied by a conversation between the emperor and a railway deputation specially summoned, in which he complained of the insufficiency and the costliness of existing railway accommodation both for goods and passengers. He wished to establish a uniform tariff for long and short distances, and international postage stamps. The proposal met with little favor, but the emperor did not consider himself beaten. It was dark when they returned

to Paris. The emperor accompanied the duke to his lodgings, and as they drove over the Pont Neuf and by the statue of Henry IV. he said: "The only assassination I care about is that with the knife, when the murderer sacrifices his own life in the attempt. In all other attacks on the life of sovereigns the traitors hope to be able to escape by flight." At parting the emperor invited him to come that evening to the opera, and offered to call for him on the way. The emperor was to visit the opera for the first time after a long interval. The duke preferred to await his host at the opera, and an imperial carriage was sent to fetch him.

The emperor's private entrance to the opera was from a *cul-de-sac* opening out of the Rue Lepelletier, the entrance to which was on this evening barred by a company of infantry. In the little street itself every window was illuminated and occupied by a policeman, while about twenty of the same force stood before the houses opposite the theatre. The duke's carriage was obliged from the crush to go at a foot's pace through the Rue Lepelletier. As the soldiers who barred the entrance to the *cul-de-sac* made room for it to pass, some one stopped the horses for a moment. The duke heard his name called out. He then mounted the theatre staircase, and at the invitation of General Fleury remained in the open air smoking a cigar. The evening was mild and genial, and as the conversation turned on the measures of police security which were before their eyes, General Fleury remarked that the present arrangements were so perfect as to render an attack like that at the Opéra Comique impossible. Just at this moment cries of "Vive l'empereur!" were heard in the Rue Lepelletier. The officers gave the word of command and the drums began to beat. The duke and his companions threw away their cigars and retired into the vestibule, when an explosion was heard which sounded like the firing of a company of soldiers. They went to the door to see what had happened. At this instant a second bomb exploded under the carriage of the emperor, and threw to the ground the coachman, the horses, the servants, and the Uhans of the escort. The groans of the wounded and cries for help were heard in the street. The emperor and empress rushed in. The empress, who was quite overcome, seized the duke's arm and cried, "Save me!" The emperor was speechless, and made strange gestures, so that he appeared to be

wounded. His hat had been driven in on one side by a ball. Almost immediately a third explosion followed. The bomb must have been thrown directly at the door of the vestibule. Balls and splinters shattered the windows and ricocheted on to the roof. A number of people had crowded into the vestibule, several of whom were wounded. The duke dragged the empress up the stairs to the box, throwing down some one who stood in the way. The emperor seemed undetermined what to do, but presently followed them up the steps. The opera was already proceeding with the first act of "William Tell." At the first pause the emperor and empress advanced to the front of the box. Not a hand was raised or a sound heard, although the attempt must by this time have been well known. The emperor remarked to the duke in German: "There you see the Parisians. One can never be too severe with them." The empress had regained her composure when she found that the emperor and herself were entirely uninjured. On the other hand the emperor was terribly excited, was very pale, and quivered nervously. No one could tell what was going on in the streets of Paris. Orders were given to Marshal Vaillant to put the garrison under arms.

When Pietri, the minister of police, appeared, the emperor rushed at him. The little man was pale as death. "Well?" said the emperor. "We know nothing whatever," replied Pietri. "There," said the emperor to the duke in German, "you see the famous Napoleonic police." An hour afterwards Pietri appeared again, and reported that they had made some arrests, but were no further advanced than before, and that they had no names. The scene in the emperor's box was painful. Marshal Canrobert wept like a child. Princess Mathilde was nearly beside herself. When Prince Napoleon appeared at the close of the evening the empress turned her back upon him, and the emperor did not offer him his hand. The prince had just arrived from a banquet of the opposition. It was not till long after the close of the opera that the news was brought that the streets from the Rue Lepelletier to the Tuileries were occupied by troops. Everything was quiet in the streets; the only traces of the event were the stains of blood on the pavement. General Roquet, who was slightly wounded in the neck, assured the duke that if he had accepted the emperor's invitation to accompany him he would have infallibly

been killed, as the balls had flown over the heads of the others, and the duke was taller. The duke believed that the official accounts were entirely false, and that the attack was the work of French conspirators. Certainly there was a desire to draw a veil over the whole affair, and on no single occasion was the slightest allusion made to the catastrophe between the French sovereigns and their guest who had so narrowly escaped.

The immediate effect of this outrage was to strain the relations still more between France and the country which had sheltered the conspirators. There was even a talk of war. Baraguay d'Hilliers, who had lost one arm, said that he would willingly lose the other in fighting a country which could protect such monsters with its flag. The duke believes that, whereas the crime had really a French origin, an attempt was made to represent it as purely Italian, and to cast the blame on England and Belgium. Orsini was put forward by Jules Favre as a martyr to Italian liberty. His letters to the emperor were published in the *Moniteur*. The duke thinks it is probable that the first letter was inspired by Pietri, and that the second was not genuine. It was certainly used with great effect by Cavour to turn public opinion in favor of the war with Austria. The *attentat* produced a serious effect upon the emperor. He never left the Tuileries after dark. He instituted a Draconian *régime* in Paris, to which, the duke says, two thousand persons fell victims. He sought to divert attention from internal troubles by a foreign war. For this purpose he drew still more closely to Russia. Prince Albert writes to his brother on April 22, 1858:—

From Paris we hear nothing good. The whole machine has become uncertain and unsteady. The chief sees himself drawn to Italy, where he intends to produce a conflagration, which we must try to hinder, unless all Europe is to be set ablaze. They are playing with the holiest and most dangerous things, and lamenting Orsini. The feeling against England is rising in Paris, and the acquittal of Bernard, with the violent speech of Mr. James, the advocate for the defence, and the indecent joy of the public at the declaration of the verdict, must have offended them exceedingly. The government does not dare to go on with the trial, because a repetition of the result is certain, and can only bring greater damage. The public here is determined not to make itself the policeman, the beadle, or the executioner of a foreign tyrant, and has an idea that there is an intention to give us this part, and to compel us to play it by threats.

In this lies the cause of Palmerston's fall, in the failure of the Refugee Bill and of the trial, and there is something noble at the bottom of it. Yet a people cannot reason—it only feels.

The policy of the emperor was to annul as far as possible the growing ill-feeling between the two countries. He therefore laid great stress on the desirability of the queen and prince attending the opening of the new docks at Cherbourg, which had been built as a menace to England. Prince Albert was not at all disposed to accept the invitation. He wrote from Osborne on July 10, 1858 :—

We have been here for only three days, but are followed by business of the most difficult and most unpleasant description, just as if we were in London. A Tory ministry with Radical programmes, republican measures carried through by a Conservative majority against a regulated Liberal opposition, is an endless difficulty for a constitutional monarch. We are pressed by the emperor and by our ministers to go to Cherbourg. As the festivities there contain in their inmost essence a celebration of triumph at the land and sea armaments against England, and as we have no desire either to be harnessed to the triumphal car of the French or to kiss the rod, we shall content ourselves with a private visit, and depart before the festivities begin.

The all-important interview between the emperor Napoleon and Count Cavour took place just at this time. Nothing was said about it to Prince Albert at Cherbourg, although he was quite aware that momentous conclusions had been arrived at. Indeed, the duke assures us that the principal points which were settled at Plombières had really been determined in the previous April between the emperor and Bixio, and that the arrangements then made included a possible war with Austria, to set Italy free as far as the Adriatic, the cession of Nice and Savoy to France, and the marriage of Prince Napoleon with Princess Clotilde. The power most concerned seems to have remained in complete ignorance. Austria could not understand why Piedmont should be arming.

For the world at large the bolt fell on January 1, 1859, like a thunderbolt out of a blue sky, when the emperor expressed to Baron Hübnér at the diplomatic reception of that day his regret that the relations between the French and Austrian governments were not so good as they had formerly been. Mérimée remarked to Panizzi that the state of things must be serious if the emperor went out of his way

to speak when it would have been so easy to be silent. The general feeling of Europe was strongly against the war, a sentiment which was deeply rooted in France itself. It is said that Delangle, the minister of the interior, being anxious to prove to the emperor how unpopular the war was, issued no orders for cheering Prince Napoleon when he entered Paris with his new bride, and that in consequence the young pair were received in chilling silence. Both France and Austria tried to secure the alliance of Prussia, a power which if thrown into the scale would easily have turned the balance. There was considerable fear lest even England might eventually be drawn into the contest. Prince Albert writes on February 10 :—

The times are heavy and dark, and therefore friends will do well to maintain peaceful relations with each other before the storm breaks. The Emperor Napoleon seems desirous to evoke it, and much blood will flow, a great deal of noble German blood amongst it. May God pardon the man who brings so much unhappiness upon the world between sleep and waking with so light a heart! If you wish to have the text of the emperor's speech, read pages 244–270 in the first volume of the "Memoirs of Prince Eugene." Napoleon I. gives his son information in the year 1805 about his armaments for the Austerlitz campaign, and orders for the peaceful language which he is to hold. Later, also, he continually reiterates, "Parlez paix, agissez guerre."

Ten days later he communicates with his brother in still greater fulness :—

We are here very well satisfied with the demeanor of Prussia in the affairs of Italy. It is firm and moderate, and keeps the interests of Germany well in sight. I am glad to find that the national feeling in Germany has gone beyond the line which Prussia has adopted, because it shows that if a further advance should become necessary, it will take a German, and not a Prussian, character; and it is that very German feeling which makes an impression on Europe, because it is patriotic and unselfish. Prussia, on the other hand, is credited with ambitious, interested, and dishonorable motives. In spite of the moderation shown in Berlin, they are furious in Paris with Germany, Prussia, and, above all, with the prince regent, and they threaten the most sanguinary vengeance. The emperor expresses himself violently in this sense, and desires to see conditions in which the popular instinct has existence and speaks. You are supposed to be a worker in this cabal, uncle Leopold in the first rank, I in the second. How we have both conspired together is shown by our active (!!) correspondence. If

peace is preserved, it is owing entirely to Germany and to the attitude of England. It is true that the emperor says that the position which Germany takes up makes him anxious for the future, lest it should be no longer possible to maintain peace in Europe, but it ought to be just the other way. Now we must try in England to bring the Italian struggle back into the field of diplomatic understanding, as war would be a terrible misfortune for the world, and Austria is not so clean-handed and innocent that one would wish to shed one's blood for her. In Lombardy and Venetia she is at least only using her rights if she governs with severity; but the occupation of central Italy by Austria and France now for more than ten years, with the terrible oppression and demoralization which comes from it, is an abnormal state of things, contrary to the principles of international law, and a crass immorality.

At the end of February, 1859, the English government determined to send Lord Cowley to Vienna as a mediator. The Cabinet believed that they had only to build bridges for the emperor Napoleon to bring him back from his determination to go to war. Lord Cowley was ordered not to stop at Berlin, which caused great disappointment in that capital. The Prussians imagined that they had been deceived by England. Prince Albert did his best to remove misconceptions by writing to the princess of Prussia. He advised a perfectly plain and outspoken course, defining clearly the position of Prussia towards Austria and Germany, and showing that Prussia could only be expected to defend the Milanese, as Austria might be called upon to defend the Rhine.

At the beginning of March the report began to gain ground in Paris that Louis Napoleon had come to a complete understanding with Russia. By this time the feeling for war was stimulated, and the tone of the *Moniteur* towards Germany became more threatening. At the same time the process of military preparation continued in Sardinia and in the south of France, and thousands of workmen were laboring to clear the passage of the Mont Cenis. The only overt step taken by Russia was a proposal for a congress of the five powers, held on neutral territory. It soon became apparent that these were only devices to gain time. The duke believes that the emperor Napoleon had never seriously thought of giving up the war, and that Cavour and Victor Emmanuel were never in serious doubt as to his intentions, but that the emperor was resolved on war, and determined to localize it in Italy. According to this view, all decla-

rations of the French Cabinet after the middle of March, notes, articles, explanations, and newspaper paragraphs, had no other purpose than to conceal the immovable resolution of the head of the State. If this be true, it is painful to reflect on the amount of time and energy which were expended in attempting to prevent a war which was inevitable. The anxieties of this year went far to cost England the life of the prince consort, one of the first statesmen of his time, whose knowledge and insight will not be fully realized till documents can be published which from their nature must be revealed to posterity alone. Archduke Albert was sent to Berlin to prepare the placing of an Austrian army of two hundred and fifty thousand men on the Rhine, and to suggest that the emperor and the prince regent should conduct the operations together in person. It was also hoped that England would protect the coasts of Germany from an attack by the French fleet. These anxieties were suddenly put an end to by the demand made by Austria to Sardinia, that she should disarm within three days. This placed Austria entirely in the wrong, and the Cabinet declared that by this precipitate step she had forfeited "all claim upon the support or sympathy of England, whatever consequences might ensue from it." The duke on reaching England just at this crisis found three streams of public opinion in London society — a general wish for peace, or at least for neutrality; an outspoken sympathy for Piedmont and Italian freedom; and a repulsion towards France coupled with a distrust of Louis Napoleon. The queen and prince did not share the expectation that England could remain neutral. At any rate both Prussia and England began to arm. Even Belgium saw the need of strengthening herself to maintain her neutrality, so deep-seated was the want of confidence which the emperor of the French excited.

It is even now a matter of dispute as to what influences forced Austria into a course so disastrous for herself when she might have secured the sympathy of so many friends. Duke Ernest believes that the final impulse came from Russia. At the very moment when Austria took this step her army in Italy did not exceed one hundred and fifty-four thousand men, of whom thirty-three thousand were required for the garrisons in Lombardy and Venetia, and eleven thousand for the occupation of the Romagna. The invasion of Sardinia was begun with an army only one hundred and twelve thousand strong.

Even then ensued mischievous delay. A rapid march on Turin, the defeat of the Sardinian army, might have produced some advantage; but the Austrians believed that the French would appear in Italy much sooner than proved to be the case, and so little was gained.

The emperor Napoleon left Paris on May 10, and four days later established his headquarters at Alessandria, with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men and one hundred and sixty-two cannon. However, there was much to impede his action. He desired to descend on Milan like a thunderbolt, but he soon found himself fully occupied in arranging the details of the commissariat. In 1859 as in 1870 France was not ready for war. By the end of May the prospect of freeing Venice seemed doubtful to acute observers in Paris. Negotiations were then proceeding between Austria and Prussia, when the battle of Magenta was fought on June 4, which caused the retreat of the Austrians to the Mincio.

The entry of the emperor Napoleon into Milan did much to change public opinion both in Germany and in England. The change thus produced is shown by two letters from Prince Albert to his brother, the one dated June 3 and the other June 18. The first runs as follows:

Yesterday evening I received your telegram in cipher. I knew that matters were very much as you describe them to me. With all their arrogance and all their overbearing pride, the Austrians have allowed themselves to be beaten on every occasion, great and small. They have already lost ten guns, four thousand dead and wounded, much ground, and their communications between their centre and Milan. The lakes and the Alps they have lost to Garibaldi. Here the prevailing desire is now for neutrality. Palmerston hopes soon to see the Austrians driven out of Italy, and for himself to upset the ministry on the address. Since the elections the ministers have 300 votes, against 350. If the Opposition would really keep together they are in a decisive minority. Up to yesterday they were divided, but yesterday terms were made between Lord John and Mr. Bright, while Lord John and Palmerston had previously come to an understanding. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* has produced a bad impression here by a stupid article, in which it insinuates that the Germans could march on Paris, because the French are unprepared. It has even drawn upon itself a very anti-German article in the *Times*. The great conspiracy for localizing the war begins to gain ground every day in the present position of things.

The second letter, written from Windsor on the anniversary of Waterloo, con-

tains the following weighty considerations:—

Your long letter to Victoria — the reasoning of which is completely right, and the logic irrefragable — yet seems to me not to embrace the whole position, and leads me to make the following observations. The government of England is popular in its character, and the constitution is one which becomes more democratic every day. Nations do not calculate; as masses they cannot calculate — they only feel. They are led, therefore, not by their interests, and still less by principles or deductions of politics or of international law — but only by feelings and instincts. To these belong the feeling for justice, the feeling for liberty, and especially a tendency towards self-preservation. Since 1817 the English nation has been striving towards a wider development of freedom and self-government both at home and in Europe. For just the same period Austria has been standing at the head of attacks upon peoples, their freedom, and their independence. Since 1830 the democracy has conquered in England, and the French democracy now joins it. From that time up to the epoch of the Spanish marriages, the cruelty of Austria in Italy and Hungary, and her severity in Germany, have been constantly held up before the English people by Palmerstonian diplomacy, the press, and the refugees. The concordat, the influence of the Jesuits, and the persecution of Protestants have filled up the measure. That Sardinia possesses the fullest sympathies of England as the one constitutional and tolerant state in Italy, notwithstanding its difficult position between Austria, France, and the Pope, does not require to be mentioned. Nothing short of the immorality of the conspiracy between Napoleon and Sardinia could have overcome all those feelings, and allowed the feeling for justice to come into activity, and even gain the upper hand. This was the case when you were here. Now Austria, by invading Sardinia, has at the same time destroyed the feeling for justice, and given it to the enemy. There remains then the tendency towards self-preservation. This is still strong, and impels towards hatred against France. But the Austrians have evacuated Lombardy, the States of the Church, Parma, Modena, etc. The feeling of the Italians for freedom and nationality begins to spread, and its song of triumph fills the ears of the English people. What statesman could take a step to drive the jubilant liberated Italians again under the Austrian yoke, and to sacrifice for that purpose the security and peace of his own country? All that we can do under the circumstances is to maintain the strictest neutrality.

It requires new events to awaken new feelings. Just at this moment the Derby Cabinet was overthrown, and was succeeded by Lord Palmerston with Lord

Russell as foreign secretary. At the same time Russia used her influence to prevent any combination between Austria and Prussia, and to localize the war as far as possible. Prussia was indeed at this juncture badly served. She had no foreign minister of the first rank in authority or in force of character. This defect formed the subject of a conversation with the duke, Prince Hohenzollern, and the prince regent of Prussia. The first two suggested the name of Bismarck, who was just giving up his post as ambassador at Frankfort, but the prince regent remarked that Bismarck must alter very much before he could undertake the guidance of foreign affairs. "All we want to complete our misfortunes," he remarked, "is a minister who would turn everything upside down."

On June 24 was fought the decisive battle of Solferino. Count Mensdorff, the duke's cousin, was engaged on the Austrian side. He was of opinion that the emperor of Austria need not have retreated, as his right wing had the decided superiority, on the left wing the battle was drawn, and only the centre was entirely beaten. At a later period Mensdorff sent the duke an interesting account of the engagement:—

With three weak cavalry regiments I held the whole of the enemy's cavalry and their numerous artillery placed in the centre in check from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon, so that they did not dare to advance. If I had possessed twice the strength, and only a few batteries of heavy calibre, I could have broken through this part of the line. Only an hour and a half's distance from the battlefield the whole army crossed the Mincio on a few narrow bridges without a single Frenchman daring to follow us. The guns they have taken are mostly only shattered fragments which we were obliged to leave, with the exception of a few pieces which stood in Solferino. All the men and horses belonging to them lay dead close by them. On our side 17,000 to 18,000 dead and wounded, amongst whom were 800 officers, covered the field of battle; the French and Sardinians confess to having lost 18,000 men. During the battle there was a burning sun, such as one only feels on the plains of Italy, so that soldiers lost their reason through sunstroke. I myself saw a man who had thrown away his coat dance about in the cannon fire and pelt the cavalry with clods of earth. Much may be explained by the consideration that many of the newly arrived corps had only just stepped out of the railway trains, that the soldiers had only been just summoned for service, and had been instructed only in the trains themselves how to load the new firearms, and that neither officers nor men knew

the very difficult ground of Northern Italy, which is like an orchard of mulberry-trees. Many regiments gave way because all their officers were dead or wounded, they themselves scarcely knew their companies, and could not find out their proper position on a plain where any distant view was impossible.

After the hard-fought battle the emperor Napoleon was extremely desirous for peace. He told the duke a year later in Baden-Baden that he regarded his Italian victories as the purest accident. He also said that all the stories related about his personal danger were entire inventions, and that he never even heard the whistle of a ball. War, he said, was a hateful thing; it was far too much a matter of chance. His army was in a very bad condition, and his generals had shown no capacity to command a large force. The Austrians had fought much better than the French, and there was no doubt that they would have taken Solferino if the emperor had advanced the reserves. The emperor of Austria, he said, was a considerable man, but unfortunately he lacked energy of will. The truth was that during the day of the battle Louis Napoleon was suffering from a disagreeable illness caused by the hot weather, and remained during the whole time in a distant villa.

Russia and England had offered their services as mediators, but the whole world was taken by surprise at the news of the peace of Villafranca. Prince Albert's remarks on the subject are as usual worth hearing.

"C'est une perfidie de l'Autriche!" cried the French when the Austrians evacuated the States of the Church, and Perugia revolted. England and Prussia are now led to say exactly the same thing since Austria has neither conquered nor been conquered. Now she has come to terms with the enemy, and has saved her Venetian territory. Germany ought to be delighted at this, and would be if she had in any way contributed to it. The position of Prussia is unpleasant and dishonorable to the last degree. Palmerston is furious that his victim has escaped, and that his bosom friend has played him such a trick. *Johnny was just going to settle everything*, and now stands like a young fool with his mouth open. They are still hoping for a congress, where Italian liberty may be discussed. Austria is now safe and sure, but how Napoleon will come out of his net of inconsequences I do not know. Russia is laboring to loosen the knots for him. For Austria the loss of Lombardy is a gain, but the lost battles still remain. An alliance between Austria and France would be a terrible danger to Germany, it would re-establish the confederation of the Rhine, and make Napoleon all-powerful.

I must conclude with thanks for the pamphlet "Despots or Revolutionists." That is all over now, and he holds the stirrup for the pope, and will soon crush down revolutionists in Italy. Mazzinian bombs were captured in Milan at the very time of his entry.

The present volume of the duke's memoirs deals with the end of the Italian war, and the beginning of a decade which was to see the predominance of Prussia in Germany and the entire defeat of the French. The duke, who was always giving people good advice, wrote to the prince regent of Prussia shortly after the peace of Villafranca pointing out the way in which he might improve the position of Prussia in Germany, and urging him to adopt a decided policy. The answer of the future emperor needs no justification. The wisdom of the course he pursued in these tortuous times has been abundantly vindicated by the history of later years. But the opening paragraph of his letter will form a fitting conclusion to the events which we have just narrated.

I have owed you a reply for nearly two months, which sounds very remarkable and ungrateful. But it has an excuse and a meaning. Your letter was full of matter—it treated of the past, the present, and the future. From the attitude of Prussia in the recent past you are right in deducing her present isolation, and therefore you wish for action in the present which will raise the isolation to a future predominance; such a view of circumstances deserves the fullest recognition and the most hearty thanks. As far as the past is concerned, had I to live it over again I should act just as I acted during it. I can never persuade myself that I should have acted wisely for the advantage of Germany, Prussia, and Europe, if by threatening France with war in March I had drawn the war upon Germany in order to support the policy of Austria in Italy. I said from the throne that I would support the balance of power in Europe, the security of Germany, and the honor of Prussia. When the news of the ultimatum reached me on April 20, in the very same minute I signed the preparations for war (a fact, for the order lay since the morning unsigned on my table), and invited Germany to follow me. When Ticino and Magenta were left behind and Napoleon did not halt, although the *status quo* was re-established by the evacuation of Piedmont, and therefore it was possible that Austria might be driven back to the Adriatic, and the equilibrium of Europe threatened, I mobilized the army, and invited Germany to concentrate on the Rhine, for which purpose I set the Prussian army in march on July 2. The armistice caused no delay, and the news that peace was signed reached us on July 13.

The letter goes on to show that no reform

in the German federation could be usefully undertaken whilst Germany was jealous of the predominance of Prussia, and that the best hope lay in so strengthening the hands of Prussia that she could speak not only with wisdom but with authority. In a subsequent volume the duke will doubtless reveal to us much of the secret struggles by which this result was attained; but, whatever may be the interest of the narrative, we shall miss what is the principal attraction of the present volume—the vigorous and incisive judgment of the prince consort upon the varying phases of the higher politics of Europe.

From Murray's Magazine.
NAOMI.

CHAPTER I.

THE houses were high and wide, with flat fronts painted an unobtrusive, brownish drab. There were some ten or twelve in all. They stretched in a line up St. Mary's Hill, a square grass-plot, by courtesy called a garden, in front of each house, and, bounding the gardens, a stone wall of excellent height and stoutness. The wall shut out the sight and sound of the giddy, vulgar world that lived beyond, and saved the front drawing-rooms from over-much dust and sunshine. It was ivy-clad within, lichen-clad without, and the ivy straggled over the wall-top and tossed in the keener, fresher breeze that met it, and nodded indecorously above the heads of passers-by. At regular distances in the line of wall, low, narrow, weather-stained garden doors opened upon the garden squares. From garden door to front door stretched a strip of gravelled pathway—very straight. The front doors were narrow but tall, brass-knocked, genteelly painted, and imposing.

St. Mary's Villas were houses with a reputation—with a history of more than mere negative respectability. Here in the forties and fifties, the chief gentry of Dydmouth had hallowed the ground; and when, in the sixties, the gentry had deserted it, moving further away from the growing suburb of lath-and-plaster terraces, cheap lodgings, and offensive shops, still the odor of their gentility remained. This had perhaps proved oppressive to the undesirable plebeian mind. The new tenants who had come in one by one were in every case, in every sense, unexceptionable—untainted by trade, in politics

Conservative, in doctrine orthodox, with a bias against Methodism, surpliced choirs, and followers in the kitchen, temperate, but temperate with wine on the table and a spirit-stand in the sideboard cupboard.

Miss Agatha Price and her sister Sophy, who lived at the foot of the hill, were typical ladies of the terrace. Their manners were invariably polite, gently ceremonious; their deportment was correct; their dress was of the best material and soberest tints, it followed the fashion, but followed it slowly, with suitable dignity. Their house was excellently ordered; their servants were well-conducted, black-gowned, white-aproned, neatly capped, deferential; both mistresses and servants trod softly, spoke slowly in subdued tones, and smiled in a chastened way without levity. The ladies lived a quiet, leisurely, not very useful life; but they rose to it at a severely early hour each day, and took their meals and walks and afternoon naps with a rigorous punctuality that gave to their leisure a savor of work and duty. They held strict views and held them strictly, not weakly subject to either persuasion or argument. They rarely talked about their views. Men might discuss opinions—that was fitting; women only *held* them. The gravest matters were not meant for womanly conversation; political talk was undoubtedly masculine, and religious conversation was at all times irreverent and unsuitable. In conversation, as in act and dress and manners, a lady should be a lady—sure of herself but unassertive, above all things unremarked.

Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy had their little circle of friends, old family friends who dressed as suitably, spoke as quietly, thought in all matters as correctly. Only mere acquaintances sometimes held false opinions. And such acquaintances remained acquaintances. Miss Sophy, when she spoke of them, spoke with pathos in her tone. Miss Agatha bowed to them distantly and looked with a prejudiced eye on the set of their gowns, the polish on their door-bells, and the fashion of their Sunday bonnets. Miss Agatha was the practical sister. But Miss Sophy, with a less practical mind, was more often appealed to for advice. She had a sympathetic manner of listening; she had a soft, sympathetic, pathetic voice; when she spoke of herself she spoke with a little air of gentle, regretful reminiscence that was somehow soothing to her hearers. Her younger friends called her “*dear Miss Sophy*,” they confided parts of their love-stories to her when their love-stories were

melancholy and not passionate, and when Miss Agatha was not by.

Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy being what they were, all their ways so satisfactory, all their views so seemly, their conversation so refined, it was sad that their niece, Naomi, should have taken after them so little. It was particularly sad because Naomi for some months was to live with them. For many years they had been meaning to invite her—she was poor Philip’s child—they owed a duty to their brother’s child; it was only proper that some time she should come to them; poor Philip would have expected it; no one could say that they did not respect poor Philip’s wishes. The invitation had gone forth. Naomi had come. And nearly a year must pass before she would be gone again.

Naomi favored her mother’s family, and her mother’s family had always been unsatisfactory. She had been brought up by them. She had been brought up to talk constantly, with no dignified reserve, no becoming sobriety of speech, to laugh in a flighty way, to sit with her hands clasped about her knees in the most unladylike of attitudes, to hum secular tunes on Sundays, to draw up the blinds though the sun faced the windows, to throw up the windows though the wind was high, to talk about the play and the relative merits of London actresses, to wear bright-colored gowns made of paltry stuffs, to issue from the garden door with her gloves unbuttoned, to prefer the society of men, and of young men, and to declare it smilingly with unlowered eyes and without a blush.

It was nearly a month now since Naomi had come. From the first her aunts had disapproved of her; every day had but deepened their disapproval. Every day she had surprised them with some fresh iniquity. She had rested her elbows on the table at dinner, had put her hands together and bent them back to lean her cheek against them, and looking unconcernedly towards the head of the table, had asked Miss Agatha, in the presence too of the parlor-maid who was handing the vegetables, “*why she was not a Socialist?*” She had bought cheap novels with vulgar yellow backs, and had brought them uncovered into the drawing-room. She had carried her breakfast-cup to the open window of the dining-room, had seated herself on the window-sill, and had thought of drinking her coffee there. She had been introduced to young Mr. Nicholson, who lived next door, and the next day

had laughingly addressed him across the garden wall, and, although he had evidently been conscious that such an action on her part was unusual and unbecoming, and had been reluctant to abet her in her disregard for the proprieties, she had succeeded in detaining him for many minutes, had looked up at him with as sweet a glance as though he had been an old friend, and a woman friend, and had made some giddy little joke at which she had laughed quickly and gaily, and at which he had very gravely smiled.

It was of Mr. Nicholson and of Naomi's unsuitable behavior towards him that Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy had been vaguely discoursing all this afternoon. It was their duty to point out to Naomi that her manner was unbecoming—that strangers, who did not know her aunts, might even call it unladylike, might even think her "fast." The task had proved difficult. It was impossible to speak quite clearly on such a subject—clearness was indelicate. To breathe the word "fast" in connection with a niece of their own (even though the word expressed the false supposition of an ignorant and supposititious stranger) was too shocking. They could only speak vaguely in hints and parables. And reproofs so couched somehow failed to arrest Naomi's attention, failed to impress her seriously.

Naomi was standing in an easy attitude beside the window, her head leant a little back against the shutter, her fingers fidgeting with the tassel of the window-blind. She wore a cheap little gown, rust-red in color, and oddly made, with too little width in the skirt and no trim collar-band about the neck—a gown which people in the street glanced at observantly in passing. Her hair, too, was mortifying to her aunts. In itself it was pretty hair, dark and soft and wavy; but it was cut almost short and allowed to fall forward upon her brow in a fashion perhaps artistic—certainly uncouth. She was a pretty girl, but her prettiness differed somehow from the unobtrusive, well-bred prettiness of the girls whom her aunts had known. They had an uneasy feeling that she was too brilliantly pretty to be quite ladylike, quite refined. Her dark eyes were too swift in their glances; her lips expressed too much—perhaps it was her looks, even more than her words, that made her manners seem so free, so unbecoming.

"And there is nothing, Naomi, that gentlemen really dislike so much," reasoned Miss Agatha, her glance bent down

upon her knitting, her voice lowered a little as she pronounced the word "gentlemen," "as a free manner in a lady. It shocks them. We have no idea how much it shocks them. It shocks them inexpressibly."

Naomi was still playing idly with the dangling tassel, and Miss Agatha was not sure that she was listening.

"It shocks them, as I say, inexpressibly," Miss Agatha repeated.

"Oh, poor things!" said Naomi.

There was certainly laughter in the tone; Miss Agatha sat a little more upright, held her knitting a little more stiffly, and watched her stitches with severity. Miss Sophy looked, in an uneasy way, from her sister to her niece. Silence, and especially the silence of displeasure, always fidgeted Miss Sophy; she liked her little world to chat constantly.

"Poor Mr. Nicholson!" said Naomi—"poor dear Mr. Nicholson!"

"Mr. Nicholson," said Miss Agatha severely, "I scarcely like to say it, Naomi, but Mr. Nicholson is—is a *young* man. You seem, my dear, very strangely to forget that."

Naomi laughed—a flighty, sudden little laugh that made Miss Sophy's brow contract nervously.

"It is not quite—not quite nice," continued Miss Agatha, "to speak in such a familiar way of a man as young as Mr. Nicholson."

"Young!" echoed Naomi. "Was he ever young? Even in bibs and pinafores he was elderly. I am sure of it. He ate sugared sops with the dignity of a patriarch. Oh, I know it—I can see him. What a pity no one painted him—he would have made a Christmas-number picture, a *Graphic* picture, a lovely picture! What a pity!"

Miss Agatha was silent. She would be forbearing to Naomi—forbearance was perhaps a duty—but it certainly could not behoove her to continue a grave argument when Naomi chose to jest.

Naomi tossed back her hair from her brow and stood looking across the garden at the grey February sky beyond. She was conscious of feeling a little cross, a little impatient—impatient with Aunt Agatha, with herself, with Mr. Nicholson, with the walled-in garden, with the grey-ness of the day, with all the world. She was vexed with herself for feeling vexed. All this prudishness of Aunt Agatha's should only amuse her—and it did amuse her—it amused her greatly.

"How ought one to behave, Aunt Aga

tha, to a *young* man?" she asked, in a musing tone, not looking round. "Must one efface oneself—quite efface oneself—get into a corner and sit there and study the tips of one's toes? Do you think, now, if I wore a grey gown—wouldn't a grey gown suffice? If I parted my hair in the middle and wore a grey gown, Aunt Agatha, should I still shock him, do you think?"

"It shocks us, Naomi, to hear you talk so flippantly," replied Miss Agatha. "I do not wish to be severe, my dear, but we as girls were never allowed to talk so much, especially to gentlemen. It is not usual. It seems—it seems forward—it does, indeed. Mr. Nicholson yesterday looked quite embarrassed—you talked to him so long."

Naomi's eyes, looking straight at Miss Agatha's, laughed suddenly. But her face flushed a little.

"I think, my dear, that you surprised him," said Miss Sophy mildly.

Naomi's eyes still laughed, but her color was still deepening. She was a little anxious to show that she was quite at ease—only amused, not irritated. She raised her arms and clasped her hands behind her head and threw back her head against them lazily.

"I knew I was surprising him," she said. "I did not mind surprising him—I did not mind it in the least."

Miss Agatha looked at her gravely for a moment, then, in silence, slowly and disapprovingly lowered her eyes.

"I like *surprising* him," continued Naomi, speaking *surprisingly* yet with some insistence. "It amuses me. He is so serious! so respectable! Was ever any one so respectable?"

The word "respectable" jarred a little on Miss Sophy's sense of fitness. She looked at Naomi uneasily, feeling that a protest was needed, but doubtful how to word it.

"There are the Carus Nicholsons," she said vaguely—"the Nicholsons are cousins of the Carus Nicholsons. And his mother was a Crowther—the Admiral Crowthers. There was no one so much looked up to as old Admiral Crowther. His grave is close to ours—a marble headstone, railed in, almost next to ours. It was pleurisy he died of. Such a fine man! He was prayed for in church two Sundays—and the next Sunday every one in black—I remember it so well. And his daughter married Mr. Amos Nicholson. Bankers they are, the Nicholsons."

"Is Mr. Nicholson's name 'Amos'?" asked Naomi.

"No; Mr. Nicholson is Mr. Edward. We have known him all his life. We have always thought very highly of him."

"No one could think anything but highly of him,—no one would ever dare," said Naomi. "And how that lady will admire him—that lady of his choice! Poor Mr. Nicholson! I do hope that he will find her——"

"My dear, I never heard that there was any lady," said Miss Sophy gravely, looking down at her soft black dress and examining the shape of the cuff with a contemplative air. "I think not—I *think* not. I never heard of any lady."

"But there *is* a lady," declared Naomi, with a little frivolous laugh,—*"a very model lady"*. She wears collars and cuffs—beautiful starched collars and cuffs! She wears a grey gown, and parts her hair, and always blushes when she is spoken to. She writes in the sweetest, finest Italian hand, and all her sentiments are fit for copy-books. She spells man with a big 'M' and woman with an invisible 'w.' She's most admirable. I don't like her—but she's very admirable. I think perhaps he has never met her yet—he is in love with her all the same. Whenever he looks at me he thinks of her—he thinks he is sorry for me, I am so unlike her. He looks at me and looks away—gravely and slowly, as you look, Aunt Agatha—to mark his disapproval. Poor, poor me!"

Miss Agatha laid down her knitting and sat upright stiffly in her easy chair, and looked with a steady glance at the frivolous girl before her.

"I disapprove of your conduct, certainly, sometimes,—you force us to disapprove," she said, in a quiet and chilling way. "What I try to bear in mind, my dear, is your training, your bringing up. We know that you have labored under disadvantages—living so long in London—and a circle so different from our own. Your grandfather's friends are naturally artist people—that is natural, indeed inevitable, I suppose. And you have lived there now for so many years. Of course we bear that in mind."

"I remember," said Miss Sophy musingly, with a sigh, "staying in London with your mother once—years ago now, when your dear father was still living; and your mother took me to spend an evening with her people. I remember it very well—Aunt Agatha has often heard me speak of it. There was a little party

—a very odd party. Some one, I remember, played a violin. There was one very strange-mannered person, I can see him now—a person with a beard—he nursed his foot whilst he spoke to me. And he put his arm upon my chair—right across the back; I remember it very well. All their manners were most familiar, most free—not at all what one is accustomed to. And their coats! And their hair! I shall always remember it.”

Naomi unclasped her hands from behind her head and turned her face towards the window with a quick, impatient movement. It was still with impatience and restlessness that presently she turned again towards her aunts.

“You would never understand, would you?” she asked half fiercely, “that I pine for the sight of a velveteen coat again—my heart almost aches for it. Oh, don’t look at me like that—don’t! I know all my sentiments are shocking. I know it—never mind saying so again.”

“My dear, you are excited!” expostulated Miss Sophy mildly.

“No. Only tired of the sight of broadcloth,” said Naomi with a little laugh. “In the presence of velveteen, life is so beautifully simple. Velveteen thinks one’s faults most charming—most original. Broadcloth looks at one’s virtues superciliously and finds them—thin. Poor Mr. Nicholson! I wonder how he would look in velveteen with his hair grown long. Would his hair curl, Aunt Sophy, do you think?”

But Miss Sophy was glancing nervously at Miss Agatha; Miss Agatha’s long thin face expressed silent, dignified displeasure.

“I do not think his hair would curl,” said Naomi after a minute, slowly and profoundly. “It’s a comfort to think that he is not perfect, that there is something wanting about him. A wonderful comfort!”

Again there was a minute’s silence. Miss Agatha sighed. “You are speaking very frivolously, Naomi,” said she with a patient air. “I think you scarcely know how foolishly you speak.”

“It’s the thought of so much wisdom and solemnity,” said Naomi. “It oppresses me. One is bound to laugh at Mr. Nicholson—to remind oneself that he’s but a mortal. Mr. Nicholson! *What* a name! But it’s like him. One would know without telling that he wore top hats, and black kid gloves on week-days. He turns out his toes from a high moral motive. He never smiles except from a

sense of duty. Yes, I knew that I disliked him.”

She crossed the room in an aimless way, looked at a picture of grapes and roses and dewdrops on the wall, and wandered aimlessly back again. She put her hands on the rail of Miss Sophy’s chair, and bent forward with an odd little smile, half mischievous, half caressing.

“I’m not a very nice niece, am I?” she said sympathetically. “It’s horrid for you, isn’t it? Never mind! I’m nicer than I seem, Aunt Sophy—inside, you know.”

“My dear, we are not finding fault with you,” said Miss Sophy hastily. “You are treading on my dress, my dear.”

“I can’t be a model person,” Naomi explained, with a long-drawn sigh; “and I don’t want to be. Your dress? No, I’m not touching it. Rummaging your hair? I didn’t mean to. You poor thing! Kiss me, and I’ll go away.”

CHAPTER II.

THE back gardens of St. Mary’s Villas opened into a grass-grown lane; a pretty little countrified lane with a straggling hedge on one side and a view of fields beyond the hedge. Here, in the spring evenings, Mr. Nicholson would sometimes bring his paper, and walk slowly up and down as he read or reflected. In the spring afternoons and evenings Naomi, too, found the house depressing. She issued forth, book in hand, crossed the little green lane, climbed a padlocked gate, and trespassed with untroubled conscience in the fields on the other side.

This sunny April evening Mr. Nicholson was taking his customary stroll. He held his paper in his hands, but his hands behind him; he strolled slowly, his shoulders well back, his head erect, his glance fixed reflectively on the soft blue sky before him, his thoughts intent on business matters, the day’s every-day events in town. Suddenly, as he approached the padlocked gate, his glance was attracted earthwards. On the other side of the gate, and close to it, half in the sunshine, half in the shadow of the hawthorn hedge, sat Naomi Price; hatless, jacketless, gloveless, her elbows on the grass, her chin between her hands, an open book on the ground before her. He glanced aside at her; for an instant his grave face wore an expectant look; then he glanced away again, straight before him. She had not turned, and he passed on without addressing her.

But the vision of a girlish figure in a

russet gown and an inelegant attitude had disturbed his sober thoughts of safe investments. He was conscious of a sudden restlessness of mind. He unfolded and folded his paper decisively, and fixed his attention on the paragraph that first caught his eye. The paragraph treated of the evil behavior of one William Baker, charged yesterday with petty larceny; he read the account half through, then forgot that he was reading and let his glance travel again, in an abstracted way, to the blue sky beyond the lane. She must have heard him pass. Yet she had not raised her head, had not looked his way. She had let him pass — and he was glad. Certainly, he was very glad. To assure himself of his gladness, he put his paper once more behind him and reflected as he walked on Naomi's unadmirable qualities and imperfect conduct. She flirted — undoubtedly she flirted. Some men found such girls amusing; he, for his part, could not overcome a habit of regarding all women seriously. His mother he had revered; all other women whom he had ever known he had been able to treat gravely and deferentially, to think of respectfully; Naomi was different from them all. There was levity in all her ways. Her laughter was too frequent; her glance was too swift, too expressive; she talked in a light, exaggerated strain, pointing her speech with little gestures, smiles, and frowns; with sudden effective changes in her tone, and little dramatic pauses that held your attention in spite of your own desire — held it as a woman's talk had scarcely any right to hold it. She had let him pass and had not turned; he was glad that she had not turned.

All the way up the lane he was very sure about his gladness. At the end of the lane he hesitated. Should he stroll back now, as his custom was, or should he take his paper and his — rather from home this evening? He stood for a moment, his hands behind him, thinking out the question; then, without duly weighing it, turned down the lane again. This time, surely, she must turn her head. If she turned her head she would surely smile. Yesterday her unexpected smile had excited him unduly — he would like to prove himself more master of himself to-day.

For the last ten minutes Naomi, with her book spread open on the ground, had not read a word. A minute ago she had suddenly become conscious that she was listening, that she was waiting — and waiting with a feeling of eagerness — for

footsteps to come down the lane. Suddenly, as she realized it, she had bent lower over her book, turning the leaves hastily in search of a more absorbing page.

But the absorbing page in a very few moments had ceased to prove engrossing. Unconsciously she was listening again. Down the lane came the sound of returning footsteps, and at the sound her heart beat quicker, in a strange and fluttering way, half fearfully, half happily, wholly unreasonably. She was seized with a desire to flee. She half rose; then, on second thoughts, laughed at her first impulse. Who was Mr. Nicholson that she should run away from him? She need not even raise her eyes from her book; she might let him pass again without even showing that she knew that he was near. But to affect unconsciousness was as foolish as to rise and flee. Any acquaintance but Mr. Nicholson she would accost without a thought, without a moment's silly prudery, simply and naturally — and why not Mr. Nicholson? Was Aunt Agatha succeeding in her many lectures, making her think of men in a silly, vulgar, simpering way, as potential wooers? If Mr. Nicholson *did* think her over-bold, was that important? It was his thought which was at fault. Why should she bend her behavior to his false opinions? On the whole, she preferred his disapproval. She had always said so — she preferred it greatly.

She raised her eyes from her book as he reached the gate, and, turning her head, looked up at him with the sudden smile he found so disconcerting.

"Shall I be prosecuted, do you think, for trespassing?" she asked. And he paused at the gate as in duty bound. It was scarcely duty that constrained him to rest one arm on the topmost bar and to draw such a deep breath of satisfaction as he looked down at her.

"You have found a very pleasant spot," he replied after a moment. "Yes, I fear that you are trespassing — but that need not trouble you. Generally, however, the gate is locked."

"The gate *was* locked," said Naomi with a comical little air of dramatic solemnity. "I climbed it. I meant to climb another. I meant to climb that other gate over there at the other end. But over there there are cows to-night. Are you afraid of cows, Mr. Nicholson?"

Mr. Nicholson's grey eyes smiled in a grave way at the flippant question which he left unanswered.

"Not when they stop feeding," pursued Naomi, "and lift up their heads and their horns and solemnly look at you? No — nor I. But I like to admire their picturesqueness from a distance."

Mr. Nicholson was looking away from her over the fields where the cows, with gentle down bent heads, were scattered feeding. A little breeze blew across from the west; all the air was sweet with the scent of hawthorn.

"What a perfect evening it is," said he presently, "and how still! It is hard to remember that the town is so near. With our faces this way we are in the country."

Naomi had risen and was standing by the gate, looking silently in the direction in which he was looking. Except for the soft twitter of birds, the light rustle of twig and leaf, everything was very still. Perhaps it was the stillness of the evening which cast a spell about her. She felt as sometimes in rare moments she had felt when low music had thrilled her and held her bound. It was only with an effort that she broke the spell and was frivolous again.

"Yes — we are in the country," she sighed regretfully. "And in London presently the gas will be lit in all the shops."

"You are not fond of the country, Miss Naomi?"

"Not when it's very green, Mr. Nicholson. Not when it has a *vegetably* look. I like the country when Turner paints it. Then it has an air of town about it."

"That's a curious criticism, is it not?"

"Of the country, or of Turner?"

"Well, of both. Your criticisms sound original."

"I hope so. Why should I bore myself and you by quoting criticisms that are customary? Are all your criticisms always customary, Mr. Nicholson?"

Her eyes, as she spoke, looked suddenly into his with a merry gleam of confiding laughter. He was conscious that his heart beat quicker whenever she glanced at him so unexpectedly; he could not meet her glance and be as calm as was consistent.

"I fancy that all my notions, on all subjects, would be, as you say, Miss Naomi, more customary than yours. I am much less sure than you of the virtues of independent thought. I think one generally finds that unusual notions are original only in some twist of wrongness."

"Would you like the world without its twists of wrongness?"

"I should prefer it — greatly."

"And I should hate it. I should be

bored to death. Think of it — a world perfectly correct, with no by-lanes leading nowhere, and all its human nature starched!"

He was looking at her gravely, with a contemplative yet half-reluctant glance. Her words held his attention; they might have been words of wisdom of which he could approve, so heedfully he listened.

"You find it dull here?" he suggested after a moment's thought.

Naomi's eyes, looking frankly into his, laughed merrily again. "It was you, not I, who made that application," said she. "I did not imply that I found the world here perfect."

"But you find it quiet after London?"

"Oh, yes, I find it quiet — oppressively quiet very often; Aunt Agatha and Aunt Sophy sit so very still! — the very sight of them makes me need to fidget. Aunt Agatha's mental forefinger is always up, saying 'hush' to every one. The servants speak so softly, move so softly, do everything so softly, that I feel sometimes as though something loud *must* happen or I should suffocate and die. Do you know that sort of feeling?"

Mr. Nicholson smiled in quite a sudden way. "Not at all," he owned.

"Now at home," continued Naomi musingly, "nothing ever happens quietly. If Jenny (Jenny is a very jolly little girl — the little girl who does the work) if Jenny is only washing up the breakfast things she likes every one to know all about it. Every one does everything with a sociable, cheerful clatter. I suppose I miss that — I suppose I miss London too. I miss London dreadfully!"

"But what is it exactly that you miss?"

"I scarcely know what. I seem to miss everything. I like the bigness and the freedom. I like the airiness. Yes, I know it sounds strange to you to talk of London's airiness, but here in the country sometimes I feel that I cannot breathe. I like everything in London. I like the early mornings. I like the sunsets across the roofs; I don't care a bit for your country sunsets, but a sunset across miles and miles of houses is a very different thing indeed. I like the lovely roar of the Strand when the theatres are coming out. I like the shop-windows — *all* the windows — and the gaslight — and the look of the river when the lamps are lit along the bridges — and the beautiful rumble of cabs — and the voices of men behind the omnibuses. I look out from my window here in the mornings and long for chimney-tops. I like chimney-tops so very

much better than hawthorn bushes, Mr. Nicholson."

He was never quite sure whether she was in earnest in all the strange things she said, or whether she was laughing at herself, or aiming at amusing him. She spoke with apparent feeling; and when she spoke so, there was a note somewhere in her tone that affected him most strangely, in a way not at all to be explained, and made him a little unsure of himself and of what he might say and do. She was leaning, like him, one arm upon the gate; but although her face was turned towards him, she was looking past him musingly. He glanced away from her at the shadows of the hedge upon the grass, and breathed more freely. Yet after a moment, he glanced back at her again. Near her thus a man might make love to her and scarcely be to blame. To touch her hand, to be looked at with a longer look might become a necessity—a passion. He could imagine the danger well—for some men.

He had lingered long enough. Raising his arm slowly from the gate, he drew himself into an upright attitude. He glanced in a doubtful way along the lane. But it was a gloomy path; the shadow of the back-garden walls lay right across it. He glanced back again at Naomi who was standing in the sunshine. And at that moment, Naomi looked at him with one of her swift, straight glances, and spoke again.

"Let us go for a little walk," she said. "Talking of London makes one restless—let us go for a little walk and walk it off."

It was only for a moment that he hesitated, but the moment was long enough to make Naomi feel the enormity of her suggestion. Even as she had made the suggestion she had known how it would strike him. But there was a sense of triumph, of elation in saying to Mr. Nicholson the thing which she should not say, the thing which seemed at the moment the most unbecoming thing to say and which must most surprise him.

A week or two ago he had scarcely disguised his disapproval. Now, when he looked long at her, the disapproval was somewhere in the background of his glance, and his grey eyes met hers with a light neither calm nor critical, a light that set her heart beating fast, deepened the color in her cheeks and made her desire desperately to look away, to be silent—and otherwise "silly." She would not yield to the impulse. She resented the truth, which in spite of herself she was

forced to acknowledge to herself, that in Mr. Nicholson's presence she could not be at ease, that she took thought what she should say and what she should do, and that those things which all her life she had said and done simply and spontaneously she said and did now with an effort, after a second's hesitation, half defiantly.

He was over the gate in a moment and at her side. Then he stood regarding her as though there was something a little wrong.

"You would like—a hat?" he suggested.

"A hat?" repeated Naomi with quiet seriousness—"I think there is nothing I should dislike so much. We will keep to the fields—then we shall meet no one. Don't you like to feel the breeze blowing your hair about?—I do. That is the one advantage of the country over London—one cannot very well walk hatless through the London streets; though, if one strolls through a by-street with Mark, he often takes off his hat absently whilst he is talking to one, and carries it behind him, and forgets all about it, I believe, until it strikes him that every one who passes him stares."

"Who is Mark?" asked Mr. Nicholson rather hastily.

"Mark Powell. You must have heard of him!"

"No."

"I am afraid you ought to feel sorry, then—I'm afraid it argues yourself unknown. He's a Socialist—he'll be a great leader by-and-by—he holds meetings, and crowds and crowds of men come—working men, most of them, but most of them in the winter time with no work to do. I often go to Mark's meetings."

"You!"

"Oh, yes, very often. It's a thing to move you, a great meeting like that—the great crowd of earnest, rugged, attentive faces and Mark's speaking. I don't think Mark is a great orator; some people think he is because the men listen to him in such a way, but I think the power he has is something more than that—more than just the power of oratory—something deeper, much. I know how I feel; I always feel that there is something in Mark that is in touch with the better part of me—I expect the men feel that too. He does not speak so very fluently, but every word he says rings *true*. It's his trueness which is his power, I think. When he only looks quietly in his grave way at the crowd before he begins to speak, you feel

his power — it stirs you somehow. You feel that all the shams and smooth hypocrisies and secret oppressions of the world have pretty well had their day; you feel that truth and right are so strong that they are bound to triumph. You feel that truth has a grip on men's hearts that nothing else has. I say all this, but you can't understand — you ought to hear him."

"I would rather hear *you*," said Mr. Nicholson, smiling slightly. And the smile or the words or the tone somehow jarred upon her. She regretted that she had fallen into serious talk; with the thoughts and feelings that appealed to her better nature he had no part nor lot — she had realized that again and again before to-day.

"What is this — this friend of yours besides a demagogue?" asked Mr. Nicholson.

The gentle patronage of the tone provoked her to sudden irritation. She walked on at a quickened pace, a bright little flush of color in each cheek, her eyes lowered, but her head held defiantly erect.

"Do you mean 'What is his profession?'" she returned presently. "That is what no one who knows Mark ever thinks of asking — it matters so little — it matters nothing. He earns a living somehow; I think he writes sometimes — sometimes he gets secretary work to do — sometimes some committee can afford to pay him for the lectures that he gives. He often wears very bad coats and hats — and I don't think he always dines. But on the days when he gets no dinner some one hungrier gets an unexpected meal —"

There was a little tremor in her voice. She stopped suddenly.

"He lives down at Poplar," she continued after a pause, in a quieter, slower tone. "I believe one can live on very little down at Poplar. But one gets old there quickly — if one lives as Mark lives. I feel it hard to realize other people's sufferings except bluntly; Mark doesn't. I believe he lives with a heart-ache always nowadays. Sometimes, do you know, I think that that thin, grave face of his, with its deep eyes that have given up smiling lately, and its lines — all the deep lines that grow deeper every year — I think sometimes that Mark's face sort of symbolizes the life of East-end London."

In spite of her intention, she had fallen again into a tone of eager seriousness.

"You are enthusiastic, are you not?" said Mr. Nicholson indulgently. And

again Naomi felt herself brought down suddenly to a lower level of thought and feeling.

"Yes, I am enthusiastic," she answered, "and I am glad. One's enthusiasm, it seems to me, is sometimes the only thing of which one can be proud. I am always glad to remember that Mark's goodness stirs me."

A minute's silence, whilst the two walked on side by side together, looking straight before them. Mr. Nicholson's air was admirably calm, judicial, and superior.

"I think that any excessive enthusiasm," said he slowly and reflectively at length, "is apt — to be a pity."

"And I disagree," cried Naomi warmly. "Oh, I disagree utterly! In times of enthusiasm, it seems to me, one gets flashes of insight that one could not get in quite calm moments. One catches for a second at some truth which has always been, but which one's soul was too torpid to see; and after that — well at any rate one is *different* after that — one has new capabilities — if one falls, one must fall lower after that. I seem to be preaching you a sermon," she added, with a sudden change of tone. "You did not expect me to turn sermonizer, did you?"

He certainly could not say he had expected it. But neither could he feel that it had surprised him greatly. He felt that he was prepared for anything in Naomi except those well-bred, gentle, retiring modes of thought and speech and manner, that had always seemed to him the inseparable attributes of a lady, young or old. It seemed only consistent with his thought of Naomi that she should be too earnest as she was too frivolous. She would never choose the happy mean in anything.

"I do not wish to cast a slur on you — your Socialistic hero, Miss Naomi," said he, bringing her back from high-flown abstractions to practical life again, "but you will permit me to doubt the good influence of such a leader."

"You do not know Mark," replied Naomi coldly.

"No — only what you tell me. Pardon me, but I think the influence of such men is an unmixed evil. I think they do incalculable mischief. They rouse up discontent at ills which they know to be inevitable. They are not employers themselves — and they care nothing for the interest of the employer — in nine cases out of ten they care nothing for the interests of the laborer either. They crave for public attention — and they gain it."

"You do not know them," repeated Naomi in a quiet voice.

"I know enough of them," replied Mr. Nicholson with an air of excellent and conscious temperance, "to desire to know no more. I cannot say that I have much sympathy with this new outcry every winter about the poor. We have had times of commercial depression before to-day, and the working classes have suffered, naturally, as all other classes have suffered, but they have been content to be patient and reasonable and to wait for things to mend; all this sensational writing and talking is a new fashion, and a fashion with which, I confess, I have very little patience. There is bound to be poverty — there are bound to be men out of work sometimes. And who *are* the unemployed, taking them as a class? Who are they? Ninety-nine out of every hundred are men who *will* not work, loafers and roughs — more than half are utterly incompetent, men who cannot reasonably expect to find employ — the other half are drunkards — and almost all, you will find, are utterly improvident."

"And beyond the pale of sympathy; yes, the case seems proved," said Naomi in his own tone of eminent temperance and common sense. "Are you — quite sure of your statistics?"

He glanced at her keenly for a moment.

"I am only saying, Miss Naomi, what any one will tell you," said he with a certain accent of displeasure.

Naomi paused before answering. "I do not need any one to tell me," she said then, simply. "I know; and I know you are wrong. I think perhaps I have seen more of the unemployed than you have done — and I have not found that want of work is a test of a man being saint or sinner. Even if it were a test, what then? Both saints and sinners have an inconvenient habit of feeling hungry about dinner-time, and of shivering without fire on a December day. You make me talk bitterly when you talk like that. I have seen a good deal sometimes, in the winter times, of the unemployed and their families. I have gone about with Mark — gone to their homes to see them — often — often and often."

"He ought not to have taken you," said Mr. Nicholson shortly and decisively.

"Ought not? Why not?" echoed Naomi.

"I do not think that scenes of extreme poverty, squalor, and misery, are fit scenes into which to take a lady."

"Mark feels differently."

"Yes. I should expect him to do so."

"You say that as though the difference implied some lack in him. Mark's views of ladyhood seem to me to be truer than yours, Mr. Nicholson. Mark has a way of assuming the existence of a soul in every one — even in a lady. He never expects one to be lower than one's better self. He never in his life asked me whether I objected to smell foul smells and to climb dirty stairs into dirtier rooms. He never — Let us turn back, shall we? Let us talk of safer topics on which we can agree."

"Willingly. Of what shall we talk?"

Naomi laughed — an impatient, not very merry little laugh.

"It's a question, is it not?" said she. "Let us talk of something that does not matter — to us or to any one. Let us talk of sunsets — and hawthorn bushes."

CHAPTER III.

APRIL was over; May's blue skies and sweet perfumes and soft breezes bore a promise already of sunny June; and Naomi had had one month more in which to reveal to her aunts and her aunts' friends the indecorous bent of her nature.

In those four weeks Naomi had lost something of her old gaiety of spirits, her careless ease, her lightheartedness. She said as shocking things as ever, but she said them in a different way, almost as though with forethought and intention. She had moods of unreasonable excitement, and moods of equally unreasoning depression. She would gossip with the servants to-day with a familiarity terrible to Miss Agatha, and to-morrow be even more silent than was consistent with dignified politeness. To-day she would be found talking and laughing in the wildest, gayest spirits with Mr. Nicholson across the garden wall, and to-morrow, if he chanced to call, she would sit without a word, scarcely responding to his well-meant efforts at pleasant conversation.

And one night a very strange thing happened.

Naomi had retired to her room somewhat earlier than usual. It was half an hour afterwards, perhaps, that Miss Sophy, who had just come up stairs, crossed the landing from Miss Agatha's bedroom and tapped gently at the girl's door. After a moment's pause, she opened the door softly and looked in. The room was in darkness; but Miss Sophy held a bedroom candle in her hand, and the candle-light discovered Naomi standing by the open window. The window was open wide;

the cool air swept in and fluttered the curtains and made Miss Sophy's candle gutter in a disreputable fashion in which no candle held by Miss Sophy had ever guttered in its life.

"I came to look at your water-bottle," explained Miss Sophy, shutting the door behind her, and regarding her guttered candle with a grave and regretful air. "Charlotte has been careless about the water-bottles lately. Aunt Agatha's has quite a sediment; let me look at yours. I must speak to Charlotte in the morning."

Miss Sophy had put down her candle on the dressing-table; she brought the water-bottle across the room to the light. But, crossing the room, she fancied suddenly that Naomi was wiping away what looked like tears. She forgot the engrossing question of "sediments," set down the bottle without examining it, and came to the window where Naomi was standing.

"My dear, you will get cold," said she in a gentle tone.

Yes, Naomi had undoubtedly been crying. There were tear-stains beneath her eyes; she had the tense, strange glance of one whose nerves have been too highly strung, and who cannot, however valiant may be her effort, come back at once to the tragedy of water-bottle sediments and guttered candles and the risk of taking cold on a soft May night.

"Look at the sky, Aunt Sophy," said the girl in her tense, still voice.

Miss Sophy raised her eyes obediently. The night was cloudless; the calm, "clear, star-sown vault of heaven," seemed very far away.

"There must be a moon—a new moon—somewhere," said Miss Sophy, vaguely but pleasantly. "You oughtn't to be standing here, Naomi—not like this—in the night air. Why haven't you gone to bed?"

But Naomi, with her head leant back against the shutter, stood silent, still looking up with tense yet dreamy eyes at the far-away night sky.

"You've not been crying, dear?" questioned Miss Sophy, in a gentle, nervous tone, glancing observantly once more at the girl's tear-stained face, and glancing nervously away. But Naomi made no attempt to deny the tears.

"Yes, I've been crying," she admitted simply. "Crying because I am like I am—not a nicer person."

Miss Sophy looked at the girl with a very softened glance. Tears, if the tears were gentle, not passionate, were a form of penitence that always touched Miss

Sophy. She could not deny that Naomi had cause enough for weeping, yet inconsistently she tried to comfort her. She put out a thin, white, shrivelled hand, and stroked the girl's sleeve consolingly. Naomi was still looking away out of the window; her eyes were bright with some strange excitement; her voice, when she spoke, seemed to have lost its sweet, softly modulated notes.

"The sky," said she, "makes one tell the truth about oneself to oneself. I don't like the truth, Aunt Sophy, any more—not any more, not any longer—now. It makes my heart ache. One does not like to be such a failure—so different from what one meant to be. It made me cry. I meant to be—a better woman—different—better! I meant to care for things, to be sorry and glad; and I care for nothing. There are people suffering, sorrowing; and I cannot care. And people are being noble, being good and true and noble; and I cannot care. And to-night I know it and cry, and to-morrow I shall know it, and try *not* to know it."

There was scarcely anything of passion in her manner as she spoke; but her tense tone and strange words flustered Miss Sophy and checked her desire to be sympathetic. Naomi's tears were only part of her oddness, not tears of penitence for her oddness. Miss Sophy removed the caressing hand from the girl's white sleeve, and spoke in a less pathetic tone, though still soothingly.

"I would go to bed, dear, if I were you," she advised. "You're excited; and you're getting cold. What have you been doing?"—with a glance aside at an open blotting-book on the dressing-table—"writing letters—up here? I wouldn't write letters in my bedroom, dear, if I were you, at this time of night. I must close the window, or my candle will gutter when I open the door again."

Miss Sophy shut the window as she spoke.

"Go to bed, like a good girl," she recommended sensibly. "Yes—look at that sediment in your water-bottle! Charlotte is not careful about filtering the water first; I wish you would tell me, Naomi, if it occurs again. Good-night, my dear."

And Miss Sophy, candle in hand, went away to confide to Miss Agatha the fact that Naomi had been in tears, and that Naomi's explanation of the motive of her tears was altogether unsatisfactory.

And Naomi, left alone, turned away from the window and took up a letter

which was lying unfinished on the table. It was too dark now for her to read what she had written, but, without reading, she tore the sheet across, and put down the torn pieces on the table with a sigh—a sigh that was half a sob. She had tried to-night to write to Mark—tried and failed. Mark had always believed the best of her, she had tried to write according to his faith; but suddenly in the middle of her letter she had paused; all at once she had realized that she was expressing thoughts and wishes which were part of her past, but were filling no part of her present. She had pushed the letter away from her and risen hastily, putting out her candle and throwing open her window, with a sudden desperate need for more air, more freedom; and standing at the window, looking out into the darkness, looking up at the calm, quiet, starlit sky, she had, as she had said, told the truth about herself to herself. All that had been best in her—all that had been noblest in her—all that Mark had believed in in her, she was leaving far behind. New personal needs, ignoble but passionate, were standing between her and her old ideals. The remembrance of how her heart had beat yesterday when Mr. Nicholson had stood near her and held her hand, had more power to sway her than the remembrance of all Mark's noblest speeches. The foolish joy that thrilled her when Mr. Nicholson's eyes looked deep into hers and half reluctantly yet softly smiled, had crowded out of her heart her old feeling of fellowship in others' joys and pains. To see him at least once a day—to let him for a moment hold her hand in his, to meet his smile, to feel his presence; that was her "good." Her "ill" was for a day to pass, and miss him all the day. He did not honor her in his thoughts as Mark honored her; her "high" was his "low;" what was best in her seemed to him most faulty; he cared for her for her prettiness' sake, for her smile's sake, for some trick of voice or manner that in spite of himself had caught his fancy; cared for her in spite of his own desire, in spite of his common sense, in spite of her better self. Yet to know that he cared for her, even so, seemed often happiness enough, a happiness that filled the day. It was a poor happiness, but it held her in bondage; it shut out all older interests, all older, better needs; it possessed her soul. Half despising Mr. Nicholson, knowing that with one side of his nature he despised her too, still she loved him—and

love contented her. How could she write to Mark who believed her good?

Miss Sophy had broken in upon her thoughts. Now that Miss Sophy was gone, she tore up the half-written letter slowly and hopelessly, and opened the window again. The stiff, neat, excellently furnished room, with its polished mahogany, its four slate-grey walls, seemed to suffocate her; she could think better when she need not see it, when she could feel the free out-of-door air in her face and look up at the great calm sweep of sky overhead—the sky that was shining down on Mark, shining down on all those old friends at home—artists, scribblers, reformers, what not—old friends who took life too lightly or too gravely, laughed too rarely or too often, wore the velvetten of Bohemia or broadcloth with too beggarly a nap, but whose lives had all some touch of nobleness, of high endeavor, and whose human sympathies were quick and wide. Thinking of home, she could see things in their truer light again; she could look at the passionate, emotional life she had been leading lately and know it for a lower life. Even now, in this fever time of love, she was not deceived about the quality of the love she felt; it was based on nothing—an unaccountable thing, that had sprung up she knew not how, and grown she knew not why, and that 'by-and-by must pass. Looking forward calmly, she knew that it must pass. And yet, because she knew it, she dreaded to look forward; her love was a poor thing, not love as she had dreamt of love, read of love, believed in love, but her heart sickened when she thought of life without it. She could not give it up!—she could not give it up!

And yet—

The clear, calm night sky stretched away far above the silent lanes and fields—tender, tranquil—

A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizons be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency;
How it were good to live there, and breathe free;

How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still.

and something of the spirit of the heavens seemed to fall upon the girl as she stood looking upwards. Passion was calmed away. Her strongest need was not to love and be loved, but to be good, to be true—true to her highest instincts, true to "the best" in her, that "best" that Mark had believed in, and appealed to always. She must justify Mark's faith in

her. She must — she would — live nobly according to her lights. She *must* get away from self; she *must* care again if others were glad or sorrowful — care as she used to care about Mark's poor people — if that poor sad-eyed, thin-faced girl in the hospital whom he had sent her to see and help was setting her life right again, if there was work to do this summer, if next winter promised to be less hard than last; she *must* care, she *must* get back to that wider life, those wider sympathies; she must — she would.

The grey, early morning light was creeping in between the chinks of Miss Agatha's green blinds next morning when Miss Agatha awoke an hour earlier than her wont, and awoke, as she was unaccustomed to awake, with a sudden start. The door had creaked loudly. Naomi, with the door held open, was standing on the threshold of the room.

Miss Agatha sat upright, looking a little startled and bewildered.

"Naomi! My dear, what is the matter?" she asked, in a tone of mingled expostulation and concern.

"May I come in, Aunt Agatha?"

"Come in. It must be very early, Naomi. What is the matter?"

The girl came forward into the room. "Aunt Agatha," she said earnestly, "I came to tell you — that I am going home. I wanted to tell you as soon as I could. I want to go home now — to-day."

Miss Agatha sat looking at her in amazement — amazement too great even for displeasure.

"Go home?" she echoed.

"I cannot stay any longer," said Naomi falteringly, in a tone almost childish in its helplessness. "Let me go, Aunt Agatha. Don't try to persuade me. I have been thinking about it all the night. Don't try to turn me from it. Let me go now — to-day."

"Certainly, if you wish. We will talk about it a little later. The servants are not yet up; it cannot be much more than six o'clock. I am afraid, Naomi, you have disturbed Aunt Sophy, moving about so early. I cannot talk to you at this time in the morning; down-stairs, when prayers are over, we will discuss the question. It is a very sudden determination. I am sorry we have not been able to make you happy here. We will talk about it after breakfast. My dear, please to go away quietly. Aunt Sophy sleeps very lightly; she is never accustomed to be called till half past seven. Perhaps you had better leave the door upon the latch."

Two hours later, when Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy descended punctually at eight o'clock to prayers, crisp toast and eggs, Naomi, although she had been guilty of the solecism of having arisen before the servants, had not yet arrived in the dining-room.

"Ring the breakfast-bell again," said Miss Agatha, as she rose from her knees and took her place before the urn. "Miss Naomi did not hear the first bell, perhaps."

"Miss Naomi went out, I think, 'm," ventured the parlor-maid, in an approved tone of grave deference.

Miss Sophy was lingering a moment at the window. At that moment the door in the garden wall was opened by some one on the road outside, who held it open a little way as though hesitating whether or not to enter; Miss Sophy caught a glimpse of a puffed, cuffless red brown sleeve and a gloveless hand; an indistinct murmur of voices came borne across the garden through the open window; then the garden door shut with a click, and the voices were lost again.

Miss Agatha and Miss Sophy were very silent through half their meal; but over their second cups of coffee they began to talk of Naomi, and fell into a very serious conversation.

"And I cannot help feeling," concluded Miss Agatha, as she rose from the table, "that if Naomi wishes to go, we had better not oppose her wishes. I do not like to say anything against the child — after all, we must remember that she is poor Philip's daughter — but she is not like us, not like any of our family. I think, perhaps, if she wishes to go, we should let her go."

"And yet it's a pity," said Miss Sophy lingeringly. "It seems a pity, Agatha, just now. I dare say it is only my idea," she added apologetically; "but lately I have thought sometimes that Mr. Nicholson had taken a sort of — a sort of fancy to Naomi. It seems a pity that she should go away — just now."

There was a minute's silence whilst Miss Agatha looked down musingly at the housekeeping keys she held, and Miss Sophy stood watching her nervously.

"It may be only my fancy, Agatha," said Miss Sophy hastily, "but he pays her attention. He certainly pays her attention. You too must have noticed that."

"Yes," agreed Miss Agatha slowly, "I have noticed it. But Mr. Nicholson is so sensible — not likely to be imprudent. And it *would* be imprudent, Naomi is so — so unlike any well-bred girl. I do not

think he is likely to make such a grave mistake as that."

"It would be such a good thing for her," said Miss Sophy regretfully.

"A very unhappy thing for him," said Miss Agatha, moving away.

In the mean time, on the other side of the ivy-covered wall, Naomi and Mr. Nicholson were strolling slowly, and more and more slowly — up and down St. Mary's Hill.

The road was quiet. Only at very long intervals a milkman, late on his round, or a countrywoman bearing baskets with fruit or vegetables, would disturb the solitude. There was a scent of mignonette borne on the soft air from some garden border—the morning air was warm already.

As Miss Agatha went away with her keys to the kitchen, Naomi reached the garden door and stopped. Mr. Nicholson stood still too. Neither was speaking; neither had spoken for many moments; but the silence between them was intense with the remembrance of the words that had last been spoken, and the expectation of the words that next must come. She put out her hand against the door. But she stood facing him, her eyes with a great fear in them raised to his, beseeching him with passionate urgency against the words he meant to say.

"Naomi, you must hear me," he urged in pleading yet decisive tones. "You have let me say so much, you must hear me to the end."

Only her eyes answered him. Her eyes spoke a language passionate but incoherent. They besought him to be silent, and yet they tempted him to speak. She raised the latch of the garden door, but as she raised it he put out his hand restrainingly and took hers with decision in his own.

"Naomi, you must listen to me," he declared. "You owe it to me."

She yielded the hand he took; she drew a deep breath, half of passionate regret, half of more passionate happiness, and stood passively before him.

"What I said just now," he continued eagerly, his glance kindling, his heart beating fast as he looked down at her, "is the truth, Naomi. I love you. You must have *known* I loved you. You do not believe in my love — what can I do, what can I say to convince you?"

"Yes, I do believe," said Naomi faintly. Her voice was unlike her own; her heart was beating so wildly that to speak at all was difficult. "I believe — but, don't be angry with me, it will pass, you

will forget. I'm not the sort of girl you should have fallen in love with. I'm sorry I came — I didn't know. When I go away I shall pass out of your life; you will forget again, you'll be glad I went away — not yet, but *sometime* you'll be glad."

There was something of reason in what she said; he realized it. It was what he had said to himself again and again, day after day, for many weeks past. A week or two ago — even now in sane business moments — he could look forward hopefully to the forgetfulness that might come with absence. But this was not a moment of supreme sanity, he dreaded nothing at this moment so much as the possibility of his own future indifference.

"I do not mean to forget you," he said steadily, holding her hand more closely as she tried to withdraw it from his clasp. "Not unless you can tell me that you do not love me. You cannot tell me that."

A long silence. He stood looking at her steadfastly.

"Tell me that," he continued softly.

And again there was a long moment's pause.

"Naomi," said he, still more softly, "if we love one another why should we put away happiness so lightly? It is not such a common thing. After all it is the best thing we are likely to get in life."

Naomi had drawn away her hand. She looked at him quickly now, with an eager protest on her lips; but the protest died away unspoken. His eyes had spoken to hers in the soft, passionate, persuasive language of love; and last night's visions, this morning's reiterated resolves were all forgotten. Suddenly he bent and kissed her.

It was half an hour later, perhaps, that Naomi came slowly up the front garden path; and Miss Sophy, sitting alone in the dining-room, wondered at her slow step and quiet air. The girl came through the hall, and after a minute entered the dining-room and came slowly towards the window at which Miss Sophy sat.

Miss Sophy looked up, with a vague but agitated feeling that something unusual must have happened. Naomi was unlike herself; her face was very pale, her eyes were bright — too bright — bright without the suspicion of a smile, without any touch of softness or happy eager expectation; she was quiet — it was unlike Naomi to be so quiet.

She stood still just opposite Miss Sophy's chair, but looked away out of the window as she spoke. She spoke in so

dull a tone that it was a moment before Miss Sophy took in the meaning of her joyful tidings.

"Mr. Nicholson has asked me to marry him," she said; she paused for a moment, the words seemed to come in a labored way. "I am engaged to him," she added.

For a moment Miss Sophy sat and looked at her in bewilderment. Then she rose up hurriedly and came nearer her.

"Naomi, my dear child — I am glad!" she exclaimed.

Naomi stood looking away with no answering smile, looking out across the garden at the ivy on the wall-top with a dull, unseeing glance.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am," said Miss Sophy, her mild eyes beaming. "It never seemed right, Naomi, your living in London like that, knowing such strange people, with such strange ways too. Yes, I know they were good to you, dear, we won't say anything against them, you were fond of them, I know. But they were not the sort of people one cares about. It never seemed to me quite right."

"Does this seem right?" said Naomi, turning her face slowly, with a curious, very mirthless little smile. Then, suddenly, as Miss Sophy took her hands, she drew them away with a short, sharp sob. "Don't let us talk of what is wrong or what is right," she said; "what is the use? what is the good? Nothing is right for me, any more."

SHELDON CLARKE.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE WORKS OF HENRIK IBSEN.

HENRIK IBSEN is a solitary man. For twenty-five years he has lived in self-imposed exile from his native country of Norway. No lands call him master; no household calls him its head. In his wanderings over Europe he goes into no society, and in his many temporary abodes he takes nothing with him that he calls his own. A friend charged with messages to him in Rome could only find him after much patient searching, and though well known to many by sight he has no intimate friends.

I live to myself [he says], without friends. Friends are a costly indulgence; they lay on us obligations of speech or silence, like parties in politics. I believe in no such obligations. I belong to no party and wish to belong

to none. I will sacrifice my feelings to the claims of no organized mass, be it Party, Society, or State. From our early youth we are all brought up to be citizens instead of human beings, but we belong in reality to humanity rather than to the State. The expression of our own individuality is our first duty, not its subordination to the interests of the community. I, at least, have no talents as a citizen, the leader of a school, or a member of a party; and there must be thousands like me.

Up to the age of thirty-six Ibsen lived as an ordinary member of society; he is now nearly sixty-two. The first part of his life was not happy. His father became insolvent when Henrik was a child of eight years old, and his early youth was clouded with extreme poverty. His first start in life was made at the age of sixteen as a chemist's apprentice; it was not a soothing career for a fiery and discontented youth. He wrote a tragedy in his hours of leisure and had it printed pseudonymously at his own expense. It was on the subject of *Catiline*. He came to be glad to sell the edition for what it would fetch as waste paper, and to buy a dinner with the proceeds. He always looked forward to going to the university, but Christiania did not greatly please him when at last he got there. He read hard, but not for any course in particular, and when Ole Bull, the violinist, offered him a post in his new theatre at Bergen he gladly took it. He was there for five years. In 1857 he married Susanna Thoresen, whose mother was a Norwegian authoress of note, and settled in Christiania with a post in the theatre similar to the one he had held in Bergen. In 1864 he left Norway. His life, uneventful up till then, has remained for the outside world, and apart from his work, equally uneventful down to the present day. But his life cannot be separated from his labors. His writings are his life. They are not conjecturally autobiographic, but literally and designedly so.

Everything that I have written [he says] is most intimately connected with what I have experienced or have not experienced. Each new poem has served for me the purpose of purifying and enlightening the mind; for one is never without a certain share in and responsibility towards the society to which one belongs. This is what made me write the following lines:—

At leve er Krig met Trolde
Hjertets og Hjernens Hvalv;
At digte—det er at holde
Dommedag over sig selv.*
Life is a war with spirits
In the vault of heart and brain,
And writing poetry is but to hold
The judgment day over one's self.

It is not surprising to find that a man with so grave—one may almost say, so grim—a view of his own genius seeks for solitude not from choice, but from necessity.

When I am writing [he says] I must be alone; if I have the eight characters of a drama to do with I have society enough; they keep me busy: I must learn to know them. And this process of making their acquaintance is slow and painful. I make, as a rule, three casts of my dramas, which differ considerably from each other. I mean in characteristics, not in the course of the treatment. When I first settle down to work out my material I feel as if I had got to know my characters on a railway journey; the first acquaintance is struck up, and we have chatted about this and that. When I write it down again I already see everything much more clearly, and I know the people as I should if I had stayed with them for a month at a watering place. I have grasped the leading points of their characters and their little peculiarities, but I might yet make a mistake in important points. At last, in the final cast, I have reached the boundary of my acquaintances: I know my people from close and lasting intercourse; they are my trusted friends, who have no surprises in store for me; as I see them now so shall I always see them.

His work shows the results of this painful and laborious devotion. His characters are creations; they could not, at any turn of the play, do anything but what Ibsen records of them. They are living creatures. Again:—

My starting-point [he says] is a certain idea struggling into shape; whether the idea be clothed in modern or historic dress is at bottom quite indifferent to me; just at present modern life is nearer to me, as in my younger years were the historic times. The result is often essentially different from the idea; my starting-point and my finish are not the same, any more than are dreams and realities. Suppose you had read and heard a great deal about a certain town, and at last you stood before it; well, just as the impression you brought with you changes into the reality when seen with unclouded vision, just as the reality dominates the dream, so the poem—which is for me the reality—dominates the vague and wavering idea that at first filled me. But in after days, when I can calmly gaze on my work, I see the connection between my poem and my life, that was invisible to me before; and the whole drama only appears to me as a moment in my spiritual development.

“He labors very slowly, writes and rewrites his works until they appear in a neat-looking manuscript without a single correction, each page as smooth and firm

as a marble plate, on which the tooth of time can leave no impression.”

Ibsen was not a precocious genius. He began writing early, it is true, but he wrote to order—one play a year—for the stage. At first he wrote also, in his own words, “in the spirit of the romantic past.” This period may be said to have lasted down to 1864, when he produced the “Rival Princes.”* The “Rival Princes,” written in 1864, is founded on an episode in Norwegian history of the thirteenth century. Sverre, an adventurer not of the royal blood, had fought his way to the crown and reigned from 1184 to 1202. At his death a long struggle for the succession began, the chief aspirants being Hakon and Skule. In the opening scene the former is chosen king by the ordeal of fire. He reigns in friendship with his rival, whose daughter he marries. But Skule is restless while Hakon reigns. He feels himself as good a man as the king, and yet he lacks the kingly strength and the confidence which the ordeal by fire has given Hakon. Of the two conflicting impulses, his reverence for the God-elected and his own burning ambition, his ambition finally wins. He rebels and makes himself king, but reigns only a very short time, overborne by his stronger rival. The last scene is extremely dramatic. Skule with his son are besieged in a church, surrounded by the populace in arms against them. The king is rapidly drawing near. There is no escape. Skule has long felt his doom approaching, and now in a short prayer he offers his life to God as an atonement for his sins, and walks out to death with his son Peter. The doors close behind them and reopen only to admit Hakon over Skule’s body.

The “Rival Princes” is not really an historic drama at all. The characters are historic, but their treatment is entirely modern. Skule is a modern man habited as a viking. As Brandes has observed, “The psychological interest completely routs the historic.”

Towards the end of the year 1863 Ibsen’s friends succeeded in obtaining for him a pension of twenty-seven hundred marks. He at once left Norway and travelled to Rome, where he settled, and proceeded in solitude to write the principal works of his second period. These are lyric dramas in rhyming verses. Properly speaking the “Comedy of Love” belongs

* Ibsen’s title is “Kongs-Emnerne,” which may be rendered “Kings-Stuff.”

to this period, although it was produced in 1862. The two masterpieces of this time are "Brand," written in 1866, and "Peer Gynt," written in 1867.

In the first of these Ibsen incarnated his own fiery zeal for right, and discontent with half measures, in the character of a Norwegian priest. Brand is a man of heroic mould, knowing only duty, and married to a wife of fine temper and resolution. His lot is cast in a cure deep in a Norwegian valley. The villagers are dull, selfish clods, narrow and undiscerning, and they as little prize Brand's presence among them as such society might be expected to do. However, his lot being cast among them, he must stop there and do his duty, which he accordingly does, at no less expense than the life of his wife and child, killed by the unwholesome air. His considerable fortune he devotes to building a church, and only when he has given up for the sake of his cure and his duty all that makes life worth living to him does he turn on his ungrateful congregation and denounce them from the church steps for their sloth and indifference. He then flees to the mountains, and dies there.

Brand is a man astray in this age. The Roman communion could perhaps still find him work, and in the great age of the Church he would have been a shining light; but a more tragic pouring of new wine into old bottles was never painted than when Ibsen created this fiery, zealous priest and chained him in a Norwegian mountain parish in the Protestant communion. Some misconception has arisen about the leading character in this play. In making him a priest Ibsen did not intend any criticism on any form of religious belief. In his own words, "It would have been just as possible for me to apply the same syllogism to a sculptor or to a politician."

"Peer Gynt" is the Norwegian "Faust." It has been called "a convulsive flight of fancy." Peer Gynt is the incarnation of the ignoble, just as Brand is of the heroic, of our days. He is an elaborate satire on the Norwegian society of to-day and one of Ibsen's most popular characters in his own country. He is first introduced as a wild lad, who is not very good-tempered and plays practical jokes. For one of the latter he has to flee his native village and live in the mountains. He has all sorts of supernatural adventures, each one of which is made the subject of a fresh satire, and finally escapes to America. There he makes a large for-

tune in trade, chiefly in Bibles, rum, slaves, and gods. The fourth act discovers him in middle life prosperous and thoroughly repulsive. He loses his first fortune, has wonderful experiences in Africa, where he is hailed as a prophet, makes another fortune in California, returns to Norway, but loses his fortune in a shipwreck, and lands only to die in the arms of an old woman who loved him when they were boy and girl together and has loved him faithfully to the end.

In 1869 he produced the "League of Youth," and then he entered on a period of eight years during which he wrote only one drama. This is an unusually long interval between two of his productions, and it occurs at a very important point in his life. After his Roman period he travelled. He was present at the opening of the Suez Canal, and then for some years settled at Dresden. When at Rome he had been struck—like Schiller seventy years before—with the figure of Julian the Apostate, and had made many historic and archæological studies with the view of dramatizing his life. The result was the appearance in 1873 of his play "Emperor and Galilean."

This is the only play in which Ibsen has dramatized a period of history not that of his own country. The play is of Shakespearean size in two parts of five acts each, with thirty-three characters in the first part and forty-five in the second. It stretches over a period of thirteen years—from 351 A.D., when Julian's brother Gallus was named Cæsar, to 364 A.D., when Julian, as emperor, was killed in the invasion of Persia. The first act is laid at Constantinople and introduces Julian as a youth of nineteen, a Christian, but little edified with Christian conduct. He has no more ambition than to keep his head on his shoulders and pass his time in religious speculation; and when Gallus, his brother, is named Cæsar, he is grateful for leave to travel and make the acquaintance of heathen philosophers. The subsequent acts take us to Athens, where Julian has already become half a pagan, and to Ephesus, where he is secretly initiated and first hears the voice of fate marking him out as the destined reformer of the world—the creator and governor of the third kingdom—for, as he says, the old beauty (of the pagan faith) is no longer beautiful, and the new truth (of the Christian faith) is no longer true. The profligates whose orgies disgraced the lives of pagans were not more disgusting to the severe Julian than the rancorous

quarrels that occupied the attention of the rival Christian sects. At Ephesus, with this conviction of his destiny fresh upon him, comes the news of Gallus's death and his own nomination as Cæsar and the successor of Constantius, the reigning emperor. The last two acts are passed in Gaul, where the troops salute their victorious Cæsar as Augustus. Julian at least makes up his mind to face the emperor in open revolt rather than allow his fealty to lead him to the death that treacherous relative was preparing for him.

The second part opens at Constantinople. Constantius is dead; Julian is emperor, and his first public act is to sacrifice to the gods, thus ending the ten years of dissimulation which had lasted since his secret initiation at Ephesus.

The second and third acts are laid in Antioch, and are chiefly taken up with two incidents. The first is Julian's sacrifice to Apollo, whose figure and temple crumble away before the curse of the Bishop of Chalcedon; the second is the provision of the single goose as a sacrifice at the temple of Cybele, by the last priest left of all the college, and who brought the goose—his all—for the goddess's service. The fourth and fifth acts are occupied with the Persian campaign and the death of Julian.

It must be confessed that the "Emperor and Galilean" is hard reading. It has its points of interest, the principal being that Ibsen wrote it, but it is fatiguing work. Ibsen has not the gift of fine writing. It is never his rhetoric that moves us; it is his subject and his characters. But here again his canvas is too big for him, and his characters do not live. He cannot seize and present to his readers one or two salient points, and his patient method fails when it has to make the portraits of so many people who lived so long ago, besides analyzing their motives and impulses.

Ibsen attacked his enormous subject with fine courage, but the time and the subject are more than even his admirable manner and immense labors can conquer. His analysis of the *dramatis personæ* had by now grown so elaborate that it was unsuited to such crowded plays. Whether Ibsen was conscious of this or not, the "Emperor and Galilean" is his last historical effort, and his subsequent plays contain about six characters mostly, while the action takes place within forty-eight hours.

The "Emperor and Galilean" is, in spite of all drawbacks, a fine piece of

work; but it has been quite overshadowed by the series of "family dramas," as Ibsen calls them. These number seven altogether and have been produced in the last twelve years; the latest appeared this year. The first was called "The Pillars of Society," and was published in 1877. The scene of the play is a small Norwegian coast town. The chief pillar of society is Consul Bernick, who, with his wife and child, his decorous life, his well-earned and well-spent wealth, presents a pleasing illustration of the virtues of the social system. The Bernicks have two clouds on the horizon of their content. One is Mrs. Bernick's brother John. He had been discovered in a strolling actress's apartments thirteen years before, and had fled to the States to avoid scandal, taking with him the contents of Bernick's till. The other is Mrs. Bernick's half-sister, Lona Tressel. She had once been engaged to Bernick, but when it transpired that her rich aunt had disinherited her in her younger sister's favor, Bernick threw her over. He excused himself on the ground of an overmastering passion, but the passion was really *pour les beaux yeux de la cassette*. When the discarded Lona met him with his betrothed, she so far forgot herself as to box his ears, a scandal the town did not forget. When the play opens she is supposed to be still in the States with Johann. The course of the story shows that far from Johann being the *mauvais sujet* he was represented, it was in reality Bernick himself who had been with the actress, and Johann, then an idle, careless lad, allowed himself to be suspected in order to shield Bernick, who was courting his sister. As soon as he was well clear of the town Bernick allowed the report to get about that Johann had robbed the till, whereas in reality the till had not been robbed at all. The report (Bernick thought) could not do much harm to Johann's already damaged reputation, and might induce his customers to give him breathing-time, for when he took over the business the affairs of the house were much embarrassed. All this and much more is brought to light by the sudden arrival of the brother and sister from the States. The play goes on to show the pillar of society as a man quite ready to send an unseaworthy ship to sea in the way of business, and even not too horrified at the thought that his brother-in-law might go down in it, for Johann, burning with wrath at his brother's hypocrisy, was starting for the States with the intention to return after settling his affairs and de-

nounce Bernick to the whole town. The last act opens on a stormy evening. The unseaworthy ship starts, and the unhappy consul learns when too late that not only his enemy but his only son Olaf, the pride of his life and a brave, adventurous lad, is on board. By a strange coincidence, that very evening has been chosen to give the consul a public address and a torchlight procession in his honor as the chief pillar of the town's society. Just before the speeches he receives the news that the ship has not sailed after all, as the shipwright took on himself to stop it. In the relief and joy of this discovery he resolves to make a clean breast of everything, and his fellow-citizens who arrive to honor him deliver their addresses to a man who denounces himself as all but a criminal, and abjures the title of pillar of society, declaring that the only true pillars of society are the spirits of truth and freedom.

"The Pillars of Society" was followed by the two plays which earned for Ibsen a reputation outside Germany and his own country. They appeared within two years of each other; and they have roused endless controversy and will probably continue to do so, but about their merits as pieces of workmanship there can be no two opinions. The first of these was christened by Ibsen "A Doll's House," and has been translated into German and English by the less fantastic title of "Nora." This and the drama which followed — "Ghosts" — may be said to have gained the attention of Europe.

The attention has been sometimes admiring, sometimes scoffing, often puzzled and angry, but the dramas he has written in the last twelve years have never failed, as they became known, to excite strong and growing interest. His own bias in writing them is not disguised. It is often clear merely from the title — "The Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," and so forth, which have a satirical ring. But, divided though opinion may be on many points concerning them, it cannot be questioned that they are finished works of art, and, however perilously near one play goes to subjects not usually treated dramatically, one cannot be too grateful, at this end of the century, for a writer for whom the study of animalism pure and simple has such a reassuringly small interest.

The action is stripped bare of all adventitious aids. The people are of the class where any one may be found — not too rich, and not too poor, not lowly nor

highly born, fairly cultivated, not bores — in short in every respect the ordinary type of person. The action is then unfolded in Ibsen's customary delicate way; and to abstract such a composition is very hard. When the abstract is completed it tells little more of the play than might be learned from a description of a drawing that said it was executed on a piece of paper twelve inches by eight — a description which might be unimpeachably true so far as it went.

The plot of "A Doll's House" is somewhat as follows: Mrs. Helmer (Nora) is a lady about twenty-five years old, married to a hard-working, conscientious man of business. They have three children and one intimate friend, a Dr. Rank. The play opens on Christmas eve. Helmer has just been made manager of the bank, and for the first time in their lives the young couple have some spare cash. Helmer is deep in office work, among which is the reorganizing of the *personnel* of the bank; and while Mrs. Helmer is arranging their Christmas festivities, an old friend of hers, Mrs. Linden, comes to see her.

Married for money, to save her mother from poverty, Mrs. Linden finds herself, early in life, a widow, childless, with her fortune gone, and compelled to earn her livelihood. She comes to Mrs. Helmer just at the right moment, for Helmer has resolved to create at any rate one vacancy, and he promises it to his wife's friend. The man he dismisses is one Krogstad, who was under a cloud some years before, but had been taken on again, and had proved himself a capable clerk, and determined to lead a steady life. The reasons which prompt his dismissal are not, it must be confessed, of the most business-like nature. The fastidious Helmer was an old schoolfellow of Krogstad, and does not like to be called by his christian name before the clerks, especially by Krogstad. Moreover he knows of Krogstad's early fault, and with the conscious rectitude of a man who has never been found out, he will not have his immaculate bank stained with the presence of such a man. So Krogstad is dismissed, and Mrs. Linden gets his place. Krogstad, however, is not to be got rid of so easily; he presents himself to Mrs. Helmer, and reminds her that some years before, when her husband was very ill, and her father dying, she came to him and asked for 300*l.* He advanced it, requiring only her father's name as a security. Mrs. Helmer, knowing that to trouble either husband or father

would be to kill him, obtained her father's signature by the simple process of writing it herself, and is struck dumb when Krogstad points out to her that this is forgery, and that it was no worse a deed than hers which ruined his whole life. He is quite unable to make her see anything but her motives, which were certainly excellent, but leaves her with the assurance that if he is driven out of society a second time she shall suffer the same lot. The first act ends with a lecture of Helmer's on the enormity of Krogstad's crime, and the subtleties by which he sought to conceal it, in every word of which Mrs. Helmer hears herself condemned.

Mrs. Helmer has been brought up all her life, first by her father and then by her husband, to be their plaything, and is incapable of being much else. But her quick, sensitive nature responds with terrible readiness to Helmer's denunciations of the fault of untruth, and how it poisons all home life. So the second act shows her shaken to her very soul, and already telling her nurse that the children must not see so much of her as hitherto. She is preparing a fancy dress for a ball which she is to attend as a Capri fisher-girl, dancing the tarantella, when Helmer appears, and she again begins to ask him to keep Krogstad and dismiss some other clerk to make room for Mrs. Linden. Pressed, he gives his reasons, which his wife laughs at as petty. This nettles him, and he sends off Krogstad's dismissal at once. Krogstad comes in and tells Mrs. Helmer that so far as he is concerned the matter shall be a secret between himself and the Helmers, but that her husband must certainly know of the forged cheque, and through it he (Krogstad) shall rise in the world, and be virtually the director of the bank. Mrs. Helmer laughs at the idea of her husband coming to terms with such a wretch, and the scene closes with Krogstad dropping his denunciation into Helmer's letter-box. Her friend, Mrs. Linden, finds her in a state of distraction, from which she learns the whole situation. She, who was formerly engaged to Krogstad, goes away intending to use all her influence with him to make him take back the letter, only in the mean time, of course, Helmer must not go near the letter-box. He enters, and, to keep him from going to read his letters, Mrs. Helmer, while still in an agony of apprehension, dances the tarantella like a mad creature. This is a powerful scene out of many such. While Dr. Rank is quietly playing at the piano Helmer sits on the sofa, calm and

serene, nodding and directing his wife's movements as, with the dreadful secret in her bosom, she dances round and round the room.

The last act is at midnight. The letter remains in the box. Mrs. Linden and Krogstad have met as old lovers, and have agreed to share each other's lot, but Mrs. Linden will be no party to any further deception as between husband and wife; so the letter lies locked behind the wire, and the key is in Helmer's pocket. The ball is over, the Helmers descend to their own flat, the house is still, and Helmer, fired by his good fortune, his wife's beauty, and his friend's champagne, is in spirits much too high for Nora, who feels the storm very near now.

She welcomes an interruption in the shape of Dr. Rank, who looks in on his way home, and as he bids them good-night, Helmer takes his letters out of the box, and finds two of Rank's cards marked with a black cross. This is his preconcerted way of announcing his coming death from a malady which has long threatened him. The shock sobers Helmer, who retires to his study to read his letters, and leaves his wife in the sitting-room. Before leaving her he says, "Nora, I often wish some danger might threaten you against which I could stake body and soul, and all, all else for your dear sake." This is the echo of her own feelings. She by now fully realizes her crime, but all the more does she look to her husband — whom she loves and reverences as a demigod — to take all on his shoulders and save her from ruin. While she fully expects him to do so, and does not for a moment dream that he will yield to Krogstad in one single point, she has learned too much in the last few hours, and, to avoid accepting so great a sacrifice, rushes out to drown herself — when Helmer appears. In two minutes he destroys the ideal that Nora had made of him. He tells her furiously that she has ruined him, that he must now submit to all Krogstad's demands, that, of course, he shall take the children away from her, that he might have expected such conduct from her father's daughter — in short, he reveals himself as caring only for himself, as utterly careless of her trouble, and pours out infinite vials of wrath and scorn on her stupidity and wickedness. They can live together as before, and will do so, of course, to save appearances, but she has forfeited his love forever. In the midst of the storm Krogstad sends a letter with the forged cheque, which he gives up for

Helmer to destroy. Helmer's first cry is, "I am saved," and, having added that he forgives his wife, with some edifying comments such as that a man always feels happy when he has forgiven his wife and so forth, he supposes that they will now go on as before. But his wife does not see matters in that light at all. In one instant of life, a lightning flash has revealed to her herself, her situation, and her husband all in their true light, and all utterly different from what she expected. She thought she was her husband's wife, and she finds she is only his toy. She finds herself absolutely alone in the world, with nobody to guide her except a man who despises her from the bottom of his heart. The situation is unbearable, and she goes away from him to learn, as she says, to know herself before presuming to teach her children. Will she return?

Such is in brief "A Doll's House." But the thousand little points, the sweetmeats Mrs. Helmer eats on the sly, the stories she tells, the pet names Helmer showers on her, his rejoicing over "her woman's weakness," his vanity (the irritating complacency with which he laughs at his own little jokes), the whole episode of Dr. Rank's story, cannot be told in an abstract.

"Ghosts" is another riddle, but it is not so easy to speak of as "A Doll's House." It is shorter, much shorter than "A Doll's House," but it is quite as long as we can bear. Mrs. Alving, a lady of position and property, residing on her own estate in Norway, is introduced on the day when she is expecting her only boy Oswald to return from Paris, where he has overworked himself as an artist. She had money of her own and a large fortune from her husband. The latter she has devoted to building a "home" to his memory. All her life has been passed in building up also a reputation for his son to revere, just as her married life was passed in concealing the debauchery and drunkenness which made her life with him a martyrdom. Oswald tipsles — there is no doubt of it; and when Mrs. Alving hears him trying to kiss Regina (her maid) in the dining-room, the key-note of the whole play is given by her ejaculation of "Ghosts!" by which Mrs. Alving means that we are all the ghosts of our fathers' deeds. After a time Oswald confides to her that it is not overwork that is wrong with him, it is a taint in his blood, which has already once in Paris driven him mad. He now carries always with him a box of morphia powders, with which he wants to

be put out of the way when his malady recurs. In coming home he has been struck with the beauty of Regina. She seems so full of strength, and the promise of enjoyment of life, that he is sure she would take him out of his wretched self, while, if the worst came to the worst, he could rely on her to put him out of his misery. His mother is obliged to tell him that Regina is his half-sister, and under the strain of this announcement, and the excitement of the burning down of the Alving Home, his mind gives way. The curtain falls at sunrise after the terrible night, and leaves the unhappy mother with her son going mad before her eyes, while, with the morphia powder in her hand, she recoils from the horror of being his murderess.

"Ghosts" is a rift into hell, and into a hell more awful than Dante's or Milton's. The physical torture of Judas, the mental agony of Satan are all far off; our possible share in them is in the future. But Ibsen begins with us on safe and every-day ground, and then almost unobserved he draws aside a bolt here and a bar there, till with a hideous tumult our platform gives way, and we find ourselves in the roar of infernal tempests and surrounded by the ghosts of our own misdeeds. This is a hell to terrify indeed, one built up round us day by day for ourselves and our offspring with our own hands. The intimate connection which Ibsen points out here with the worst fates that can befall mankind, and our own daily actions, makes "Ghosts" terrible reading, and the burden of life almost too heavy to be borne. It may be questioned whether such a play ought to be written. It certainly would be intolerable if written by one who took the monkey-like delight in the weaknesses of human nature which some writers have shown. But the deep, almost religious, tone of the writing gives the play a right to stand its trial at least, and for those whose nerves are strong enough to let them look into its abysses it may offer potent morals.

"Ghosts" was followed in the next year by "An Enemy of Society." In a small town in Norway there is a bath establishment presided over by a Doctor Stockmann, a genial, honest man, delighted to be in the small bustle of a small town after years of burial in a village practice. He is adored by his wife and children, is hot-tempered, warm-hearted, and impulsive. He is one of the very few of Ibsen's characters that one can imagine seeing on the stage with any comfort. He likes beef and whiskey toddy, has inex-

haustible spirits, and is popular with every one except his brother, the burgomaster. The latter—a cold, calculating man, with a digestion his brother is always laughing at, and an intense pride in his office and importance—mistrusts the doctor. His mistrust is thoroughly well grounded; for, on the latter discovering that the water which supplies the bath is poisonous, he proposes to say so publicly and at once, and to set about remedying the drains, which the burgomaster's obstinacy has had laid in the wrong place. He is heartily supported by his townsmen so long as they are under the impression that the shareholders in the baths will have to pay; but when they find that the money must be raised by a local tax on themselves, they all turn against him. Determined that the truth shall be known, he summons a general meeting. They forbid him to talk about the baths, but allow him to make some general remarks—which are trenchant. He "detests leading men," "the most dangerous enemies of truth and freedom are the compact majority." "What sort of truth does a majority take up?" "Truths that are so decrepit that they are in a fair way to become lies." At the same time he says in reply to a question, "What are some of these old truths that have become lies?" "Ah! I couldn't go over the whole heap of abominations, but to begin with I'll just keep to one acknowledged truth, which at bottom is a hideous lie . . . and that is the doctrine that the multitude, the vulgar herd, the masses, are the pith of the people, that indeed they are the people; that the common man, that the ignorant, undeveloped member of society has the same right to condemn or to sanction, to govern or to rule, as the few people of intellectual power. The sort of people I am speaking of you don't find only in the lower classes; they crawl and swarm all around us—up to the very highest classes of society. Why, only look at your own smug and smart burgomaster." And so forth. He ends by saying that he would "much rather see his dear native town ruined than see it flourishing on a lie."

Of course such a wretch must not be tolerated. He is voted an "enemy of society," boycotted, and ruined; but he does not care in the least, and the drama closes with his resolution to stay on in the town, and teach the ragamuffins, and see if there is any good stuff in them.

"An Enemy of Society" embodies Ibsen's recorded opinions in a curiously literal manner. The play appeared in

1882, and on the 3rd of January of that year he wrote to a friend:—

Björnson says the majority is always right, and for a practical politician that is the proper thing to say. I, on the contrary, must necessarily say, "The minority is always right." Of course I do not refer to that minority of people who are in a state of stagnation, and who are left in the lurch by the great intermediate party, with us called Liberals; but I mean that minority which is the advanced guard in the forward march towards a goal the majority is not yet in a condition to attain.

Perhaps a letter from Ibsen to George Brandes, written so long ago as 1871, and before "An Enemy of Society" was dreamed of, may be with advantage quoted here.

The state is the curse of the individual. How was the municipal strength of Prussia purchased? By the absorption of the individual into the political and geographical idea. The bar-keeper makes the best soldier. The state may be exemplified by the Jews, of the human race. How have they maintained their individuality in isolation, in poetry, notwithstanding all the brutality of the outside world? Through the fact that they have had no municipal burdens on their shoulders. Had they remained in Palestine, they would have gone to ruin in their construction long ago, as all other peoples have done. The state must be abolished. In a revolution that would bring about so desirable a consummation, I should gladly take part. Undermine the idea of the commonwealth, set up spontaneity and spiritual kinship as the sole determining points in a union, and there will be attained the beginning of a freedom that is of some value. Changes in the form of government are nothing else than different degrees of trifling—a little more, or a little less—absurd folly. The state has its root in time; it will attain its summit in time. Greater things than it will fall. All existing forms of religion will pass away. Neither moral conceptions nor art forms have an eternity before them. To how much, after all, is it our duty to hold fast? Who will vouch for me that two and two do not make five on Jupiter?

(Ibsen to Brandes, Feb. 17, 1871.)

What is really needed is a revolt in the human spirit.

(Ibsen to Brandes, Dec. 20, 1870.)

"The Wild Duck" (1884) is a sort of companion piece to "An Enemy of Society," and the two together form a foil to "Nora" and "The Pillars of Society." The two former plays contain the portraits of men who try to set right the false situations described in the two latter. "Nora" is a crusade for a "true marriage;" "The Wild Duck" is the story of a man who tried to make his friend live such a

marriage. "The Pillars of Society" shows an unsound condition of commercial morality; and "An Enemy of Society" is the man who seeks to remedy that condition.

In Dr. Stockmann Ibsen has drawn the portrait of a man of abundant health and strength, full of the enjoyment of life, endowed with splendid energy and endless capacity for work, and he is made to fail because he is unshaken in his devotion to the truth. The man himself is invincible; but the idea, powerless against the world arrayed against it, recoils on the man and ruins him. In Gregers Werle — the principal character of "The Wild Duck" — there is except a certain insane He is an impressionable, inexperienced young man, not over-manly, who prides himself on his common sense. His personality is of the least impressive kind, but in the strength of his exaltation he commits acts of the most insufferable tactlessness and cruelty. The plot is, in brief, as follows. Gregers returns home after an absence of fifteen years and finds his old friend Ekdal married to a cast-off favorite of his father's. Their home is, in spite of small means and the skeleton in the closet, a happy and contented one. Ekdal is perfectly ignorant; his wife is discreet, and entirely devoted to him and their daughter of fourteen. Gregers determines to let in the light, to make them live "a true marriage," as he says, in distressing parody of Nora's utterances. He does so with results that might have been foreseen — the ruin of his friend's happiness, and the death by her own hand of their little daughter. With helpless fatuity he remarks, when all the mischief is done, "I hope you will allow, Mrs. Ekdal, that I acted for the best." "Oh, yes, I dare say you did," says the poor woman. "All I can say is, God forgive you for what you've done!" Truly a most pestilent fellow! The moral of the play is drawn by Dr. Relling, the common-sense character of the piece, who openly sneers at Werle from first to last. After the catastrophe, when the latter observes that Ekdal and his wife must have travelled a long way from the "ideals of their youth," he remarks: "Before I forget it, with your kind permission I will ask you not to use that outlandish word. We have a very good Norwegian word that means just the same thing, — lie. Life would be unbearable if it were not for its lies."

Dr. Relling is a comfortable, robust character — in every way the peer of Dr.

Stockmann, only with more knowledge of the world. He diagnoses Gregers in the following summary way: "You are suffering from a complicated case. First you have this gouty fever for getting things right; and then, which is worse, you go about as if bewitched, in a sort of worshipping craze; you must always have something outside your own concerns to gape at."

"Rosmersholm" was written three years ago. The play takes its name from an estate in Norway owned by Rosmer, a widowed clergyman living there with a housekeeper and one Rebecca West, who nursed Rosmer's wife during the days of mental aberration that preceded her death by suicide in the mill-stream. The parson's political opinions, once of the most orthodox, are — when the play opens — rapidly becoming radical. He is drawn as a good man. His life is decorous, his ambitions dignified. He seeks to ennoble those he meets, and this object, often set forth to Rebecca West, has inspired her with the warmest admiration and enthusiasm for him. Tragic though the ending to his first marriage had been, it was, in some respects, a fortunate thing for him that his wife died. They were not happy together, and there were not wanting tongues to accuse Rebecca of seeking to supply the dead wife's place, and of carelessness as to her position and reputation in the mean time. She was in this respect guiltless and always had been, but she had, in point of fact, allowed Mrs. Rosmer to suspect her, and had played upon her feelings not without the hope that her evidently suicidal bent might deepen into action. All this with the loftiest ideas — the notion, namely, that she might be to Rosmer what his wife could never be — a sharer in his great ideals. She succeeds; and Rosmer offers her his hand. But the year and more that she has spent in his society have so far ennobled her views that she feels unworthy of the prize she has striven for so earnestly, and she declines it. How Rosmer is brought to see the fine possibilities of Rebecca's nature, and to realize that there at last, but separated forever from him by a gulf of criminal intent, is the true and only partner for him; how all desire for life and work is shrivelled up in him, and how the two, in the end, commit suicide together, can only be rightly told in Ibsen's words. The majestic gloom that arrests our attention even for the horror of "Ghosts" broods over "Rosmersholm" from first to last. It is this power of atmospheric

effect, of projecting over the whole drama the shadow of an awful, an inevitable fate, that makes Ibsen's plays what they are. In this solemn half-light he can develop plots that no other writer would dare to handle—or at any rate that no other writer could handle—without evoking their condemnation as violent or absurd.

"The Lady of the Sea" appeared about two months ago. It is remarkable as being the only play of Ibsen's where a human will at war with unfriendly fates wins the fight. It ends happily after a long and anxious development. Before she was married, Mrs. Wangel—the lady of the sea—was engaged to a sailor, who one day told her that he had murdered his captain in the preceding night. He must flee for his life and travel far and long, but in the end he would come back and fetch her. He took a ring from her finger, and one from his own, and, fastening both to his key-ring, he flung the whole into the sea in token that they were both now married to each other and to the ocean. The trick sounds little enough told so—it seems only the commonplace staginess of a rascal. But the man was something more than a rascal. He was a man of pertinacity and courage. The girl was impressionable, and her former lover had gained a real ascendancy over her. Thus when she had been three years married and found herself still thinking of the stranger she began to feel her disloyalty keenly. Their only child had died, and she was driven to tell her husband the whole story. He is, fortunately, a doctor and a wise man. He recognizes that some of the disorder of her mind is to be physically explained, more may be accounted for by one of those mysterious affinities for the sea sometimes shown by sensitive natures, and the residuum representing any fraction of his wife's affection that is really not his, is exceedingly small. Forewarned, forearmed. The stranger appears and summons Mrs. Wangel to leave her husband's side and follow him. A sufficiently painful scene ensues; but the doctor is skilful and firm, he rides with a light hand, and the stranger is routed.

"The Lady of the Sea" seems to be Ibsen's answer to the charge, freely levelled at him, of pessimism. His genius had certainly led him to presiding for the most part over gloomy and hopeless tangles, and he has confessed himself to be a pessimist as regards humanity in most of the shapes it is likely to assume. At the same time, however, he is an optimist as

to its future. Witness the admirable vigor with which he clothes Dr. Stockmann, and the teachableness displayed even by the insufferable Helmer. He has the most profound and cordial admiration for all strong individualities. To take perhaps the most conspicuous figure of our time, Prince Bismarck, he reveres the mighty ruler and only regrets that he does not understand the longing of his age for beauty.

Such in faint outline is Henrik Ibsen, one who is not to be laughed down nor damned with faint praise, still less cowed into silence. He says his word and strikes his blow for righteousness, as he conceives it, and cares neither who hears nor who forbears, neither who is smitten nor who is spared. He is already a power in the world to-day, and it is hard to see that his influence has much more than dawned.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

From Temple Bar.

APROPOS OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE poets who delighted our fathers in the earlier years of this century are fast passing into history. Their memoirs have been written—that second funeral service which the reputation of all men of letters has to endure—and their works have been collected and annotated. The verdict of public opinion, passed in their heyday, is confirmed or reversed at their death. No man is afraid of the dead lion. There is no Kicklebury preface* to be dreaded by the critic who passes his sentence on the works of the departed.

Possibly, no English poet has ever stood so considerably out of his rank as a poet as Samuel Rogers did in his heyday of fame. Placed above Wordsworth and Coleridge, looked up to by Byron as the chief of the great choir which makes the first half of this century famous, and received at Holland House as almost the arbiter of other men's claims to literary distinction, Samuel Rogers occupied for upwards of half a century a quite unique position. "No man ever *seemed* so important who did so little," says Mrs. Norton.

There was a danger that a man so considered in his lifetime should, by the inevitable law of reaction, be undervalued

* Mr. Thackeray had brilliantly vindicated himself in a preface to the "Kickleburys on the Rhine" against some rather turgid criticism of Samuel Phillips, an able reviewer in the *Times* some quarter of a century or more ago.

after it; and it is just possible that the verdict of the present day, which places him not only below those giants named above, but below Shelley, Keats, Crabbe, Southey, and Moore, may be set aside in part at some later period. It is possible but unlikely, for the claims of Rogers as a poet do not rest upon the originality of his muse, so much as on the polish of his verse, on his fine taste, his cultivated mind, and, lastly, upon the splendid manner in which his poems were offered to the reader. Yet, if his works were as much lost as the lost books of Livy, it cannot be said that English literature would materially suffer. Better to lose everything Rogers has written than to lose Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty," with its first verse beginning, "Stern lawgiver," etc. Better to lose most that Rogers has written than Byron's "There is a silence in the pathless wood;" or than Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel;" or than much of Shelley's poetry. Nevertheless, the world would be sorry to lose his poems, and the lines selected by the late Mr. Hayward as proofs of his skill, and as lines frequently quoted, will, we think, give sufficient reason for this regret:—

But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?

Or again:—

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awe us less deeply in its morning hour,
Than when the shades of Time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall.

In neither of these quotations is there genius or originality, but the thoughts are beautifully expressed with great refinement of taste and with rare polish, and show that "exquisite sensibility to excellence" with which Mr. Hayward justly credits him.

The character of Rogers was a rather complex one. Mrs. Norton wittily and truly said that his god was harmony, and many various and some opposite qualities went to the completion of the Rogers that we now know. He was dreaded and admired by many, and possibly loved by a few; he was frequently bitter and almost cruel of speech, but was noble in many of his acts. Most of these good acts were done without the possibility of a return of any sort to him. Some, such as the efforts he made for Cary, the translator of Dante, were done for men who were opposed to him in feeling and who believed him their enemy. His munificence to Moore and Campbell is well

known, because these men were not ashamed to declare it; but the very delicacy with which he performed his part of donor, we may be sure, conceals from us many similar acts. "He not only gave freely and generously, but looked out for occasions of being kind," wrote some lady who knew him well to Mr. Hayward.

The sneer of Rogers, as well known in its day as the bitter jest of Jerrold in his day, is rather hard to defend, but we are not quite hopeless of doing so. Bred in luxury, gifted with a fine intellect, defended on all sides from all which could make life precarious, successful in his ambition as poet, as host, as arbiter at Holland House, one would imagine that here was a man to whom fortune had been so genial he could afford to reflect her smile. But he sneered. Not that he could not be very reasonable and very kind, but the way of the man was to question, to doubt, even to sneer. Was it that his fine taste was cultivated to such a point that nothing pleased him absolutely? No doubt partly so. Perhaps some friend was to be protected against a careless gibe or an ill-natured remark. Perhaps his critical delicacy was offended by some unfair pretensions, when he saw brilliancy playing over the surface of ignorance. When Fenimore Cooper spoke to him of a work of Washington Irving's, of which he hoped or expected to hear Rogers speak in praise, all Rogers said was, in his dry, caustic way, "It is a long book." "And that," said Cooper, "is a short criticism." It was, however, a great deal more than that. It expressed pithily that the book was not good enough for its length. It was Rogers's sneer, but it was true, and, in the majority of cases, we fancy that Rogers condensed into these pithy utterances unpleasant truths, which it is well some one told, and which most of us shirk telling.

Rogers's personal appearance at once challenged attention. Carlyle tells us of his pale head, white, bare, and cold as snow, of his large blue eyes, cruel, sorrowful, and of his sardonic shelf chin. When such a one added a look of scorn and emitted a bitter jest, Diogenes seems revived for our contemplation. He appears to us at a distance as a passionless man, with an unpleasing superiority of a certain sort over more impulsive natures. Not a man that excites the slightest approach to hero-worship or a desire to imitate him. "His God was harmony, sitting on a lukewarm cloud," said witty Mrs. Norton. "I never could *lash myself* into

a feeling of affection or admiration for him," says Lady Dufferin in a letter to Mr. Hayward, and then she continues: —

To tell the truth, there was a certain *unreality* in him which repelled me. I have heard him say many graceful things, but few kind ones, and he never seemed to me thoroughly in earnest save in expressing contempt or dislike.

Mrs. Norton considered that his tastes preponderated over his passions. She adds, he "defrayed the expenses of his tastes as other men make outlay for the gratification of their passions;" and continues: —

All within limit of reason, he did not squander more than won the affection of his Seraglio, the Nine Muses, nor bet upon Pegasus . . . he did nothing rash. I am sure Rogers, as a baby, never fell down *unless he was pushed*.

Rogers possessed abundance of cold wit of the head, but no humor of head and heart. He was not apparently a man who demanded or gave sympathy. He was essentially a man of society and of the world. It is said that to hear the praise of a rival poet pained him. If this be true he could not belong to the first order of men. "I remember," says Lady Dufferin, "his treating me with a rudeness almost bearish because I indiscreetly avowed how much I admired Tennyson's 'Princess.'" This sort of envy suffices to dwarf the man. How different from Thackeray's generous appreciation of Dickens, where we have the large heart which gave us humor as well as wit, the noble nature, so rich that it had no jealousy, but warm appreciation of the genius of others!

Though Rogers could show this jealousy, he was keenly alive to the same deficiency in others, as when Lamartine breakfasted with him, and Rogers inquired after the characteristics of Béranger. "Je ne le connais pas," said Lamartine. "I pity you," replied Rogers.

Rogers's house in St. James's Place was a model of elegance. A chaste, refined taste prevailed in it, that same taste which caused him to polish and refine his verse to the highest point, and that judgment which enabled him to discern genuine faculty wherever he met it, and which made his own conversation delightful to such different men as Fox and Lord Byron, Horne Tooke and Wordsworth, Thirlwall and Sydney Smith.

Ticknor, in his journal for July 5, 1835, says: —

The house [Mr. Rogers's] opens on the park near the old Mall, which was the fashionable walk in Pope's time, and the place from which the beaux were to see the lock of Belinda's hair, when it should be changed into a constellation; his garden gate opening immediately upon the green grass, and his library and dining-room windows commanding a prospect of the whole of the park, and of the gay life that is still seen there. Everything within the house is beautiful, and in as good taste as the prospect abroad. . . . Mr. Rogers's conversation was in keeping with his establishment, full of the past — anecdotes, facts, recollections in abundance. . . . All he says is marked by the good taste he shows in his works, and the perfected good sense which he has been almost a century in acquiring.

His breakfasts and dinners became famous. He had the pick of the ablest men of the day, and had for upwards of half a century been accustomed to receive the choicest society. He knew whom to place together, and he talked well himself and let others talk. Probably in no house in London, Holland House excepted, was there such good talk as at Rogers's breakfasts. These are said to have been preliminary tests for his dinners, yet the breakfasts seem not to have been in as good repute as the dinners; Sir Walter Scott at one of the dinners in which were assembled Wordsworth, Scott, Lord John Russell, and Jekyll, writes: "The conversation flagged as usual, and jokes were fired like minute guns, producing an effect not much less melancholy;" and Mr. Hayward says that Rogers's want of animal spirits prevented his keeping the ball rolling, and that the "conversations at his dinners not unfrequently flagged."

These famous breakfasts were once used in a humorous way by Sydney Smith, who swore by them in a letter to Moore, which we cannot help giving here from Moore's delightful diary: —

MY DEAR MOORE, —

By the beard of the prelate of Canterbury, by the cassock of the prelate of York, by the breakfasts of Rogers, by Luttrell's love of side dishes, I swear I would rather hear you sing than any person I ever heard in my life, male or female. . . . Call me Dissenter, say that my cassock is ill put on, that I know not the delicacies of decimation, and confound the greater and the smaller tithes; but do not say that I am insensible to your music.

Moore was one of the most welcome of Rogers's guests, for there was a great friendship between the two men. Moore's poetry no longer enjoys the popularity it formerly had. Moore was a manly, inde-

pendent little fellow, a very affectionate husband and father, and a thorough gentleman. "That's as good a creature as ever lived," said Miss Berry of him.

Another interesting character, a frequent guest at Rogers's dinners, especially if Moore were one of the guests, was Luttrell. Of this man little survives but a few bright sayings, but there is no doubt that in his day he largely contributed to the enjoyment of society. On one occasion, Moore thought that a lady paid one of his songs the compliment of tears, which she was endeavoring to conceal, and he was disappointed to find that "she was only putting up her hands to settle her spectacles." "Ah," said Luttrell, "you thought it was *nocte pluit tota*, instead of which it was *redeunt spectacula*." Other good stories are told of Luttrell, which will be found in that repository of anecdote, Tom Moore's life, of which we hope Messrs. Longman will give us a new edition, with a great deal removed which at present keeps out of reading a very delightful book. Well edited, and expurgated of some less interesting matter, a new edition should have a large sale. When Barnes was asked what he thought of Luttrell's epigrams, he replied, "Neat, but feeble;" but in society Luttrell played well up to Moore, and Moore was never so happy in his wit as when Luttrell was a guest also.

Wordsworth we have already referred to as one of Rogers's guests. At one of the dinners in St. James's Place Moore observed to Wordsworth that he had met in some café in Paris a young man who had seen him, whereupon Wordsworth replied, "Oh! *Virgilium tantum vidi*." Moore mentions this as presumption, but the truth is that Wordsworth spoke what he thought, and gave expression to what most would wish to conceal. Wordsworth was not a modest man, but he was scarcely an immodest one. The fact is, that when we think of some immortal things Wordsworth has written, he seems almost justified in his high estimation of himself, and it is only when we remember how much he sent forth that is not worthy of his high fame that we feel that there is a ludicrous side to the *Virgilium tantum vidi* story. As a rule, however, genius and modesty seem to go together.

In Northcote's conversations with Hazlitt, Northcote observes to Hazlitt, "It is droll to see how hard you labor to prop Wordsworth up, and seem to fancy he'll live;" to which Hazlitt replied that he thought Wordsworth stood a better chance

than Lord Byron; but Northcote would none of it. "Do you imagine," said he, "such trifles as descriptions of daisies and idiot boys will not be swept away in the tide of time like straws and weeds by the torrent?" Hazlitt has proved the better prophet so far, inasmuch as Wordsworth's fame never stood higher than it does at this period. The poet of

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills,

we agree with Hazlitt, has a long fame before him.

When Fox was speaking to Rogers of the pleasures of excitement, Rogers told him he preferred sedatives. He described here the bent of his own mind. He was possessed of fortune, intellect, and judgment. Such a man needed no sallies into the fields of adventure to procure himself an interest in life. His richly stored mind found delight in the contemplation of works of art, in the reading of the classics of the world, and in converse with the finest minds of his time. His opportunities were as unique as were his powers of making use of them, for he had conversed intimately with Fox and the Duke of Wellington, with Grattan and Horne Tooke, with Grenville and Lord Lansdowne, and at Holland House he had listened to the *mots* of Talleyrand, to the rich stores of Macaulay, and to the finest wit of Sydney Smith. His intimacy with Fox was the result of a mutual liking, and Rogers has preserved for us many characteristic thoughts of that charming and irregular spirit. With these immense advantages, it is not to be wondered at that the social world was dazzled, and that the muse of Rogers had honors paid to her, some of which were due to other gifts of the host than to his poetical ones.

The most interesting portion of Rogers's life must have been when he first came to live in St. James's Place. Miss Banks, daughter of Thomas Banks the sculptor, not having favored his suit, he settled down into a bachelor life, and his house became a sort of hospitable hotel for any man of genius whom he met and liked. Not every man liked him at first, and Coleridge took a positive dislike to him, and in a letter to Sir George Beaumont he says of Rogers, "If I believed it possible this man liked me, upon my soul I should feel as if I were tarred and feathered." But this feeling passed away, and a friendship, broken only by death, succeeded. When Byron became famous, and it was found that Rogers and Byron

were friends, Rogers got up another step in the social ladder.

Mr. Clayden thinks, and no doubt rightly, that Rogers's position at Holland House sprang out of his intimacy with Fox. It must have required great tact and some courage to maintain one's footing there and to keep on good terms with Lady Holland. Her good qualities are not so apparent to the outsider as they may have been to those who were honored with her invitations. We say with *her* invitations, for Lord Holland seems to have had little to do with that matter, and once asked Rogers whether he were going "to dine with him to-day," to which Lord Holland received the reply he desired, namely, that Lady Holland had asked him (Rogers). The poet summed up the difference between Lord and Lady Holland thus: "Lord Holland is extremely kind. But that is of course, for he is kindness itself. Her ladyship, too, which is by no means of course, is all graciousness and civility." Lady Holland never strikes us as being quite a lady. She was overbearing, frequently positively rude, and she was capricious in her temper. Lord Holland, indeed, was not master in his own house. Mr. Clayden tells us that when Lady Holland wished to be rid of the masher of that day, then styled fop, she would beg his pardon and ask him to move a little farther off, adding, "There is something on your handkerchief I do not quite like." Fanny Kemble tells us that Lady Holland dropped her handkerchief purposely to make people pick it up, and tried it on with her, but not successfully. Brougham thought she loved to initiate everything, and looked coldly on anything she had no hand in. He proposed an excursion to Rogers, and writes thus as an inducement: "Don't forget how very angry it will make Lady Holland. She hates anybody doing anything." Allen, Lord Holland's secretary, a man of considerable ability, had the courage to tackle this imperious woman, and was rewarded for his courage by being able to live ever after on pleasanter terms with her.

There is a passage in Moore's diary which shows the light in which Lady Holland appeared to him. He says:—

Lord John had dined with Lady Holland the day before, which she took care with her usual *tactique* not to tell me. People that wish to meet will never receive any help towards it through her.

In justice to the imperious lady we should add that Moore continues thus:—

An excellent person in her way, however, and I should be ungrateful not to record it; full of good parts as well as of sharp ones.

Macaulay writes in 1833 to his sister Hannah:—

Lady Holland is in a most extraordinary state. She came to Rogers's with Allen in so bad a humor that we were all forced to rally, and make common cause against her. There was not a person at table to whom she was not rude: and none of us were inclined to submit. Rogers sneered; Sydney made merciless sport of her; Tom Moore looked excessively impertinent, Bobus put her down with simple straightforward rudeness; and I treated her with what I meant to be the coldest civility. Allen flew into a rage with us all, and especially with Sydney, whose guffaws, as the Scotch say, were indeed tremendous.

Ticknor tells us in his delightful journals a capital story of his battle with Lady Holland on one occasion, which led to her behaving better when she next met him:

She characteristically remarked to him, who was a New Englander, that she believed New England was originally colonized by convicts sent over from the mother country. Mr. Ticknor replied that he was not aware of it, but that he knew that some of the Vassall family, ancestors of Lady Holland, had settled early in Massachusetts.

Lady Holland was surprised into silence.

Yet, rude and imperious as she was, it is a question whether the qualities of her mind, and even her peculiarities of temper, were not required at the head of a household whose nominal head belonged to the *laissez-aller* school. The reins must be held by some one, and Lord Holland was not one who liked that duty.

To these dinners constantly came Rogers, who told Moore: "There are two parties before whom everybody must appear; *them* [the Hollands] and the police." The interesting intercourse which Rogers was known to have had with Fox of course gave Rogers an ascendancy amongst the visitors at Holland House, for Fox was worshipped by his followers. He must certainly have had a personal charm about him perfectly irresistible. He was so natural, so courteous, so simple in his habits, so fond of letters, and so well versed in them. Like many very self-indulgent men, he gave the indulgence to others he loved himself, and so was easy to get on with. "Never do yourself," said Fox's father, "what you can get any one else to do for you." This was one of the easy-going maxims of a father who actually gave his son money to gamble with.

Nothing great was ever done by Fox, and when at last he came into power he continued the policy he had spent his life in denouncing. A gambler,* a man of irregular life, and a spendthrift, his manners were so delightful that every one conspired to forgive him, and for half a century after his death he was still esteemed a great politician, through the transmitted love of his friends to their descendants. We have lately had regretfully to hear a great modern politician underrate Pitt. We cannot help thinking it a proof of the sound judgment of our forefathers that they stood by Pitt in his great struggle — a struggle the success of which gave us, under God, all our subsequent prosperity.

Rogers, of course, was a Whig, and he records with *gusto* any attacks on Pitt. Grattan told him Pitt had not much knowledge, and that Burke had said of his father, "His forte was fancy, his feeble was ignorance." Grattan told Rogers that "Pitt had ruined his country." Again, on another occasion Rogers recounts that Grattan told him that "for twenty years Pitt was an apologist for failure, and an imposer of taxes; in other words, a humbug." This great man, who spent his life in the service of his country, and died poor, has thus been described by two differing politicians as "a humbug" and "a blackguard." Again, we find Grattan telling him "Pitt would be right nineteen times for once that Fox would be right; but that once would be worth all the rest. The heart is wiser than the schools."

Before we part with Grattan it is interesting to recall his declaration given in the little volume of Rogers's recollections, edited by Sharpe: —

My much injured country will have her revenge for all her wrongs: she will send into England, and into the bosom of her Parliament, and the very heart of her constitution, a hundred of the greatest rascals that can be found anywhere.

Rogers did not write very good letters. Indeed, if those given in Mr. Clayden's two volumes are average specimens, his letters have nothing to distinguish them from those of any ordinary person. That he did not write good letters is, to our thinking, a corroborative proof that he wanted original genius. The freshness and the originality which accompany genius make themselves everywhere felt, and

relieve the most commonplace things of their commonplace character. We see this in Byron's letters, we saw it the other day in the letters of John Thackeray penned The individuality of Dickens is stamped on all his letters, and every characteristic of Wordsworth is found in his; so Charles Lamb's letters to Manning are even better than his essays, and innumerable instances of the truth of this will occur to every one.

It does not even appear certain that Rogers much enjoyed the society of men of deep thought. He could follow the wit of Sydney Smith, Luttrell, and Moore, the literary playfulness of Fox, the genial man-of-the-world talk of Scott, the half literary and social and half-political chit-chat of Lord Holland. He could enjoy himself and make others enjoy the clash of brilliant conversation, which revealed all but the depths of the minds of the various men and women who came to his table; but Coleridge was never to Rogers what his other guests were, and Uvedale Price, whose letters are the best, because the most full of idea and thought, in Mr. Clayden's volumes, was thought a bore by Rogers, who sought to avoid him. There is no evidence of the deep and sustained thought of Wordsworth and Coleridge in anything left by Rogers. He perceived the true relations of things with amazing quickness, and gave expression to his opinion with ready and sardonic wit. But it was as the critic of others' thoughts rather than as himself the discoverer in the thought world that he shone. He found a rough agate of some other mind, and lent it polish. Behind the man of letters was the man of the world, and each was perpetually cropping up over the other according to the society in which he found himself. He took jokes at himself with good temper, as when Byron satirized him, in a fit of fun, in satire which Medwin says was stinging enough. But he could repay as well as receive, and there is something rather unpleasing in hearing that men manoeuvred to be the last to quit the dining-room that they might be the hearers, rather than the victims, of Rogers's cutting satire upon others.

He was wont to give as his excuse for his ill-natured sayings, that he had a weak voice, and if he did not say cutting and bitter things, society would pass him by. This was his reason, but no excuse. It amounts to a confession that he preferred to be ill-natured rather than not be talked about and thought witty, and it brings us

* Fox's father, Gibbon tells us, paid in 1773 his son's debts to the amount of £140,000; reducing himself thereby to £90,000.

round once more to the paradoxical nature of a man who could say such cruel things and do such generous acts. "In his society," said Moore, "one walks upon roses with a constant apprehension of the thorns."

We have not space to particularize each of the guests that have given fame to the meetings in St. James's Place. Besides such giants as Scott and Wordsworth; Coleridge, Byron, and Moore; Thackeray and Dickens; came Lamb with that "head worthy of Aristotle;" Thomas Campbell, Washington Irving, Macaulay, Hallam, Montalembert, Lamartine, and Gladstone. Think what this wonderful old man had seen and heard. He had sat down at dinner with Tom Paine; he had seen Marie Antoinette go to mass with her little pale-faced boy, happily ignorant of the cruel tragedy about to happen to him. He had looked on Louis XVI. with his amiable but unmeaning face; and — never-to-be-forgotten incident! — he had witnessed the great Napoleon mount his white horse at the Palace of St. Cloud, his face "one dead tint of yellow." What a period Rogers covers when we think of him as setting eyes upon Louis XVI. and alive at the death of the Duke of Wellington! He saw France before the great Revolution, saw that struggle of the nations which ended in the victory of 1815, he witnessed the rise of the demand for Reform and the carriage of the bill, the final fall of the Bourbons and of him who still more deserved to fall, the intriguing Louis Philippe. He saw the Irish rebellion of 1798, and the Cabbage-garden Rebellion of 1848. The history of the best part of a century had passed under his observing eye; and he had witnessed the rise and fall of nations, institutions, and men. His cold wit and what Carlyle terms his "sardonic sense" had been employed at one time or other on epigrammatic sayings on all these great men and great events. He had summarized in witty lines the chief features of men, and given Ward a heart by which he got his speeches. He had listened to Wordsworth at his favorite employment of reading his own poems, been rallied by Byron, sung to by Tom Moore, and had listened to the wit of Sheridan. To his table came Grey and Lansdowne and Lyndhurst; here Wellington listened to the beautiful singing of Miss Jervis, and here, by no means to be omitted from the celebrated list, came our greatest modern poet, Tennyson.

In Rogers's last interview with Ma-

cready, the poet quoted with pardonable pleasure the fine line: —

Their very shadows consecrate the ground.

Thus it is with the famous men and women who for half a century graced the meetings in St. James's Place. We do not know whether any tablet records the fact that in this house Samuel Rogers lived. But such a tablet would not be out of place. Such a record would be read a hundred years hence with the same reverence as we should now read a tablet over the doorway of any literary celebrity of the last century, and the record might appropriately close with the line just quoted, with which Rogers bid a lasting adieu to the great actor: —

Their very shadows consecrate the ground.
G. B.

From The National Review.
THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY
CALENDAR.

ONE of the principal things which made the French Revolution memorable, was that it represented the "triumph of ideas," which, in the mind of the philosophic Radical of to-day, is in itself an eminently desirable thing. The rest of the world may, however, be pardoned for looking at that great series of events from a somewhat different point of view, and for estimating mere abstract ideas somewhat less highly than do the apostles of culture. This reverence for ideas does not, of course, want for champions. The ideas of the Revolution were not new; they were certainly not original, and they sprang from purely English sources. England was a free country for many generations during which Frenchmen were, as they themselves complained, the victims of an aristocratic tyranny which practically crushed out the life of the nation. The Church in England was reformed and brought into harmony with modern ideas two centuries and a half before France awoke to the iniquities of a Cardinal de Rohan and his satellites. Even unbelief, which counted for so much in the general overturn of France in the eighteenth century, was no new thing. The fool had said in his heart there is no God, and had become corrupt and abominable some thousands of years before the Père Duchesne voided his execrable filth on "the politest nation of Europe." Nay, even the Encyclopædists were anticipated. The "En-

cyclopédie" itself is a huge plagiarism from the English "Encyclopædia" of Chambers, while every idea for which they claim credit may be found in the writings of Hobbes, Toland, Tindal, Shaftesbury, and Woolston, and, it may be added, is put with the greatest force and point by its originators. The simple solution of the whole matter is, that while ideas had been steadily growing and maturing in English minds, the French mind lay comparatively fallow. Then, having suddenly awakened to certain truths, the French philosophers of the eighteenth century fondly imagined that they had a monopoly of wisdom, and boldly undertook to instruct the world in those "principles of '89" which they had borrowed from the English of a century before. Like Candide in El Dorado, they fancied that the pebbles of the highway were nuggets of gold. The English mind had rightly appraised them long before, and had discarded them accordingly. It says but little for the knowledge or the wisdom of a large section of our fellow-countrymen that they should accept these exploded fallacies as unimpeachable truths.

Amongst the "ideas" of the Revolutionary period none took a firmer root or exercised a wider influence than the reform of the existing standards of weights, measures, and time. That changes of some sort were necessary, and, indeed, inevitable, had long been notorious. The English, in their dull, Philistine way, began to modify their system about the middle of the last century. Local rules faded into desuetude, and by the time that Arthur Young set out on his famous tour through France and Italy, he was able to congratulate himself on the fact, that, although there was no uniform measure of land in England, the statute acre was gradually coming into general use, and the statute bushel of eight gallons was commonly accepted. Things in France were by no means so satisfactory. "The infinite perplexity of the measures," says Young (*Travels*, i., 315), "exceeds all comprehension. They differ not only in every province, every district, but almost in every town, and these tormenting variations are found equally in the denominations and contents of the measures of land and corn. . . . There are two national measures of land—the arpent de Paris and the arpent de France—both legal and common measures, notwithstanding which they are of very different contents, and, what is strange to say, they are sometimes confounded by French writ-

ers on agriculture . . . even by societies in their public memoirs." The complaint goes on through three large and closely printed quarto pages, and it is obvious that the grievance was no trifling one. Such as it was, however, it lasted until the Revolution had made considerable headway, and then, in accordance with the new ideas, an attempt was made to introduce an enormous and instantaneous change—to substitute the decimal system for the ancient weights and measures.

Nearly a century has gone by since that time, and it can hardly be contended that the triumph of the decimal system is assured even in France. On general principles, to which the devotees of ideas so constantly appeal, it ought to have been taken up with enthusiasm, and to be by this time adopted by every civilized nation. Ten is a normal number, and "to count by tens is the simplest way of counting." Man has five fingers on each hand, and five toes on each foot—the Philistine has six; the bearing of which observation, as Captain Bunsby would say, lies in the application thereof. It is likewise an incontrovertible fact, that the equator is of certain length, and that it is within the power of human ingenuity to devise a measure which shall be an hundred thousandth or a millionth part of that length. But it does not follow that the man is of necessity a fool who chooses to measure the kerseymere for his small clothes by the cubit, which is according to the measure of a man. As far as ideas are concerned, one standard seems to be as good as another. To count by tens may be the "simplest way of counting," but in the arithmetic of every-day life, a division into halves and quarters and half-quarters is found in practice natural and convenient. For arithmetic of another kind, the ancient Babylonian sexagesimal system, which divides the hour into sixty minutes, and the minute into sixty seconds, has, as Professor Max Müller pointed out not long ago, been found practically useful for several thousand years. The French people, at all events, have not taken very kindly to the proposals of their philosophical guides in this matter. Accounts, it is true, are kept in francs and centimes—mainly because the franc is the equivalent of the livre—but in the every-day affairs of the people, the weights and measures and currency of the old time are retained. The *conducteur* of a Paris omnibus, the market-woman of the Halles, the shop-keeper of the side streets where Mr. Cook's tourists do not go, all charge

their customers in sous, and sell their goods by the half-kilo, the aune, and the demi-litre; while the class above them still talk of louis and écus, as their grand-sires did.

All these things were to be swept away in the Revolution of '89. They were marks of "feudality," traces of the *pied de Charlemagne*, as Victor Hugo calls it, and as such intolerable to the partisans of the movement which had for its shibboleth Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death. As an outward and visible sign of that republican faith, the Church was first destroyed. The Constitution of 1789 had guaranteed *liberté des cultes*: the republic denounced worship of any kind as "superstition," preached the cheerful doctrine that death is an eternal sleep, and, under the Terror, mercilessly guillotined those who were such bad citizens as to seek for moral support in religion, rather than in the windy platitudes of the new philosophy. Having thus got rid of Christianity—having, in its own phrase, "abolished God"—and having enthroned a harlot on the high altar of Notre Dame, it seemed only natural to get rid of the calendar, which, alike by its nomenclature and its divisions of time, recalled its ecclesiastical origin. Helen Maria Williams, in her "Residence in France" (p. 12), admits the anti-religious object of the change. "It was desired," she says, "by a different nomenclature of the months, to banish all the commemorations of Christianity, and prepare the way for abolishing religion itself." Thiers, in his history, gives a somewhat different version of the same reason. "The Catholic religion had multiplied *fêtes* most enormously; the Revolution considered it necessary to reduce them as much as possible." In the Convention the change was explained, and supported by the familiar phrases. The Gregorian calendar was condemned as being "anomalous;" because there was no reason for beginning the year on the 1st of January, "except the pleasure of Numa Pompilius, who wished to propitiate the god Janus;" because the division of the year into periods of seven days was "unscientific"—because "the year consists of more than three hundred and sixty-five days, and fifty-two weeks of seven days give only three hundred and sixty-four days;" because a week of seven days does not represent one of the phases of the moon; because it is absurd that the sun should rule the day of twenty-four hours while the moon regulates the years, and so forth. The order of nature

was, in short, out of harmony with the science and philosophy of 1792-93. Had the *savants* of that period been consulted at the creation, they would undoubtedly have suggested sundry notable improvements. The year in that case would not have consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days, six hours, some odd minutes and seconds. A year of one hundred days, divided into ten months of ten days, each of ten hours, each hour of ten minutes, and each minute of ten seconds, was obviously the simplest arrangement, and infinitely preferable to the awkward malarangement with which philosophy had to deal. All that could be done, in view of the perversity of nature, was, therefore, to make the best of the situation, and subdue the recalcitrant months and weeks as completely as possible. If, whilst "correcting the errors of the Gregorian system," the glories of the young republic could be commemorated, so much the better. The National Convention accepted the charge with joy, and referred the work to the Committee of Public Instruction, of which Romme was the chairman, Lagrange, Monge, Dupuis, and Guyton de Morveau the principal members. With them were associated as consultants the principal astronomers and geometers of the Academy of Sciences.

Romme, it should be noted, was a singular specimen of the philosopher turned politician—a race of which we have had some examples in England of late years—and was a curious mixture of excellent intentions and obstinate wrong-headedness. He was a professor of mathematics; a man of great abilities, if not of genius; sincere doubtless, but extravagantly bigoted; a dangerous man politically, and the more dangerous because of his honesty. Michelet—who is perhaps a little given to gushing over the heroes of the Revolution—says of him, that "with the figure of Socrates he had the profound wisdom, the austere benevolence of a sage, of a hero, of a martyr." He early dabbled in politics, and, as seems inevitable with men of his temper, attached himself to the extreme section of the Radical party. When the Revolution broke out he was acting as tutor to the young Count Strogonoff, whom he had brought to Paris for the purpose of completing his education. Romme's notions of his duty in this matter may be guessed by the fact that he took the lad to the sittings of the National Assembly, and to the meetings of Jacobin clubs and revolutionary committees. The empress Cath-

erine heard what was going on, and not unnaturally ordered the return of the young Count Strogonoff to Russia. Romme retired to Auvergne; turned his attention to agriculture; talked Jacobinism to his neighbors, and was sent by them, as delegate, to the National Convention, where he took his place on the Mountain and devoted himself to the task of remodeling society on democratically philosophic principles. Under the Terror he prospered, but in the reaction which followed the death of Robespierre he was arrested and brought to trial, "not for what he had done, but for what he was," and dramatically ended his life by stabbing himself at the bar of the military tribunal which had condemned him (17th June, 1795).

The republican calendar was the one achievement by which his name has been preserved from oblivion. He had apparently prepared everything, and the work of the committee was reduced to a minimum. They reported on September 20th, 1793, and a fortnight later (October 5th) their report was adopted with some modifications. Romme was the presiding spirit throughout:—

His stoical genius [says Michelet], his austere faith in pure reason, appeared in his calendar. No name of saint or hero; nothing which could afford an excuse for idolatry. For the names of the months, eternal ideas; justice, equality, etc. Two months only were named from their sublime associations. June was called "the Oath of the Tennis Court month" (in memory, of course, of the scene of June 20th, 1789), and July was "the Bastille month." For the rest, the months, years, days and decades were named from figures; days followed days, equal in duty, equal in labor. Time put on the unvarying face of eternity. This extraordinary austerity did not prevent the new calendar from being well received. The people were hungry and thirsty after truth. (*Histoire de la Révolution Française*, tome viii., 176.)

It was, perhaps, the hunger and thirst after truth which caused Romme to admit to the constitutional Bishop Grégoire, himself an ardent member of the Mountain, that one of the principal objects of the new calendar was "the suppression of Sunday."

Five days later the event was celebrated by a *fête* at Arras—the little town best known to fame as the birth-place of Robespierre. The performances of that day excited great enthusiasm in Republican bosoms at the time, and there are still some persons who profess to consider them "sublime and affecting." To Englishmen—"inaccessible to ideas" as

Heine declares them to be—they are likely to appear the reverse of sublime, like so many of the theatrical performances of the Revolution. It is said that twenty thousand people walked in procession, but the figure is probably greatly exaggerated. They were divided into groups according to their ages, and represented the months. Following them came a little "sacred group," representing the supplementary days which made up the republican year, and, last of all, the representative of leap year—a venerable centenarian—who, when the march past was over, solemnly planted a tree of liberty. There were beves of virgins in white, and parties of artisans "who consecrated their tools by touching the tree of liberty with them." The elders grouped themselves around it, and ate and drank while the youths and maidens waited upon them. "Thus, before idolatrous Belgium," says Michelet, "before the barbarian army which was bringing back to us its false gods, republican France showed herself pure, strong, and pacific, playing the sacred drama of time, celebrating the new era, the greatest that this planet had seen since the birth of the age."

The months in "the sacred drama of time" upon which the Convention insisted were somewhat extensive. In the first place, the names of the months with their (more or less) "sublime associations" were swept away, the Convention preferring the chaste simplicity of the ordinal numbers. For the rest, they succeeded in producing the most admired disorder under the pretext of simplicity and regularity. To begin with, the year was divided into twelve months, each of thirty days, and completed by five days superadded (*jours complémentaires*), with an additional day in leap year. The week, "as measuring exactly neither the changes of the moon, nor the months, nor the seasons, nor the year," was suppressed, and each month divided into three decades or periods of ten days each. The day was to be divided into ten parts, each of which was to be divided into ten others so as to complete the metrical system. It is hardly necessary to say that, with all their enthusiasm for the scientific symmetry of their measurement of time, the Convention hesitated to take a step which would, at one stroke, have rendered useless every watch and clock in France. The latter portion of the scheme was, therefore, adjourned for a year, and, in 1795, was heard of again. Thiers says that the dials were actually

ordered, but his accuracy is not always unimpeachable, and I can discover no mention of these dials by any other writer. Enough was left of the scheme, however, to create abundant confusion. Before the new calendar had been undertaken by Romme the Convention had formally decreed the rearrangement of the era upon a republican basis. "Year II. of the republic" was to begin on January 1st, 1793, but the beginning of the new era had already been fixed for September 22nd, 1792. In this way the first year of the republic had been decreed to consist of three months and nine days. When Romme's project was adopted this arrangement was set aside, and it was decided that the acts of the Convention, passed between January 1st, 1793, and September 22nd of the same year, which were already dated "Year II. of the Republic," should be considered as belonging to "Year I."

Another source of confusion was speedily apparent. The system of numbering the days and months was found intolerably irksome. Englishmen who have to deal with Quakers of the old school, who consider the use of the common names of the days and months a concession to worldliness, find the phrases of the Friends confusing. But if they object to "first day of first month" for "first of January," what must have been the feelings of the average French *bourgeois*, who found himself compelled not merely to remember that *le premier jour du premier mois de la première année* stood for September 22nd, 1792, but that he had to translate every other date given to him by the light of that concise and elegant phrase? The popular mind demanded also something less abstract, and, according to Montgailard, the committee was not equal to the occasion. "This Hejira of crime and in-

eptitude was," he says in his "Etat de France" (p. 51), "conceived in one of those orgies to which the deputies gave up their nights. There was a question of giving to Venus the month of May, and that of September to Bacchus; but, in spite of La Harpe and of Chénier, the spirit of the *sans-culottes* triumphed over these amiable illusions, and over the poetry of antiquity which had created our weeks and our months, and they obtained names which belong to no language." A poet was therefore called in to supplement the scientific labors of Romme. Like most of his race in these revolutionary days, he was not a giant of intellect, standing, as he did, on the same poetical plane with Robespierre and Barère. He is known to posterity as Fabre d'Eglantine—a name, which, as one of his admirers says, is "a poem in itself"—but his real name was Philippe Fabre—*Anglice*, Philip Smith. The "d'Eglantine" was assumed because the Sieur Fabre had gained the Eglantine prize at a *concours* in Provence—a competition of one of those societies which, as Macaulay says, "turn people who might have been thriving attorneys and useful apothecaries into small wits and bad poets." In the peaceable days before the Revolution, Fabre achieved a certain species of reputation by the publication of two or three very indifferent comedies and a well-meaning but rather foolish book called "*L'Histoire Naturelle dans le Cours des Saisons*." It seemed, therefore, quite natural to hand over to him the task of finding names for the months and days. He entered on his task with alacrity, and, on the 25th October, presented his new and fantastic calendar. The year was to begin on September 22nd, and the calendar took the following order:—

AUTUMN.

Vendémiaire . . .	Vintage month . . .	Sept. 22 to Oct. 21, inclusive.
Brumaire . . .	Foggy month . . .	Oct. 22 " Nov. 20, "
Frimaire . . .	Frost month . . .	Nov. 21 " Dec. 20, "

WINTER.

Nivose . . .	Snowy month . . .	Dec. 21 " Jan. 19, "
Pluviose . . .	Rainy month . . .	Jan. 20 " Feb. 18, "
Ventose . . .	Windy month . . .	Feb. 19 " Mar. 20, "

SPRING.

Germinal . . .	Budding month . . .	Mar. 21 " April 19, "
Floréal . . .	Flowery month . . .	April 20 " May 19, "
Prairial . . .	Pasture month . . .	May 20 " June 18, "

SUMMER.

Messidor . . .	Harvest month . . .	June 19 " July 18, "
Fervidor (afterwards Thermidor) . . .	Hot month . . .	July 19 " Aug. 17, "
Fructidor . . .	Fruit month . . .	Aug. 18 " Sept. 16, "

The year, it will be observed, was thus left incomplete, only three hundred and sixty days being accounted for. In order to complete it, the five "supplementary days" already mentioned were added. To those days was appropriated the name of *Sansculottides*, Festivals of the Unbreached; "a name," says Thiers, "which must be conceded to the time, and which is not more absurd than many others adopted by the nations." Each day had its special dedication. That of September 17, was, according to Thiers, given to genius: 18, labor; 19, noble actions; 20, rewards; and 21, opinion. Thiers is again slightly inaccurate. The order, as given in contemporary documents, and especially in the remarkable one reproduced in *fac simile* by M. Arsène Housaye, in his "Notre Dame de Thermidor," is virtue, genius, labor, opinion, rewards. The sixth *Sansculottide*, in leap year, was, according to Larousse, to be called by that name *par excellence*. Thiers, however, asserts that it was to be called the Festival of the Revolution, and to be dedicated to a grand ceremony in which the entire nation should celebrate their enfranchisement and renew the oath to be free or die. Writing presumably from oral tradition, the same historian says of the day dedicated to opinion: "This festival, absolutely original and perfectly adapted to the French character, was to be a sort of political carnival of twenty-four hours, during which the people should be allowed to say what they pleased concerning every public man." Considering that at the moment when the calendar was under discussion men and women — nay, even boys and girls — were being sent to the guillotine for "looking like aristocrats," for wearing a wig of fair hair, for "desecrating" a dead stump which some patriotic gang of ruffians had dubbed a "tree of liberty," and even for the heinous crime of being "suspected of being suspect," it is obvious that the guarantees of the Carnival of Opinion were not unimpeachable. Thiers, however, who is, like so many of his countrymen, the slave of phrases, thinks that "nothing could be more moral or more grand than this idea," and protests against its being made the object of ridicule, because, as he reminds his readers in the sham classicality of the day, "the Romans have not been considered ridiculous because on the day of triumph the soldier, placed behind the car of the triumphal general, was at liberty to say whatever his anger or his mirth suggested."

But the work of the poetical Fabre was not complete. Romme's austere calendar had left nothing for the popular imagination to feed upon. Even the new names of the months were not enough, though enthusiastic republicans found them "charming, and altogether poetical," and possessed of "an imitative harmony (? melody) in their terminations," as thus (the sentence will hardly bear translation):—

Pour l'automne (vendémiaire, etc.) un son grave et une mesure moyenne; pour l'hiver (nivose, etc.) un son lourd et une mesure longue; pour le printemps (germinal, etc.) un son gai et une mesure brève; pour l'été (messidor, etc.) un son sonore et une mesure large.

The days of the week, or rather of the decade, were at the outset named: 1, Primidi; 2, Duodi; 3, Tridi; 4, Quartidi; 5, Quintidi; 6, Sextidi; 7, Septidi; 8, Octidi; 9, Nonidi; and 10, Décadi, an arrangement obviously recommended by its convenience and by the fact that "to count by ten is the simplest way of counting." A Wednesday, for example, may fall on any day of any month; but in the new calendar a Quartidi must always fall on the 4th, 14th, or 24th of the month, and so on. Still the popular mind was unsatisfied, and ungratefully craved for something more than scientific accuracy. That something Fabre — always "of the Eglantine," undertook to supply. The old Catholic almanac had been filled with the names of the saints; some of them Biblical personages, some mythical, some very modern men and women, and not a few wholly fabulous. The space thus occupied in the calendar was now filled up with the names of domestic products, implements of agriculture, or domestic animals, placed according to their appearance in the course of the agricultural operations of the year. Michelet, as usual, grows enthusiastic over this poetical nomenclature:—

Les jours sont nommés [he says] d'après les récoltes de sorte que l'ensemble est comme un manuel de travail pour l'homme des champs; sa vie s'associe par jour à celle de la nature. Quoi de mieux approprié à un peuple tout agricole, comme l'était la France alors? Les noms des mois tirés ou du climat ou des récoltes, sont si heureux, si expressifs, d'un tel charme mélodique qu'ils entrèrent à l'instant aux cœurs de tous et n'en sont point sortis. Ils composent aujourd'hui une partie de notre héritage, une des créatures toujours vivantes où la Revolution subsiste et durera toujours.

An "exchequer of words" truly, but

hardly of wise ones; rather of the phrases which pass current with the *idéologues* whom the first Napoleon hated so cordially. Nothing, if we think of it, can be much more absurd than these sentences. At the end of the eighteenth century France was a manufacturing and by no means exclusively an agricultural country; the townsfolk did not care at all for the "happy, expressive, charming, and melodious" names of the months; the peasantry still clung to their saints' days, and—if M. Babeau is to be believed—still supported their Church and their clergy in spite of the Convention. It is not surprising, therefore, that the new way of naming the days never became very popular,* in spite of the mixture of science and sentiment, which Helen Maria

Williams found so consolatory in her prison during the Terror. The new calendar was, she says, "so philosophical and so pleasing to the imagination that, amidst the sanguinary measures of those days, it seems to the oppressed heart what a solitary spot of fresh verdure appears to the eye amidst the cragginess of towering rocks or the gloom of savage deserts."*

In this system every Quintidi, or half-decade, is dedicated to an animal, and every Décadi to an agricultural implement, except in the month of Nivose (21 Dec. to 19 Jan.), when, vegetation being at a standstill, the days commemorate the minerals useful in agriculture. A page of this fantastic calendar will, however, give a better idea of it than a sheet of description.

VENDEMAIRE, AN. II.					
1 ^{re} Décade . . .	Primidi	1	Raisin	Septembre, 1793.	22
	Duodi	2	Safran		23
	Tridi	3	Châtaigne		24
	Quartidi	4	Colchique		25
	Quintidi	5	Cheval		26
	Sextidi	6	Balsamine		27
	Septidi	7	Carotte		28
	Octidi	8	Amaranthe		29
	Nonidi	9	Panais		30
	Décadi	10	Cuve		1
2 ^{me} Décade . . .	Primidi	11	Pomme de Terre	Octobre, 1793.	2
	Duodi	12	Immortelle		3
	Tridi	13	Potiron		4
	Quartidi	14	Réséda		5
	Quintidi	15	Ane		6
	Sextidi	16	Belle de Nuit		7
	Septidi	17	Citrouille		8
	Octidi	18	Sarrasin		9
	Nonidi	19	Tournesol		10
	Décadi	20	Pressoir		11
3 ^{me} Décade . . .	Primidi	21	Chanvre		12
	Duodi	22	Pêche		13
	Tridi	23	Navet		14
	Quartidi	24	Amaryllis		15
	Quintidi	25	Bœuf		16
	Sextidi	26	Aubergine		17
	Septidi	27	Piment		18
	Octidi	28	Tomate		19
	Nonidi	29	Orge		20
	Décadi	30	Tonneau		21

Thiers and Michelet, notwithstanding their marked partiality for everything re-

publican, and their willingness to adopt and apologize for even the wildest vagaries of the Jacobins, pass over this fantastic folly with but the barest mention; appear, indeed, hardly conscious of its existence.

* "Le peuple . . . qu'avec peine à toutes ces sales . . . que publiquement à Paris du Germinal, de la Décadi, et du Primidi. Ou est obligé d'accorder une grande surveillance dans les campagnes au Calendrier Républicain et il n'est pas de Dimanche où on ne mette en prison de malheureux paysans s'ils sont vêtus plus proprement que les autres jours de la semaine." (Montgaillard, Suite de l'Etat de France: Londres, 1794.)

* Letters, etc., by Helen Maria Williams, vol. i, p. 203. It is to be noted that there are three sets of Letters by this lady, one of which appears to have been written in Paris; the others from her recollections of the Revolution.

As a matter of fact, it lasted but a very short time. When it was first put forth the popular mania for classical *prénoms*, which had turned so many honest Jacques and Jeans and Pierres into Catons, Scipions, Timoleons, Brutuses, and the like, was beginning to die out, and enthusiastic republicans named their children after the vegetables enumerated in Fabre's absurd catalogue. Thus, General Doppet was Pervenche Doppet; General Peyron, Myrte Peyron; General Lamier, Peuplier Lamier; and so on. But there were difficulties in the way. The names had been chosen without any very intelligible reason, and not a few seem to have been inserted out of sheer perverseness, or that vulgar nastiness which seems ingrained in the Frenchman of the lower-middle class. It might be very well to call one's child Laurier or Lys or Myrte, but the most ardent Jacobin would draw the line at the names of Parsley, Pumpkin, Carrot, Turnip, Onion, Asparagus, and Dandelion, all of which have in slang a most offensive significance. Other calendars were consequently put forth, stuffed with classical and historical names, but none appear to have had more than the briefest life. Few, in fact, lived beyond the first or second numbers, so that, failing Fabre's burlesque catalogue and the saints of the displaced Roman calendar, people were compelled to fall back for *prénoms* upon family associations or schoolboy recollections of the classics.

The republican historians of the Revolution have, like Thiers, chosen to represent the nation as welcoming the new calendar with enthusiasm, but it is not easy to find a trace of anything of the kind in non-official papers. The reason was possibly hardly that assigned by a writer in the *Quarterly Review* for 1812, who attributes to the French people a fondness, which they were certainly far from feeling, for "the 'Flos Sanctorum,' the 'Nouveau Parterre des Fleurs des Vies des Saints,' and the numberless other compilations of a similar kind, which are almost as amusing and quite as veracious as the Arabian Tales." It is, indeed, far more probable that the calendar of Romme and Fabre was little liked because it appealed to the rural population, while the Revolution was notoriously a thing of the towns and cities. Even there, however, whatever of latent piety there was — and it is now known that there was far more than is commonly believed, was offended by the ostentatious repudiation of every trace of religion in the new calendar. But there

was an even stronger reason for the unpopularity of the new arrangement. From time immemorial, Sunday had been a holiday. The claims of religion having been duly acknowledged by attendance at mass in the early part of the day, the hours remaining had been given up to festivity, to rural excursions, "barrier balls," and so forth. The new distribution of time gave only three holidays instead of four in every month, and, under the direction of the professors of the "austere faith of pure reason," even these holidays were to be devoted to the contemplation and commemoration of abstract ideas. The new calendar had scarcely been adopted when Robespierre obtained a decree to this effect in the National Convention. By this decree, which bears date "18 Floréal, An II." (May 17, 1794), every Décadi was made a feast in the following order: "Of the Supreme Being; of Human Nature; of the French People; the Benefactors of Humanity; the Martyrs of Liberty; Liberty and Equality; the Republic; the Liberty of the World; the Love of Country; Hatred to Tyrants and Traitors; Truth; Justice; Chastity; Glory; Friendship; Frugality; Courage; Good Faith; Disinterestedness; Stoicism; Love; Conjugal Fidelity; Paternal Love; Maternal Tenderness; Filial Piety; Infancy; Youth; Maturity; Old Age; Misfortune; Agriculture; Industry; Our Ancestors; Posterity; and, finally, Happiness."

In the early days of the Revolution, Mirabeau had warned his countrymen that if they attempted to abolish Christianity they would inevitably prepare the way for the annihilation of their work and themselves. The event proved the correctness of this anticipation. The work of completely "de-Christianizing the republic" had scarcely begun when Robespierre and his fellows were sent to the guillotine. Of the *fêtes* just enumerated, one, and one only, was celebrated — that *Fête de l'Être Suprême*, on Décadi 20 Prairial, An. II., or, as we say, Sunday, 8th June, 1794, when Robespierre, in sky-blue coat made for the occasion, white silk waistcoat embroidered with silver, black silk breeches, white stockings, and shoe-buckles of gold, made a speech in the Tuileries, now National Gardens, which Carlyle asserts to have been "the scraggiest prophetic discourse ever uttered." The *fête* was hardly successful. Neither the oration of the dictator, nor the "set piece" of fireworks to which he applied the torch, appears to have impressed the popular imagination. "*Avec ton Être Suprême*," said Billaud-

Varennes, ex-Jesuit and present Jacobin, "*tu commences à m'embêter*," and the people of Paris began to think with Billaud. The end of the Terror was near at hand. On the fifth Décadi from this 20 Prairial — on Thermidor 10, or Monday 28th July next following, that is to say — a procession of carts laden with Terrorists, Robespierre wearing the sky-blue coat made for the *fête* in one of them, fared forth from the Palace of Justice to the Place de la Revolution, where the last act of the ghastly drama of the Terror was consummated.

Four months earlier, Fabre had gone to his account. Michelet, with characteristic inaccuracy in points of detail, says that he "lived through only four months of his calendar." As a matter of fact, his report, embodying the fantastic nomenclature given above, was presented to the Convention 4 Brumaire, An. II. (25 Oct. 1793), and at once adopted. He passed the winter after the usual fashion of the "patriots" of the Terror, in profligacy and debauchery. On 15 Ventose, An. II. (5 March, 1794), he was arrested, and on the 16 Germinal (5 April) of the same year he went to the guillotine with Danton. Michelet imagines that he will be immortal because he "listened to nature and found the song of the year;" from which we are to imagine that he was a pure sentimentalist, carried away by honest and respectable enthusiasm. According to Thiers he was nothing of the kind. In his account of the trial of the Girondins, or rather of the atrocious parody of legal proceedings which sent Brissot, Vergniaud, Genouonné, and their brethren to the scaffold, Thiers (iii., 237) describes their accusers with unmixed scorn and contempt. Chabot, the ex-Capuchin, who was the chief of them, was, he says, "a hot-headed and base-minded man," but Fabre was worse than he. Like Chabot, he was suspected of using his official knowledge for stock-exchange swindling, and of "the funds of the India Company, while in order to regain his waning popularity he "made a more cautious, but also a more perfidious deposition, in which he insinuated that the intention of suffering the massacre and robbery of the Garde Meuble to be perpetrated had most probably entered into the plans of the Girondists." It was against this charge that Vergniaud indignantly refused to defend himself. Mercier, of the "Tableau de Paris," is even more explicit than Thiers, accusing Fabre of being "a promoter of assassinations,"

and of amassing wealth by the grossest corruption.

When fairly in working order, the new calendar, scientifically perfect though it was supposed to be, was found to swarm with practical inconveniences. One which was pointed out as inevitable, even before the scheme was adopted, was that it was adapted only to the meridian of Paris. The "poetical and sonorous" names of the months were wholly inapplicable in the south and west, and still less fitted for use in those neighboring countries which, in the opinion of enthusiastic revolutionaries, were anxious to come under the ægis of the "mother of republics." Pending that consummation, another and perhaps a greater practical inconvenience arose from the necessity for dating everything twice over; once to comply with the law of the republic, and again to make things intelligible to the world outside, which still held to the Gregorian calendar. Of course it is highly gratifying to the scientific mind to date a legal document "10 Messidor, An. II.," but in practice it is rather inconvenient to ransack one's memory or refer to an almanac to find out that the rest of the world knows the date only as 28 June, 1794.

Napoleon, whose weakness was certainly not a want of common sense, speedily made the discovery, and resolved upon a reform before he had long held the reins as first consul. When in April, 1801, freedom of worship was restored, and it ceased to be a crime to say one's prayers in public, the first step was taken by the revival of Sunday. The Décadi was not abolished, but on Sundays the public offices were closed, whether they agreed with the Décadi or not — an arrangement which commonly led to the observance of both days. The change was universally popular. The churches were thronged on Sunday mornings, and the old merry-making of the afternoon and evening, never wholly suppressed, was renewed with more vigor than ever. When the empire was fairly established, another step was taken by the presentation to the Senate on the 15 Fructidor, An. XIII. (2 Sept. 1805) by Regnard de St. Jean d'Angély and Mounier, as representatives of the government, of a *Senatus Consultum*, by which the calendar was restored, as it existed before the law of October, 1793. A committee was forthwith appointed, under the presidency of the illustrious La Place, which at once reported. On 27 Fructidor, An. XIII. (14 Sept.) the proposal of the imperial government was

adopted without debate, and on the 1st January following, a date corresponding to 11 Nivose, An. XIV., the revolutionary calendar ceased to be. It had lasted nominally for fourteen years, but as it was not brought into operation until 12 October, 1793, its actual life was only twelve years and eighty-seven days. During that limited space of time, however, it created a perfectly unequalled amount of trouble and inconvenience; it may be doubted, indeed, whether any human invention has ever given a thousandth part of the annoyance to inoffensive people which has been caused by the scientific "idea" of the mathematical Romme and his coadjutor, Fabre, the poetaster and stock-jobber.

One thing only remains to be added. The completion of the new calendar was thought important enough to be commemorated by a medal, and a large and pretentious one, adorned with an orthographical blunder, was accordingly struck. On the obverse is the well-known figure by Duvivier, of France, helmed, and seated in a classic chair, with the fasces, etc. Legend: *République Une et Indivisible* (in exergue) *Nation Française*. Reverse: In the upper segment of the circular field three signs of the Zodiac, Libra, Scorpio, and Sagittarius, the sun being shown as entering the first in allusion to the Autumnal equinox (22 Sept. 1792), the date of the proclamation of the French republic. Beneath the signs are the words, *Ere Française commencée à l'Équinoxe d'Automne* (sic) 22 Sept. 1792 9 heures 18 min. 30 sec. du Matin à Paris.

FRANCIS HITCHMAN.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners that are good and rise;
Laugh when we mus, he caric d' when we can.

It is only since I came to live in London, some six months ago, that I have seriously thought about the art of conversation.

My father and mother are both fond of talking, yet I never remember hearing what I now recognize as conversation at home. This may be partly accounted for by the fact of my father taking in none of our leading reviews and magazines, *Sunday at Home* and the *Gardener's Chronicle* hardly filling the intellectual void thus willfully created. At the same time the dulness of their lives may have some-

thing to say to this; country surroundings and pursuits provide poor material for conversation, and, outside a charmed circle in London society, to talk agreeably about nothing, or almost nothing, does not come easily to ordinary people. Shut out, then, as they are from the stimulating influences of the periodical press, and of a second post — no second post meaning the London papers a day old — it will readily be imagined that my parents talk of little worth talking about, and that I have learned little from them. My father's attempts are limited to what are familiarly styled travellers' tales, collated from a wide reading of travels, particularly polar travels; my mother's to fairly accurate observations upon the obvious, such, for instance, as the abundance of our apple blossom, or the scarceness of good plain cooks.

Sometimes, however — indeed, oftener than is supposed — a parent's example becomes useful as a warning when it breaks down as a model; and in this indirect way I have been able to turn both my father's and my mother's *quasi* conversation to good account. They have illustrated for me two different but equally certain methods of what has been finely called beheading conversation.

I am afraid I must pass over my mother's method as radically vicious to all time; my father's, however, may certainly have had its vogue, for on more than one occasion I have heard him cited by gentlemen of his own age and standing in our neighborhood as a valuable addition to their social gatherings on the ground of his being full of information. There is a Rip Van Winkleishness about this idea which is amusing. As all know, conversation is subject to sentimental regulations which the lapse of every few years recasts. Thus the art of conversation varies with the mental habit of the day, and its most agreeable expression is that which best reflects the mental needs and interests of its day. My poor father and his simple admirers are sadly out of date. In the society I am anxious to frequent, to be full of information, particularly of the outlandish information my sire deals in, is, as I am told, to be voted quite a bore. But to admit that the tone of our conversation changes with the shifting needs of our contemporary thought, or that the taste of one time is the distaste of another time, is not of itself enough. Seriously to consider the art of conversation of our own day, we must also bear in mind that the character of

conversation itself has changed much in the same way as the character of a business changes, when from a private concern it becomes a company, and when—to use the technical expression—its shares are offered to the public. The reason for this change of character is not far to seek. The possibilities of social intercourse and social culture—integral parts, as we must suppose them to be, both of a polite society and a polite style of conversation—have already so increased, and are daily so facilitated and so increasing, that we are being forced out of one into many social groups, according to our social circumstances, tastes, and ambitions; like the kingdom of Heaven, society and the conversation of society now boast of many mansions. These social groups are knit together by their common allegiance to the taste and tone of the time, to what is styled the spirit of the age. They all observe and respect fundamental points of agreement. But, admitting, as it were, the principle of an Act of Uniformity in social æsthetics, each group interprets the act very much to its own liking and requirements. It is this expansion of society into societies which has brought about the change in the character of our conversation upon which I am insisting. Conversation, from being almost a private concern, has become a public concern.

Thence comes it that the art of conversation now has its different schools; just as the arts of painting, of music, and of literature have their schools—every school affecting its own method, its own tests, its own jargon—so many different means to one and the same end, the best expression of art. Take painting: the French school insists on a standard of drawing and enjoins a method of color which the English school does not insist upon and does not enjoin, yet the expression of the best art is the result both schools are honestly striving to attain. In this way the method and tests and jargon of conversation vary with the school, or rather the society, applying them. They vary as that society is leisured or professional, educated or highly educated, grave or gay. With this variation the student of the art of conversation will do well to reckon. He has to study the method of the society in which he hopes to enjoy the fruit of his labor, but to gather figs and grapes he need not perplex himself with the botany of thorns and thistles. He need only master the tillage of fig-trees and vines.

The society whose conversational method I have decided to study is essentially leisured, and seems to me wholly sympathetic. Professional and learned social circles command my respect, but not my inclination. I cannot project myself into their atmosphere. They appeal to none of my instincts, they awaken no impression. Lord Byron used to say that the man who made the best first impression upon him he ever met subsequently picked his pocket; but favorable first impressions are things which I for one refuse to ignore. Now the first step in all æsthetic criticism, as Mr. Oscar Wilde says, is to realize our impressions. Of themselves, impressions are rather shadowy things; they want focussing into distinct and distinguishing opinions. From being to all practical purposes supine and dim-sighted, they must become active, discerning, and articulate. This activity, clear-sightedness, and articulation can only be given them by exercise and practice. "All the treatises in the world," says somebody somewhere, "are not equal to giving one a view in a moment." Nor will the most imperative first impressions. We must get into actual touch with them. To have impressions about charity is not the same thing as being charitable; we are only charitable when we have realized our impressions about charity, got into actual touch with charity, by giving something away. In the same way, to have vivid impressions about the charm of smart society's conversation will never of themselves make me proficient in the art of charming smart society. I must realize these impressions. I must be given a real view of smart society.

How is this to be done? As I have tried to show, different societies have different standards of taste. As pabulum for conversation, what is meat at Melton may be thought poison, or at all events garbage, at Oxford. What to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid in the social and conversational climate you prefer, can only be learned by noticing what the individuals who thrive best in that climate eat, drink, and avoid. Even then, unless, as Mr. Carlyle read books "with the flash of the eye," you pick up things with a flash of the understanding, this noticing of others before setting up on your own account is not the affair of a moment, it is an affair of special training, and it may become as tedious as working at the antique and the skeleton before being allowed to attack the life-model becomes to an art student. But, further, the people whose observ-

ances you mean to copy, the models upon which you hope to model yourself, must be got at; and here I am met by a veritably disagreeable difficulty.

Had it been a school of painting or a school of music, whose method I yearned to master, its theory in print and its palpable expressions on canvas or in sound are certain, humanly speaking, to be accessible. If I wish to realize my impressions of Velasquez at the pains of a long journey and a horrid hotel, I can do so at Madrid. If I wish to realize my impressions of Wagner, I can subscribe to the Richter concerts, or, better still, fare to Bayreuth. Then painting and music have an imposing literature; their several schools, their several scribes and critics. But this art of conversation has no foundations laid on the rock of time, force, and opinion. The particular school of the art of conversation I wish to study has neither galleries nor concert-rooms, neither an historic nor a contemporary critical literature.

Conversation, with its schools, is itself a branch of the science and art of speech. Rhetoric, elocution, and debate are branches of this great science; each with their several schools. But the schools of rhetoric, and elocution, and debate are, as it were, free schools, open to the general public; whereas the schools of polite conversation are not free — indeed, so far from being free, they are exclusive, and in some degree exquisite. We cannot, because we wish to do so, or because our idiosyncrasy or turn of mind sways us thither, *abonner* ourselves to a school of literary or *beau monde*, of artistic or sporting, society and conversation. Unless the accident of birth or of circumstances places us within the radius of a literary or a fashionable circle, admission to its intimate fellowship becomes a question in the former case of merit or repute, in the latter of wealth or invitation.

Now in my own case, that of a candidate for admission to the latter by invitation, this question of invitation — confusing enough of itself — is further perplexed by the facts that the only two families I know in London live in what I heard rather picturesquely called the wildest part of South Kensington, and that they are given neither to hospitality nor to going out. Indeed, had it not been that I lately received some assistance and stimulus from an unexpected quarter, I should seriously think of taking back my defeated social gifts to the local breeds of sheep and cattle, the local littlenesses of a clay district, the apple blossom and polar trav-

els of home. To have no engagements in London is an unchartered freedom, not only of a tiring, but a depressing kind, and I begin to "feel the weight of vain desires." But a fortnight ago I ran up against my old schoolfellow, Sebastian P. I remembered him perfectly, whilst his pleasure at seeing me again would have gratified a pelican in the wilderness.

Sebastian — we all called him by his christian name — went up to the top of the school very quickly, but as lower boys we happened twice to be in the same form together. He was a peculiar-looking boy, with very fat thighs, which the boys immediately next him in form pinched at all decent and possible intervals during schooltime. Sebastian was not a Spartan youth, and this generally ended in his having to go down to the bottom of the form for interrupting the "school." For my part I honestly liked Sebastian, and I often got him to lend me a "tizzy," as we called a sixpence, after school. But I always pinched him, not because I liked pinching him, as himself, as Sebastian, but because I always pinched any boy whom all the other boys pinched. This just now is rather interesting, for I suppose it to have been the young embryo of my present strong social instinct.

There is a tenderness about old associations to which few persons can be quite insensible, so within the last few days Sebastian and I have seen a good deal of each other. I still like him, and it is very pleasant to like a person without any incumbency to pinch him. Indeed, from a social point of view, the incumbency lies all the other way, for I find Sebastian moves much in society, and is metaphorically petted, and not pinched. Both his looking-glasses are crammed with invitation cards to parties. I was struck with the number of invitations "from 4 to 7;" but Sebastian has since explained that these are parties solely got up for purposes of conversation, "conversational orgies," he happily styled them. These gatherings appear to be, from his description, the modernized equivalent of the *salons* of which we hear so much in memoirs and elsewhere — now, happily, things of the past. All this, it will readily be imagined, was of special and opportune interest for me; and I am pleased to say that, without showing the weakness of my own hand, I managed — much as I used to manage to borrow the tizzy — to get a good deal out of Sebastian.

After several talks around the subject of conversation generally, and what con-

stitutes success in conversation, Sebastian showed me yesterday what he variously calls "the implements of the trade," and his "box of tricks." They consist of a neatly shelved accumulation of reviews and magazines, the collection extending over two years or more. Sebastian has discriminatingly marked passages in particular articles in every number; and, to use his own metaphor of a man's conversation being like an empty room which he has to furnish, these marked passages are the *fond d'ameublement* of my Mentor's conversation. "But," said Sebastian, "my room wants enrichment and originality," and he handed me a "Golden Treasury," and a well-known compilation of extracts from our national prose and poetry; both heavily marked. But Sebastian did not content himself with showing me over this well-stored arsenal of implements. He was kind enough to give me some practical hints as to their employment, and that in a way which delighted me from its gay wisdom.

In the first place, Sebastian warned me to let a full three months go by from the time of an article's appearance to the time of adapting either its thought, its images, or its expressions to my conversational uses. Indeed, as I think modestly, he attributes his own justly merited reputation of being an original and brilliant talker largely to this habit of self-restraint. In the second place, it seems that classicism and erudition are best avoided. They are out of repute. Besides which, the temper of the day is one of self-contemplation, and concerns itself with neither. In the third place, quotations, especially at any length, must be most guardedly resorted to, having in view this fact: that as the evening paper is out by one o'clock the aptest quotation must be a little behind time. I thought this quite neat. Sebastian only smiled, and showed me the original idea in a monthly review nearly a year old. He thinks that the source of a quotation, whether from prose or poetry, should never be given; it is better manners to usher in one's quotation with an easy, "who, or some one, says;" no one then can feel stupid or ill-read. Sebastian then said, "I did not quite see the joke, what as Plato's philosophy was cloudland to the average intelligence, smart society was enchanted by it; so that I must read up one or two things in a book called 'Jowett.'" There was something he said too about Hobbes,

and all that sort of men, which I did not quite catch the drift of.

These practical hints, he thinks, and anything like ordinary luck, should help me to make a handsome beginning; and that with the addition of a few religious doubts, I may soon turn fearless somersaults in the smartest society. I thought this very vigorous, but he showed me the same idea in the current *Fortnightly* marked in violet ink for later use, the acrobat in the original being Mr. Robert Browning.

Well, the secret of Sebastian's system is now mine, at all events. I have only to get together my box of tricks, furbish up some implements, and get som; tuff to work upon. Conversation may be a trade or a game, its art only artifice, its artists only handicraftsmen. It is possible that in these abundant days, conversation has only time to be, as Sebastian says, "le vernis de toutes choses." It may be that good conversation is merely the most nimble manipulation of other men's thoughts, the most tuneful arrangement of the most popular airs. It may all depend upon dexterity and opportunism, and yet I do not feel altogether confirmed that it is so, nor can I quite satisfy myself—the 4 to 7 cards notwithstanding—that Sebastian P. and his method have expressed the artist and the art of conversation; or that they have helped me to realize my impressions.

"There are many kinds of readers, and each has a sort of perusal suitable to his kind." There are also many kinds of talkers, each with the conversation of his kind. Sebastian P. is one kind, and understands what suits his kind. But a master of the art of conversation surely understands and suits all kinds? Mr. Bagehot's subtle reader—the passage occurs in the essay on Gibbon—pursues with a fine attention the most delicate and imperceptible ramifications of a topic, "marks slight traits, notes changing manners, is minutely attentive to every prejudice and awake to every passion, watches syllables and waits on words, is alive to the light airs of nice association which float about every subject—the motes in the bright sunbeam—the delicate gradations of the passing shadows."

Can Sebastian P. do all this? If he can, then Sebastian P. has the grand style of the art of conversation, and for a model I need look no further.

RIBBLESDALE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

THE title of Mr. Hamerton's new book * leads us to expect one of those pleasant collections of sketches which we naturally associate with his name, in which, amid charming pictures of life and landscape in midland France, all drawn with a most favorable pen, there will be an involuntary desire to celebrate the qualities of his new neighbors a little at our expense — but all so picturesquely and with so much grace, that we should be ill-natured indeed did we express any objections.

In the present case, however, Mr. Hamerton has not been so well inspired. His book is about France, and those characteristics which are so unlike our own that we find endless subjects in them for the pleasant surprise and admiration which so often distinguish the attitude of the English spectator towards our neighbor country. No doubt there are many who do not assume this attitude, but, on the contrary, one of prejudice and disgust; but yet we think a very large number of English visitors to France go there with a distinct inclination to be pleased, and concerning many things, a foregone determination to find that these things are done better in France. Mr. Hamerton, however, does not confine himself to a delineation of the rural world which he knows so well, and in which we are quite agreed as to his competency to give an opinion. His aim is a far more serious and important one, being nothing else than a close and minute comparison between the two nations in all their peculiarities, — a comparison slightly, perhaps unconsciously, to the disadvantage of his own country-folk. It requires a very steady hand indeed to keep the balance quite even in such a comparison, and Mr. Hamerton has that preference for his adopted country and friends which naturally comes from a personal choice of them — always more lively than the mere compulsory claim of birthright. In every particular of their daily existence, in habits and manners, in religion and politics, he pursues the parallel. This, it is evident, is a very different matter from sketches of life. It is not nearly so amusing, but it is a more important undertaking, and there is always an interest in seeing ourselves balanced against our neighbors, and clearing up those mists of national misunderstanding or mistake on both sides, which are

oft so ludicrous and sometimes arise so simply. We are all extremely conscious of the absurdities on the French side, which are very patent and apparently incorrigible by any instruction or experience; but we are not at all so well aware of the misconceptions on our own. We are indeed disposed to believe that we know a great deal better what French society is than any French critic knows what English society is. For instance, nobody in England makes or perseveres in making those mistakes about French titles and courtesy names which Frenchmen continually make in respect to us. Nothing like Sir Gladstone, or the quite incongruous and wild use of lord, which is habitual in France, ever occurs in England. It is true that French titles are simple, and there is not the elaborate system of noble names existing among our neighbors which mystify even the partially educated writer among ourselves, causing him perpetually to speak of Lord John and Lady Mary Smith as Lord Smith and Lady Smith, a solecism which is too shocking for words. We, on our side, sometimes generously add a *de* where no particle is, with no consciousness that we are thus conferring nobility. These mistakes are venial, but they are curious evidences of the unteachableness in such matters of the general mind, which goes on generation after generation, thus repeating mistakes which the very smallest amount of trouble would correct. The idea of each other which is conceived by the two most eminent and highly civilized of European nations, nearest in geographical position, most connected in history, with a close acquaintance, both in hate and in (comparative) love, which has lasted for many centuries — and on either side including a considerable number of individuals who admire with enthusiasm, study, copy, and exalt the other — is curiously deficient in exactness and reality. To be sure, even in differences of locality little affected by race, we find the curious problem of this inability to understand in full force even after the closest union. It has come to be a sort of absurd commonplace that nothing, for instance, will ever enable us, in this larger island, to understand Ireland. Nay, there remains between the English and Scotch, who are now virtually one nation, the most odd mutual failures of comprehension. But why need we go so far afield for examples, when even between the two halves of the human race, the companions who share bed and board, and every incident of life, there remains

* French and English. By P. G. Hamerton. London: Macmillan & Co.

the same inconceivable failure of understanding, and men and women, after those thousands of years, continue inscrutable to each other? This great misunderstanding apparently will always subsist, and certainly it is the most incomprehensible of all.

Mr. Hamerton begins his contrast of the two peoples in the schoolroom, and continues it through all the national and domestic institutions, contrasting the culture of the affections in France with their repression in England, the different views of both peoples in respect to rank, their patriotism, their differing kinds of conservatism, their religion, and, in short, everything which deeply affects national character, with a very full knowledge of what we may call from an English point of view the other side of the question; but with not so clear a perception we think of ours, which perhaps he has partially forgotten, and with which, seeing his long inhabitation of another country, he probably, to begin with, was not entirely pleased. Here, however, is something like a statement of his theory as to the mutual judgment of the two nations, which he takes as explaining all their hard thoughts of each other, and which will show at once his position and its defects:—

I cannot conclude this chapter without frankly admitting that national jealousy is reasonable so long as it confines itself to the truth. It is quite reasonable that the French should want to push the English out of Canada and Egypt, and that the English should wish to sink the French fleet. What is unreasonable is for two peoples to depreciate each other in books and newspapers, and blacken each other's private characters because both are formidable in a military or naval sense. How is it that we hear so much of French immorality, and nothing, or next to nothing, of Italian? How is it that in France we have heard so much of English cruelty and barbarity, whilst the accounts of Turkish cruelty were received with the smile of incredulity or the shrug of indifference? Why this so tender French sympathy for the Irish, exaggerating all their woes? Why this wonderful sympathy in England for the unauthorized religious orders in France? How does it happen that everything which seems to tell against one of the two countries is received with instant credence in the other?

The explanation that it is patriotic jealousy which is the cause of all these misstatements and misapprehensions, is here, we think, not at all carried out by facts. That the French should wish "to push the English out of Egypt" is very com-

prehensible; it is an old ground of contention, and, however little we may like the perpetual rivalry, we can neither wonder at it nor find it unreasonable. As for Canada, that is unreasonable more because it is impossible than for any other cause; for certainly we should not at all on our side be content to leave a large section of our country-folk, obstinately tenacious of our language and ways, under French subjection if we could help it. But what Englishman wishes "to sink the French fleet"? We may desire that it should remain inferior to our own, or rather—what is at once a better and a more veracious way of stating the fact—that our own should be manifestly and indisputably superior to it, which is the most reasonable thing in the world; but to sink the French fleet, unless, indeed, we were engaged in deadly warfare, and its destruction or our own was the only alternative, is what nobody could for a moment either desire or think of, and would be a most serious injury to the world in general; and to place such a fantastic imaginary wish against the other two facts, both of them quite comprehensible, is a proof at once of the failure of Mr. Hamerton's argument, and a singular absence of material on our side for establishing the wished-for balance. As for the question why we should accuse the French of immorality and not the Italians, nothing can be more easy to answer. French books, and especially French works of fiction purporting to give a picture of French life and morals, are very much read in England. Italian books are not so. In themselves the latter are much less numerous and less attainable, so that we have not the material on which to form our judgment. And that the French should dwell much more on what they think English cruelty than on the cruelty of the Turks, is likewise the most comprehensible thing in the world. If we are cruel, we are much more guilty than the Turks. The Turks are unprogressive; they have not the same tenets as we have; their conscience is unaffected by the laws which dominate Western systems. There are persons, indeed, who maintain that the Mohammedan civilization is a more effective Christianity than our own; but these enlightened individuals have not yet succeeded in convincing the rest of the world that it is so, and we are all, French and English alike, united in believing that what is expected from the peoples in the front of civilization is not to be expected from the Oriental. It

seems hardly worth while to insist on facts so apparent.

Mr. Hamerton, however, is very strong in his reiterated protest against our general disposition to take French fiction as a just illustration of French morality and manners. He uses the somewhat extravagant argument that the English old maid reads all about the murders of the day, yet never murders anybody, as an excellent reason for accusing the French public of immorality, because it delights in stories of vice. This, however, is not the question at all. Nobody denies that there exist in France the purest lives, the most admirable characters. Nobody now who knows anything about the matter believes, as once an ignorant generation believed, that because the French have not the word "home" the thing does not exist among them — a ridiculous misconception, which only ignorance could ever justify. At the same time, we know that our own novels are more or less truthful representations of the life of our time — many of them admirable, few of them seriously misleading. There are some, indeed, which represent life only as it exists among the frivolous classes, and these have naturally no breadth of truth, but yet are sufficiently faithful to the path of life which they portray. This being the case, we are not only justified in believing that French novels must be in their way a true expression of life, but driven to that conviction. In every other country they are accepted as such. The drama must deal with stronger effects than are necessary for a portrayal of life, being compelled to epitomize in the space of a few hours the entire growth and *développement* of a tragedy, or, what is even more difficult, of the genteel comedy, which approaches more closely to a novel. That we should distrust the existence of pure women in France because their novels are odious, or imagine that every Frenchwoman who reads "Madame Bovary" must necessarily share her inclinations or emulate her life, is absurdity; though at the same time not to have read "Madame Bovary" — a book the name of which must be forced upon her in a hundred critical discussions, which are the things French writers are most cunning and remarkable in — must be almost impossible for a cultivated Frenchwoman who is not a *jeune fille*. And this is put forth, recognized, applauded as a revelation — and no voice of authority, as far as we are aware, has ever said that it was not so. Some disclaimers, we are aware,

have arisen recently from the bosom of French society on this subject. The author of "Marie Fougère," who has written under various *noms de plume*, sometimes as a woman, but who is no less a personage than the present procureur de la république, has made a most energetic and animated protest, describing how in the country "toutes les honnêtes femmes sont effrayées, pour leur enfants comme pour elles-mêmes, des tendances que manifeste de plus en plus l'école moderne. Paris nous a lancé comme dernier défi la *Terre et l'Immortel* : ceci est la réponse de la bourgeoisie lettrée de province." Alas! the *réponse* is but poorly qualified to maintain its place against the modern school thus objected to. It is like all French fiction, which resembles the immortal little girl of the distich : —

When she was good she was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.

The very, very good is never the fit reply to vice. What we want is to see ordinary human nature upon that ordinary level of life which would be impossible if it were not at least tolerably virtuous. Of this fact we are fully convinced — that the reeking dunghill of French fiction cannot largely represent the common existence of France, or else France would inevitably fall to pieces. But at the same time this universal burden of story, this consent of living testimony, how is it possible to accept it as worth nothing? If by common agreement realism is understood to mean vice in a certain language and country, what can spectators say or believe? Nothing that Mr. Hamerton says is worth considering as an answer to this question. It is doubtful, indeed, as he announces on various occasions that he does not read French novels, how far he is a judge.

There are some very curious statements about life in England in this book, which lead us to the conclusion that Mr. Hamerton must have forgotten his native country in many ways. He tells us that the modern Englishman, for instance, is "taught and governed in boyhood by clergymen; their feminine allies compel him to go to church, and to observe the English Sunday *if he intends to marry in England*." The last is a most curious and entirely French suggestion; and it is rather a pity that it is not true. "Even a strong-minded Englishman is a little afraid of a clergyman," Mr. Hamerton adds. Another very curious statement is about

our language. "It is only the most cultivated English people who dare to employ in conversation the full powers of their noble tongue; the others shrink from the best use of it, and accustom themselves to forms of speech that constitute in reality a far inferior language, in which it is so difficult to express thought and sentiment that they are commonly left unexpressed." Mr. Hamerton adds, in a foot-note, "An English friend of mine, himself a man of the very highest culture, says that the cultivated English keep their talk down to a low level, from a dread of the watchful

jealousy of their intellectual inferiors. *They only dare venture to talk in their own way between themselves in privacy.*"

This is a very appalling statement indeed. Is it possible that the intellectual classes in England, after expressing or not expressing "in a far inferior language" such sentiments as it may be possible to trust to their intellectual inferiors, talk Johnsonese among themselves? How glad must everybody be in that case that he or she does not belong to these painfully "cultivated" people!

MUSICAL OVERSTRAIN.—The weariness of long-continued study is proverbial. Its explanation is not far to seek. One portion of our entire being is almost exclusively occupied, and the monotony of the process constitutes in large measure the cause of exhaustion. Relief must accordingly be sought in rest, in the exercise of other functions, or in variation of the form of mental exertion. Such timely and refreshing change enters into all well-ordered plans of education. There is, however, in every study a stage at which persistent concentration is indispensable to anything like high development. Reiteration, though tedious, is necessary to full instruction. Perhaps no better illustration of this fact could be found than that which is constantly evident in the cultivation of music. One could hardly conceive of anything more truly monotonous than a continuance of that tax of patience, piano-practice. No doubt inclination and in-born faculty may do much to create an interest, but the most enthusiastic learner will sometimes, notwithstanding, rebel against the exactions of musical cram. It has even been stated by a German observer that much of the nervous delicacy so common among girls is traceable to excessive diligence at the piano. There is more than a grain of truth in this observation. The limit of moderation, indeed, may not be capable of exact definition, for a longer or shorter period would naturally suit the need and capacity of different persons. One or two hours of practice, it is probable, would rarely prove excessive. When, however, six or eight hours are daily absorbed in repeating a humdrum series of manipulations, the wonder is that nature long endures the drudgery. Yet this is the common lot of many who aspire to skilful execution. The coveted perfection doubtless is often approximately reached, but the associated circumstance of nervous overstrain will suggest a

doubt whether such qualified excellence is altogether desirable. At all events, it is but reasonable to allow that proficiency so dearly purchased, is not, for young people of deficient nervous tone, a social necessity, especially if they be also void of any special artistic aptitude. Nay, even for those whose health and energy permit them to enjoy, if they choose, the privilege of musical hard labor, a frequent interlude of rest and recreation is no less needful than discreet. Lancet.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE CONSCRIPTION IN FRANCE.—The absolute unity of sentiment between the military and civil populations is a great compensation for the burden of universal service. Another is the increase of manliness and the improvement of national health. Of the reality of this improvement I cannot entertain a doubt, having myself frequently known young men who had gained greatly in strength and activity by their military service, and who felt and acknowledged the benefit. This is peculiarly valuable in France on account of the too close confinement of youths in the public schools. The universality of military service has been accompanied by a great increase in the number and activity of the gymnastic societies, and it has led to much military drill within the schools themselves. The sons of peasants acquire some education in the army, which is a valuable instrument for spreading a certain amount of elementary culture, and even more than that, through the regimental libraries. The sons of gentlemen, besides the benefit of physical exercise, are often stimulated by the hope of promotion to improve the education they already possess.

P. G. Hamerton, in "French and English." Macmillan's Magazine.

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ANGEL HERALDS OF THE CHRIST.

O LOVELY voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth"?
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith in days gone by
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light, whose beams
A heavenly glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head!
Be near through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith,
O clear and shining light!

O star which led to Him, whose love
Brought hope and mercy free!
Where art thou? 'Mid the host above
May we still gaze on thee?
In Heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim;
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to him!

FELICIA HEMANS.

TWILIGHT.

THROUGH the black arch of interlacing trees
Burns the red sunset, and a blue mist lies
Cold on the darkening meadows, whence
arise

Faint dewy odors as the evening breeze
Sweeps o'er the sombre grasses of the leas,
And in the gloom of leafy branches dies;
Waking to being as the daylight flies
An adumbration of dim memories.

Ah! the enchanted realms that used to be
In the wide reaches of our childhood's sky,
Vague, lonely, far, immeasurably high,
In the mysterious fields of infancy,
Beyond whose ultimate verge we could
descry

The brooding shadow of infinity!

Chambers' Journal. MARY GEOGHEGAN.

A DAY IN JUNE.

THAT day in June, where the river swept,
Where the tall ferns grew, and the mosses
crept,

Where the skylark sang in the cloudless blue,
And the butterflies danced for me and you;
And we whispered sweet words to the rhythmic
tune

The waterfall sang us, that day in June.

The pale wild roses climbed and clung
Where the woodbine wreaths from the thicket
sprung;

You twined a coronal, dainty and fair,
And placed it upon my clustered hair,
And wooed for a kiss as the crowning boon
Of the lovers' trysting, that day in June.

Now, the snow drifts deep by the blasted oak;
Where the skylarks sang, the ravens croak;
The stream runs sullenly on to the sea,
It rolls in its currents a dead rose-tree;
And the fair, false vows, once set to its tune,
Were sooner forgot than that day in June.

All The Year Round.

THE DIAL'S SHADOW.

Go, Cupid; say to her I love
That roses fall and time is fleeting.
I watch the dial's shadow move,
And wait — and wait — to give her greeting.
For youth is sunshine on the dial,
And love is but an old, old story;
The years may dance with lute and viol —
The shadow moves — so ends their glory!

Go, Cupid, beckon with your wing,
That sweetest chance may waft her hither;
For we must woo, remembering
How fast the roses fall and wither.
And oft the dial long ago,
The pavement sunk with mossy edges,
Saw Youth and Love meet all aglow,
And whisper by the old yew-hedges.

Go, Cupid, tell the maid I prize
How many in the courtyard wandered,
What 'mid the roses and witching eys,
In leeks and cresses their beauty squandered!
The ruffs, brocade, and buckled shoes,
How softly down the paths they pattered
With gallants gay in old-world hues,
When crowns and kingdoms little mattered.

Go, Cupid, sleep; your cheek is pale;
And we can woo among the sages;
Romance is but a weary tale
Monotonous from all the ages.

My heart! She comes from yonder door;
And time and shadows flit forever;
Why, there was never youth before,
And love like ours, oh, never — never!

Chambers' Journal.

THE HUT OF THE BLACK SWAMP.

The following lines, full of force and feeling, are
from "Leaves from an Australian Forest," by Henry
Kendall, the Australian poet: —

ACROSS this hut the nettle runs,
And livid adders make their lair
In corners dank from lack of suns;
And out of fetid furrows stare
The growths that scare.

Here, Summer's grasp of fire is laid
On bark and slabs that rot and breed
Squat ugly things of deadly shade;
The scorpion, and the spiteful seed
Of centipede.

Unhallowed thunders, harsh and dry
And flaming noontides mute with heat,
Beneath the breathless brazen sky,
Upon these rifted rafters beat
With torrid feet.

From The New Review.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

PART I.

At a dinner in the Inner Temple Hall which has become historical, Sir Charles Wetherell told Lord Lyndhurst that he must not suppose, because he had ceased to be lord chancellor for the third time, that he could contemplate the end of his life with equanimity and in peace; for that beside him sat his noble and biographical friend, Lord Campbell, who had added a new terror to death. Death does not need new terrors; life does not need fresh melancholy; but to live long is to survive our friends, and to write about them is to bring back the memory of delights which can recur no more, and to look from the western sky into the east behind us which seems cold and grey now that the light of the sun has forsaken it. Three times now in the space of little more than a year has it fallen to my lot to try to record something of three lifelong friends, Northcote, Shairp, and Arnold, whose lives made the world happier and better, and by whose deaths many a home is sadder, and the world itself is poorer. Do what one will, therefore, it must be a melancholy business, and any one who wants amusement had better read no further, but pass on to the next paper.

The time has not arrived when a life of Matthew Arnold can be written. He himself wished that it never should. At any rate it will not be attempted here; nor even any complete estimate of the various powers, the rare, delicate, and refined genius, whether displayed in poetry, criticism, or philosophy, which were the outward adornment of a heart as warm, a nature as simple, a whole character as noble, as I have ever known. "Every fine thing is unique," said Constable speaking of pictures; perhaps one might slightly deflect the phrase, and say that any man unique, as Matthew Arnold, can hardly fail of being admirable too. A man, however, so remarkable, if he is to be portrayed at all, can be so only by a first-rate portrait-painter.

The eldest son of a great man, he en-

joyed no doubt certain advantages in his early training. He came to the school, where we were together before we went to our respective public schools, a little fellow full of cleverness, and I do not say forced, but certainly unusually forward. To say by heart, for example, whole pages of Burke's speech on the nabob of Arcot's debts, and to say them with real intelligence and appreciation, was certainly out of the common way in a boy of no more than seven or eight years old; and I do not doubt that to the constant intercourse with his father, and to the example of moral and religious earnestness which his father constantly presented, was owing to some extent that unbending sense of duty, that unvarying steady teaching of the value and importance of conduct, that high standard of life and morals, which is to be found in every line he ever wrote. On such things his judgment is always sound, there is no paltering with vice because those who practise it stand high in the world or are rich in mental gifts.

It may well be, it probably was, that in these things, things undoubtedly of the first importance, his early home training influenced him for life, and influenced him for good. It is not so certain that it was in all ways beneficial. Readers of Dr. Arnold's letters, in Dean Stanley's life, will readily believe that he did not cordially recognize the genius of his son, that of the humor and delightful persiflage of the son the father was not a very genial judge; that there was between them that "imperfect sympathy" which Charles Lamb has so delicately described, the fertile source of misunderstanding, the ground for much mistaken judgment. Stories are told, not to be repeated here, of the austere literalness with which Dr. Arnold restrained the lively sallies of his son, showing that he could not see, and if he had seen that he would not have approved of, those traits which were in truth but the clothing, to those who knew them well the charming and attractive clothing, of a noble, sincere, and most affectionate nature. In trouble, from which Dr. Arnold was not exempt, he found out the sterling worth of his son; and before his death the great though somewhat stern

man did justice to one who his whole life long honored the memory of his father with the undeviating and hearty loyalty of a devoted son.

The training of Dr. Arnold, most valuable at that period of our public-school education, produced a type of boy who took all things in earnest, referred all things to first principles, looked down with complacent superiority upon the "young barbarians all at play" who surrounded him from other schools, was terribly self-conscious and impressed with the duty of displaying the advantages of a Rugby education, and had, as his enemies said, the faintest indications of a tendency to be a prig. It may, with the utmost possible respect, be doubted whether the grim prose and want of humor in Dr. Arnold were qualities best fitted to deal with such a nature as his son's, to draw out and inform its noblest gifts, and to correct its defects, if defects it had. Anything less like the received type of Rugby boy than Matthew Arnold when he came to Oxford it would be difficult to imagine, and in him the child was father of the man; in all essentials he remained unchanged till he was lost to us a year ago.

It is so recently that I tried to put before the readers of one of our monthly magazines in some feeble outline the influences which were at work at Oxford and in Balliol when Matthew Arnold was one of the scholars (for he was a very close contemporary of John Campbell Shairp), that I will not reattempt it here. It is enough to say that the influences were the same, and that they acted upon his receptive nature with even less resistance than on Shairp's. Perhaps his father's hearty veneration for Wordsworth, their near neighborhood in Westmoreland, and consequent personal intimacy, rendered him more accessible to the influence of Wordsworth's poetry; while Dr. Arnold's personal controversy with Cardinal Newman, and his extreme dislike to Newman's teaching, made his son less open to that great influence than he might otherwise have been. But he brought from Oxford a refined scholarship, a love of Greek and Latin literature, and especially an admiration for Aristotle and Bishop Butler, which

remained with him to the end, and of which the constant references to Aristotle and the careful paper on Bishop Butler were, to those who knew him, by no means the clearest and strongest proofs. His career at Oxford, though distinguished (a good degree, a prize, an Oriel fellowship), was no wonder of university brilliancy. But he was felt to be capable of more than he achieved, and was well known for the gay courage with which he even then avowed opinions however unpopular, and clothed in jest and banter convictions which were neither light nor transient. The readers of his poetry do not need to be told with what tender fidelity he cherished the affections and the memories of those youthful days. His father and his brother are commemorated in verses which will not die; and if "Thyrsis" cannot stand by the side of "Lycidas" (in its own way, in spite of Dr. Johnson, what poem can?), at least Arnold had in Arthur Clough a friend such as no trifter could have possessed, and a subject which fills his elegy with a great and pathetic personality, wanting to Milton's glorious verses, of which Mr. King was but the occasion.

Soon after his course at Oxford came to an end, he became secretary to the second Marquis of Lansdowne, who was at that time president of the Council; and after a short service in that capacity, he was appointed by Lord Lansdowne inspector of Nonconformist schools; a post which he held till within a short time of his death, and the duties of which he performed, not perfunctorily, not even with such regularity as perfectly to satisfy the requirements of his office, but with a zeal, conscientiousness, and ability, which extorted praise from even unfavorable judges, and showed that strong and abiding sense of duty by which, as I have said, every action of his life was guided. It was not a post naturally congenial to him, but he filled it as if it were; and he became a real and great authority on matters of education, his reports (very wisely collected, and in substance republished) being not only excellent pieces of literary composition (that was a matter of course), but full of facts well arranged and attrac-

tively presented, and of pregnant suggestions, some of which have already borne fruit, and some will bear it in the not distant future. There were many things in the system he had to administer of which he has recorded his disapproval; but he recognized the duty of a subordinate to obey orders, and he made the best of the system, while never disguising his opinion that it might be made much better by those who had authority to make it.

Few things, I have been told, were more interesting, few more delightful, than to see Matthew Arnold inspecting a school of little children. They soon got over their fear of him, and he seemed to rejoice in bringing out what they knew by questions kindly and genial, but searching, too; helping the stupid and encouraging the modest, while without satire or sarcasm he repressed and silenced the conceited and the vain. I never saw this, and repeat only what I have heard; but nothing more touched him, and nothing was in itself more touching, than the address which was presented to him on his retirement from office by the teachers of both sexes whose schools he had so long inspected, whose work he had known and helped, and whose reverential gratitude towards himself was the best repayment he received for the faithful discharge of a difficult and thankless office.

On his appointment to it he was married to the lady who survives to mourn him, but beyond the simplest record of the fact there must here be silence. Those admitted to the intimacy of that home will, if they were worthy of it, hold their peace as to all that made up its strange and peculiar charm. This much perhaps may be permitted. He lived for some years in London and at Harrow; but for many years before his death the outward conditions of his life were for a man like him almost perfect. His house beautifully situated on the banks of the Mole (to which his lawn sloped down, with a noble ailanthus about a hundred and fifty years old guarding and adorning but not overshadowing it), not large indeed, but with rooms sufficient to contain his choice books and for the select and refined hospitality to which it was a privilege to be

admitted; his small fields, his bright garden, his little coppice sacred to the graves of Geist and other favorites; the view across the Mole of the upland sweep of Pain's Hill crowned with the magnificent and memorable cedars celebrated by Horace Walpole: all these things made a fit setting for the genius they enshrined, and, to use Mr. Hallam's language, "finely touched the sympathies of the soul with outward nature." And if it is added that those who lived in the house were worthy of its master, and loved him as he loved them, as much has been said as it is becoming to set down.

During the whole of his life, almost from the time he left Oxford up to the time of his death, Mr. Arnold, in such intervals as his official work left him, was a constant though not a voluminous writer both in verse and prose; admirable in literary form as his prose is (his style indeed grew steadily with his years in power and beauty), and valuable to us of this day as is much of the thought and criticism contained in his prose compositions, it is to his poems we must look to secure him a place among the immortals. Nothing lives but literary excellence, and even literary excellence cannot survive the decays of time if it has been expended upon subjects either in themselves not of the highest importance, or, although important, of temporary interest and importance only.

Mr. Arnold did not become acquainted with Lord Bolingbroke's works till late in life and on the recommendation of a friend; and though he was fascinated, as every one is who reads them, by their faultless style, he observed that the general neglect of Lord Bolingbroke as an author is to be explained by the temporary and partisan subjects on which he employed his splendid powers. *Materiam superabat opus*. In criticism, in politics, in theology, each age has its own masters, its own tone of thought, its own point of view; in a word, its own spirit. Men do not greatly care for, do not really read, authors on those subjects of a bygone age whom time has antiquated or superseded, and on whose shoulders, perhaps gigantic, their successors, perhaps pygmies, are

lifted to views wider and higher, and carried forward to conclusions which but for such aid they would have never reached. Giants remain giants and pygmies are pygmies still; but the imaginative insight of the great spirits of one generation becomes the indolent and accepted belief of the commonplace men of another. Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, Lucretius,* Spinoza, Butler, Hume, Pascal, in a sense survive, but the mass of philosophers, of critics, of theologians (except for purposes of religious controversy), are like the half-dead king in the "Arabian Nights," or are perhaps galvanized into an unnatural and passing vitality by some clever or learned man who protests with all the passion of a discoverer that to some half-forgotten or generally unread writer the true secret of man's life and destiny was long ago revealed.

With poetry it is very different. Good poetry appeals to the imagination, and, like the imagination, it never dies. No one disputes that this is obviously true of the greatest poets. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare—their laurels are as fresh as when they wore them, their verses as living as when they uttered them.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius —

*Si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo —*
Not marble, nor the gilded monument
Of Princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme—

say three of the immortals, and we know they say true. But this truth is not limited to such men as these, no, nor even to the very great men—the Greek tragedians, Lucretius, Milton, Jonson, Ford, Racine, Molière, Spenser, Dryden, Pope, and the rest less great perhaps than the very greatest, but less great only than they. No really good poetry ever dies. The Elysian Fields in Pindar's "Threni," the "Danaë" of Simonides, the ode of Sappho, the elegiacs of Callimachus, many poems of Catullus, some of Propertius and Ovid, the "Sleep" of Statius, the "Achilles and Chiron" in the "Achilleis," Claudian's "Old Man of Verona," the noble opening of the invectives against Rufinus, the "Statues of the two Brothers at Catina," the "Rose" of Ausonius (if it be his): these and a hundred more will live as long as men remain who can read Greek and Latin. And in English and Scottish, Gray's "Elegy," Collins's odes, Wolfe's "Sir John Moore,"

* I speak here, of course, of Lucretius as the philosopher, not the great poet.

"Tam o' Shanter," pieces of Herrick, Waller, Lovelace, Sedley, Tom Moore, Hood, Bryant—the catalogue might be endless; these will never die, and centuries hence will as certainly be read as the English language will last in which to read them; and it seems certain that Matthew Arnold's poems will live; that is, will be read, and re-read, and learned by heart, while Englishmen are capable of feeling refinement of thought and perfection of expression.

It is not certain that though not a voluminous writer, his poems will live or be read in their integrity. Neither is it certain that those poems which are now most highly and most generally praised by the critics are those which will live the longest. Speaking broadly, as only in such a matter it is possible to speak, his poems are of three sorts: dramatic or semi-dramatic, such as "Merope" and "Empedocles;" poems not of reflection but of narrative or picture such as "The Forsaken Merman," "Mycerinus," "Tristram and Iselt," "The Church of Brou," "Sohrab and Rustum;" and poems of meditation and introspection, "Thyrsis," "Obermann," "Rugby Chapel," and a multitude of others, forming the larger portion of his writings, that by which he is now best known, and for which he is now most widely and generally admired. The dramatic poems, notwithstanding the wonderful beauty of parts of "Empedocles" (the Cadmus and Harmonia stanzas and the magnificent chorus with which it ends), cannot as dramatic poems be called successful. By those who make present fame the poems in the third class are preferred to the rest. They give clear and perfect utterance to the pathetic doubt, the unrest, the sadness of the time. All our greatest poets, with the exception of Wordsworth, are poets of melancholy and fear. All our great original thinkers, except one who has anchored himself on the rock of St. Peter, are in doubt as to the future, or ask for proofs which cannot be given them. Mr. Arnold feels their influence. Resignation, endurance, courage to face what there is no escaping, not hope, not faith, is what he bids men strive for. Keep innocence, and take heed to the thing which is right because it is right and your conscience bids you, is his moral creed. Poem after poem directly or indirectly enforces this view of human life: "On to the bound of the waste, on to the City of God," says he in a well-known poem; "Life in God and union there," he says in another; and indeed of such ex-

pressions his poems are full; but it is plain, even if he had not himself written, "Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole," that he was the holder of no dogma, the believer in no Articles, "Be they thirty-nine or be they forty-nine I care not," as he would possibly have said, in a somewhat different sense, no doubt, from Mr. Canning's famous country gentleman.

Some of the poems of this class are among the finest things he ever wrote; terse, melodious, clear, but profoundly melancholy, "disclosing a ground-tone, a calm which is not calm but agony." It is difficult to overpraise their style or to overstate the skill with which, while remaining individual, they have caught and reflected the tone of thought of the gravest and most independent minds who have lived and written in the latter half of this century. Nay, more, they have brought strength and comfort to many minds struggling through mists of stifling doubt under a sky to them at least dark and empty. The manly courage, the appeal to what is best and highest in us, the one great duty they inculcate, so to live that the world shall be the better for our life,—these things have touched an answering chord in many a heart, and have made Matthew Arnold to the inner life of some of his contemporaries what John Keble was, and perhaps is, to others differently minded and differently brought up.

All this is true, and yet the mood of this time will not last forever, any more than the mood of other ages has lasted, or the mood of future centuries will last. When at the close of the first thousand years from Christ, "the heaven all gloom, the wearied earth all crime," men thought that Satan was unchained, and that they saw the literal fulfilment of one of the awful visions of the Apocalypse, the poetry of that day reflected the belief and embodied such austere consolation as the belief permitted. But that passed; and so did the temper which made Donne popular and Herbert and Vaughan and Crashaw; so did that which found its best literary expression in the poetry of Cowper; so is that passing which is embalmed for future time in the "Christian Year," and the "Lyra Innocentium." And with the mood or temper which is transient dies the life of the finest poetry which expresses it, as the stateliest tree ceases to grow and flourish if its roots reach at last an alien and uncongenial soil. So also with the changing moods of man, his varying beliefs, his endless suc-

cession of feelings and impressions; that which embodies one of them fails to find acceptance or even comprehension from another, and ceases to be read because it ceases to interest. These noble poems of Matthew Arnold will probably therefore not be in any real sense immortal, not from any defect of their own, but from the inherent mortality of their subjects.

It is otherwise with those poems in which he has dealt with narrative or emotion, touching in them, as some think, the highest points of imaginative beauty; handling those emotions of the heart which can never cease to appeal to us while human hearts exist, and facts of life, whether actual or imaginary, which can never fail to interest because such facts can never fail to be repeated; handling them, too, in verses metrically perfect, and of a melody strange and bewitching indeed, and the more remarkable when it is remembered that his ear for music (though better than his father's, who had none) was yet dull and imperfect. These indeed are not of an age but for all time; no time can stale, no custom wither, the pathetic tenderness of "The Forsaken Merman," the wayward, passionate beauty of "Tristram and Iseult," the severe, dignified splendor of "Mycerinus." These are but examples, others have been mentioned earlier in this paper, and though it is never safe to be a prophet unless you can yourself fulfil the prophecy you utter, yet it is hard to believe that Englishmen will ever be found wanting to appreciate the serene and delicate beauty of these poems, or to refuse to their author a seat in the company of great English poets. What does it matter in such poems as these that the facts are unhistorical? So is Virgil, so is Milton, so is Dante, so is Shakespeare; and the Iliad and Odyssey will never die, if it were capable of being proved to the satisfaction even of Mr. Gladstone that Homer never lived, that there was no Trojan War, that Achilles and Agamemnon and Briseis were made of the same stuff as Jupiter, and Juno, and Apollo. The beauty of these poems is surely undying. Quotation would be endless, but one must be permitted, of rare beauty and perhaps not very generally known.

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off: anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off describes

His huddling young left sole; at that he checks
 His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
 Circles above his eyrie, with loud screams
 Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
 Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
 In some far stony gorge, out of his ken,
 A heap of fluttering feathers; never more
 Shall the lake glass her flying over it;
 Never the black and dripping precipices
 Echo her stormy scream as she sails by.

His own estimate of his poems was singularly modest; he felt, he could not but feel, their beauty and refinement, but he did not think them fitted for popularity, and he had too much dignity of character, too high a respect for art to follow after popularity by methods which did not approve themselves to his literary judgment. Once his poems were reviewed by an intimate friend in a spirit which the reviewer soon bitterly repented; but though Matthew Arnold discovered his critic, and could not but dislike his criticism, it never interposed even the thinnest cloud between the friends. He took a natural pleasure in praise if it came from any one he respected; and he could maintain his own opinion of his work, and defend himself if necessary, but never with heat or obstinacy. "It is pleasant," he said, "to hear what they say of Geist and Mathias. It would be disagreeable to be told that the old fellow was writing on, not seeing that his powers had departed." He was told by a friend that his poem on Arthur Stanley was by no means equal to the one on Arthur Clough; that they were something analogous to the "Ode on Immortality," and the "Ode on the Power of Sound;" one an inspiration, the other an excellent piece of literary work. "Ah!" he said, with a calm smile, "you are quite wrong: one is as good as the other, only you don't care for Stanley as you do for Clough." In the first two editions of "Tristram and Iseult," he had made Tyn-tagil more than once the end of a line, and accented it on the last syllable. It was pointed out to him that this was a mistake, but he refused to be convinced, and quietly maintained the accuracy of his accent, and that his friend did not know how to pronounce a name he had been familiar with from childhood. When the poem was republished, however, Tyn-tagil had become Tintagel, and the accent was corrected. Small stories these, indeed, yet characteristic of the man.

No attempt has been, nor will any be made here, to criticise on scientific principles, or to distinguish with accuracy, the different "manners" exemplified in

Mr. Arnold's poems. In the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and more recently still in a genial and brilliant article in *Scribner's Magazine*, this has been done with more or less success. Perhaps even in the hands of a critic so consummate as Mr. Arnold himself, this process may be carried too far. Whatever tends to clear what is obscure; to show the conditions of composition so that the character of the man may be better understood, and the objects he pursued better appreciated; nay, whatever aims, as so much of Mr. Arnold's criticism aims, at laying down true principles of judgment, principles of general application to widen and guide the view of intelligent inquiry; in short, whatever helps us to see an author aright, to give us greater pleasure in reading and more gratitude in remembering; all this is most valuable to us, and in the case of a great and original author, we can hardly have too much of it. The case is altered when the great author is not made the subject of respectful comment or general elucidation, but when he is treated as a peg on which to hang dissertations upon art which bear little relevancy to the author, though they display, perhaps, the ingenuity and eloquence of the critic. Of this sort of thing it is very easy to have too much; and to speak the truth, some of us think we have had it. May it be allowed to one who has no pretence to be a critic to hint that most criticism is bad; and to remind his readers that so able a man as Mr. Conington spoke with an air of contemptuous indulgence of the Eclogues of Virgil, and that Sir George Cornewall Lewis said of them (as Dr. Johnson said of "Lycidas") that it was only the name of Virgil which induced any one to believe that there was anything in them. These men were real and great masters; yet to one not a critic such dicta seem to show that in capacity for feeling exquisite and perfect art they were school-boys, "that thought with them was in its infancy." It would be so pleasant if we might now and then find out for ourselves what we liked without being obliged to know why we liked it; to admire what seems beautiful, to love what seems lovely, to reverence what seems great and profound, without being obliged in mood and figure to maintain, at least to argue for, an opinion. Let us lay up stores of noble thought and beautiful expression for the time when we shall be alone with our memories, without being told from what particular treasure-house we must select them, and if we are left to our

selves our memories will be full of Matthew Arnold.

Mr. Hallam, in a noble passage full of that eloquence of which he was so great but so sparing a master, has enlarged on this *vis medica* of poetry: "Afar from books, in solitude, or in travelling, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted our ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them," and thus in youth "to lay the foundation of intellectual pleasure at the other extreme of life." No one familiar from youth to age with the poems of Matthew Arnold will question that these fine words may be justly and truly applied to the creations of his muse, or deny to these creations a soothing and elevating charm which mature judgment sanctions, and familiarity does but increase.

PART II.

IN turning from the poetry of Matthew Arnold to his prose it will be found to divide itself, speaking as before broadly, into three clauses: literary, political, and theological. Under the head of literary papers are to be included some personal sketches, often most happy and discriminating, as those of Amiel, Joubert, the De Guerins, and Count Tolstoi; those in which scholarship in the widest sense is the leading subject, such as the preface to "Merope," the paper on pagan and religious sentiment, with its admirable remarks upon and translation from Theocritus, the papers on Milton, Gray, and Shelley; and those which may be called purely literary, as the volume on Celtic literature and on translating Homer. To criticise the literary criticism of Matthew Arnold is a task beyond the powers of most men, and will not be attempted in a paper which aims at no more than presenting some faint picture of the man himself and his intellectual surroundings, as displayed in his writings. It has been said that he overpraised the De Guerins, that he overrated Joubert, that he underrated Shelley, and so forth. No doubt he discussed a great variety of subjects: education, style, culture, academies; and criticised morally and intellectually a great many very different people. He was never conventional, and always said what he thought; not perhaps all he thought, but never anything he did not think. It follows that he constantly came across the fixed opinions, the cherished prejudices, of men who had little reason for them,

but who were annoyed in proportion to their inability to defend what they found assailed sometimes with wit and banter, sometimes with grave sense and weighty reasoning. It cannot be denied that he had the art, when he chose to use it, of making those whom he criticised look supremely ridiculous, and people put into such a position do not always see the fun of it so clearly as others. Nay, they are apt sometimes to get very angry, and to curse and swear (in a literary sense) so as to lay themselves open to fresh castigation from their amused tormentor. All the more if the punishment is bestowed with imperturbable good humor, with serene superiority, and with an air of innocence and wonder very funny but very exasperating. Doubtless he was like Horace, habitually urbane; but as Horace could drop his urbanity to Canidia, to Rex Rupilius, to Mœnas, to Cassius Severus, and to many others, so there must be many living men (and still more some dead ones) towards whom contempt and indignation, rarely roused in him, are expressed in language moderate indeed, but plain and direct to the very verge of good manners.

Still, when all has been said, there is not to be found in modern times such a body of literary criticism as that which Mr. Arnold has left us. In no other writer of our time is there to be found so much strong sense, keen insight, subtle yet lucid analysis, calm unimpassioned judgment, feeling for humor, for pathos, for noble poetry, and high imagination clothed in a style which needed only an occasional rise into the eloquence of passionate and ringing oratory to be quite perfect. The absence of this swing and fervor has been noted as a defect; perhaps it is so; perhaps its presence would have been inconsistent with the graceful, quiet, playful flow of his limpid sentences. Yet his quiet was not the quiet of weakness or indecision. When he condemns those passages in the life of Shelley and his friends which no one but an infatuated idolater can defend, or speaks of the coarse brutalities of Milton's polemics as any one who has read them (except Lord Macaulay) must in his heart admit that they deserve, he does so in stinging language, which leaves no doubt as to his own stern disapprobation and unqualified dislike. Where all is excellent it is difficult to select, and of the literary papers of Mr. Arnold there is not one which should remain unread.

When we pass from his purely literary

essays to those which are concerned with politics in the larger sense, the language of unqualified praise can hardly be employed. Possibly he was too much detached from the parties which divide the State, perhaps he had too keen a vision and too calm a judgment not to see the mistakes of parties, the exaggerations of debate, the absence of clear reasoning and accurate statement, and the presence of that unscrupulousness and unvaracity which, according to the latest authority, are not only defensible but desirable in public affairs: and as he saw them they repelled him; while his sound judgment told him that the whole truth in any practical matter is rarely discerned by those who are committed to one view of it, and who contend as if to admit the soundness of any argument of their opponents were the same thing as to give up all their own. A person of Mr. Arnold's temper is by nature unfitted for present success in those political conflicts which, if in England they are mitigated by influences which did not exist in the Greece of Thucydides, are yet even here marked by some of those great evils which he sets forth in perhaps the grandest passage of his history; written, indeed, concerning his own countrymen, but "belonging in its great outlines to all ages and nations." A writer, of course, is not open to the same temptations as a speaker; a man of action has to consider things which a man of thought can disregard. Yet, after all, politics are action, and it is difficult, it is perhaps impossible, for a man, who knows practically nothing of the conditions under which public affairs are necessarily conducted in a free country, to be perfectly just in political judgment, or perfectly wise in political counsel. Mr. Arnold might say that he knew nothing, nor was concerned to know anything, about that great political workshop, the House of Commons, in which, out of contending furnace blasts of political passion, and heavy blows of rival political hammers, measures of great practical significance, sometimes dealing with the most delicate and complicated subjects, are first molten, and then beaten into the shape they at last put on; and further that he was concerned with criticism not construction, and was contending for the principles on which statesmen should act, the time and mode of action being left to members of Parliament, and lying beyond or at any rate outside the province of the critic or the philosopher. True enough; yet, after all allowance has been made, Mr. Arnold's

political judgments and suggestions seem to many readers neither uncandid, nor uninstructed, nor hostile, to be not only unpractical, but inadequate, and to be wanting in that firm grasp and thorough knowledge of the whole subject which are striking characteristics of his literary criticism.

In those papers, too, which he devoted to Irish questions, though there are clever things said and sensible remedies proposed; though he is entirely free from religious bigotry, and writes with noble scorn of the dull and stupid prejudices on Irish subjects of the English governing classes; yet as he never lived in Ireland, never saw evictions of tenants from soil which they had reclaimed and houses they had built, by landlords who had contributed nothing to the making of the one or the building of the other, his utterances on land questions are, what his so seldom are, halting, indecisive, deficient in that complete knowledge without which all political writing is necessarily ineffective. He was greatly influenced by Burke, and published a volume of selections from Burke's writings on Irish subjects. Burke was a man of great genius, enormous knowledge, and splendid eloquence, too great to be illiberal, too impetuous to be cold; political injustice kindled his indignation, intellectual narrowness awoke his scorn; with the sufferings of Indians he sympathized; upon the base and cruel tyranny of the penal laws he let loose the floodgates of his eloquence. But there is too much reason to believe that he profited personally by the penal laws which he so magnificently denounced; he had little of the popular fibre; for the wrongs and miseries of the lower classes as such he seems to have little care or pity. The English language is strained by him to the uttermost to express his tempestuous sorrow for the queen, for the noblemen, for the priests of France, and his fierce wrath at those who hurled them low, or put them to death, or drove them into exile. But for the almost incredible sufferings of the people, oppressed, insulted, starved, denied, as Arthur Young might have taught him, the commonest rights of humanity, there is not from one end of the book on the French Revolution to the other so much as a passing sigh. Mr. Arnold was very differently constituted. By him "the armies of the homeless and unfed" were treated neither with silent apathy nor with cynical contempt. He spoke of them and felt towards them as a man of kindly and generous nature should

speak and feel: and while he never denounced individuals for the faults of their system, yet he never concealed his dislike and disapproval of the system itself which has created our proletariat, for the continuance of which, with its inevitable results, our government (using the word in its largest sense) must be held responsible. The well-known sonnet, "To a Republican Friend," which he never withdrew or altered, shows plainly enough on which side lay his serious sympathies. Nevertheless, the violence of language and the cruel and hateful deeds which, though very likely not caused by that language, yet accompanied and followed it in Ireland, offended and disgusted him, and in the opinion of many men his extreme abhorrence of the methods employed to redress wrong rendered him not indifferent to, but somewhat sceptical as to the wrongs they were employed to redress. Certainly, as to Ireland, if he preached right courses it was to the stubborn blind, and if he prophesied it was to ears that would not hear.

The same imperfection, to speak the truth, is to be found in what he said and wrote about America. All nations have national faults, and the faults of the Americans meet the eye at once, and repel and annoy natures like Mr. Arnold's more than in right reason they ought. Some of his quotations from American newspapers are absurd and contemptible enough; some of their popular habits and customs bore an Englishman; the national swagger offends the taste; the national literature, *exceptis excipiendis*, does not perhaps reach the European standard; the worship of mere money is vulgar in both senses of the word. But who are we, to throw stones at others for these things? They are undesirable as much in England as in America; and an American visitor can find them in England as easily as we find them in America. The French are constantly dwelling on the *brutalité des journaux Anglais*; and apart from this charge an American might make his countrymen merry with extracts judiciously culled from papers popular in drawing-rooms. Some of our habits, depend upon it, seem as senseless and tiresome to foreigners as the handshaking receptions do to us. Can anything be more absurd than evening parties and those who frequent them, so far as they do frequent them? Is the American swagger one wit more offensive than the cool insolence of the Briton? Mr. Lowell has told us with truth that the Amer-

icans have had other things to do in the first century of their national existence than to create a literature; and as for money worship, if there is or ever has been anything in America baser or more degrading than the worship of Mr. Hudson in his prosperity, and the insults to him in adversity by English society, from archbishops downwards, the knowledge of it has not reached this country. Mr. Hudson is dead, but he has his successors, and his worshippers have theirs.

To the noble side of the American republic Mr. Arnold surely did scant justice. The widespread and solid comfort, the manly independence, the frank, cordial hospitality, the courtesy to women, the respect for law, the ease and vigor of government, the heroic spirit and unflinching courage of both sides in the great war, the general intelligence, the hearty recognition except in the field of party politics of high character and unselfish aims, and the wonderful deference accorded to them; the absence of all servile deference to rank and mere social assumption, manners charming, not perhaps from conventional polish, but from the far worthier qualities of simple and genuine kindliness; above all the enormous power ranged on the side of peace, of freedom, and equality, these are things surely to outweigh a hundred times over such shortcomings as Mr. Arnold very truly noted, but the effect of which upon a great people and its influence in the world is strangely overlooked. "There are spots, sir, in the sun," said Lord Kenyon to some acrid critic of Lord Erskine. Some such phrase may be properly addressed to the acrid critics of the great republic.

It may be said, if for a moment I may speak in the first person, that my judgment is partial. It may be so; but at least I speak of what I have seen, and known, and felt. I wish, therefore, that Mr. Arnold could have lived to supplement his last paper on America, which I believe was true, but was far indeed from being the whole truth.

Yet with these deductions his political papers have great and lasting value. No man has touched with a keener instrument than his the weak places in our political and social fabric. It needs a genius like his own even to describe the weapons which he wielded. The immense *ennui* of the middle classes and their apparently incurable narrowness and self-satisfaction, the "barbarians" of our aristocracy, Lord Lumpington, Mr. Bottles; phrases, names, characters, all made to live and wake us

up out of "the sleepy drench" of national complacency by the blended powers of keen insight, delicate humor, and strong practical good sense,—these things will not, at least ought not, for years to be forgotten, and they have left on the minds of many men who guide the nation, thoughts, impressions, which will not soon pass away. Upon politics, as upon other things, his writings are wonderfully suggestive. Take the volume which he called "Friendship's Garland." It is short, slight, playful; the tone of good-humored banter is scarcely ever dropped; but for keen, penetrating, and yet just satire on our national faults and weaknesses, social, political, religious, intellectual, there is no book of recent time at all comparable to it. It is, perhaps, the ablest, it is certainly one of the most characteristic of Mr. Arnold's political writings. Some of the illustrations, always the case with satire, require now a word of explanatory comment; but the substance of the book is as excellent and as applicable now as when it was written, and it would be a pity if its occasional rather trenchant personalities should prevent its being reprinted.

In the last division of his prose works are included those papers on theological and religious subjects which produced most controversy when they appeared, caused most annoyance and even anger in many men, who on other matters were his admirers and disciples, and have drawn forth since his death the only notes out of harmony with that full chord of tender, melancholy, respectful regret which has been poured forth over his tomb. On these subjects few men can write what their readers differ from without creating irritation and offence. The subjects are too important, the interests too deep, the connection with the inner and the higher life too close, for men to accept what they dislike with even so much equanimity, and that is little enough, as they can extend to politics. Prejudices are not necessarily bad, but religion with almost every man is more or less a matter of prejudice. Few men think out or reason out their religion, and in proportion to the strength of the prejudice is the annoyance when it is assailed, or even when it is shown to be what it is. Instead of meeting the arguments, the usual course is to assail the arguer; and with official or paid defenders of a creed, the too common method is to assume a tone of moral superiority, often ludicrously inappropriate, to impute motive, to vilify character, and in defence of

religion to violate the charity and good feeling which it is the first practical object of religion to inculcate and maintain. In forming any judgment upon Mr. Arnold's writings on these subjects, it is therefore necessary to consider the time at which he wrote, and the persons whom he addressed.

Now what has been the state of religious opinion amongst persons of education and reflection since Mr. Arnold first began to write? The vast majority of men and almost all women in this age, as in every age, can hardly be said to think at all upon religion, or on any grave and serious subject. They believe what they have been taught, and hold what they hear asserted, with indolent or unintelligent acquiescence; either because they are too careless and indifferent to trouble themselves, or because they care so much, that it seems to them profane to question the soundness of that which is the life of their soul, the stay of the better part of their nature; and thus they make the importance of a truth the evidence upon which they accept it. "Whether that which is proposed to be made out be really made out or not, whether a matter be stated according to the real truth of the case, seems to the generality of people merely a circumstance of no consideration at all." "There are even of the few who read for their own entertainment and have a real curiosity to see what is said, several, which is prodigious, who have no curiosity to see what is true." "Thus people habituate themselves to let things pass through their minds, as one may say, rather than to think of them. Thus by use they become satisfied merely with seeing what is said, without going any further. Review and attention and even forming a judgment become fatigue; and to say anything before them that requires it is putting them quite out of their way." So says Bishop Butler in sentences which are true of all time, certainly as true of the present as of that of which he wrote them. Men accept Bishop Butler because the testimony in favor of his greatness, his fairness, his wisdom, is absolutely overwhelming; but they are much "put out of their way" if asked to follow his example, an example which in fact in practice they habitually disregard. The difficulties with which the great bishop dealt, the objections which he answered, are not those which surround us and which we hear of now; but most certainly if he were now alive he would not assume the points to be proved, he would not at-

tempt to answer historical inquiry or critical investigation with a moral sniff, nor would he "hop with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments and perch upon assertion to call it conclusion." He has told us himself: "I express myself with caution, lest I should be mistaken to vilify reason; which is indeed the only faculty we have wherewith to judge concerning anything, even revelation itself; or to be misunderstood to assert that a supposed revelation cannot be proved false, from internal characters."

But it was to men uncritical, unhistorical, with no desire to discuss the questions raised by him fairly, or indeed at all, men who chose to regard inquiries as to the truth or falsehood of certain forms and practices of religion, and certain books about it, as an irreverent and almost blasphemous attack upon that which is the centre of religion itself, that Mr. Arnold addressed his theological writings. He proposed to examine closely the nature and claims of the popular Christianity which, as he thought, had obscured and supplanted the pure and simple religion of our Lord; and to test by reason and experience some of the popular beliefs, the popular creeds and doctrines, which claim popular assent on the ground of divine authority. He saw plainly that it was difficult, if not impossible, to apply the Butlerian method to the forms of modern doubt; that science makes it more difficult every day to hold to forms of belief essentially unscientific. He saw in the adamantine, undeviating, relentless horrible cruelty of nature, not only towards vast masses of men and women, but to the blameless creatures of earth and sea and sky, an entire inconsistency with what we are told in the Bible of the Bible's God. He had read probably with the awe and dismay which it cannot but inspire, that tremendous passage in Cardinal Newman's "Apologia," in which he paints the condition of the whole world to the observer of it, as one which must fill him with unspeakable distress. The passage is so grand that at the risk of undue length it must be quoted.

The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the

impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, "having no hope and without God in the world"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence.

This is but a portion of the whole; and yet perhaps it does not go beyond the solemn words of St. Paul, hardly rendered in their full force even in the noble words of our old translation, "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." The great apostle and the great living writer both for themselves solved the awful mystery in the same way and almost in the same words; but it is not to every one that "faith's transcendent dower" has been vouchsafed in such abundant measure; and any fair man will probably not deny that the mode in which it is customary to present religion now from the pulpit and the platform does not solve the mystery, does not recognize the facts, does not give rest or satisfaction to reverent and intelligent men not seeking doubts, but whom doubts have reached, to whom inquiry seems a duty and proof a need, and who have accepted, not only as self-evident truth, but as a principle of conduct, the great saying that things are what they are and not other things; why, therefore, should we desire to be deceived? Surely the travesty of Christianity which surrounds us, the severance of doctrine from practice, of creed from conduct, the substitution even in precept of outward ceremony for softening of the temper and purifying of the heart, the divorce probably never before so complete between good works and definite belief, the reproduction with curious fidelity of the state of things in which it was "an agreed point amongst all people of discernment that Christianity is at length discovered

to be fictitious;" the blindness of the clergy and of religious men to the fact that the edifice which is so fair and seems so strong is undermined in all directions; the awful consequences which would follow from an open revolt against religion which the bigotry of Churchmen is but too likely to bring about, — thoughts of these things might well lead a man of lofty character and keen mind to try to point out to his contemporaries what was the Christian verity which in his judgment fable and superstition had joined together to conceal, and piercing through, or tearing off, the human incrustations of so many centuries, to display once more the divine kernel of unspeakably precious truth which lies hid beneath them.

This was certainly Mr. Arnold's desire and aim. It would be too much to say that he entirely succeeded. When one thinks of the gigantic strength of the forces, which with easy gallantry he assailed, the wonder rather is that he did so much. His method of warfare was his own, and it was in vain to suggest to him to try another. Probably he was right; his literary instinct told him where his strength lay; and he could not have put his whole power into any weapons but his own. He was a man himself of spotless life, of a constant student of our Bible; knowing as few men do know the Greek Testament, the Vulgate, the "Imitatio," Bishop Wilson, and many other such books; one at whose hands goodness and good men always had the highest and most appreciating honor. But he rejoiced in banter and pleasantry, and he thought, no doubt, that he could best expose what he regarded as the fables and absurdities of the popular religion by laughing at them. He did laugh at them; and hence arose against him a cry of irreverence, for which it is impossible to say that he gave no cause, but which in its intensity (ferocity would be hardly too strong a word) arose really from misunderstanding in some men, and from causes less creditable in others.

Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res,

stands last in a number of admirable Horatian precepts, more suited perhaps to literary than to religious controversy. "Truth's secretary," says Fuller, "must use a set hand in writing important points of divinity. Ill dancing for nimble wits on the precipices of dangerous doctrines." The sense of this Mr. Arnold sometimes forgot; but to the truths which are the

centre of Christianity, to the person and teaching of our Lord there was never in his language, there was never in his mind the faintest trace of irreverence. The time will come, if it has not come already, when it will be seen that his influence has been on the whole for good, and that there is in the minds of many men a profounder appreciation of the Hebrew Scriptures, a deeper and more reverent belief in our Lord than if he had never written.

It is easy for men behind the shield of anonymity to launch poisoned darts at Mr. Arnold, to accuse him of "levity," and "profanity," and to sneer at his "impertinences." The license is the price we pay for the liberty of the press. If their lives (and as they are anonymous and unknown this may be said without personality), if their lives are within a hundred degrees of the purity, the loftiness, the unvarying and wonderful nobility of Mr. Arnold's, at least their writings show a total unacquaintance with the principles of the religion of which they assume themselves to be the unsolicited defenders. If, again, there be men of thought and learning who can accept without hesitation the whole of Christianity as popularly taught (and many clever men maintain that the whole thing, from Genesis to the Revelation, stands or falls together), men to whom the fall, the flood, the life and still more the deathbed of "the man after God's own heart" ("God the same yesterday, to-day, and forever"), Elijah and Elisha, the curse and the blessing pronounced by the same authority on the same man for the same act, — to whom these and a hundred more things like them create no difficulty, let them thank God with all their hearts that he has heard their prayers and blessed their lives. But let them not dare to judge or to condemn other men, as much in earnest as themselves; who seek after truth as simply and as purely; whom "honest doubt" assails not always quite without success; who do sincerely try to prove all things that they may hold fast that which is good; who desire to give a reason for their faith, but who find that reason very hard to give after the lapse of twenty centuries and since the changes wrought in the whole conception of heaven and earth by science, which is as much a revelation from God as any other; men who pray for faith which is not granted them in full measure, for light which does not come unclouded, for certainty they cannot attain to. We must all, men of faith, and men of doubt, stand or fall at last by the ear-

nestness and sincerity with which we have striven to see God's will and to do our duty.

Few souls ever passed away with more hope of acceptance, few lives more unstained have been led from childhood to old age, few men have ever gone into "that silent void where if there are no smiles there are no tears, and where if hearts do not beat they cannot be broken," leaving behind them such passionate regrets, such daily, hourly desire for communion which the grave forbids, for friendship which death has ended. Struck down in the very fulness of his powers, his brain teeming with beautiful thoughts and noble conceptions, actually engaged to furnish works which would have enriched the language, widened our sympathies, and enlarged our knowledge, he left out a trace of age upon him. As a boy, serious, faithful, and affectionate as a man of years, he passed from us in a moment, never to be forgotten by his friends, to be remembered for many a long year by all that is best and greatest amongst his countrymen. It is useless, it is impossible, to try to cast the balance. No verdict on such a man can be impartial pronounced by a friend, no friend would wish it to be. "If there be any place for the spirits of the just, if, as the wise declare, great souls are not extinguished with the body, then rest in peace; and lift up your friends and kinsfolk from weak regret and unmanly lamentation, to gaze upon your virtues, for which shedding of tears and beating of the breast are no fit mourning. Rather let us honor you by reverence, by present eulogy, nay, if our poor nature will supply the power, by making ourselves your copies. This is the real honor, this the religious duty of those who are bound to him by the closest ties. Let us always bear in mind all deeds, all words of his, let us always dwell upon and make our own the history and the picture not of his person but of his mind. Not because I would object to busts or statues of marble or of bronze, but inasmuch as men's faces and their portraits are but weak and fleeting things, while the image of the soul abides forever, we can ourselves retain and reproduce the image of the life he led without the aid of any artist, his colors, or his carving. For all in him that we follow with wonder and with love remains and will remain forever in the minds of men, through the endless flow of ages, as a portion of the past."

Some such words as these (frail echoes indeed of his large utterance), one of the

greatest spoke of one of the noblest of the Romans. It may be permitted to use them here as suggesting the "enthusiasm which lies in the language of reserve;" and further to adapt to the occasion the well-known and lovely lines which Mr. Arnold admired, and which veil while they express the feelings of his friends:—

Unâ speravi tecum, dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondam, fallere
soles:

Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita
vota!

Heu mæstos soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!

From Longman's Magazine.
ONLY A JOKE.

HE made the last correction in the margin of the long galley of proof, folded it, thrust it into a stamped and directed envelope, then stood up, stretched his arms and expanded his chest, in the manner of a man coming out of a heated room into the fresh, clear air. Suddenly his eye lighted on a little packet of manuscripts lying on the table; he pounced upon it almost fiercely, fluttered the leaves, then tore it savagely across and threw it on to the fire. The fire was dull, and scorched and blackened the sheets without burning them, so he caught up a bent and battered poker and, pressing them down into the red glow, held them there until they burst into a flame, lighting up the dark corners of the room which had been only half rendered visible by the light of the green-shaded lamp.

It was one of those rooms which the advertisement columns of the daily papers call "bed and sitting room, suitable for a single gentleman of quiet habits." The "single gentleman" must be a person of simple and singular tastes if he really finds this kind of room "suitable" to anything but his pocket. The chairs are funereal horsehair, the seat of the "easy" one being invariably an inclined and slippery plane. The ornaments are always an inkless papier-mâché inkstand in the middle of the red-and-black table-cover, and two Parian figures on the mantelpiece covered with gilt eruptions and preserved under glass shades.

Sebastian Lundy had made the best of his room. The Parian ornaments and inkstand had disappeared into a cupboard; the black-and-red table-cloth had given place to a green baize one, on which

a practicable inkpot and a heap of papers were now set forth; the mantelpiece was used as a book-shelf, and so was the top of the chest of drawers. They were a mixed lot, those books: mostly divinity of the evangelical kind, with here and there a volume of poetry. Only a few of them were new, and these stood all together at one end of the mantelpiece. They were "Literature and Dogma," "God and the Bible," Greg's "Creed of Christendom," a translation of the "Critique of Pure Reason," and "Middlemarch."

When the manuscript had faded away into a grey ash, Sebastian stirred the fire into a blaze, and threw himself into an old and broken American armchair which stood in front of the fire. He clasped his hands behind the back of his head and wrinkled his forehead in a puzzled meditation. He was one of those men of whom people say that they "look old," implying thereby that their looks do not speak truly. He had thick, straightish eyebrows, and large, grey, weary-looking eyes, a thin, rather ragged, black moustache and small, black whiskers, with a clean-shaven chin which never looked clean-shaven. He was long and bony, with the sort of bodily angles which soon make new clothes look old. The fire burned through, and fell in with a hollow little crash. He rose and took down "Middlemarch," sat down by the lamp, and with elbows on the table began to read. He had not turned one page before a confident tap at the door made him look up. There was a shade of annoyance on his face, but it faded before he opened the door and yielded his hand to the light-hearted hand-shake of the tapper.

"Studious as usual! I'm afraid I'm interrupting you, Lundy."

"Not at all, not at all. Come in, Fisher. I'm glad to see somebody."

"Why, what's the matter? Down in the dumps, eh? Indigestion or love, which is it? Eh?"

He had seated himself in the slippery armchair, and thrown one fat leg over the other. He was a stout, well-looking person, with a high color and a pleasant face.

"Don't chaff, there's a good fellow," said Lundy; "I don't feel very gay to-night."

Fisher had come into the room with a genial and jolly air, but, as the other spoke, his whole expression changed. It became at once serious and sympathetic.

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap. What is it?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I feel I can't go on with this sort of thing any longer."

"What sort of thing?" casting his eyes round the room.

Lundy jerked his thumb towards the stamped envelope on the table, and Fisher taking it up read,—

"To the Editor of the *Church and People*."

"Why! what nonsense! You don't mean that! What *are* you going to do then?"

Lundy walked restlessly up and down the room.

"That's just the question," he said.

Fisher stood up and leaned against the mantelpiece, and looked at the other with a gravely kind expression.

"The fact is," Lundy went on, "I feel such a wicked hypocrite. How can I go on writing what I have ceased really to believe?"

"Oh, my dear fellow, but I thought you —"

"Yes, but I don't see these things quite as I did."

"Well, but even then —"

"Yes, I know what you're going to say — that journalists should have no conscience, and that may be true in politics, but it isn't in religion."

"Well, but, dear me, how long has this been going on?"

"A great deal longer than it would have gone on with an honest man. It's no use, Fisher; I can't bear it any longer."

The other shrugged his shoulders, and drew his hand along the backs of Matthew Arnold, Greg, and Kant.

"That's what comes of reading these, I suppose. I told you so; you should have taken my advice. As soon as a man begins muddling himself about "subject" and "object" it's all over with him. I never think myself."

"It's no use. It's too late. You see I've done it. I can't go back and be the same as if I'd read nothing but the *Methuodist Times*."

It was Fisher's turn to pace the room.

"It's a pity, Lundy, it's a pity. Nothing pays so well as religion nowadays. And you have quite a special gift that way, they say."

"Good heavens, Fisher!" Lundy looked straight in the other's eyes. "You wouldn't wish me —"

"No, no, no, of course not." Fisher became explanatory. "I only meant that it was lucky for the people who can believe what they were brought up to believe."

You don't suppose I should wish you to do anything you thought wrong," he ended, unconsciously quoting Joseph Surface.

There was silence for a minute or two. Lundy mechanically filled his pipe, and the other as automatically struck a match and offered it to him.

"Well, but what *are* you going to do?" he repeated, when the same match had served for his own cigar.

"I tell you I don't know. Sweep a crossing, I should think."

"Why don't you try fiction?" asked Fisher, as who should say, "Why don't you try cod-liver oil?"

"Well, do you know" — a ghost of a blush appeared between Lundy's thin whiskers — "I've thought of that; I've got a trick of noticing, and I believe I could do it."

"Do it, of course you could do it!" Fisher's face resumed its bright expression. "You must begin at once."

"I've only read one novel, you know."

"So much the better. You'll not crib their ideas."

"The worst of it is I must read some, or I shan't know what kind of a story to make."

"Oh, plots are simple enough; I could think of a dozen in half an hour."

The person who does not write fiction always says so, but Lundy did not know this, so he looked at his friend with extreme surprise.

"Why don't you write novels?" he asked after a moment.

"Oh, I can't work them out, you know; I haven't the patience, and besides, I've got into my groove on the *Racehorse*. That's good enough for me. Keeps me in bread and cheese, even in a chop sometimes."

His fat sides shook in a chuckle.

"Well, if you're so fertile in ideas, give me a few."

"I don't know that I can exactly pump them up at a moment's notice like this."

"Well, look in to-morrow night."

"I can't, my dear boy. I'm off to Paris for the *Racehorse* to-morrow; shan't be back for three months. I was coming in to tell you, but seeing you look so down put it out of my head."

"Well, try to think of one now."

"What a hurry you're in! You don't want to begin to-night, surely."

"Well, I don't know."

The other stroked the back of his well-brushed, sleek hair for a moment or two, his face becoming thoughtful the while.

"Well," he said presently, "I did have an idea of a story the other day, but I don't know that I've thought it out properly. It would want a lot of filling in."

Lundy looked up expectant. Fisher knit his brows, hummed, ha'd, and after a preparatory cough or two began his narrative. It was a tale of love and jealousy, not of a very striking or original kind, but somewhat ingeniously worked out; for the average novel-reader it would have been as commonplace as cabbage, and the *finale* as easily discernible from the beginning as St. Paul's Cathedral from the bottom of Ludgate Hill. But before it was half told Lundy was as interested as a child of eight in a fairy tale, or a member of the Society for Psychical Research in a legend of a haunted house. When the end was reached — it ended at an altar and with wedding bells — he threw himself back in his chair, his cheeks flushed, his eyes shining.

"Bravo," he said, "that's splendid! You ought to throw up the *Racehorse* and write nothing but fiction; but I don't like the end, it ought to end differently."

Fisher's face quite fell at the criticism.

"Differently, why?" he asked; "how else would you have it?"

"Well, you know," Lundy spoke slowly, "in real life things don't end happily generally."

"Oh, but they do in novels — real life be hanged!" exclaimed the other. A remark which proved that he had at least one of the qualifications of a successful novelist.

"Are you quite sure you'll never use that plot?"

"Not I!" with unmistakable sincerity.

"Well, then, do you mind if I do?"

"Of course I don't *mind*, my dear fellow; but, really, it's hardly" — in an embarrassment of apparent modesty — "it's not quite — I'm sure you'll think of something better. Besides, you're in the blues to-night; you'll think better of your religious work to-morrow. Shall I post this for you?"

He took up the envelope.

"Yes, I suppose it must go in now, but it's the last. Going? Well, good-bye. Thank you so much for your plot."

"Oh! I'm glad if it amused you. Good-night, old man. I'll look you up directly I come back."

As Fisher shook hands he added, "And I say, do think twice before you give up religious essays for fiction. It's a grave step."

And when he had closed the door he

opened it again to say, "I say, Lundy, I wouldn't use that plot if I were you."

"Why not?"

"Oh, it's — it's not good enough."

"All right," was Lundy's answer, and the door shut out Mr. Fisher.

Sebastian Lundy took out a savings' bank book. The balance to his credit was about 21*l*. He looked at it, put it away again, and said aloud, —

"That'll last. I shall work quickly if I work at nothing else. I'll risk it."

Then he sat down and began to write. It was about eleven o'clock when he put pen to paper, and at two he flung down the pen on the last sheet of a careful summary of the story his friend had told him. He was used to taking notes of sermons, and this habit served him here. All the scenes were sketched in their original order, and no detail which bore on the story was left out. He went to bed — but not to sleep. The characters of the story passed in procession through his mind. The incidents, conversations, and trains of events which were possible to the development of the plot performed a sort of maddening dance through his tired brain. The cold February dawn was coming over the roofs before he slept at last, heavily and dreamlessly.

At ten he woke in a sort of panic. What was it that he had to do — and early?

He sprang out of bed and was in his bath before he remembered that it was a novel he had to write.

All that day, and for many a day after he wrote and wrote. He wrote all day. He would get up in the night to write; he would take his meals by snatches as he wrote, groping about for the food with his left hand with eyes and pen still on the paper; he wrote as long as eyes and hand would serve, and always it was these that failed him, not the brain. He would sometimes be forced to let the pen fall in the midst of a sentence, though that sentence and its successors only needed writing down; the hand and the eyes would refuse their office, and he would grudgingly take some food or sleep. But with all his work he seemed to himself to make very little progress, for every now and then he tore up whole chapters and re-wrote them with tender care and virile energy.

His religious writings had been popular among editors and the public for the reason that his piety had upon it the unmistakable stamp of truth; his religious fervors were heartfelt, and were of a very different metal from the formal religious-

ties which pass current in the columns of the pious press. A certain simplicity of mind made it possible to him to write what he felt exactly as he felt it, without the least disguise or undue self-consciousness, and this simplicity now gave to his story an air of reality. He was helped less by his imagination than by his memory, and he used all its stores without any of those reservations which abort the efforts of novel-writers less simple or more sensitive. Being unstuffed with conventional fiction he actually drew conversations from life, his characters spoke in broken sentences, and bad grammar was as common in the mouth of his educated hero as it is on the reader's own refined lips.

Lundy left his letters unanswered — he paid his small bills without any of that methodical attention to detail which had earned him his landlady's unselfish admiration. When he went out, as he now and then forced himself to do, he walked almost blindly, with long strides and a knitted brow that drew unheeded comments — never complimentary — from the passengers in the streets.

His landlady would come up to "clear away" and find him bending over his manuscript, the untouched chop beside him.

"Now, deary me, sir," she would say anxiously, "you're not yourself at all. Why here's these nice pork chops stone-cold — and you not so much as touched them. And you as was always partial to a pork chop."

He would look up hopelessly.

"I — I quite forgot the dinner. Never mind — I'll have it cold."

"Now I'll just warm it up, and you have it 'ot with a little drop of gravy."

Which she would do; and Lundy, left alone with the chops, would forget their graved existence, and write on. Then he would suddenly awake to a sense of his responsibilities, and would take the bones of the cold chops in his fingers and eat as he wrote. And all the time he did not know if he was writing ill or well. He only knew the novel was his life.

So February slipped away, and towards the close of March he came in sight of the end. He scratched out less now, and did not tear up at all; practice was making this kind of writing easy to him. And the brain now ran better in harness with the pen.

There remained only half-a-dozen chapters to write, and here Sebastian Lundy, without hesitation and by a sort of in-

stinct, abandoned the ending of the story as told to him by his friend. That story ended in a union — this in a parting.

As the work had progressed he had gradually identified himself with his hero. By a strange chance some of the events in the story were not unlike the events in his life. For a kingdom he could not have made the romance of this other self, this brain-brother, end otherwise than as his own had done; for even Sebastian Lundy had had his romance, ending in wedding bells that were not rung for him.

These last chapters were a faithful and unflinching record of certain chapters in his own life; and the writing of them affected him almost as the living of them had done. He grew pale and thin, and the lines in his face deepened.

At last, on a shivery, rainy April day the final words were written. He drew a long breath, but he did not lay down the pen. He took a sheet of note paper, and wrote a note to the first firm of publishers whose names occurred to him. Then he tied the story up in brown paper, addressed it to the same firm, and carried it and the letter to Paternoster Square.

Then came three weeks of waiting; and what such waiting is those know who have experienced it, and none who have not experienced it can conceive. And Sebastian Lundy's waiting was harder to bear than most men's. He had not a relation in the world, and his only friends had been the worshippers at the little Bethel he had abandoned, and his sporting fellow-lodger Fisher, away in Paris. Probably Fisher had never been so longed for in all his light-hearted existence as Lundy longed for him then. The store of 21*l*. was woefully lessened by now; there was only enough for three more weeks, even with the strictest economy — meat once a day, and no omnibuses.

Why should he take omnibuses? He had nowhere to go. He went for long aimless walks, and came home tired out — more often than not, too tired to sleep. One evening he came back from a twenty-mile tramp, and as he came into his room the dim firelight showed him something white on the mantelpiece. It must be *the* letter. He had no correspondents now. He stirred the fire till a bright flame leaped up. He tore open the letter. There was no accompanying parcel. He realized that with a sudden swelling of the heart that brought tears into his eyes; he was not very strong now. Then by the firelight he read the letter. It acknowledged the receipt of the novel, "John Carlton's

Trial," and requested the author to call on the following day at eleven.

It was accepted then! He had had some early experience of rejected manuscripts, and he knew the forms. Joy ran through his veins like a tide — but a tide of peace, not of tumult. The unrest was over now — the immense tension, the sickening alternation of hopes and fears — his book was accepted. The world would read it; the suspense had been hard to bear, but it was over now.

He did not laugh or sing, or express his joy in any of the ways mentioned by the poets, but he took out half a sovereign — there were not many left now — and he went to the foreign restaurant round the corner, and had a good dinner, the first he had had since the beginning of the novel. That night he slept soundly.

The next morning at eleven he was shown into the private room of the head of the firm. Mr. Trevor was an old man, with a short white beard and an extremely unintellectual forehead. He looked up from a letter he was writing as Sebastian entered, and said, —

"Sit down a moment, please."

Sebastian sat down, a light of happiness which he hardly tried to conceal shining through his thin face. Before he could speak the publisher went on.

"I wrote to you, Mr. Lundy, as I thought I should like to see you personally. There is a matter here," opening a drawer and pulling out a sheet of foolscap paper, "which calls for some little explanation from you."

At his words, and more at his tone, Sebastian's blood rushed to his heart, leaving his face white. What! was he to be asked to alter it? To mutilate the darling child of his fancy and his memory? He set his lips together closely, and kept silence.

Mr. Trevor went on.

"The book's been read, and my reader reports to me — ah — hum" — he ran his finger down the page — "'some literary skill' — 'undoubted talent' — no, no — oh, yes — here it is — 'the book is a gross and deliberate plagiarism from Miss Bradon's "Chloe." The names have been altered, but incident and sequence are mere transcripts from that work. The ending alone has been altered. There are certain superficial differences, but the two books are practically the same. The writer should be' — ah, well" — he stopped.

Before he had finished Sebastian was standing, pale and rigid, grasping the

back of a chair. The old man dropped his gold-rimmed eyeglasses and looked up at him sternly.

"It's false!" cried Sebastian in a harsh, muffled voice; "I've never seen the book. I never read any novel but 'Middle-march.'"

The sincerity of him was not to be doubted. It had its effect. Mr. Trevor's face and tone softened a little.

"Well, come, Mr. Lundy," he said, "how did you come by the plot? Did you evolve it out of your inner consciousness? Do you read reviews, by chance? Did the events happen to any of your friends? Are they a personal experience?"

From the time Sebastian began to write, until this moment, he had absolutely forgotten, in his love for his story, that the plot was not his own.

"Er—er," he stammered, "a friend told it me. He told me that he made it up, and that I might use it." He passed his hand over his forehead, and looked at it in a dazed way. It was wet with cold sweat. He spoke with difficulty; his mouth was dry and parched. The publisher pushed his chair back, and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"Well, sir," he said, "if I were in your shoes I would have a word of a sort with this friend. He's been having a joke with you."

"A joke!"

"Well, I don't know that there's anything more to be said. The reader speaks very well of your literary style. Try again, and keep clear of your friends this time. Good-morning. They will give you your manuscript in the office if you ask for it."

"I shall not ask for it. Sell it for waste-paper."

And he went out with the air and gait of an old man.

Mr. Trevor sat tapping a paper-knife on his desk for fully five minutes. Then he raised his eyebrows and touched his bell. He handed the report to the clerk. "Bring me up that manuscript," he said.

When the pile of manuscript was brought to him he began to read. That night he took it home with him.

Sebastian made his way into Paternoster Row, went into a shop and bought Miss Braddon's "Chloe," and turned into the gardens of St. Paul's Churchyard. It was a radiant blue April day, and all the benches were filled. He had to walk up

and down for ten minutes before he could find an empty seat.

He opened the book with trembling hands, and began to turn the leaves with feverish haste. After half an hour he flung it under the seat with a violence that split the yellow back from top to bottom, and walked, almost ran, out of the enclosure.

Halfway down Ludgate Hill he was stopped by a hand on his shoulder. It was a fellow-journalist of Fisher's whom he had seen at the latter's rooms once or twice.

"Why, Mr. Lundy, you're quite a stranger! What's the hurry? Heard from old Fisher to-day. He's staying on for another six months. But what's the matter, man? Been ill? You look half dead. Come along—let's turn into the Bodega."

Lundy shook the hand off, and spoke with rigid jaws in the kind of measured way which men use when they have been drinking a little, and wish to hide the fact.

"The last time I saw Mr. Fisher," he said, "he told me the plot of a novel; he said he had invented it; he said I might use it. He thought it was a good joke, I suppose. I did use it. It was the first novel I ever wrote. It will be the last. He lied; it was not his."

And he pushed past the genial journalist, leaving him rooted and gaping on the half-turn towards the Bodega.

In the autumn of that year this same Fleet-Streeter, coming into Charing Cross Station, met Mr. Thomas Fisher coming out, with a railway-rug and Bradshaw in one hand, and a Gladstone bag in the other. In the same hand as the Bradshaw was a brown-bound novel.

After the usual banalities Fisher broke out, holding up the book.

"I say; seen this? It's all the go, I'm told. I've just this moment bought it. It's by old Lundy. You remember old Lundy, surely," seeing a doubtful look come into the other's face. "You met him in my rooms once or twice, don't you remember? If he makes a good thing out of it he ought to go—thanks to me, for I gave him all the ideas, though I never thought he'd use them; it was only my joke."

"Yes," answered his friend, in a subdued sort of way, "so he told me."

"Deuce he did! I should have thought he'd have kept that dark!"

The man looked at him curiously.

"Haven't you heard about Lundy, Fisher?" he asked.

"Heard?—no—what? Have you seen him lately?"

"I met him about eight months ago. He told me you'd played him some trick about that novel; he seemed half daft about it. I didn't much like the look of him when he left me. And next day the poor chap was found cut to pieces on a railway line out Acton way. When the book came out—but how is it you don't know? There's a note by the publishers explaining all about it, and all the papers say it beats 'Chloe' into a cocked hat. Same ideas all better done, you know, and——"

Fisher had stood like one stunned, his fat face livid.

"Good God!" he cried, interrupting the flow of words he did not hear, "on the railway? You don't mean to say——"

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"They brought it in 'Accidental Death,'" he said. FABIAN BLAND.

From The Fortnightly Review.
ROGER BACON.

(A FORGOTTEN SON OF OXFORD.)

"OXFORD," says Dr. Folliott, in Peacock's tale of "Crotchet Castle," "was a seat of learning in the days of Friar Bacon. But the friar is gone, and his learning with him. Nothing of him is left but the immortal nose, which, when his brazen head had tumbled to pieces, crying 'Time's past,' was the only palpable fragment among its minutely pulverized atoms, and which is still resplendent over the portals of its cognominal college. That nose, sir, is the only thing to which I shall take off my hat in all this Babylon of buried literature." Few, probably, of the athletic youths who pass through the gate of Brasenose imitate the example of Dr. Folliott, or have any idea of the historical incidents to which the reverend doctor is here making allusion. If they keep the brazen emblem of which they are so justly proud on the bows of their racing craft on the river, or suspended on the walls of their rooms, they do not connect it with that strange and wonderful head of brass which Roger Bacon constructed, with the aid of Friar Bungay, to speak to him in mystic and oracular tones of things past and present and to come. Friar Bacon's study, which was only demolished a

century ago, was situated on the old Folly Bridge; and an engraving of it can be found in Skelton's "Oxonia Antiqua." In the civil wars it seems to have been used as a post of observation, but originally it had been the scene, according to popular report, of those arts of necromancy and magic with which Bacon amused himself in the thirteenth century. The story went that the brazen head was once consulted by Bungay and Bacon as to the best means of rendering England impregnable. For a long time the head was silent, and when at last the answer came, the monks, busy with some other devilry, did not hear the oracle. Wood, in his "Antiquities of Oxford," discusses with quaint gravity whether Bacon did or did not receive diabolical assistance in his manufactures. "Some imagined," he says, "that Bacon was in alliance with the Evil One, and that by the aid of spiritual agency he made a brazen head, and imparted to it the gift of speech; and these magical operations, as Bale states by mistake, were wrought by him whilst he was a student at Brazen Nose Hall. Whether he did this by the powers of natural magic is for the present a question. Certainly John Ernest Burgravius, in a work on these subjects, contends that Bacon was indebted to celestial influences and to the power of sympathy for these operations. To this he refers the talking statues (*statuæ Mercuriales*) . . . However it was, I am certainly of opinion that the Devil had nothing to do with them. They were produced by Bacon's great skill in mechanics, and his knowledge of the power of electricity, and not, as the ignorant and even the better-informed surmised, molten and forged in an infernal furnace." But it was no wonder that Bacon was subjected to such damaging suppositions, for such was the ignorance of the convents and hosteleries that the monks and friars "knew no more of a circle than its property of keeping away evil spirits, and they dreaded lest religion itself should be wounded by the angles of a triangle."

It is strange that Oxford and England should for five centuries have been so far incurious about one of her greatest sons that it was only in 1733 that the first edition of the "Opus Majus" was published by Dr. Samuel Jebb. The facts even of Bacon's life are wrapped in obscurity. He seems to have been born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, about 1214, and to have been educated at Brasenose College in Oxford, although Merton College has also laid claim to the honor of his youthful

earning. It was the custom of promising students of the University of Oxford to proceed to Paris, and Bacon's progress in theology and mathematics secured him the degree of doctor in divinity, besides the honor of being held by the Parisians as the ornament of their university. Either on his return to England, or at an earlier date, he entered the convent of the Franciscan order, perhaps at the persuasion of the celebrated Grostête, Bishop of Lincoln. It was the time when Henry III. was waging doubtful war with De Montfort and his barons, and Bacon and his family had been stout partisans of the king. Nevertheless, Robert Bacon (probably uncle of the philosopher) had not hesitated to tell Henry that peace between himself and the barons was impossible unless Pierre Desroches, Bishop of Winchester, was banished from his counsels; and the young Roger Bacon added (according to the chronicle of Matthew Paris) that the king had to beware of the self-same dangers which sailors incur on the sea, viz., "pierres" and "roches," thus alluding by a bold witticism to the hated Bishop of Winchester. In the year 1263 or 1264 an intervention on the part of Pope Urban IV. indirectly led to the composition of Bacon's chief works. Guy de Foulques, Urban's ambassador on this occasion, was informed by a clerk, named Raymond of Laon, of the friar's learning and his discoveries; and, when he himself afterwards became pope, under the name of Clement IV., wrote a letter requesting that some detailed account should be sent him of these philosophical achievements. "In order that we may better know your intentions," the prelate wrote, "we will and we ordain, in the name of our apostolical authority, that, despite all contrary injunction of any prelate whatsoever, or any constitution of your order, you should send us with all possible speed a fair copy (*scriptum de bona litera*) of that work which we begged you to communicate to our dear son Raymond of Laon, when we were legate." It was in answer to this appeal that Bacon wrote, in the midst of every kind of difficulty and discouragement, the "Opus Majus," the "Opus Minus," and the "Opus Tertium," in the almost incredibly short space of fifteen or eighteen months (1267).

How great the difficulty, how overwhelming the discouragement, we can learn from what Bacon himself tells us in the early portion of the "Opus Tertium." The pope was wrong in supposing that writings had already been composed by

Bacon on science. Such was not the case, for his superiors, so far from encouraging him, had strictly prohibited him from writing, "under penalty of forfeiture of the book, and many days' fasting on bread and water, if any book written by me or belonging to my house should be communicated to strangers. Nor could I get a fair copy made except by employing transcribers unconnected with our order; and then they would have copied my works to serve themselves or others, without any regard to my wishes, as authors' works are often pirated by the knavery of transcribers at Paris." Further, it was in vain to plead the cause of science amongst men who were either indifferent or openly contemptuous and hostile. The worst thing of all was the want of money. "For I had to expend over this business more than sixty French livres, a true account of which I will hereafter set forth. I am not surprised that you did not think of these expenses, because seated on a pinnacle of the world you have so many things to think about that no one can properly gauge the anxieties of your mind. But the messengers who carried the letter were wrong not to make some mention of my needs, and they themselves would not spend a single penny, although I told them that I would write to you a full account of their loans, and that every one should get back what he lent to me. I have no money, as you know, nor can I have, nor in consequence can I borrow, because I have got no surety to offer. I sent, therefore, to my brother, but he, because of his loyalty to the king's cause, has been so pauperized, by constantly having to ransom himself out of the hands of his enemies, that he could give me no assistance, nor indeed have I ever had any answer from him up to this day." Bacon then turned to many men in high station, some of whom, as he bitterly adds, the pope knew by their faces, but whose minds he did not know. "But how often was I looked upon as a shameless beggar! (*improbus*). How often was I repulsed! How often I was put off, and what confusion I felt within myself! Distressed above all that can be imagined, I compelled my friends, even those who were in necessitous circumstances, to contribute what they had, to sell much of their property, to pawn the rest, to raise money at interest. And yet by reason of their poverty frequently did I abandon the work, frequently did I give it up in despair and forbear to proceed, so that had I known that you had not taken thought of all these expenses, for the

whole world I would not have proceeded with it; sooner would I have given myself up to prison." To prison Bacon was actually sent, and perhaps more than once by those who were either jealous or afraid of him. Hieronymus de Asculo, who was made general of the order in 1274, is said to have committed him to prison because his doctrines contained *aliquas novitates suspectas*. Wood says that he appealed to Nicholas IV., but Pope Nicholas IV. was no other than Hieronymus himself, who succeeded Johannes Caietanus, Nicholas III., and the result of such an appeal could not be doubtful. He appears, however, to have been subsequently released by Raymond Galfred, and to have survived Nicholas by some months. He died when nearly eighty years old, on the feast of St. Barnabas, and was buried at the Grey Friars' church in Oxford.

Not only was his body committed to the dust, but his writings also, for it seems that means were taken to prevent any of his works from becoming known and read. Long enough was the period of their burial. From the thirteenth century we have to pass to the eighteenth to find the first edition of Bacon's capital work. It was in 1733 that Dr. Samuel Jebb published and dedicated to Dr. Mead the "Opus Majus," the editor himself being the father of that Sir Richard Jebb, the physician, who figures in the pages of Boswell's Johnson. Then another century had to elapse before any further notice was taken of Bacon. In 1848, M. Victor Cousin discovered in the library at Douai a manuscript which turned out to be Bacon's "Opus Tertium," and published an account of it in the *Journal des Savants*, though he was not at the time aware that there was also a copy at the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The only copy of the "Opus Minus," or at least of a portion of it, is also in the Bodleian, and was edited for the Rolls Series by Professor Brewer in 1859, who included in his volume the treatise which he calls "Compendium Philosophiæ," taken from a MS. in the British Museum. Of more recent commentaries on Bacon, we are only able to mention two, one by Professor J. K. Ingram at Dublin, the other by a Bordeaux savant, M. Emile Charles.* While his namesake, Francis Bacon, has received perhaps more than his meed of attention in England, the earlier and the more original thinker still remains in much of the

obscurity to which he was condemned by contemporary fanaticism.

There is, indeed, a striking parallelism between the two English reformers, not only in their general attitude towards mediæval thought, but also even in the details of literary expression. Perhaps no phrase of Francis Bacon is better known than the apophthegmatic utterance, "Antiquitas seculi juvenus mundi," which appears in the "De Augmentis Scientiarum." But his namesake had forestalled him. "We are told," says Roger Bacon, "that we ought to respect the ancients; and no doubt the ancients are worthy of all respect and gratitude for having opened out the proper path for us. But after all the ancients were only men, and they have often been mistaken; indeed, they have committed all the more errors just because they are ancients, for in matters of learning *the youngest are in reality the oldest*; modern generations ought to surpass their predecessors, because they inherit their labors." An equally well-known doctrine of Lord Verulam is that in which he recounts in the "Novum Organum" the "idola," or false presuppositions which hinder the path of knowledge. But the Franciscan monk had already detailed certain "offendicula," or stumbling-blocks to truth, some of which can be compared with those mentioned by the later writer. Both the Bacons were agreed in their admiration of Seneca; both thought that the removal of obstacles out of the way of science was a task worthy of kings. None but a pope or an emperor, or some magnificent king like Louis IX., is sufficient for these things, is the observation of Roger Bacon; and the writer of the "Advancement" remarks that the removal of obstacles is an "Opus Basilicum." Here, too, is a remarkable instance. "Utilitas enim illarum (*i.e.*, scientiarum) non traditur in eis sed exterius expectatur," says the author of the "Opus Tertium;" and Francis Bacon almost translates the words in his fiftieth essay: "For they (studies or sciences) teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation." The following sentences, taken from the "Opus Tertium" of Roger Bacon, might well have come from the writings of the lord chancellor: "I call experimental science that which neglects arguments, for the strongest arguments prove nothing so long as the conclusions are not verified by experience." "Experimental science is the queen of the sciences and the goal of all speculation." Just as the "Novum Organum"

* M. Emile Saisset has also written a chapter on Bacon in his "Descartes: ses précurseurs et ses disciples."

distinguishes between two kinds of experience—the unmethodical, which is “*mera palpatio*,” and that which is based on system and method—so, too, does Roger Bacon. “There is,” he says, “a natural and imperfect experience which has no knowledge of its own power, which does not take account of its own proceedings, and which is after the fashion of artisans and not of the learned. Above it, and above all the speculative sciences and all the arts, there is the art of making experiences which are neither powerless nor incomplete.”* But the monk saw clearly what the chancellor did not always recognize, that this methodical experience depended essentially on the knowledge and use of mathematical formulæ. “Physicists ought to know that their science is powerless unless they apply to it the power of mathematics, without which observation languishes and is incapable of certitude,” is the emphatic declaration of the “*Opus Majus*.” The value of method, and of a method which was formed after a mathematical model, is as patent to Roger Bacon as it was long afterwards to Descartes. Here, for instance, in the first chapter of the “*Compendium Philosophiæ*” are sentences, which are full of the spirit of the “*Discours de la Méthode* : ” “Universal knowledge requires the most perfect method. This method consists in such a careful arrangement of the different elements of a problem that the antecedent should come before the consequent, the more easy before the more difficult, the general before the particular, the less before the greater. The shortness of life further requires that we should choose for our study the most useful objects; and we ought, in fine, to exhibit knowledge with all clearness and certitude, without taint of doubt and obscurity. Now all this is impossible without experience. For we have, as means of knowledge, authority, reasoning, and experience. But authority is valueless unless its warranty be shown; it does not explain, it only forces us to believe. And so far as reasoning is concerned, we cannot distinguish between sophism and proof unless we verify the conclusion by experience and practice.” Francis Bacon could not have penned more vigorous utterances than these.

It is true that the later thinker is more wroth with Aristotle; but Roger Bacon also exhibits his impatience of the scholastic yoke. “It is only half a century

ago,” he cries, “that Aristotle was suspected of impiety and banished from the schools. To-day he is raised to the rank of a sovereign. But what is his title? Learned he undoubtedly is, but he does not know everything. He did what was possible for his times, but he has not reached the limits of wisdom.” But what especially vexed his scholarly mind was that the very Aristotle to whom appeal was so constantly made as arbiter of all disputes was not known in his original tongue, but only through miserably defective and misleading translations. Reformer as he was at heart, Roger Bacon thought that a real comparative grammar was one of the most pressing needs. He has much magisterial scorn for the scholars of his day. Both in the “*Compendium Philosophiæ*” (c. 8) and in the “*Opus Tertium*” (c. 10), he delivers his mind with great plainness of speech on this subject: “We have numerous translations by Gerard of Cremona, Michael Scot, Alfred the Englishman, Herman the German, and William Fleming, but there is such an utter falsity in all their writings that none can sufficiently wonder at it. For a translation to be true, it is necessary that a translator should know the language from which he is translating, the language into which he translates, and the science he wishes to translate. But who is he? and I will praise him, for he has done marvellous things. Certainly none of the above-named had any true knowledge of the tongues or the sciences, as is clear, not from their translations only, but their condition of life. All were alive in my time; some in their youth contemporaries with Gerard of Cremona, who was somewhat more advanced in years among them. Herman the German, who was very intimate with Gerard, is still alive and a bishop. When I questioned him about certain books of logic, which he had to translate from the Arabic, he roundly told me that he knew nothing of logic, and therefore did not dare to translate them; and certainly, if he was unacquainted with logic, he could know nothing of other sciences as he ought. Nor did he understand Arabic, as he confessed, because he was rather an assistant in the translations than the real translator. For he kept Saracens about him in Spain, who had a principal hand in his translations. And so of the rest, especially the notorious William Fleming, who is now in such reputation. Whereas it is well known to all the literati in Paris that he is ignorant of the sciences in the original Greek to

* *Opus Tertium*, cap. 13.

which he makes such pretensions; and therefore he translates falsely and corrupts the philosophy of the Latins." Elsewhere Bacon declares that there are not five men in Latin Christendom who are acquainted with the Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic grammars. He knew them well, he adds, for he had made diligent inquiry on both sides of the sea, and had himself labored much in these things. How, under such circumstances, could there be any real knowledge of Aristotle? Only a few of his many works remained, and they were mutilated. The "Organon" had considerable lacunæ. The "History of Animals" had originally fifty books; in the Latin versions there are only nineteen. Only ten books of the "Metaphysics" had been preserved, and in the commonly used translation a crowd of chapters and an infinity of lines were missing. But even of these fragments is there any knowledge? Men read them, but only in the Latin translations, which are miserably executed and full of errors. "I am certain," says Bacon, "that it would have been better for the Latin world if Aristotle had not been translated at all than that it should have such an obscure and corrupt version of him." Therefore Robert Grosstête was right, he thinks, to neglect Aristotle altogether and write on his own account, making use of his own experience; and he especially refers to the bishop's treatises on comets and the rainbow. Hence Bacon attempts with minute accuracy to prosecute philosophical studies, and in the "Compendium Philosophiæ" is to be found a specimen of Greek palæography, "the earliest in all probability extant in Western Christendom."* In his treatise on comparative grammar, the MS. of which exists in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, he wrote a short Greek accidence with a paradigm of the verb *ῥῑπῑω*.

Neither in logic nor in metaphysics is Bacon's work so valuable as in mathematics and science. He seems, indeed, not to have been a philosopher in the sense in which the term might be applicable to Bruno or perhaps Campanella, but he had a true insight into many scientific problems and a rare genius for invention, in which he is far superior to his more modern namesake. In logic he seems to have been a nominalist, though hardly in so pronounced a manner as William of Ockham, while he is on the side of modern

philosophy in his dislike of scholastic subtleties and abstractions and his disbelief in the so-called sensible and intelligible species. But though it may be doubtful whether he did or did not invent gunpowder, it seems clear that he either actually discovered or very much improved the telescope and the microscope; and like Descartes, he made a study of refractions of light, and produced a theory of the rainbow. Moreover, his knowledge of the delicate mechanism of the eye, and the precision with which he described and analyzed its various component parts, form a remarkable evidence of his scientific ingenuity.

But perhaps his chief title to fame is the reform of the calendar, which he proposed to Pope Clement IV., and which was never carried out till 1582 under Gregory XIII. "Since the time of Julius Cæsar," he says, "errors in the calendar have been steadily increasing, despite the attempted corrections of the Nicæan Council and of Eusebius, Victorinus, Cyrillus, and Bede. These errors arise from a faulty evaluation of the year, which Cæsar estimates to consist of 365½ days, so that a whole day is intercalated every four years. But the length of the solar year is really less than this by about eleven minutes; so that at the end of one hundred and thirty years a day too much has been counted, and this day should be cut off at the end of such a period. Nor are the moon's quarters rightly estimated by the Church. At the end of 356 years we shall be wrong by a whole day, and at the end of 4,266 years the moon will be full in the heavens while it will be marked new on the calendar." "A reform is necessary," Bacon tells the pope; "every one who is instructed in calculation and astronomy knows it very well, and laughs at the ignorance of priests, who keep things as they are." Arabians, Hebrews, and Greeks are horrified at the stupidity which is shown by Christians in their chronology, and in the celebration of their solemn days. And yet Christians have enough astronomical knowledge to arrive at a fixed basis for calculation. Only let your Reverence give orders, and you will find men to remedy these faults, not only those of which I have spoken, but others besides. If this glorious work were to be accomplished in the time of your Holiness one of the greatest, best, and most perfect enterprises would be accomplished which have been attempted in the Church of God."

The last sentence in the quotation just

* Brewer, R. Bacon: *Opera Inedita*; introduction, p. lxiii.

given strikes a note which is never absent in Roger Bacon and which rings in consonance with his age. Sometimes Bacon is spoken of as a sceptic and a revolutionary, as a man who antedated Luther or was in full revolt like Vanini or Bruno. Nothing is further from the truth. He had a keen eye for the workings of nature, and in many respects possessed a real instinct for science; but he was also a monk, not only because he could not help himself, but also because such a life was in accordance with his nature, and satisfied some of his personal instincts. Hence no scepticism is allowed to touch the revealed truths of religion, and his inquiries only have their scope within the range of secondary and mechanical causes. He believes that philosophy can do nothing against the truth but only for the truth. He is not a hardy metaphysician, who will let his thoughts carry him without reserve to the secret fountains of being; but in the spirit of the scholastic, he regards the active intelligence of Aristotle as equivalent to the Word of God, who is the second person of the Trinity. Nor does he fail to reproduce some of the characteristic superstitions of the Middle Ages. He, too, has a faith in alchemy, he accepts the influence of the stars, he even anticipates the modern magic of mesmerism.* He, too, will try to find the philosopher's stone and the secret of a life which exceeds the normal measure of man. What he had done in science seems but an earnest of what science can do; and there is at once scientific faith and childish credulity in his anticipations of the future. Listen to the Franciscan of the thirteenth century as he forecasts in his cell the possibilities of a coming age: "There shall be rowing without oars and sailing without sails; carriages which shall roll along with unimagined speed with no cattle to drag them; instruments to fly with, with which a man shall by a spring move artificial wings beating the air like the wings of birds; a little mechanism three fingers long, which shall raise or lower enormous weights; a machine to enable a man to walk on the bottom of the sea and over the surface of waves without danger, and bridges over rivers which shall rest neither on piles nor columns." So Bacon dreams in his treatise, "*De Mirabili*," but it was a dream which was full of the instinctive prophecy of genius.

W. L. COURTNEY.

From Murray's Magazine.

THE MINISTER OF KINDRACH.

CHAPTER I.

THE Dewars were very important people in Kindrach. Not that their importance lay much on the outward and visible surface of things; it was not an importance born of wealth, power, or influence — it lay deeper. To a casual observer it was not apparent, the Dewar abode being small and humble, the Dewar family being small and humble also, consisting of a widow and three daughters, unsupported by any strengthening outposts in the way of male Dewars. Yet in Kindrach the Dewars were important people. How this came to be even the Kindrach folk might have been puzzled to explain, though there was no doing away with the fact. The small family in the small cottage were regarded as beings from a higher sphere — inhabitants of another world condescending to breathe the (to them) grosser atmosphere of Kindrach.

The late Mr. Dewar had been a writer to the signet; they had, until the last seven years or so, resided (Mrs. Dewar seldom said lived) in Edinburgh; the three Miss Dewars were highly educated, and thoroughly finished — that is, the two eldest played duets from "*Il Trovatore*." One, Lesbia, could paint things on rice-paper which bore a distinct resemblance to flowers; and Kate had two French songs in her portfolio which she sang as easily as if they were Scotch ballads. Silvia was younger, and though possibly as talented as her elder sisters, she had not had their advantages and opportunities, but she shone in the light thrown by their reflection, and also in the light emanating from her own exceeding prettiness and superiority of appearance. There was no one in Kindrach quite so pretty as Silvia Dewar.

But perhaps the greatest radiance flung over the Dewar family arose from the fact that Mrs. Dewar had been a Miss Jamieson, a daughter of a captain in the army. There was no one in Kindrach could boast such a pedigree. Besides — to give every possible point in explanation of their importance — it was also known to an initiated few, that Mrs. Dewar's sister, another Miss Jamieson, was the wife of no less a personage than Alexander Porter, the great jute-merchant of Glasgow, who had grown too great for even Glasgow; grown so great, in fact, that London alone could contain him and his family.

Mrs. Dewar and her daughters had

* *Opus Majus*, Douai edition, p. 251 *Opus Tertium*, cap. 27.

come to Kindrach merely for the summer, and had drifted into a permanent residence there almost imperceptibly. Mrs. Dewar (*née* Miss Jamieson) found the importance gathered about her very sweet. In their best days — when the writer to the signet was alive, and Lesbia and Kate in the full enjoyment of their intellectual pursuits — they had never been so regarded. Edinburgh accorded no distinction to the Dewars because the mother had been a Miss Jamieson. Indeed, excluding a small circle of humdrum folk living like themselves in semi-detached villas in the vicinity of View Forth, Edinburgh can scarcely be said to have recognized the existence of the Dewars. Mrs. Muir, the minister's aunt, who lived with him and her daughter Janet at the Manse, had at first perhaps taken up a hypercritical attitude with regard to the Dewars; but this had faded away and toned down to match the general opinion so far as to agree sufficiently warmly that they were an "acquiescent." It had been a blow to her when her nephew David went courting Silva, but before the final engagement took place she came to agree in this also with general opinion that the minister had been "verra" much in luck's way to secure "sic a bonnie wife" — or, to be more accurate, the "troth-plight o' winsome Silvia Dewar."

There were some who thought that the minister's cousin, Janet Muir, would have been a more suitable match. She was nearer his age, being twenty-seven; they had lived under the same roof for many years, ever since old Mrs. Fairfax died, and her widowed sister Mrs. Muir came to look after David's interests, bringing her only child Janet with her — therefore they must have grown into fullest knowledge of each other's ways. All Kindrach knew the virtues of Janet Muir; she was a thrifty, hard-working, thoughtful, soft-voiced woman, with good looks and gentle ways; the sort of body in whose hands a man might feel safe and his house sure. But David Fairfax perhaps knew all this too well to fall into any deeper feeling than a very warm brotherly affection for his sweet-looking cousin. On her side matters were different. When Silvia was brought to the manse and proudly introduced by David to his aunt and Janet in her new character as "my affianced wife and future helpmeet," the blow to Janet was great indeed, and very bitter; she realized at that moment that her affection for David was not sisterly in character. But it made no perceptible change

in her life. She did not lose her soft bright color, or grow thin and peevish; she did not find the day's work harder to get through, or life generally more difficult to live. Only some of the content and peace left her quiet mind, and things looked greyer and more monotonous. Her mother talked at first incessantly about this new development in their affairs, but Janet, with that great reserve and patient acceptance of the inevitable belonging to her purely Scotch nature, added no comments of her own to her mother's outcry. The marriage was not to take place until a full year after the betrothal; Silvia would then be twenty-one, and some small sum of money left by the late writer to the signet would then be at her disposal; this Mrs. Dewar calculated would pay all incidental wedding expenses; the reason given to Kindrach world at large being Silvia's youth and inexperience.

Meanwhile, the future Mrs. Fairfax was supposed to be gaining this lacking experience in daily visits to the manse, where she hindered rather than helped Janet churn butter and work up dough for the week's bake, and dabbled about in wash-tubs, and messed the minister's white bands in vain endeavors to grasp the mysteries of clear-starching. Mrs. Muir good-naturedly showed her how to make porridge, and scones, and wonderful buns black with richness, and flaky-white, crisp biscuits. Though Silvia never got a definite knowledge from these spectacles, she was always much impressed by Mrs. Muir's skill, and pleased that excellent woman vastly by her openly expressed wonder and admiration. Indeed, Silvia pleased every one she came in contact with. They all grew fond of the merry, bright, childish little thing, who appealed to them so constantly, and admired all they did so frankly, and was always so willing to confess her own ignorance, and so desirous to learn of their wisdom.

Silvia Dewar at this time was supremely happy. It was delightful to have the run of the manse, its solid comfort and exquisite cleanliness were so satisfying, in contrast with their somewhat shifty penurious existence at the cottage. It was delightful also to have secured the most prominent man in Kindrach; to have all the people looking at, and whispering about her with an increased reverence — and a reverence arising from admiration of her powers apart from the family dignity. She felt she really had done something to be proud of. Lesbia and Kate, she knew, envied and were even a little jealous of

her good fortune, and her mother openly expressed her extreme satisfaction. Yes, taken altogether, it was undeniably the most satisfying experience she, Silvia, had known. Kindrach bounded her horizon. She had been perhaps thirteen when they first came, but the past had faded swiftly from her light remembrance. It was also, if not the most satisfying experience David Fairfax had known, yet ranked by him as one of his prominent successes. Taken altogether, he told himself, his life hitherto had been "no so verra unsuccessful!" This tone of complacent satisfaction was perhaps justifiable reviewing the thirty two or three years he had lived. His father had been a small farmer, styling himself "laird," on the strength of the possession of his few acres. David was an only child, and the "laird" had ambitious promptings, "the laddie should be a minister and preacher of the Word." From a heavy uninteresting child, David passed into a heavy, uninteresting youth, and from that on into a heavy but not wholly uninteresting man. He labored doggedly through his career at the Edinburgh University — poor, ignorant, and alone. Proud of the sufferings he endured whilst there, but prouder of the knowledge and learning he had wrested from his Alma Mater with such painful toil, he had fought single-handed with poverty and physical privation, fought single-handed also with his lack of early training, and the almost insurmountable disadvantage of little or no foundation of knowledge to build upon such as lads usually lay at public schools, but in the end, he, David Fairfax, climbed to the highest summit of his ambition, and returned as conqueror to Kindrach, dogmatic, assertive, calmly imbued with a firm belief in himself, and thoroughly self-satisfied. He took up work at first as assistant to their old minister, but soon, through the death of the old man, had the pastorship in his own hands. His father had died long before this came to pass, his mother he did not remember; Aunt Muir stood almost in that relationship to him, having come to his father's house, on the death of her sister, when David was a "bit laddie" and Janet a wee maiden. She was the widow of another small farmer, who had left her some fifty acres adjoining the Fairfax pastures. In agreeing to form a common household they did a wise thing, for David subsequently proved an excellent farmer as well as minister, and Mrs. Muir was a notable housewife, the combination of their two needs forming a complete and

harmonious whole. His engagement to Silvia Dewar was viewed by David as another success; he was thinking of it when he turned to Janet, and remarked exultingly, —

"Ma'ah life has been no so verra unsuccessful!" He spoke with a strong accent, in keeping with his wide Scotch face and loose, powerful figure; not a handsome face or figure, the features of both being too unformed and heavily put together. There was no beauty about his striding legs and swinging arms, the legs were too short, and the arms too long; and though his shoulders were broad, they hung forward, and detracted from his height, which was not great. His mouth was large and firm, and he wore his short, thick, black moustache and beard cut so as to fringe both mouth and chin, the latter being clean shaven. His eyes were clear, steady, honest, and grey; his forehead abrupt, the line of his jaw firm and powerful, his hands large, and his feet ungainly.

"Ma'ah life has been no so verra unsuccessful!" he repeated, as Janet made no observation.

He raised his tones, and allowed them to fall slowly at the end of the words with a melancholy, drawing cadence — characteristic, but wholly impossible to reproduce on paper.

"Look now!" he continued, proceeding to check off his successes on the fingers of his hand, beginning with the broad, flat, stubborn-looking thumb. "There was ma'ah univarsitee career!" A look of proud self-congratulation was in his eye and in the emphatic tap he gave his thumb.

"Eh, but that was fine!" murmured Janet, with soft energy, laying his grey sock she was darning on her knee, and looking up at him with answering pride in her gentle eyes.

"Ah'm no saying ah couldn't have done better, and ah'm no saying ah couldn't have done worse," he went on argumentatively; "there are men possibly who might have made more of their opportunities, and there are men who couldn't have done what ah did. Ah just take the place between these twa extremes, and on the whole it was satisfactory. Then the farm has prospered in ma'ah hands," he added, touching his first finger.

"It has that!" interjected Janet emphatically.

"And," he continued, laying hold of his middle finger, while a softer light and a gentler expression spread about the corners of his eyes and firm lips, and his tone

became insensibly less self-assertive — “there’s the wark o’ the ministry, wherein, hitherto, God has abundantly blessed me, both with holy thoughts and a power o’ expression.”

“Ay, ay,” assented Janet earnestly. “Eh, but it’s a wonderful gift! I sit in kirk whiles pondering, an’ how ye can pray and preach — rring power. God has chosen ye for a great and good work, David.”

David Fairfax paused a moment.

“And yet it’s the one point in which ah feel less personal power, Janet, mah woman, if ye can understand,” he said presently, still holding his middle finger thoughtfully. “Ah wrestle and pray mightily for greater freedom, for more confidence — but it’s withholden yet a while. The Sabbath discourses are a labor to me, and the words of prayer come to me in kirk ah know not how, whiles ah fear they may fail utterly.” A gloomy look gathered in the lines of his forehead.

“Ay, but they hanna failed yet, either in fulness of expression or beauty of thought,” Janet hastened to say with swift tact; “dinna fash your mind wi’ thoughts like yon, David.”

“Ow, ay, such an argument is what one might have expectit frae a woman,” he said with a little harmless scorn, but his brow cleared nevertheless. “Ye and your kind have no been gifted greatly wi’ reason and logic.”

“Nay, I ken naething aboot they gran’ things,” Janet returned with cheerful humility. “Men mostly get all the book-learning — wommin are content with what they can pick up whiles.”

David smiled, not ill-pleased by this little tribute laid at the shrine of man’s superiority, and tapped his fourth and weakest finger lightly — almost gaily; with a ponderous gaiety, and a lightness only light by comparison with his usual heaviness.

“Do ye no ken what that stands for?” he asked. “Mah fourth success! — it’s just Silvia!” Here the man resumed all his old satisfaction of manner.

“A bonnie lass! a real leddy! and one willing to mek hersel just whatever ah please.”

Janet’s head was bent over her work and her eyes fixed steadily on the needle she was skiffily using — perhaps this was why she made no rejoinder.

“Nay, nay; I repeat mah life has been no so verra unsuccessful, thanks be to God,” he added, with a strange mixture of boastfulness and humility.

It was in April that Mrs. Dewar received one of the periodical communications from her sister, Mrs. Alexander Porter. There had been a slender thread of intercourse kept up between them, such as an interchange of occasional letters and photographs of one or other of their children. This last epistle from Mrs. Porter was in acknowledgment of a photo of Silvia taken a little while before her engagement, a copy having been forwarded to the great relations in London. In addition to thanks for the photo, Mrs. Porter expressed a wish that Silvia would pay them a visit, and knowing her sister’s pecuniary resources were not great, she offered very kindly to pay all the girl’s expenses. It was not an invitation to be lightly regarded or set aside; even David saw its importance. With shrewd Scotch foresight he had no desire that his future wife should be wholly cut off from relatives so powerful — standing so well before the world as the Porters. And though their engagement was but a new and recent experience, in the full flush and radiance of its first quarter, he agreed with Mrs. Dewar that Silvia should go.

The matter was soon arranged. There were expeditions to the nearest big town, twelve miles off, to purchase a couple of new and fashionable dresses for the delighted Silvia, and various other little additions to her extremely slender wardrobe; David driving them himself each time across the moors in his spring cart, and entering solemnly into their anxious consultations respecting color, texture, and style. Indeed the whole of Kindrach was greatly stirred by this event. It was so wonderful to hear of any in their midst, one of themselves, thinking of taking that “awfu’ journey!” Edinburgh was the extremest limit, the furthest flight their imagination could picture; but London! it was indeed unheard of. They began making little presents to the girl, as if she were going on a far journey to a distant land. Mrs. Muir expressed her sense of the solemnity and importance of the event by calling her friends together on the last evening to meet Mrs. Dewar and her daughters.

“No a party,” she said in bidding them to the feast, “but just a bit merry-making to hearten up Siller and bid her good-bye and God-speed.”

Aunt Muir always spoke of David’s future wife as Siller. Janet also used this easier pronunciation, and David even had fallen into the habit.

It was a very informal little gathering,

the principal feature of the entertainment being the ponderous tea; Mrs. Muir and Janet having exhausted their skill (and themselves) in preparation of the various delicacies with which the table was spread. After tea, music and old-fashioned games, with a plentiful intermixture of talk, passed the time successfully. Kate Dewar sang her two French songs, and she and Lesbia played their duets from "Il Trovatore;" while Mrs. Dewar sat in the chair of state by the fire, with her feet on the white sheepskin rug, complacently proud of her daughters and their prominence; and Aunt Muir sat opposite and beamed across at Mrs. Dewar, nodding her head, and moving her hands in time to the music with an air of knowing all about it and being thoroughly able to appreciate talent when thus brought under her notice. Janet stepped quietly about, and saw to every one's necessities, like a gentle, noiseless spirit of good-will, in her soft grey homespun — her Sabbath gown donned for this great occasion.

When they had all gone except the Dewars — who stood clustering round the open fireplace talking everything and everybody over with Aunt Muir, David, who had left them for a little, now returned, carrying a small box which he unfastened as he walked across the floor.

"It's mah mother's watch," he said, detaching Silvia from the group; he said it solemnly, and reverently looked at the large, old-fashioned, double-cased time-keeper lying in the palm of his hand.

"Yes?" said Silvia a little eagerly, hoping he intended it as a present for herself. "Yes?" she said, looking up into his face interrogatively.

"And now it's yours," he said, laying her hand over the watch, and closing both between his. "Mah mother's and mah wife's." The strong lines of his face grew soft, and his eyes very tender as he looked down into the pretty girlish face. Yet he added with caution, —

"See now you're verra carefu' o' it an' dinna get smashing the spring or scratching the surface; and have a bit pocket put in your gowns, where it'll be safe and handy to get at."

"Yes, oh yes!" said Silvia obediently.

It was this obedience David Fairfax found so satisfactory about Silvia.

"She's just as docile, an' easy to manage as a whippet hound," he once remarked triumphantly.

"The chain I gave to Janet," he added, "but a ribbon will answer the purpose just perfectly well."

"Oh, what a pity!" pouted Silvia. "A real watch wants a real chain — perhaps Janet would lend me hers?"

"You'll not ask her," he said authoritatively, "ribbon is all that is required." He returned the watch to its box as he spoke. "Keep it verra safe," he repeated, giving it into Silvia's hands.

Janet, leaning a little wearily against the high, roughly carved supports of the mantelsheff, overheard this little colloquy. Her heart beat perhaps a little quicker as she saw the watch transferred to Silvia, for when the chain came into her possession she had felt a dim sweet hope that David's mother's watch would be hers too some day. Now? — well, now it was Silvia Dewar's, and she might as well have the chain also. So thinking, she slipped away, and passed swiftly up the narrow stairway to her dark, dimity-hung chamber. She struck no light, for she knew the position of everything in the room by heart; groping in the recesses of an old oak press she found what she was looking for without difficulty — a small wooden box, dark with age, and clamped at the corners with roughly beaten brass-work. This she carried to the window, and drawing aside the white curtains to admit more light, she stood it on the sill. Unlocking it, she took out a little parcel wrapped in soft paper; the outer covering and a layer of cotton-wool being removed, a long, thin, thread-like chain of gold lay in her hand.

The moon outside flooded the place with pale radiance; the clump of pines — just where the straggling paths and flower-beds of the bit of ground designated by the name of garden met and were swallowed up by the rolling, lonely moor — stood a dark mass in clear relief, the sharp stiff heads of the trees silently rearing themselves against a background of silver light, across which the moon drifted; its pure, perfect outline untouched by the cloudy mist which hung softly like the folds of gossamer fairy curtains round and about this space of light.

"It's all he ever gave me," she thought, looking at the slender chain wistfully. "But it seems to me it belongs to Siller, now, with — all the rest."

She did not kiss it or weep over it, she only very carefully rubbed it on the soft surface of her best gown and wrapped it up neatly, tying it with a bit of ribbon — making quite a festive little parcel of her one valued possession which she was parting with now forever.

She slipped it into Silvia's hand when saying good-bye, murmuring, "It's just a

bit chain which belongs to the watch David gave ye the night."

CHAPTER II.

"DID YOU ever, my dear May, see anything quite so deliciously quaint and out of date?"

Miss Harding put up her long-handled eyeglass and took another exhaustive survey of the newly arrived Silvia, sitting at the other end of the long drawing-room beside her aunt, enduring a painful experience of acute discomfort. Everything was terrible; she could lay hold, as yet, of no crumb of comfort. No 54, Lancaster Gate, awed and distressed her beyond expression; she was conscious of being all wrong, of looking totally unlike her cousin May, or that other lady, Miss Harding. Her new shoes creaked whenever she moved, and made her blush for their square-toed, noisy vulgarity. Her new blue merino was as vulgar in its way as the creaking shoes. She quite understood the little glances Miss Harding bestowed on her from time to time; they expressed so entirely her own consciousness of her unsuitability to her present surroundings. She wished with a sick childish longing that she were at the manse, or at home. Anywhere but in this grand room with its mirrors, soft chairs, numberless tables, stands of flowers, and confusing multitude of lovely things. She could only sit very upright and press her hot little hands together, forcing herself to say, "Yes, Aunt Porter," or "No, Aunt Porter," as occasion required.

Mrs. Alexander Porter was a very different woman from her sister Mrs. Dewar; with far more power, strength, and moral backbone. Her experience of life also had been far wider, and her natural ability had been aided, educated in fact, by all the advantages of travel and society. Poor little Mrs. Dewar had never been further from Scotland than to the Cumberland Lakes on her wedding tour, and her society had been confined to the denizens of View Forth and Kindrach; what little there had been as a basis to work from in her character, narrow at best, had shrunk to a smiling, gentle inanity of purpose, and perfect content with the homage of Kindrach.

"You mustn't say 'Aunt Porter,' dear! I can't have you shy with me, your own mother's sister; you must call me Aunt Silvia."

So she delicately silenced her niece's objectionable form of address which almost made her shudder. It was the cus-

tom at Kindrach; every one said "Aunt Muir," for instance.

May Porter looked across the room also at her forlorn little cousin.

"She is wonderfully pretty," she said, in answer to Miss Harding's remark; "a little doing up and pulling together will soon make her more than presentable." Miss Porter was too well aware that her own more cultivated beauty far surpassed Silvia's lesser charms to feel any ignoble feminine twinges of ruffled vanity. She was tall and striking-looking, wonderfully graceful in her languid movement; most perfectly self-possessed, with charming manners; that is to say, she had charming manners, though she did not always choose to parade them before the gaping multitude, therefore some people looked on her as changeable, and others, less fortunate, who had been treated with unvarying coolness, denounced her as "stuck-up."

"We must go on artistic lines," she went on slowly, without taking her large, sad-looking eyes away from the unconscious Silvia. "She will never make a successful girl of the period, so we will turn her into something early English — her hair will be effective."

The late Mr. Dewar's hair had been red; Silvia's was a lovely, subdued, coppery shade of that color. Though she wore it demurely parted down the middle, and closely plaited into a modest knot at the back, yet its natural rebelliousness of disposition caused it to break out on every side in frizzly little curls and love-locks.

"No, we could never make her stylish," said Miss Harding, complacently smoothing down the waist of her perfectly fitting gown which displayed the curves of her admirable figure to great advantage; "it would take too long to civilize her sufficiently."

Miss Etta Harding was herself eminently civilized. Her only claim to good looks lay in the possession of a certain quality usually denominated *style*. She lived with the Porters as a sort of girl friend or companion to May, who was an only daughter, delicate, and apt to fall into fits of nervous depression, arising greatly from weak health, and also in a measure from having nothing to do. Miss Harding was supposed to supply, from the doctor's and anxious mother's point of view, any deficiency in May Porter's life and surroundings which would account for these moments of depression.

"We must get John White's assistance," said May languidly. "He is sure

to be very suggestive, and it's just the sort of thing he enjoys; I have often thought of presenting him with one of those wax figures in the Lowther Arcade to dress and amuse himself with." She spoke with a little lazy scorn.

"And now you will present him with the pretty cousin instead." Miss Harding's tone and smile were, like John White, "very suggestive," though she tittered a little to carry off their first bald effect.

May merely moved her eyes away from Silvia and turned them on Etta.

"The sleeves of that dress are put in shockingly, Etta, dear, they make you look quite round-shouldered," she said gently, and, rising, went across and sat down by Silvia, whom she proceeded to fascinate and enslave by the sweetness and tact with which she set that poor little mortal at her ease.

Between them they did in a very short space of time utterly transform Silvia into "something like some one out of an old picture," according to Etta. John White proved very suggestive.

He was an artist; and, intimate to a certain degree with the Porter family generally, between him and May Porter there existed an intangible something — not an understanding, by any means, hardly an understanding, but a mutual interest which might drift into the former, or drift on into nothingness. He was one of those fortunate beings whom every one likes — men, women, and children, fell indiscriminately under the spell of his cheery, hearty, happy-go-lucky nature. A big, fair, handsome man, blessed with unflinching good-temper and perennial high spirits, capable of touching tender bruises and ruffled feelings with all a woman's gentleness, and endued with a wonderful capacity for seeing the world from the same point of view as others saw it. His blue eyes had their own especial peephole, but they were not glued to that one lookout as most people's are — they readily shifted and applied themselves promptly to his neighbor's peepholes. From the troubled, blurred perspective of a disappointed child, to the wider visions and higher aspects of men and women, he saw as they saw. In this facility of perception lay the root of his popularity.

He found Silvia's peephole at once (perhaps it might not have been so soon discovered had she been plain and uninteresting), and won her entire confidence by delicately insinuating his sympathy with a comprehension of her present trou-

bles and perplexities. She was perfectly unconscious of these insinuations in their direct bearing. All she felt was the sense of ease his society naturally (considering the bent and tone he took) brought with it. "He is so funny!" she told herself. She found it funny and amusing to be called "Annie Laurie," instead of the formal Miss Dewar others accorded her; she found it funny, but very pleasant, to have flowers brought her. He affected a teasing manner — offending May by this little failing, but Silvia thought that funny also, and highly entertaining. He played the banjo remarkably well — an instrument Silvia had never seen before; she thought his nigger songs the funniest things imaginable, though May invariably left the room when that form of entertainment began. His stories and jokes were immensely amusing, they were all so deliciously new and fresh to her; altogether John White's friendly hand proved to be a sort of sheet-anchor to which she naturally clung after emerging, confused, dazed, and miserable, from the first shock of her plunge into this new and strange experience. She supported herself by it, and gained courage to strike out feebly for shore, and by-and-by feeling power returning, and the sense of cramp and numbness giving place to the glow and vigor of renewed life, she abandoned her grasp of the sustaining hand and paddled along very contentedly by herself.

They took her about a great deal — to picture-galleries, entertainments, theatres, concerts, flower-shows, afternoon tea-parties, and musical evenings. The Porters were very hospitable, and dinners and receptions at No. 54 were numerous. Mrs. Porter's "Wednesday nights" were much thought of and always well attended. Silvia, had she known it, heard some very brilliant and witty talk, but failed to see the flash and sparkle. She heard also on these occasions excellent music, which in a dim way gave her greater pleasure than the duets from "Il Trovatore" and Kate's French songs. But it was not in these things she took greatest pleasure; the daintiness of her own appearance, the knowledge which struggled quickly to life that she, as well as May and Etta, had her own little circle of admirers amidst the throngs that came and went in her aunt's drawing-rooms, these were pleasurable experiences, far outweighing the mere delights of music and wit; but to these conclusions she did not come all at once. At first she lived in a state of breathless amaze and bewilderment, but the same

adaptability she had shown with regard to the household at the manse came to her aid in this novel atmosphere. With a wonderful celerity she entered into things, catching May's little graces of manner, and reproducing the ways of those about her with clever instinctive imitativeness. The facility with which women generally are capable of taking up and appropriating to themselves the manners and customs of those in whose society they may be suddenly thrown was largely developed in Silvia. She slipped into her place at the Porters with the same little air of appeal, the same gratifying exhibition of a desire to learn of them, and to be guided by their experience, which had won Aunt Muir's heart with reference to the lessons in porridge-making and bread-baking. If she did not succeed in winning the hearts of those in her aunt's household so effectually, it was not due to any flaw in this little innocent unconscious rôle she had adopted; but perhaps at Kindrach hearts were more easily won.

Though she had seen so much, and heard so much, and learnt so much since coming to London, her letters home were not interesting. She had not the faculty of expression with pen and ink very largely developed certainly, but the weekly notes sent to Kindrach were the merest fragments of communication.

"Well, an' what does the lassie say?" Aunt Muir would ask with keenest interest.

"No a verra great deal," returned David a trifle grumpily. "She just ses her Aunt Porter's verra kind, and she's enjoying herself and goin about considerable, but there's naething o' the places of interest she has been to see; nae mention of the Cathedral of Saint Paul, or Westminster Abbey, or the Monument, or the British Museum, Things I would like to hear aboot fine."

Silvia had been away perhaps six weeks or so. May had merged into June, and June was at the point of midsummer, when David astonished his aunt and Janet by announcing his intention of taking a holiday — an unheard-of proceeding in the annals of Kindrach history.

"James M'Kenna will take mah work, and be glad of the change from the town yonder to fresh country air for a week or maybe twa."

"But where will you be goin', David?" inquired Aunt Muir, peering over the top of her spectacles in mild amazement.

"To London," he answered shortly.

"Mah certy!" ejaculated his aunt, dropping both hands on her knees.

"An' wherefore no?" asked David a little roughly, nettled at her too evident surprise; "ither folk have taken their ways to London before now, and no lost their lives!"

Aunt Muir was apologetic at once. "It's no that, David; ye ken richt weel ah'm no saying ye couldna tak care o' yoursel', but sic an awfu' journey! and the hay all down," she explained vaguely.

"The hay wunna hurt," he said crossly.

"Nae, nae; dinna let the hay disturb ye're mind, mither; I'll see to that," interposed Janet. "Ye'll be going to fetch Siller?" she continued, turning to David soothingly, "an' get acquaint with her aunt and cousins; it'll just do ye a world o' good, an ye can see they gran things for yoursel', — the houses, and catheedrals, and places!"

"Preecisely!" returned David loftily. "Ah'm going to fetch Siller, to show her relations a little proper attention at the same time; it's only right that the Porters sud see their niece's future husband. It will be payin' Siller a compleement also, therefore on consideration, ah've thought it a necessary step to take."

He spoke slowly and guardedly, for in his inmost heart he knew that these "considerations" were afterthoughts, and that the root of the matter lay in an intense desire to see and be seen of the Porter family. There was a streak of worldly wisdom running through his character which showed its lines very near the surface at times.

The Porters were rich and influential. Who knew what future benefits might arise from the present formation of a personal knowledge of each other? "When they saw the man Siller was going to marry, and exclaimed among themselves that she was doin' well, verra well for herself, might it not form another and stronger link than even the sisterhood of Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Dewar?" For David did not hide from himself that Mrs. Dewar was "a puir creature," "a weak-like body," not one to be inordinately proud of, or made much of, or sought out and set on the pinnacle of Porter approbation. Moreover she was but "one o' they feckless woman-folk." And David did not rank the best specimens of that feeble class very highly.

"Set him up! wi' his Porters and his notions," said Aunt Muir indignantly, unconsciously touching the very spot in her

resentment at the tone her nephew had used towards her.

"Oh mither!" said Janet reproachfully, "it's no' that, it's just that he is longin' and longin' to see Siller, and doesna like to say so. Canna ye see it a'?"

"Oh ay, I can see it a'," sniffed Mrs. Muir still resentful. But nothing further was said, for David's word was law and his decisions sacred.

Two days later he departed for Edinburgh, where he invested in a new hat, also a pair of black kid gloves — thus equipped he proceeded to London. Arrived at the Great Northern terminus he was plunged into a bustle and confusion, and rushing and roaring; a medley of many sounds, and crowds of many people which, to him, seemed nothing less than pandemonium itself. "Eh, mah wurd!" he ejaculated several times in undertones; but outwardly he preserved a staid, even stolid demeanor, and shouldering his portmanteau — having no notion of trusting it into other hands — he hailed a conveyance and was driven to a small temperance hotel in the Strand, the name of which he had obtained in Edinburgh.

The next morning he sallied forth — not in quest of the Porter mansion, for he knew enough of the ways of the world, he flattered himself, not to pay calls in the forenoon — but to take a general look round and see what this great city held. He had not informed Silvia of his intended visit, and he had requested silence from the others also on the subject, holding the view that pleasure is enhanced when unexpected.

The hurrying crowd of men streaming city-wards — for it was between nine and ten, the hour when suburban trains pour forth a continuous flood of humanity — struck him into a condition of passive wonder. "I never saw the like before," he told himself in tones of suppressed concentrated amazement; but the sight exhilarated him also. The morning was bright and sunny, the June air sweet even in the Strand, and everything around was a thrilling experience. He kept a sharp lookout at first for suspicious characters, also for the Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey, or the British Museum, expecting to come upon one or other at every turning, but all particulars soon faded and blended into the whole. There was no discerning suspicious characters in a crowd like this. The great sights were lost in this great multitude of lesser lights. He was very satisfied and pleased with his morning's walk. He even pur-

chased a rose from a flower-seller to take to Silvia — though not without a wrestle over the sum she asked, "Three pennies for yon bit blossom? Eh, mah wurd! here's one forrit and dear at that." But the woman showered such a voluble outburst of refined English in a stream of indignation, expostulation, and vituperation upon him, that David reluctantly handed forth the remaining two coppers and swung himself out of the little crowd which their altercation had immediately attracted. He was standing gazing about him in Trafalgar Square, at the façade, pillars, and little steps of the National Gallery, at the lions, and Nelson's Monument, when, looking up, he caught sight of the dome of St. Paul's rising high above the smoke and chimney-tops, and glittering in the bright sunlight.

"That will be the great cathedral!" he pondered thoughtfully. Seeing a small specimen of the street-arab tribe peering up at him from the gutter, where he was dabbling his feet in a delicious bath of dust and refuse, he asked in a loud cheery voice, pointing with his umbrella at the same time, "Hey, laddie, is yon Saint Paul's?"

The imp continued gazing up into his face, but with an air of contempt gathering on his pinched, elfish countenance. Slowly he put up one grimy hand, and pulling down the lower lid of his left eye, protruded his tongue at the same time; it was done in perfect silence; then with a shrill yell he slipped into the roadway.

"Yah! d'yer think I was born yesterday, Old Solemnity? try ye're tricks on some other feller! ye doan't catch me at that game."

"An' if ah cud catch ye ah'd catch ye as sound a clout as ye've iver experienced," said David wrathfully, advancing a menacing hand; but the creature disappeared like magic, and David strode away amid the roar of some cabbies in a line of hansoms drawn up for hire.

This little incident sent him back to the temperance inn with somewhat reduced elation of spirits.

After disposing of a modest but substantial dinner, he proceeded to array himself for his call at Lancaster Gate with a feeling, which in any other man might be described as approaching nervousness, but in David's case perhaps such a description scarcely conveys a true idea of his sensations. He was anxious (though not consciously aware of any such anxiety) to appear before the Porters to the best advantage, to impress them favorably;

though not touched with any dread that he would fail to shine, yet the very novelty of the desire created a disturbance of his usual complete serenity.

When finally completed, his toilet gave him great satisfaction. His coat hung down to his knees in ample folds of shining broadcloth, with two creases across the surface of his broad back, showing where it had been folded — but its newness and extreme respectability, its dumb witness to the solvent and well-to-do condition of its wearer, were alone apparent to David. He carefully fitted on his new black kid gloves, somewhat baggy about the palms and finger-ends, and wrapping the rose he had bought for Silvia (at such an exorbitant price) clumsily in a bit of thick note-paper, he started. Having obtained instructions from the young woman at the bar as to what omnibuses he must take, and having, with much forethought, noted down the same, he reached his destination without much difficulty.

The exterior of the Porter mansion he found disappointing.

"It's no so verra wonderful after all," he thought, standing in the portico of No. 54 and glancing upwards at the plain, square frontage. There were balconies to the windows on the second floor, lined with boxes and pots of bright flowers and hanging creepers; these alone broke the monotonous straight lines of high buildings running round three sides of a square, a large church occupying the fourth. The manservant who opened the door he pronounced also "nothing wonderful;" he had expected something more gorgeous than this plain-looking individual in black and white — something in plush and powder, gold lace and silk stockings. "Is Mistress Porter within?" he asked, with a certain resumption of all his old ease and confidence.

"Not at home," answered the butler, with swift precision edging the door forward as he spoke, for this person had not the appearance of a visitor to whom any great show of deference was necessary.

"Wait a bit, my man," interposed David, laying a broad black hand on the advancing panel; "is Miss Silvia Dewar within?"

The man stared and hesitated. "Not at home," he repeated presently, with a perfectly unmoved countenance but in a lower key.

"That's verra unfortunate," cogitated David audibly, laying hold of his chin with a considering thumb and forefinger; "ah'll just step in and wait," he concluded

calmly, placing a foot on the topmost step; "it's a long way back to the inn where ah'm stopping," he continued explanatorily, "and maybe they'll be in verra shortly?"

"You can't do that," replied the manservant, still unmoved.

"Hoots! Can't?" began David. "You don't know what you are talking about or to whom you are speaking."

The man grinned in what David felt to be an offensive manner.

"Dooks, earls, and markisses do go around incog. nowadays. It's a fashion they are partial to, I've heard; but anyway, I'll have to run the risk of offending your lordship," he said glibly, and winking knowingly. Before David could express any of the wrath which rushed upon him at the man's impertinence, some one from within addressed the butler. He heard a lady's voice call "Rogers!" and the man abandoned the door, turning with a sudden access of obsequious deference to the speaker. David seized the opportunity, and stepped forcibly into the hall, coming face to face with Miss Etta Harding in outdoor attire, evidently prepared to sally forth.

David removed his hat, and made an angular movement with his body and head, intended for a bow, which civility Miss Harding encountered with a cold stare.

"It's verra unfortunate Mrs. Porter and Silvia should be out," he said, smiling blandly, "but ah'm in no hurry, ah'll just wait till they return. Miss Porter, I presume? You'll have heard mah name — David Fairfax?" He paused for this announcement to take effect; it produced nothing, so he put in, —

"Minister of Kindrach!" and paused again, crumpling the edges of his soft hat together in his large hands, still smiling. This also was empty of produce.

"I am your cousin Silvia's affianced husband!" he added finally. The effect when it came was sufficiently vivid.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Etta involuntarily. "Rogers, go and tell Mrs. Porter to come down at once," she said authoritatively to the apparently deferentially deaf but highly interested butler.

"I'm not Silvia's cousin," she said, turning to David as the man moved away, "but I live here, and know all about the family. I — None of us knew she was engaged. It's — it's very astonishing! You are Mr. David Fairfax, minister of Kindrach, and engaged to Silvia?" she questioned with a rapid, precise arrangement of the facts.

"Yes," returned David shortly and reservedly. Since she was not a Porter, he did not feel called upon to enlarge this account of himself. Etta had taken in the situation, and was not a little pleased. Silvia was not a great favorite of hers; she was too pretty, and made too much of by every one. All the ridiculous fuss about her charming Scotch accent and quaint Scotch ways annoyed and irritated Etta. Now she saw the prospect of a sufficient downfall before the designing, deceitful little minx. To have lived six weeks in her aunt's house, receiving every kindness, and not once to have mentioned the fact of her engagement! Oh, yes! Etta foresaw much tribulation awaiting Silvia with the appearance of this uncouth suitor.

"What is it, Etta?" asked Mrs. Porter, not coming down the last flight of stairs, but bending forward and speaking a little impatiently from the landing above. "I told Rogers I was not at home, but he is so tiresome, and so stupid, he lets in every pertinacious person who——" But seeing dimly that some one was standing in the hall besides Etta, she stopped abruptly.

"That is Mrs. Porter. Come up and speak to her," said Miss Harding quickly to David.

She was pleasantly excited and stirred by this unlooked for event—it promised to be too funny.

"It's some one to see Silvia, some friend from Scotland," she said, running up to where Mrs. Porter was standing.

On the landing was an organ, with gleaming pipes rising to the roof; some low chairs, tables, and lounges, and a mass of palms and ferns, against which Mrs. Porter's figure stood in relief; the afternoon sunlight pouring through a stained-glass window falling on the folds of her long, loose, dead-black silk tea-gown, and touching the pale orange bows in her soft lace lap. She had perfectly white hair, which she wore *à la* Marie Antoinette, drawn up high from her forehead, a style which suited her still fresh, fairly youthful complexion admirably. Her figure was fine, though matronly. Altogether she was an imposing woman to encounter, but David felt little on this score. He was nettled at the announcement Miss Harding had made of their ignorance of Silvia's engagement. Also he was gravely surprised at having caught Mrs. Porter telling a deliberate untruth. With his own ears he had heard her declare that she had desired that man Rog-

ers to say she was not at home, being all the time comfortably within doors. Engrossed with these thoughts he came heavily and steadily up-stairs, noting nothing about, or the two women standing above him.

"Ah'm sorry to disturb ye, Mrs. Porter, mam," he said gravely as he mounted the last step, and stood face to face with Silvia's aunt. "A grand-like woman," he thought, but her appearance sent no thrill of fear to his heart.

"Ah'm sorry to disturb ye, but dinna fash yourself'. It's just Silvia ah came to see," pronouncing his betrothed's name laboriously.

Mrs. Porter did not smile, or put out her hand, or even bend her head in recognition of his speech. She only looked at him with amazement written in every perplexed line and furrow.

"Yes?" she said coldly. "And what is your business with my niece?"

"Business?" returned David, "business! It's no' business ah cam' upon, it's mere pleasure. A man comes to see his sweetheart for that reason ordinarily—not business!" he smiled broadly, and looked knowingly from Etta to Mrs. Porter.

"Ah'm glad also of the opportunity of meking your acquaintance, Mrs. Porter, mam. Siller's aunt, all her relations and friends, in fact, are my relations and friends likewise."

Mrs. Porter allowed her limp, impassive hand to be cordially shaken by David during this speech, scarcely knowing what was taking place; but as he swung it up and down heartily the action roused her from her momentary bewilderment. She drew it from his clasp swiftly.

"Am I to understand that you are engaged to my niece—to Silvia?" she said sharply.

"Precisely," returned David tartly, annoyed by her manner. "Has Siller not told ye a' about it?"

"I've heard nothing—nothing," replied Mrs. Porter emphatically. "I think there must be some mistake."

David drew himself up. This hint and suspicion of a doubt roused his anger mightily.

"A mistake, hoots! Take me to Siller; ye'll soon see there has been no mistake. She has, maybe, felt shy of speaking of her betrothal to strangers."

"Silvia is in the drawing-room," suggested Etta, her eyes bright with interest.

Mrs. Porter frowned, and for a moment stood undecided, then she turned with a

little hasty gesture towards a curtained doorway, followed closely by David and Etta.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A GLIMPSE INTO A JESUIT NOVIATE.

FIRST of all, a few words of personal explanation. I was eight years among the Jesuits — two as a novice, three as a student of philosophy, and three as teacher or assistant in their colleges. I left them of my own accord, though not without their consent, and after having asked their advice on the matter. Our regret was, I believe, mutual. Our relations since that time, though infrequent, have not been unfriendly, and I am still in communion with the Church. My position is therefore characterized by perfect independence on one hand, and on the other by the want of any incitement to injure an order with which I parted on good terms. Startling revelations will be wanting, as I have neither talent nor motive for inventing lies. Private, possibly even trivial, details — all depends upon taste — will be found in abundance. Jesuits, so far as they are known to me, are neither good nor bad angels, but men; and it is as men that I intend to portray them. This would seemingly imply a certain amount of indiscretion, and something like a breach of confidence on my part. Some points, indeed, seemed to me so private that I hesitated about writing these pages; for *all or nothing* ought to be the motto of every faithful memoir. But on perusing narratives of a similar sort, composed by expelled members, and others whose knowledge of the society must have been inferior to mine, I found all these particulars already in print, and often enough with exaggerations, alterations, and additions. This put an end to any reluctance that I might have had before; for when I found those "family matters" long ago exposed to the public gaze, I saw that my silence was immaterial, and that it was perhaps better for me to write all.

I ought besides to observe, that the following account cannot be considered as correct except as a statement of facts in one particular novitiate of one particular province, and at one particular time. Many, even considerable, differences are to be found between one province and another. I noticed that myself whilst spending a few days in a Spanish novitiate during a pilgrimage that we had to make. I am

told, moreover, that between the English province and the others the difference is still more strongly marked. It is, for instance, the custom throughout the society to give the "kiss of peace" whenever a member comes to or goes away from one of their houses. An English novice, who was visiting Pau on account of his health, came to see us, and he ceremony. I saw that it, and asked whether it was done in England. "Never," answered he; "we only shake hands." Now the "fraternal embrace" is explicitly alluded to in the very text of St. Ignatius's rules. So this sketch, though I can vouch for its faithfulness, might convey a very false idea, if supposed to picture any other province or any other time.

Any person at all acquainted with Pau knows the Rue Montpensier, and has probably noticed the Jesuits' chapel, next door to which stands the residence and novitiate. The chapel is a fine enough building, in the Romanesque style, remarkably well suited to the convenience of preachers; no echo whatever, and hardly any reverberation. A row of arches forms a semicircle behind the chancel, and separates the aisles from the nave, while sustaining the gallery. There, invisible behind an upper row of smaller arches, the novices pray and chant during the evening benediction. Above and behind the high altar, within a niche as large as two or three of the gallery arches, stands a great white statue of *Marie Immaculée*, with a crown of star-shaped gaslights over her head. This, when the gas is turned on for some grand festival, the aisles being illuminated with many-colored lamps, and the sanctuary all ablaze with pyramids of tapers, presents an appearance which is strikingly picturesque.

On entering the residence we notice a peculiar air of calm — call it monastic gloom if you are worldly-minded — that pervades the whole place. All is silent. The sun shines dimly through ground-glass-windows and Venetian blinds at the end of a long, stone-paved corridor downstairs. No one is there but one or two priests, walking to and fro noiselessly like shadows, saying their breviary. First and second floor: corridors ditto, shadows ditto; more of the Venetian blinds and less of the sunlight. All the novices occupy the third story; the *pères de résidence* alone live below. They are old or middle-aged for the most part; authors, confessors, preachers getting their Lent, Advent, and Mission sermons ready, and

aged men "preparing themselves for death," as the "Status" (or annual register) used to put it, I am told: *Pater X. parat se ad mortem*. Nowadays, however, they would prefer to write simply *senex* after the name; but *parat se ad mortem* is an occupation, and *senex* is not. As everything in the chapel bore witness to opulence and taste, so everything in the residence testifies to cleanliness and affluence. The tokens of affluence, however, stop short at the threshold of the fathers' rooms; those of cleanliness go further. You will find in their cells — large indeed and airy enough — only a few almost indispensable objects: a writing-desk, a lamp, a small bronze crucifix, a *prie-Dieu*, two, or sometimes even three rush bottomed chairs, a curtained bedstead in a recess, a broom peeping out from a corner, and a wash-hand stand; no carpets, flowers, mirrors, pictures, or curtains. No *luxuries*, in a word. All that is not strictly necessary is strictly prohibited.

But we are visiting the novitiate, not the residence. Let us accordingly go upstairs to the third floor, a few minutes to four o'clock A.M. All is dark in the passage. A light is suddenly struck. The bell must ring at four precisely, as the novices, like the rest of the society, have seven hours of sleep allotted to them; and the *Frère Réglementaire* is getting up betimes in order to begin his day's work. This is no sinecure; for I have reckoned that he rings the bell thirty-five times in seventeen hours. It sounds — and at the first "ding-dong" a series of jumps on to the floor is heard in reply. For the bell is the voice of God, as Ignatius says; and as no novice would have thought of rising without leave one instant before, so no one would, even for a second, hesitate to obey the divine call. The *frère* goes down the passage with a lighted *queue-de-rat* in his hand, and successively lights one lamp in each room, saying as he passes, "*Benedicamus Domino!*" to which each and all, hurriedly dressing, washing, or shaving, reply from behind the curtains, "*Deo gratias!*" Haste must be made, for all these operations, besides that of carrying dirty water to the sink, must be performed in twenty-five minutes, in order to leave five minutes free for a visit in the private chapel to the "master of the house."

Here they come, — and first of all the most fervent and saintly amongst them, Brother Seraphicus, as the novices playfully call him. It is 4.15: so he will pay a visit of a quarter of an hour. Alas!

seraphic brother, I am afraid a shorter visit would have been preferable; you have neglected more than one duty to get these extra ten minutes. One shoe is badly laced; your tooth-brush is dry; and even your hands might be whiter. *Mon frère*, with all your fervor, you will never be a son of Ignatius; that old saint has a military liking for tidiness and order. In two years you will leave the novitiate, to become a good, pious priest, but never a Jesuit. Now go in and sigh, and lean your head on one side, languishing with burning love for *Jésus Hostie!* All that is very well in its way, but — *discipline must be maintained.*

Second on the list comes another young brother, half French and half Irish, of quite another type, rather dry in his orisons, and not at all given to soaring in mystic contemplation. He cannot even fancy St. Peter during the meditation, without thinking of an old tar, with a "south-wester" on his head, and a short black pipe in the corner of his mouth. But he is irreproachably neat in all his belongings; and in fact, I think, prides himself on the rapidity with which he does all things so well. Still, pride is a sin, — and, to say the truth, his demeanor is far from novice-like. He holds his head erect, not with a gentle curve forwards, as most of his companions do; his eyes, though not wandering, are yet far from downcast. Can *he* remain in the society, when Brother Seraphicus is not good enough? Yes, and do good solid work in the colleges, too.

Here comes at last the rest of the community, all stepping lightly on tiptoe, as the "master of the novices" has ordered. Were they fifty together, they must all walk along in this fashion, — which looks rather ridiculous, but is meant to inculcate respect for silence. All hurry towards the sink, carrying each in his hand the requisite vessel. Rectors, provincials, nay, even generals, are also bound to this rule of "self-help," and not novices only; unless, indeed, they are too much engaged, and then a lay-brother does the work.

Five-and-twenty minutes have elapsed; all novices coming henceforward to the chapel must kneel down outside the door, not to disturb the others, — and there is often a whole string of them outside, when a long walk on the previous day has made them so sleepy that they are not able to do everything both speedily and well. For besides their outward occupations, their mind has all the time to be busily at work. They must take their morning res-

olution for the day — what evil specially to avoid, and what virtue to cultivate; and then there is the meditation to be thought about; and they must offer the coming day to God. All this not unfrequently delays them.

The hour strikes; the novices all trip up stairs — for the private chapel is on the second floor — to meditate from 4.30 to 5.30. The subject was given out the day before, and is taken from the “*Exercitia Spiritualia*.” Leaving the novices to kiss the ground in the presence of God, and then to work out the different heads, we may remark that some of them take advantage of this hour to practise a most painful kind of penance, insupportable to not a few. They remain all the time absolutely motionless on their knees. Now, in England, immobility would signify little; but we are in France, and in the south of France, where the utmost cleanliness fails to keep a house clear of fleas, at least in summer. Novices are forbidden to wear sackcloth on account of their health; but the crawling, tickling sensation, here — there — everywhere — and then the sharp, unexpected bite, is a great deal worse, and more irritating — *Experto crede!* I had to give it up very soon, and as the slightest movement was enough to frighten the torturers, it was not difficult to keep them off.

The meditation coming to an end, pens run over paper during a quarter of an hour devoted to the review. This part of the exercise, considered so essential a part of the meditation by St. Ignatius that he will on no account suffer it in any case to be set aside, is a mental glance or survey of the hour that has just gone by. The grand principle of *practical reflection on the past, with a view towards progress*, is brought to bear on the meditation; whether it has been successful or not, and why, is noted down in the “*Spiritual Journal*.” The beds are then made, and this is no easy task. If the furniture of the fathers down-stairs *seemed* to be the acme of simplicity, that of the novices *is* the acme in very deed. We pass over the want of fire (supplied in cold weather by a box of hay or a foot-bag), of a wash-hand stand, of a *prie-Dieu*, and even of matches. The bedstead consists of two trestles, across which three or four deal boards are laid; the bed is a mere sack filled with maize-straw, covered with sheets and blankets. The art of the bed-maker is to give this a decent and neat appearance — and he succeeds. See, an *ancien de chambre* — a novice of the sec-

ond year, appointed in each room to instruct the new-comers — is giving a lesson. He shows how the ends of the counterpane must be symmetrically folded together, with what care every straw that falls should be picked up, and how the bolster-ends, covered with the sheet, can be made to assume an artistic form. Art too should appear in the folding of the white curtains, that must hang gracefully over their iron rods; and often does the *Frère Admoniteur* — the master’s organ and representative — come round to see that all is in perfect order. Often, too, beds not sufficiently neat are pulled down to be made up again; and sometimes, it is hinted, this is done merely as a trial of patience.

Again the bell rings, and again the novices troop away — to mass, this time. One brother, rather sulky and stubborn-looking, with a high forehead and a dull eye and complexion, comes in late; he was intent on doing something else, and would not put it by at once. And the rule insists on complete, instant, and joyful obedience. A bad omen, brother, if at the boiling-point of fervor you give neither. Besides, you were (a most irregular thing indeed!) looking out of the window a few days ago; hankering, perhaps, after the world you have left. You will remain in the society just as long as the *Frère Séraphique* — and what will become of you afterwards, I cannot tell.

Mass is said in the little private chapel, carefully waxed, ornamented with red hangings, white window-curtains, and piously gilded all round. It smells a little too much of paint. A statue of the Immaculate Virgin and another of St. Stanislaus stand to right and left before the sanctuary; but the paint makes them too lifelike, and their immobility too deathlike, not to offend æsthetic taste. Another figure produces a widely different impression. In, or rather below the altar is a deep recess, with a large sheet of glass before it. By the dim light that shines through the glass, we can perceive a pale, a deadly pale wax figure, reclining on a couch, clad in the *toga prætexta*, and with a palm in his hand. By his side stands an earthenware phial, and the inscription: ADON · PUER · IN · PACE. Enclosed in the waxen mould is the skeleton of some unknown child-martyr, thus exposed to veneration in a manner sufficiently realistic to strike, yet not crude enough to repel. Before this shrine the novices kneel nearly the whole time of the service. The attitude generally considered the most cor-

rect is as follows: Head slightly bent forwards, neither to right nor left; eyes cast down; body straight as an arrow; face serene; hands folded or clasped. This attitude is recommended at all times, *mutatis mutandis*, according to the dictates of common sense. An assistant in a college could hardly be required to see "with downcast eyes" what his hundred boys are about.

These details may be looked upon as *minutiæ* unworthy of the genius of Loyola, and reducing every Jesuit to the station of a mere actor. Waiving that question (as also the other one which it includes, viz., whether "all the world" is not "a stage," as a contemporary of Ignatius seems to think), I can only state that he considers his "Rules of Modesty" to be of supreme importance. His idea was — *Jesuita, alter Jesus*; and he wished his disciples to imitate the exterior of Jesus. And, instead of leaving this imitation to the judgment of his followers themselves, each man copying his own ideal, Ignatius thought it best to lay down directions for them according to the model he had in his own mind. His soldier-like love of order and uniformity amply accounts for this; but there are other reasons. Our master, in a lecture on the subject, once used words to the following effect: "There are two converse methods. One is, sanctify the exterior by first rendering the interior man holy; the other, render the interior holy by previously sanctifying what is exterior. Be a saint, and you will by degrees come to look outwardly like one. Take care to act outwardly like a saint, and you will gradually become one. Which plan is the best? All depends on circumstances; both may be used with great profit; but, given our position of men that have to appear much in public, the latter system is preferable for us." All this, of course, does not come naturally to a novice, and this straining after "modesty" is frequently one of the most disagreeable spectacles one can see when in a bad humor, and the most laughable when in a good one.

After mass, until half past seven, the novices read a commentary upon Holy Scripture. But let it not be thought that they may choose the commentary which they prefer, or the part of the Bible they like best. They have to submit their preferences to the master, and he chooses for them. So likewise for all the books read in the novitiate; so likewise for everything else. From the moment they

rise till the time when they stretch their limbs in bed, they are under obedience — drilled all day long. The lesson of self-denial is taught them, not by a few great sacrifices, but by a continued series of trifles to be given up. Obedience is incessantly present, in season, and, one might think, out of season too. See the novices going down into the refectory; it is a fast-day, and all of them must pass by the master, standing at the door of his room. Why? Because they must ask permission to take the *frustulum*, a morsel of bread allowed by dispensation to all who fast. And if they do not wish to avail themselves of the dispensation? They must also ask leave not to avail themselves of it. "We," said a Capuchin friar to me one day, "we have severer penances than you; and yet you have more to endure. One can little by little get hardened to the scourge, but not to never doing one's own will." Perhaps the good Capuchin was right.

After breakfast, work; *travaux manuels*. It is not the admonitor who commands here, but the *Frère Directeur des travaux*. Novices must, from the very beginning, learn to obey their companions, so as to have less difficulty in doing the same in after-years; and if superiors are afterwards strongly advised to give hints and counsels, rather than orders and commands, it is quite the contrary now; the *directeur des travaux* has to say: Go there, and they go; Do this, and it is done. Novices, being extra fervent, can support without so much danger an extra dose of obedience; and besides, O Ignatius, hast thou not learned, when yet a soldier of the world, that the strength of cannons is tried by firing them with extra charges? — so, each novice goes and humbly asks for work.

There is plenty to do. Sweeping rooms and passages and garden paths; waxing the floor of the private chapel — terrible work! — down in the cellar, drawing wine, or up in the garret cleaning shoes; or out of doors, digging; or within, laying the table for dinner; not one novice is unemployed. Some are sitting in the lecture-room, to learn the way of making rosaries, disciplines, haircloths, and those chains whose sharp points enter into the flesh. A dozen or more are working under the superintendence of a strict, morose, lantern-jawed brother, who has a little of the Bonaparte type in his face, and a good deal of sombre obstinacy in his character; he will remain in the society only five years, making himself generally disliked.

and brooding over imaginary wrongs done to him. In a corner are two of the youngest brothers, one of whom sometimes glances at the other full slyly, and then shakes with suppressed laughter; for that other is engaged upon an awful girdle, at least six inches broad, ordered for penitential purposes by some tough old father. All this is very pleasant to see; but the sly brother is a trifle too friendly, though perhaps he does not know it as yet; it is only his first week here. Particular friendships are not allowed; that is, though one may feel greater sympathy for one than for another, one ought not to show it. The wrong is not in the feeling, but in the injustice done to others by a show of that feeling. As a member of a community, equal kindness is due to all; and any extraordinary amount of kindness received by one, is taken away from the rest. So the motto is: *Tous mais pas un!* And this rule applies even to brothers according to the flesh, if any such happen to be together in the novitiate; they must be to one another neither more nor less than the first novice that comes. Spiritual fraternity ought to predominate over natural brotherhood; the indissoluble links of religion form a far stronger chain than those ties which, springing out of corruption, are again to dissolve into corruption; eternity is more than time.

When I came to the novitiate, I had been told of many most extraordinary things I should be required to do as a test of my obedience; and I was rather disappointed than otherwise, on finding that nobody ordered me to eat peas with a two-pronged fork, or to sweep out a cell with the wrong end of a broom. I was expected to take it for granted that the orders given me were reasonable; if I did not think them so, my duty was to ask for explanations. Nothing is falselier than the idea that a Jesuit is a mere machine for obeying orders. Let us say rather—setting aside cases in which it would be a duty to disobey—that he is a machine for understanding the true sense of the orders given, and for carrying them out in their true sense. "I have done," writes Laynez to Loyola, "not what you ordered me, but what, had you been present, you would have ordered me." And St. Ignatius approved him. Yet the conduct of that novice who remained a whole day in the master's room without stirring, because he had been told to remain there, and had then been "..." is held up to public admiration. To admiration, yes; to imitation, no. This example ought to

have no more influence on the ordinary course of life than that of the other novice who on his deathbed asked permission of his superior to quit the novitiate, thinking that he could not possibly die without leave.

At 8.30, leaving a bottle of wine half filled, a link of a chain half formed, or a garden-weed half pulled out, all the novices run to get their book on "Christian Perfection," by Rodriguez. We may call it the standard ascetic work of the novitiate; even on whole holidays, even during the vacation, it is regularly read for half an hour every day. The peculiarity consists in the manner of reading. The *Frère Admoniteur* goes down into the garden and opens his book; all the novices follow him at random, one after another; while he takes the lead with a rapid step, they have to walk after him at the same pace, taking care not to tread on the heels of their neighbors. This is technically called *tourner Rodriguez*, and certainly does look very absurd. The reason for this strange manner of reading is to give the novices a sufficient amount of exercise in the morning, together with fresh air. In the afternoon there is plenty of motion; two hours of recreation, besides manual work; and three walks in the week. So, to make up for this deficiency, *Frère Admoniteur* has orders to move on at a brisk pace, and he does. At the end of the line, last of all, walks the *Frère Substitut*—a pale worn little man, nearly forty years old. He very seldom speaks of himself. All we know is that he was a solicitor, and has come here thinking to find rest from the world. And all day long he has to carry about *soutanes*, boots, combs, brushes, and what not, supplying all the wants of the community, and bustling about like Martha, when the repose of Mary would suit him better. Still, wan and wearied as he is, he seems very patient, and self-will has all but died out of him. Perhaps something tells him that he may soon find rest enough, and that in little more than a year's time all will be over forever.

The lecture on the rules, or conference, follows Rodriguez. The master, a man of evidently sanguine, bilious temperament, though both elements of his character are well under control, comes into the room—not on tiptoe, and yet with a noiseless step—kneels down, and says a short prayer, after which he asks a novice for an abstract of what was said last time. His manner is cool, restrained; his style almost dry; and yet his voice

thrills at times with suppressed emotion; his gestures are almost as few as those of an ordinary English speaker; he speaks in so low a key as not unfrequently to be inaudible, were it not for his very distinct utterance of each word. This manner of lecturing, though perhaps disappointing to one who expects the noisy pulpit eloquence of the south of France, is, however, specially calculated for those to whom the oratorical "ways and means" of creating a sensation have become contemptible through familiarity. Here emotion must spring from no other source but the subject itself and the thoughts directly connected therewith; the speaker cannot keep himself too much in the shade. Hence this attempted suppression of all feeling — this outward dryness — this low pitch of the voice. The hearers, whether pupils fresh from the study of Bossuet and Cicero, barristers from the law courts, or young *vicaires* accustomed to criticise the sermons of their fellow-priests, might otherwise have been too sorely tempted to forget that the conference is a lesson to be acted upon, not a performance to be judged.

The master's voice drops; the conference is over, and he goes out. Then follows the repetition — a strange scene of apparent hubbub, rendered still more striking by the solemn silence in which the "still small voice" of the master has been heard. Groups of novices, each of them with a note-book in his hand, are told off by the *admoniteur*. One in each group begins reading his notes, his voice rising louder and louder as other voices rise in succession, until twelve or more are speaking at once in the room — not a large one — and the din becomes almost deafening. To an outsider this would appear excessively ridiculous; but here, intent on comparing and correcting notes, they do not even remark the clamor that is going on around them.

Again, after a short visit to the chapel, the novices proceed in single file to the garden, to learn a few verses of Scripture. This is the "exercise of memory," the only study (with that of foreign languages) permitted by St. Ignatius. Foreign languages even were not allowed in my time, and for two whole years I did not speak English, though there were some who knew that language in the novitiate. On the whole, this exercise of memory is rather a formality than anything else. Twice a week it is missed; the recitation is not seriously insisted upon; the novices are free to go up-stairs as soon as they

think they know, and they enjoy free time as soon as they come to this conviction. And in that short space of free time, that lasts only till eleven o'clock, how much they have to do! Shoe-cleaning, clothes-brushing, reading the "Instructions" (a book that must be got through once a month), writing applications to the librarian or the substitute for the next volume of Rodriguez, or for a wearable hat; they must, besides, see and confer with the master once in a fortnight. Soon, too soon, eleven o'clock strikes.

The class of pronunciation, from eleven to half past, is a very important time, particularly here; for a good accent is absolutely necessary to a public speaker, and the accent is very bad in the south of France. The difference between *â* and *à*, *ô* and *o*, *é*, *è* and *ê* — and the nasal vowels especially, O ye Gascons! — are most particularly noted and minutely dwelt upon, both by precept and example. An explanation of the rules takes up about half the time; reading and criticism by the fellow-novices occupies the other half. Now and then two or three giggles, threatening to become general fits of laughter, are occasioned by some slight mistake, or even without any visible cause; for the novices' nerves are highly strung, and they are perhaps more inclined to laughter than any other class of human beings. They are generally young, they are continually striving after supernatural gravity; they have no cares, no cause for uneasiness or sorrow; so the veriest trifle — even a recollection of past fun — is enough to set them laughing, sometimes in very undue places; but they cannot help it: "*Novitius, animal ridens et risibile, scandalisabile, frangens vitrum, fundens oleum,*" was the humorous quasi-scholastic definition of the species given by some unknown wag many years ago.

Before dinner there is a private examination of conscience for one quarter of an hour; before bedtime, similarly. These are, if not the most important, at least the most indispensable spiritual exercises of the day; St. Ignatius would rather, in case of want of time, sacrifice the morning meditation. And he was not satisfied with these alone; he wanted every one of the actions done to be reviewed in like manner, so as to cultivate a habit of reflection. One day he asked a father how often he examined his conscience. "Every hour," said the latter. "That is very seldom," answered Ignatius.

At last the angelus rings; it is noon, and the novices, hungry as hunters, and

quite willing to obey the divine call, rush down on tiptoe and with downcast eyes. The bill of fare cannot be reasonably complained of. Before each plate there stands half a litre — about a pint — of *vin ordinaire*. On festivals, one bottle of dessert wine is allowed to each table. The first dish, according to the Continental custom, is always soup or broth. Then comes boiled meat, and then roast; a dish of vegetables follows them. Between this and the dessert, consisting of cheese and some kind of fruit, there is sometimes, on festival days, either salad or a sweet dish of custard or pudding. Without special leave a novice may not refuse any of the dishes, though he may reduce his share to an all but infinitesimal quantity. Look at this pale young man pouring three drops of wine into a glass of water — and at that one, paler still, helping himself to one leaf of salad only, after having put a microscopic bit of meat on his plate! His neighbor, a kind-hearted though surly original, with a huge nose and a very dyspeptic stomach, is furious at the poor fellow's excessive penance, that ruins his health; he tosses the rest of the salad into his own plate, and eats it all up, with his head defiantly on one side, in mute protestation; for usually he does not care for salad, nor indeed for anything in the way of food. "You see I am not afraid to eat!" The neighboring novices, who have somehow or other managed to see all without looking up, are vastly amused at the sight.

During dinner-time those novices who (with permission of course) wish to accuse themselves of some fault — a glass broken, negligence in duties, useless words, etc. — do so, kneeling in the middle of the refectory; after which "the reader drones from the pulpit." Scripture first, as by right; then Church history, by Abbé Daras, very brilliantly written, sometimes too brilliantly. When, for instance, he ends a phrase with a metaphor like this, "*C'est un point d'interrogation suspendu à travers les siècles*," the novices, satirical creatures! venture to laugh at the author's affectation and bad taste. The more they are kept apart from literature and politics, the more easily they are impressed by whatever concerns either. *Frère Séraphique* is constantly praying for the conversion of Bismarck; others are offering communions, prayers, and penances, in order that Don Carlos may take Bilbao (which he is now blockading), or Henry V. be seated on the French throne.

Dinner over, the holy sacrament is

again visited, in order to prepare for the most difficult exercise of the day — the recreation. Why I call it the most difficult will presently appear. To pass it correctly, an all but impossible combination of virtues is required. Its aim is "the *bon usage* of the spirit," in order to rest from the constraint produced by the self-communion of the morning, and to give the mind fresh vigor for the exercises of the afternoon. At the same time, it is recommended to remain perfectly self-possessed from beginning to end, keeping a strict watch over the lips, the eyes, and the whole demeanor, lest anything should be said or done unworthy of one's high calling. It is recommended to speak of pious subjects, though not in too serious a manner. Discussions, tiring to the mind and too often irritating to the temper, are to be avoided. Jokes are not well looked upon, as they are apt to be remembered when the recreation is done, and cause distractions; besides, Christ and his apostles, whom Jesuits ought to imitate, cannot be imagined as joking together. No conversation about studies, literature, or science is allowed; and it is still more severely forbidden to criticise the conduct of any brother or father. Such criticism is however not only allowed, but enjoined, on another occasion — in presence of the criticised person. I allude to the "exercise of charity," which ought regularly to take place once a week, instead of the conference. A novice, designated by the master, goes down on his knees in the middle of the lecture-room, and listens to all that the others, when questioned, have to say against him; they, on their part, are bound to state whatever they may have noticed amiss in his conduct. Of course, external defects alone are to be mentioned. Instead of saying, "*Notre frère* is not fervent," they must point out fixed acts of seeming negligence in religious duties, which may spring from absent-mindedness quite as well as from lack of fervor. This exercise, properly practised, effectually stops all backbiting or complaints against others; while the defects are made known to the person himself, so that he can take advantage of this knowledge. It is quite an upside-down world.

The fact that so many virtues — charity, modesty, cordiality, piety, self-possession, gaiety — are requisite to pass the recreation well, is the reason why the result is so generally unsuccessful. Some, striving to be supernatural in all things, contrive to be only unnatural and highly

disagreeable in all. Others, very rightly laying down as a first principle that one must be natural, forget their position, and talk as they used to talk, before they "left the world." A few sentences having been exchanged about the weather, one novice, eager to avoid "useless words," effectually puts an end to the conversation in his group by relating, immediately and without transition, what he is reading about the torments of hell. Another has filled a little note-book with anecdotes and sentences of the saints about the Mother of Christ; he begins the recreation by asking his brother novices to "tell him something about Mary;" and, on their professing themselves unequal to the task, launches off for a whole hour into a sea of words learned by heart. The Franco-Irish brother makes his companions roar with laughter at the tricks he played on his teachers whilst at college; but by his side walks a mournful one, who, mindful of Seneca's saying, "*Quoties inter homines fui, minor homo reddi*," and of the Eastern proverb, "Speech is silver, but silence is gold," has resolved to be silent, — and does not even look up once during the whole time. And the difficulty is greater still, because one is never allowed to choose one's companions; the first group you find is your group. They are, besides, generally formed by the *admoniteur* at the beginning of the recreation; he, according to instructions received, often puts together, as a test of temper, the most opposite characters of all. How amusing it is to see the *Frère Directeur*, late a lieutenant in the Mobs during the war, — a rollicking, jovial lover of harmless fun, and a great hater of what he calls "mysticism," — walking about day after day and week after week with the Seraphic Brother above mentioned, who never will speak of anything less holy than the Sacred Heart, the conversion of the whole world, or a scheme formed by him for administering all railways by some new religious order, designed to stoke and convey the passengers gratis, for the love of God! If you step into the novitiate a month later, you will find them both in the same room; when *Frère Seraphique* begins sighing and groaning in his meditations, *Frère Directeur* has orders to put a stop to this *piété extérieure* by a loud, dry cough.

Then there are differences of principle too. Who would fancy that in the novitiate, on a mere question of interpretation of the rules, there could be found a vestige of two great parties? Yet so it is. *Frère*

Admoniteur is waxing very red in the face, and having a serious tussel with the stoutest brother in the whole lot. The latter, who has been a barrister of considerable practice at Angoulême, is now trying his professional abilities in the novitiate. The rules contradict each other, he says. In one place we find that brothers who are "in experiment," *i.e.*, having their vocation tested by menial offices and labors, are not to speak with those who remain after the first recreation is over, until two o'clock. In another, it is said, on the contrary, that they must be present at this second recreation. *Frère Admoniteur*, full of zeal, thinks to reconcile the contradiction by laying down the law thus: they are to be present, but not to speak. The ex-lawyer has him on the hip at once. What absurdity! a speechless recreation! Both are indignant, but their indignation soon cools down, and they will beg each other's pardon very frankly before sunset.

In recreation again, the two contrary currents that must always be found in any Christian body of men are clearly noticeable; I mean the worldly and the unworldly tendency. This of course is very relative, and perhaps the term "worldly" may be found too strong, when describing a man who regularly scourges himself once a week or oftener. Still, in a community where this is the fashion, it is no decisive proof of unworldliness. A dislike to such as are more fervent; an undue notice and nervous horror of those little exaggerations to which pious persons are liable; an inordinate esteem of the purely natural qualities, — wit, energy, imagination, etc., — are much surer signs of the contrary direction of mind. Placed in a very different situation from men of the world, they judge of things, so far as it is lawful for them to judge at all, with the very same eyes as the latter. "*Ah, mon frère!*" says Brother Seraphicus, "*on retrouve le monde au noviciat.*" Rather disappointing, but very much to be expected; no man — and *a fortiori* no number of men — being quite unworldly. All is relative, *mon frère!* This worldly tendency is of course kept down and severely dealt with; but that those in whom it is found the most are the most opposed to the "spirit of the society," I am not prepared to affirm. Worldly-minded men are usually practical; and practical men are of great use. Certainly, among my con-novices who left, as many left on account of exaggerated fervor as of worldliness. The lofty mystic will find more difficulty in getting on with St. Ignatius

than the *terre-à-terre* man of business; and yet Ignatius is mystic too.

No wonder that, under these difficulties, the recreation is followed (for many) by a very remorseful visit to the chapel, deploring broken resolutions, schemes of "interior life" blown up, sore feelings of irritation, or headaches caused by too much constraint. Shortly after, the bell rings again for another exercise—that of the "tones." It is a short sermon, only one page in length, which every novice knows by heart; it contains in that brief compass, and without any transitions, all the principal *tones* which a preacher can take. The calm measured notes of the exposition—the thrilling call of tenderness and mercy—the ecstatic invocation to God—the thunders of rebuke, followed up by a long Latin quotation from Joel,—a yet more vehement cry of holy indignation, swelling at once to enthusiasm, and then suddenly dying away on a key still lower than that of the exordium; all these so short, so condensed as to render it quite impossible really to *feel* sentiments of so brief duration: such is this exercise. A good delivery of the tones is almost as seldom to be met with as a black swan. But then, say those who favor it, that is the great advantage of the thing. If you can once get to deliver the tones with effect; if you can manage to pass from this sentence, "*Agneau plein de douceur ! qui vous a donc forcé à vous charger de nos fautes, à accepter la mort pour nous donner la vie ?*" to the following: "*O hommes stupides ! ô hommes plongés dans le sommeil du péché !*" giving their full and natural emphasis to each of these sentences, both so vehement in such a different way, you are not very likely to have much difficulty in delivering an ordinary sermon.

After the tones, the bell is rung for catechism, an exercise in which the novices have to learn, both in speculation and by practice, the art of teaching in general, and especially the art of teaching religion. The father who presides (sometimes a novice, at others the socius of the master) first gives general rules and hints, both as to what to say and how to say it; and notes how much severity, with what temperament of kindness, is required to maintain discipline. Then a novice stands forth in the middle, and for the nonce becomes the catechist; and the others are Sunday-school children. He proceeds to explain the first notions of religion to them; questions them sometimes; they, on their part, must personate children.

They rather overdo it in general. Such laziness, such disorder, such insubordination, could hardly be found in a reformatory. He has here to show his presence of mind, his energy, his self-command, and all the qualities indispensable to a good teacher. Then comes, as usual, the criticism; sometimes favorable, sometimes severe, always useful. In after-life, the teacher will have no witnesses of his class but the boys, and no one to give him good advice. True, it will be more serious then, and this is but a sort of child's play; but there is no objection to sham fights, naval manœuvres, and the *Kriegspiel*—why then should not this sort of game have its value too?

Here I may add a word or two about a similar exercise, which, as I have heard, is practised during the third probation* (or second novitiate) by the priests who, after their theological studies, pass a year to prepare for active life in the ministry. I allude to the "exercise of confession." Certain of the "tertiaries" are appointed beforehand, and have to study their parts as penitents, so as to give the most trouble possible to the confessor. One is a *dévôte*, laden with the sins of other people; another, a nun, with no end of scruples and peccadilloes of her own; a third is a soldier, rough and ready—says he has done nothing, but lets plenty of sins be wormed out of him by degrees. A man kneels down—he is a Voltairean workman, come to dispute; followed by an innkeeper, whose earnings are not always of the most honorable kind; and then there comes a monk, with an unintelligible confession, having done something he does not like to say, and fears to leave unsaid. After all these have been questioned, counselled, rebuked, and (if possible) absolved in turn, there is the inevitable judgment upon the performance. "*Notre père*" might have shown himself a little more authoritative in dealing with the Voltairean . . . perhaps patience was wanting in his treatment of the monk . . . he seemed to listen too willingly to the *dévôte's* tales" and so on. This exercise, though highly comical, if properly prepared by the characters, is also of great and undeniable value to the Catholic priest. It certainly seems at first sight irreverent; but then, let such as are shocked at the idea of "making game" of confession remember that by no other means can a priest, on account of the in-

* The first probation comprises only the time of Postulance, before admission as a novice.

violable secrecy of that sacrament, discover either his own defects, or the remedy to them. Other priests cannot hear him while he confesses, and he is not allowed to hear others. The penitent may not correct him when he is wrong, and no one else is there to set him right. Long experience will of course help him, but at the cost of the penitents; and besides, time and age too often only confirm a bad habit of undue sternness or leniency.

After the catechism, half an hour of manual work. I pass rapidly over the rest of the day, in which the exercises are of less importance. A writing lesson, French grammar class, reading of the "Imitation of Christ" and the "Life of a Saint," a short meditation, the recital of the rosary, and the preparation of the meditation for next day, bring the novices down to supper before they have time to think about it. Busy hours fly swiftly.

At supper the menologium is read—a short biographical notice of the most remarkable fathers who died on the following day. I do not mean to call in question the good faith of the author of these notices; but, really, some facts, when read, always excited my feelings of curiosity as to how far they could be properly authenticated. For instance, the life of Father Anchieta, a missionary in Brazil, deals in the marvellous to a very great extent; and without questioning the possibility of miracles, we very naturally inquire by what evidence these miracles are corroborated. Father Anchieta commanded the birds of the air, and they came and perched on his shoulder, or hovered over a sick companion to shade him from the burning sun. He walked out in the forest at night, and returned accompanied by a couple of "panthers," to which he threw a cluster of bananas to reward them for having gone with him. He took most venomous serpents into his hands and placed them on his lap, and they did not bite him. Many other similar and still more extraordinary things are related of him, probably first made known to the world by his Indian converts, whose truthfulness was not equal to the occasion, and collected by some father who never thought of suspecting others of falsehood of which he was himself incapable. Such fathers, dove-like in simplicity, if not serpent-like in wisdom, do exist, as I well know; whether my supposition as regards the Indians is likely the reader may judge for himself.

The evening recreation, from 7.30 to 8.15, is enlivened by several interesting incidents. One is the arrival of a new

brother, who having gone home after his retreat to bid his relations farewell, is rather low-spirited and dejected, and will remain so for about a week or two; but there is great jubilation over him for all that. Another is the visit of the father minister, who has to take charge of all temporal affairs in the house; an aged, hoary-headed and white-bearded priest, who looks older than he is on account of the scorching sun of Madura, where he was a missionary. He generally has plenty of tales to relate concerning the Hindoos; revolts of the native Christians against their missionaries when the latter are too high-handed; arrival of an excommunicated priest from Goa to take his place; state of drunkenness in which the latter is found shortly after; disgust and repentance of the natives, and subsequent recall of the missionary. Also his poor opinion of the English Church in those parts, and his high appreciation of the impartiality of the British government. But to-night he comes on a very different errand. As minister of the residence, he is in want of money. Things are going on very badly indeed; expenses are high and few alms are given, because the Jesuits have the reputation of being rich. "It is our churches," says he. "When people see the churches adorned as they are, they cannot believe that we are sometimes at a loss to know what we shall have to eat to-morrow." And it is true; for the rule is, that the residences and novitiates must subsist on alms. The colleges, which have fixed revenues, come to their help now and then; but there is no denying that sometimes there is a hard pull. Nevertheless, Ignatius is for adorning the churches, no matter what impression is produced, and Ignatius must be obeyed. Having arranged with the novices for a novena to St. Joseph, the father goes away; to return a few days afterwards, triumphantly showing four bank-notes of a hundred francs.

Frère Admoniteur smites his hands together; it is the signal to begin rehearsing the points of next day's meditation, during the fifteen minutes which remain. The rehearsal does not, of course, exclude any private remarks or developments that a novice may have to give; and so the conversation goes on, until the bell rings.

Then commences the great silence—*silentium majus*—to be observed until after breakfast next day. Novices must not speak at any time without some degree of necessity; but during the *silentium majus* they must not speak unless the necessity be absolute and immediate. All

go to the private chapel, together with the residence fathers, and evening prayer, viz., the Litany of the Saints, is said. They then retire to their cells and examine their consciences, as before noon.

At nine the bell rings for bedtime. *Frère Réglementaire* is probably very glad to be able to put by his instrument for seven whole hours — if he does not dream of it at night. The curtains are pulled down, and divide the room into as many compartments as there are beds. Even to take off their coat or *soutane*, they must withdraw behind the curtains. Lights are extinguished, one after another; you soon hear a rushing, whistling, beating sound; it is the discipline, only permitted to some by special favor, for it is not Friday to-day.

All is silent again; and the novices, by order of holy obedience, go to sleep thinking of the next day's meditation, with their hands crossed over their breast.

And now as we retire, let me in conclusion remind you, reader, of the title which this paper bears. It is but a glimpse into the novitiate, and the very best eyes can see but little at one glimpse.

M. H. DZIEWICKI.

From Murray's Magazine.

THE COTTAGER AT HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

I.

COTTAGE ART.

WE have passed lately through a somewhat bewildering cycle of celebrities at home in every grade of the animal creation. We have become conversant alike with every detail of the domestic life of the Gar fish, and the popular poet, as of the embryo prime minister, the risen author, and the *Cyclops communis*, or vulgar water-flea. Having remarked the attention that an intelligent public has bestowed on what could hardly have been expected to concern it, we venture to assume, now more popular themes are exhausted, that even the cottager at home may excite a momentary interest for those whose acquired taste daily requires details respecting somebody or something at home somewhere. We even trust that if the disagreeable portion of the subject, as set forth in the repeated articles on the dwellings of the poor, be only quietly ignored; if our readers are not forced into attic bedrooms and damp cellars; if they are

not made uncomfortable, and it *is* uncomfortable for the moment to hear about the horrors that are walking in our midst; in short, if they are allowed to glance at the cottager at home when he is comparatively well-to-do; and if they are only asked to look at him from an irresponsible and consequently a rational point of view, — that they may find a few notes about him, or rather about his artistic tendencies, of sufficient interest to while away a tedious ten minutes before dinner, or the arrival of the carriage.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes a visitor on going into cottages, especially in the midland counties, is how little reverence or regard remains in the present day for old heirlooms, old bits of china, old furniture. The inhabitants of the manor and the hall think "the old is better," but not so their brethren in corduroy. "All things new" is their creed, and all the more fixedly so because, like other creeds, they can so seldom act up to it.

The oak settee, the dear old corner cupboard, the tall inlaid clock, are rapidly becoming things of the past in the cottages. They are swept up by dealers and foragers of every description, and it is sad to see the old family friends of a bygone generation losing their polish in curiosity shops, and looking out at their time of life for another situation.

And even if one finds some cottager who is unwilling to part with the quaint bit of furniture or china that has caught your fancy, and who shakes his head as your hand dives into your pocket, it is not because the article in question has a value for him as a thing of beauty, but because it happens to be "granfeyther's cheer," or "mither's teapot, as she had from her mither afore her, and as she drank her last cup of tea out of afore she was took."

If the departed relative had happened to use the metal teapot instead of the china one for her final dissipation, you might have gone on your way rejoicing.

Only the other day I noticed in a well-to-do cottage a very beautiful old carved chair, and was told by the woman to whom it belonged that she had bought it to match her cupboard. I looked round for the cupboard.

"Eh! dear miss, and I wish you could have seen it afore it went," and she described an oak chest, carved all over, with a raised king's head in the centre, and a date "as she couldna' make out." It is needless to say she had been offered a small sum for it by a dealer, and that she had vowed she would not part with it, no,

not for less than double. She had, of course been taken at her word, and a cart had immediately appeared upon the scene.

The same woman bade her daughter fetch her scrap-book to show me, and as the child went for it told me that she had given her an old book "to paste her little pictures in." It had been granfeyther's, and he had set great store by it, so she didna like to make away with it, so she had given it to the child."

The sight of the poor old book, a quarto volume of sermons dating two hundred and thirty years back, with its treatise on the passions, its queer old engravings and illuminated headings, its erratic spelling and pompous dedication to "Her Highness the Princesse Elizabeth, Princesse Palatine of the Rhine, and Dutchesse of Bavaria," appealed to my finer feelings. It was not worth much, but it had a certain dignity. It had fallen, if not from a high, still from a respectable estate. "Granfeyther had set great store by it," and I rescued it for a shilling, and sponged off the humiliations gummed to its first pages, and found it a place on my shelf.

Near it stands, in a place of honor, a once homeless and destitute teapot. It is white Wedgwood, beautifully shaped, covered with lightly draped figures in delicate bas-relief, the lid ornamented by the figure of a swan, minus the head, alas! That teapot was picked up from a dung-heap in the neighborhood. The head of the swan is probably there still.

Yes, all things new. That is the one idea. The spirit of the thriving working class—if it can afford to indulge in that most dismal of possessions, a parlor—yearns after horsehair sofas with crochetwork antimacassars, after wax flowers under glass shades, and woolwork mats embroidered with immaculate family Bibles, unruffled by an enquiring thumb. The pictorial art is in keeping with the rest of the apartment. A few familiar specimens rise before my mind's eye as I write. There is "Happy Childhood" represented by a dropical infant seated on an expensive cushion, twining roses round the neck of an attendant dove. Then there is "Charity" (poor Charity, who exists only to be caricatured!) showing a vulgar, overdressed aristocrat in the act of relieving a starving family with the contents of an elegant flower-basket, while her coach and horses prance in the rear. That picture, although it hangs on the wall, belongs to a past generation. Such fossilized ideas about the relations of the classes are happily obsolete now among the poor, at any

rate, if still extant in some very remote country places in the minds of the basket-owners.

Then there is "The Little Peacemaker," one of a numerous class of pictures which deals exclusively with domestic life in the highest circles. We have our "Lion at Home." They have the nobility in its private moments.

"The Little Peacemaker" is represented by an outrageously fashionable female child, got up regardless of expense in a short founced frock, and a pair of highly polished French boots with tassels. She is trying in an impossible attitude to draw a ringleted lady in full evening dress (no doubt her mother) in the direction of a profusely whiskered cad (no doubt her father), who is reading a newspaper with one leg curled bonelessly round the other. One can only wonder that the repugnance of the lady could be overcome at all, but the French boots are evidently winning the day.

Perhaps worse than any of these, because positively harmful, are the pictures which take upon themselves to represent well-known Scriptural events. I have seen pictures of this description which, like the gratitude of men, have left me mourning.

"Harmful?" I hear the usual rejoinder. "Oh, no! You forget *they* don't look at them as you do. *They* don't think them irreverent."

Perhaps that is the very point. Perhaps if they saw the irreverence, the picture would do them no harm. Of course half a loaf is better than no bread. To some minds a "Little Peacemaker" is preferable to a bare wall. The craving for adornment is the same in all classes. There is a great gulf fixed between the prosperous and the struggling working class, those that have parlors and those that have none, but, however poor the struggling class may be, poor to insufficient clothing and paucity of food, they will cover their walls somehow. They know the want of color; not good drawing, not anything elevating, or even interesting, but a bit of bright color. In a few houses I know belonging to older people, richly colored paper portraits of the queen and the prince consort at the time of their marriage are still to be seen, carefully preserved, but rather dilapidated when contrasted with the brand-new roseate soldier pasted near them, whose pink expressionless face has a far-off, a very far-off look of Gordon. Many, too, is the paper advertisement that started life on a

biscuit or grocer's box, which, by reason of its flaunting colored trademark, its crimson bull's head, or its gamboge lion, is passing an honored old age on a cottage wall. Insurance companies' sheets of securities, old almanacs, old fashion-plates, nothing comes amiss, provided it comes brightly clad. Anything to break the dead level of the wall with its mouldering paper or dingy whitewash.

In the bedroom of a very miserable cottage I know (excuse me, reader, I am only going into it for a moment, — I shall be down again directly), there is a paper pattern of woolwork slippers carefully pinned against the wall. That one little attempt at decoration impressed the poverty of the house upon me more than the low bed heaped with old clothes, more than the gaunt woman bending over it with the hungry, hunted look in her eyes, or even than the prostrate, motionless figure in the half-light, whose only chance was "a liberal and nourishing diet."

What had been considered utterly worthless, what had been thrust away into a well-to-do waste-paper basket, what had perhaps fluttered on a dust-heap, had been picked up, and brought home, and raised to honor over the head of the bed. The pictures that can be bought for a penny, the glories of art that are obedient to the beckoning of a sixpence, rose up before me. And through all the years of that hungry woman's life she had never got further than that paper pattern!

These are the houses where four tin-tacks and a colored sheet out of an illustrated paper are hailed with delight; more delight than the much-needed but unornamental flannel petticoat that accompanies it. The aristocrats who have front parlors and *frames* would think scorn of your humble offering, but here it is a welcome guest.

"Come down wi' ye," said an old woman the other day, tearing down a diminutive photograph of a gentleman relative, and hanging on its nail a picture which I had brought her.

"Well!" stepping back, arms akimbo, to contemplate a specimen of floral art strewn with butterflies, about which I had had my doubts, "Well! I never thought I should ha' had such a present as *that*."

One class remains, an ever-dwindling one, of which we have not yet spoken; the agricultural laboring people who are prosperous, and yet who have *not* parlors. They are dying out, at least in the mid-

land counties, about which I am at present speaking. May they never quite die out, the people who, as they would say, stand on their own footing, and "can't abide folks settin' theirselves up to be quality!" They have self-respect, and, just as the old county family refuses with quiet dignity the title that is caught at so eagerly by the hatter's grandson, so they feel that they do not depend on parlors, and can even afford to dispense with those recognized credentials of gentility, wax flowers under glass shades.

Who does not know the look of those houses, with their patchwork strip of garden in front? I think God favors cottage-gardens; they are always so gay with hollyhocks and old-fashioned roses, so sweet with clumps of gillyflower and lavender close against the wall. And the big yew-tree, with the top clipped in the similitude of a peacock, keeps guard over the gate. Sometimes there is another yew on the other side trying to be a peacock too. It may have but one slender shoot as yet where the bushy, comet-like tail should be, but it has grasped the idea, and it presses in its tender youth towards the mark.

When you knock at the open door you are taken into the kitchen, the kitchen which will soon exist only in romance; with its shining array of cooking implements; its miracles of framed sampler; its dresser displaying a complete set of willow pattern; its tall family clock which marks (so you are told) the tides and the rising of the moon; its pendent glories of nude fitch and papered ham, under which at certain seasons of the year you are requested with true politeness not to sit, "for fear o' the droppings."

There is comfort in a room of this description, and there is also a certain dignity which is somehow lacking in the shrine of "The Little Peacemaker." And the apron is not torn off, and the darning is not laid down when you come in. These are the houses where one is most at ease, and out of which I am sure — in the experience of any one who has become nearly acquainted with his poor relations — the best of our English working class come; people independent in manner as one would wish them to be, loyal in heart, people who are not afraid of hard work; people whose numbers, alas! even in the recollection of those who have hardly reached middle age, are decreasing year by year.

II.

VILLAGE ENTERTAINMENTS.

A MAN, we are told, is always a rogue when he is ill; and might it not with truth be added, when he is — *dull*? We all know that a malevolent spirit is specially employed to lure idle hands into unprofitable activity. It is part of our nature to be doing something, just as, in default of a mouse, a kitten finds it necessary to waylay and circumvent its own tail. I have always considered a Manx cat a particularly sad and vacant-minded individual, the reason no doubt being that it has had no tail to serve it as a pursuit in infancy, and a responsibility through rapidly closing doors in later life.

In large towns I suppose dulness has in a great measure been elbowed out, even from among the lowest in the social scale, though possibly rather at the expense of peace, quiet, and respectability. Certainly the little London street arab who deposits your coin in his mouth, being only too literally out of pocket, though his clothing is suggestive of pockets all over, may look hungry, but he never looks dull. The class above him who are in some kind of work look cold at times, especially in winter, and discontented perhaps, but seldom dull.

It is to the country that dulness has fled, and intrenched itself among the laboring class, even occasionally in their very churches.

The unvaried monotony in many places of the country laborer's existence has aroused in most of us at some time a passing sympathy, even if Mr. Jessop had not drawn a picture, which those who live in the country must have recognized as true, of the dulness, the apathy, of the little groups of laborers one sees standing about together after their work is done. This state of things sometimes leads to unfortunate results. No less a sum than three hundred and fifty pounds passed from one Yorkshire village to another last summer in the course of one week. The men had betted two or three weeks' wages in advance on their local cricket match. Anything for a little excitement! Possibly they may have had it, when they returned home to their wives.

So much is done for the poor you hear nowadays, though rarely from those *by* whom much is done. And it is true. There are the Sunday schools where young ladies teach, an advantage to the children of the poor which those inti-

mately acquainted with the extent of a young lady's education alone can adequately appreciate. There are Friendly Societies, clubs for young and old, reading-rooms, mothers' meetings, lending libraries of those choice selected volumes which we read with such avidity ourselves, in which a timid little narrative trips up and finally loses itself in a maze of Scriptural instruction, and struggles up at the end for a moment, only to be suffocated for good by a flood of texts and a moral. A dinner is generally ready to rush in a covered basket on the heels of an accident or illness. Acts of personal kindness are very common. You hear, "The quality are very kind." The poorer girls of the village know that Providence will provide them through a certain recognized channel with their outfit when they are going to their first place. Remedial tracts for temporary backslidings are not wanting. Whether ill or well much is done, but in the same place where many or all of these things are willingly performed, the need for one thing more — for amusement — is but rarely seen, rarely taken into account; the essential need of recreation after work, of innocent employment of spare time.

And let those who are interested in "their own people" (and I know I am speaking to a large class), let them, while they do so much for the education and the welfare and the comfort of their poor, remember that there is still one thing needful. Let them remember that the young especially *will* have amusement. They will get it somehow. Have it they must, if not innocent, then questionable.

I know that much is justly said against dancing as a recreation for the young (I wonder why people who disapprove of it always call it promiscuous dancing), but I have never been able to see why, if it is a harmless amusement for ourselves, it should be bad for our young foster brothers and sisters in the village. People who have never at one time of their lives really loved dancing for its own sake, have never had any genuine youth, and must not be allowed to lay down the law for the young, as they so often try to do. It is one of the many unrecognized duties of the young to keep persons of this description in their proper place, which is a back seat when questions of this kind are discussed. The elder generation who have danced themselves never forget. They understand. Let *them* judge.

Some of the village balls at which I

have been present, and where I have seen more genuine and intense enjoyment than at many a fashionable one, were given in his own house by a clergyman, who in his youth had been an enthusiastic dancer.

I have known village lads walk six miles at night after their day's work, to dance at some low place in the nearest country town and trudge back in the small hours. A good dance from time to time in a well-lighted parish room or tent, among their own favorite girls, under approving supervision, would have soon taken the wind out of the sails out of a slipshod gin-shop six miles off.

Fortunately for those who live in the country it is not hard to amuse the village mind. Very few among ourselves, if we come to think of it, carry about with us a spirit of enjoyment. Our mental high collars, our tight lacing, our pinching shoes, go with us wherever we go. We cannot enjoy ourselves for the sake of enjoying ourselves. We want circumstances. That is the worst of us; and it is here that the poor have the advantage of us. They don't want any circumstances. They have, as a class, just that simplicity which we as a class have lost; that keen relish and generous appetite for simple, very simple diet, with which our over-refined digestions have parted company.

Look at the lower orders (I hate the word, but I know of no other) enjoying themselves. Mark the deep murmur of satisfaction, the subdued quaking of the waistcoat, the sudden roar of applause, the enthusiasm which finds vent in smiting itself and its neighbor upon the thigh, and in hammering the floor through. A village concert is of course the commonest style of entertainment, and as a rule a popular one, though perhaps it might be made still more so if the people who have to listen to it were a little more considered by the organizers. Who has not heard long, weary violin solos at such entertainments because so and so played the violin and could not be left out? Who has not heard a little feeble soprano warble out "'Tis the last woe of summer," because she is the squire's daughter, and has had lessons? It is the same principle as that of Caleb Balderstone. It is giving what is absolutely worthless, what we (in private life) bear with grim patience as a dispensation of Providence, to the poor. And it is a little old-fashioned now to think that what we ourselves find a weariness of the flesh is likely to afford them any poignant satisfaction.

But in trying to amuse, with the best intentions, one may fail, and then the good people do not do things by halves. If they are not amused they do not pretend to be amused. They sit perfectly stolid, respectful, attentive, but they do not flatter you whom they respect perhaps and like, and who are taking such trouble and getting into such a state of heat on their account. It never occurs to them to act a lie, even such a harmless lie as that. You have chosen your piece of reading, or your song, or whatever it is, badly. It does not tickle them, and they are true to themselves. They make no sign.

Then let a man of experience, a man who knows the bucolic mind, succeed you. It certainly is very humiliating. That good-natured stranger who is staying with you, who comes forward gravely biting a large piece out of a slice of bread, brings down the house before he has spoken a word. He sings a little song with his mouth full. He is preternaturally grave all the time. At the end of the first verse he informs his audience that that *is* the first verse, adding funereally, "There are only two verses."

The audience screams with delight. The floor threatens to give way beneath the pounding of enthusiastic feet. He is a man after the audience's own heart.

This style of wit may possibly strike a town reader as small; but a very little humor will go a long way with a village audience, provided it be of the right sort—namely, visible to the naked eye, or obvious to every intellect. I have seen a wretch convulse two hundred villagers by singing a song in his hat, out of a small hole in the top of which he drew his very dilapidated pocket-handkerchief. They could *see* the wit of that. A slice of bread taken into the system in large bites appealed irresistibly to their sense of the ludicrous. A pocket-handkerchief pulled out through a hole in the top of a hat spoke for itself.

There are also stock subjects, a hit at which is certain to bring down the house at any time. Any depreciatory allusion to the married state may always be relied on, and a hit at a policeman invariably gives pleasure.

Next best to being made to laugh, a village audience likes to be made to cry; and very little will do it, if that also is set about in the right way. There are certain songs and certain tunes which affect us all. What soldier's wife or sister can hear without a certain contraction of the heart the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind

me"? What Frenchman will not fire up at the mere echo of the "Marseillaise"? What village audience will not sympathize with "Home, Sweet Home"? It does not matter how often they hear it; they are always ready to hear about the low-thatched cottage again, even those among them who have new tiled roofs and a stucco porch. There is no place like home, as some of us know to our cost. But they never get so far as that. They are always touched — always, always, by "Home, Sweet Home." Very popular too is a song that treats of a young woman who is portrayed as being, somewhere in the spring, by a river, or a stile — anywhere will do — who is not found to be there later on, say in the autumn, though the stile and the river remain very much as they were.

Any song about a young creature of the name of Mary is also fairly sure of success if the name is repeated often enough, Mary being in most villages the commonest name of any. Everybody has got a Mary, or knows a Mary, though, alas! a Mary generally united to a prosaic Jane or Anne, which is never omitted in conversation.

A village concert is generally popular, as we have seen; but I am sure far more amusement will generally be found in an entertainment got up and mainly given by the people themselves, with one or two of the "quality" to direct, suggest, and control. This involves personal trouble and time, which, no doubt, in the busy lives of our country gentry can ill be spared; but when a small capital of this kind can be laid out, without detriment to more important avocations, it will bring in a heavy interest, and will not, I think, be regretted.

The people, of course, require to be educated to it, to a certain degree, to be made to wish to emulate other places, to gain confidence in themselves, to become ambitious. What is more hopeful than the slow enunciation, with the head a little on one side, of a worthy householder of Slowcum, that "if them of Slumberleigh could do it, why not them of Slowcum"?

I have known a whole village kept employed and interested, and liable to sudden bursts of laughter at whispered allusions, for three weeks or more, by a set of wax-works which the energetic squire set going. The people were to do it; the people were to make their own dresses and the stage requirements; the people, and none but the people, were to appear

upon the stage. The girls had their dresses, all of the commonest, though the most effective, materials, to make, the expense of the stuffs being defrayed by the money gained. The time of one young man was entirely taken up in devising a cunning spring, by means of which a pasteboard lion, the elaborate work of another artist, was to be made wildly to wave its tail when Una put her head into its jaws.

The young man who was to personate an infant as reared on Nestlé's Infant Food shaved the moustache that had been the work of years. Enthusiasm made a rush at two entire suits of tin-foil and brown paper armor, two pasteboard chargers, two donkeys ditto, and an unknown number of spears, bugles, and swords, and carried all before it. Everybody felt that the moment had come for distinguishing himself or herself. There were two rehearsals every week amid shrieks of laughter, not to be controlled even by the presence of the squire, who, like an able officer, rebuked, restrained, exhorted, and finally led on to the victory.

The delight of the village at beholding their own kith and kin exalted before them in unexpected dresses under vivid lamplight was indescribable. Was not that William, their own William of the post-office, whom they beheld in glorious apparel as a brigand chief? "Eh, but William's Jane! well might she be proud this night!" And Queen Elizabeth? was not that — why — if it wasn't Jemima Ann! And the nun; her in the black dress and white cross; could it be *Hemma*, Brooks's *Hemma*, Brooks's of the mills *Hemma*?

The roof was nearly taken off; would have been if there had been standing-room for another voice to swell the applause.

Opportunities make themselves for those who are on the lookout for them for providing, or better still, helping forward village entertainments, and it should be remembered that though the actual amusement to be got out of any entertainment is but temporary and dies with it, still the effect upon the rural mind is far more lasting, making it more capable of taking an interest, more energetic, more abhorrent of a vacuum.

No better time for what is vulgarly called a happy day exists than a harvest home.

I have seen harvest homes which were quite an epoch in the village year; when the squire and his farmers joined together

to provide a dinner and an afternoon's entertainment for their joint laborers, allowing the world in general admission after dinner at sixpence a head. A conjuror, a Punch and Judy show, an Aunt Sally, and a medicine bottle, at which a rifle could be let off thrice for a penny, constituted the bulk of the entertainment, and when it became dusk lamps were lighted in the largest tent and dancing began.

"This," said one of the county magnates present, planting a magisterial walking-stick firmly in the sod, "this is true wisdom. That Aunt Sally nips Radicalism in the bud, and a meeting like this will do more good to the right side than twenty Conservative ones."

That village entertainments entail trouble and labor on the part of the squire, clergyman, or whoever is the chief mover in the parish there is no doubt. The days are gone by when Lady Bountiful can be enacted, and there is nothing for it now but working *with* the people instead of approving and smiling benignantly from a distance. Assisting by proxy and *de haut en bas* will no longer carry a thing through and bring it to a successful issue, if it ever did.

Personal trouble is the weapon of the present day as regards the lower classes. Where you lead personally they will at present follow; what you hold up to respect is sacred to them still; where you can show clean hands and an upright life, clean hands will grow to be respected, and — an immense step — dirty ones to be despised.

Opinion moves more slowly in the country than in the towns, and it is of the country only that I am now speaking, of places where Radicalism is still hardly more than a name, where the influence of the resident upper class as yet predominates.

Surely the lower classes were never more really dependent upon us than now, when (like a creeping child discovering it is possessed of legs) they are beginning to hear that they have rights, beginning to feel their independence.

Creeping is with our species in the nature of things, *for a time*, but walking is an advance upon it, in which youthful enterprise, ignorant of the laws of gravity, may contract heavy falls and many contusions, unless the experienced helping hand (instead of being withdrawn in contempt of infantile conceit) will still uphold, restrain, and guide.

From The Saturday Review.

EMERSON IN CONCORD.*

THIS is a welcome supplement to what has already been published about Emerson, and a discreet one, notwithstanding its intimate character. It gives us a faithful view, much of it in Emerson's own words, of his every-day habits of thought and life, and it avoids that plague of pitiless detail which has been the ruin of so many modern biographies. It does not aim at forming any estimate of Emerson's place in literature, or correcting any which has been put forth. Obviously it is not a son's place to perform this judicial office for his father's memory; and, indeed, it is not now the time for any one to perform it. The generations of those who walked with Emerson in his lifetime, or looked up to him as a living power, have had their say, and the time of posterity is not yet. Nor is the book a didactic one in any sense, much less controversial. We have noted a distinct undertaking of biographical correction in only one point. Various odd notions have been current about Emerson at different times. Once he was commonly thought, and especially by well-informed, matter-of-fact persons constitutionally incapable of appreciating his work, to be a merely dreamy and unpractical kind of man; a latter-day mystic, with all the unsocial and unaccountable perversities which that character is supposed to imply. Lately it has been found that Carlyle, who certainly had no predilection for weak-kneed folk, did not esteem him that kind of person at all, and that he was effectually helpful to Carlyle in quite solid mundane arrangements with American publishers. Hence a contrary exaggeration has led some to regard Emerson as having in him a keen Yankee man of business as well as a philosopher. But it did not take any extraordinary faculty of that sort to make a man look businesslike in contrast with Carlyle, and Dr. Emerson disclaims for his father anything beyond this, "that he was usually right in his instincts of the character of the persons with whom he dealt." Such an instinct, however, when joined to perfect simplicity of purpose, often enough disconcerts the man of the world, who thereupon credits its possessor with new and strange depths of cunning. Emerson was, in truth, a plain citizen, who would never wittingly neglect a duty, but who took a very mod-

* Emerson in Concord: a Memoir written for the "Social Circle" in Concord, Mass. By Edward Waldo Emerson. Boston, Mass., and London: Sampson Low & Co. Limited. 1880.

erate interest in his own affairs, loving his books more than business, and nature better than his books. It appears that soon after his first marriage he was elected a hog-reeve in Concord (a burden imposed by the custom of the town on newly married men), and we are left to suppose that he executed that office with due diligence and with whatever dignity it was capable of. Considered as a parallel to Emerson's intellectual activity, the work of a hog-reeve was hardly appropriate. A nameless sage has observed, "They're an animal that's hard for one man to drive—very—is a pig." Now it was not in Emerson's nature, as a teacher or moralist, to drive anybody. People who expect to be driven along a lane or led by the nose have therefore found Emerson a disappointing guide.

He assumes a certain willingness to go along with him, for the moment at any rate; at the same time he almost requires a certain independence. He does not profess to lead except by enlightening, nor to enlighten except by clearing away accidental obscurities and making room for every man to use his own light. "The office of the scholar," he wrote in a journal quoted in this book, "is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances." His way of teaching was to bear witness to what he perceived as true and right, and let the rest come of itself. He would have no part in the dissembling and temporizing of practical politics, and would rather hold his peace than speak where he might not speak his whole mind. Once he was asked to lecture in Salem about anything he pleased, "provided no allusions are made to religious controversy, or other exciting topics upon which the public mind is honestly divided." He refused, with the remark, "I am really sorry that any person in Salem should think me capable of accepting an invitation so encumbered." The philosophic reader will remember Spinoza's refusal of a professorship at Heidelberg, similar to Emerson's in principle, but less bluntly expressed. The diplomatic irony of Spinoza's letter was a necessity of his time and circumstances; he might well have envied Emerson's plain English.

We get here many interesting details of Emerson's training and early life. Every one who has read Emerson's essays knows that Montaigne was one of his favorite authors; but it is something more to have it under Emerson's own hand that he actually formed himself on Montaigne

in the most active and receptive period of youth. "In Roxbury in 1825" (at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two) "I read Cotton's translation of Montaigne. It seemed to me as if I had written the book myself in some former life, so sincerely it spoke my thought and experience. No book before or since was ever so much to me as that." Of course, much of the attraction was the attraction of unlikeness. Montaigne talks with a splendid indifference about all things in heaven and earth, himself included. Himself, not because he thinks Michel de Montaigne a specially interesting or important person, but because he does not see why he should be less interesting than other people, and happens to know a good deal more of him. Emerson projects himself into the world, and leaves you to divine him as best you can from his way of seeing things. He has nothing to tell us of the habits of the swine whose trespasses he was appointed to correct. If Montaigne had been hog-reeve instead of Emerson, we should have known half the pigs in Concord by sight. Nevertheless, the two men have much of the root of the matter in common. Their widely different ways of expressing themselves are alike founded in a robust belief in the nature of things, and a healthy distrust of formulas whether old or new. Here is a protest against fads which comes with singular opportuneness at this day; it was written in 1842: "A man cannot force himself by any self-denying ordinances, neither by water nor potatoes, nor by violent passivities, by refusing to swear, refusing to pay taxes, by going to jail, or by taking another man's crop." Hear this, ye New Radicals, our apostles of refusals and violent passivities—if your sensitive ears, attuned to the mild persuasions of your passive O'Briens and recusant Conybeares, can abide to hear out such blasphemy. True it is that Emerson adds, "By none of these ways can he free himself, no, nor by paying his debts with money;" he need not have warned you against excessive belief in that method.

It must be added that Emerson was a humanist, and somewhat of the Renaissance type. He read Erasmus's dialogues with his son, the writer of this book, and made him read Plutarch's lives. Nay, he shared that singular prejudice or illusion of old-fashioned scholars that modern languages are easy; "he said one could easily pick up French and German for himself." Thereafter as the one may be. Some have become scholars by picking up

Latin and Greek for themselves, but their success has not been considered a safe example for the majority of boys.

Emerson was by constitution, education, and profession a man of peace. Probably he would never have been a smart soldier, certainly he could never have been a disciplinarian. But he was far too good a citizen to be a peace-at-any-price man. He not only accepted the Civil War as inevitable, but took pleasure in observing how the stress of war developed national virtues. Some ten years before the war there were premonitions which seem not to have wholly displeased Emerson. A Concord elector said to him, as he passed on his way to town meeting, "No—I ain't goin'. It's no use a-ballotin', for it won't stay. What you do with a gun will stay so." The opinion was premature; but Emerson—and, let us hope, his sturdy neighbor also—lived to see it justified.

Is it necessary to prove that Emerson was a gentleman? Hardly; but there is one little trait which to any one in search of proof should be conclusive. It is a piece of Emerson's familiar advice: "In a letter any expressions may be abbreviated rather than those of respect and kindness: never write 'Yours affly.'" Dr. Emerson gives this in a note in connection with his father's general habit of severe revision and his precepts to young authors. These are so good, and so much to the point after forty odd years, that we shall end by transcribing some of them:

"Your work gains for every 'very' you can cancel." "Don't italicize; you should so write that the italics show without being there." "Beware of the words 'intense' and 'exquisite': to very few people would the occasion for the word 'intense' come in a lifetime."

From The Spectator.

THE WHITE COMYN: AN OLD TRAGEDY.*

BEFORE her marriage, the wife of Lord Middleton was known as Miss Gordon Cumming of Altyra. A sister to the present baronet of that house, she is endowed with a large share of the various talents, evinced in many varied ways, which have distinguished the family. Her new book is a narrative poem founded on an old tradition about an incident in the long feud betwixt near neighbors, Randolph,

Earl of Moray, and his successors on one side, with Clan Comyn on the other. One Alastair Bhan, or the White Comyn, was done to death in a very cruel fashion. He was hunted into a cave, which is still pointed out; its narrow entrance was filled with brush-wood, which was then fired; the flame was constantly fed for a long time; and the refugee was choked by the reek. The old castle of Dunphail was then besieged and taken, Alastair's father, with his brothers, being captured and killed. Their corpses were buried in a knoll near their house, called for long years the "grave of the headless Comyns." The ground was upturned in the course of last century, when half-a-dozen skeletons, each without a skull, were found in rudely constructed stone chests. The story was told sixty years since by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. In adapting it, Lady Middleton has used the poetic license to enlarge and embellish, showing fine imaginative powers in the romantic conceptions she has interwoven or superinduced. She justly says, "A tale is dull without women;" so she brings in a Lady Ydonea, a niece and ward of Randolph's, who becomes the sweetheart of Alastair, with the effect of greatly intensifying the situation. Other two novel characters of very different types, though both remarkably well drawn, are introduced. The one is Sir Denys, of French descent, yet a nephew to Randolph, an amiable bookworm, who loves and hopes to win his cousin. The other is her maid, Lupola, a creature barely human, though exquisitely beautiful, save for her wolfish eyes. It is confessed that the idea of her was taken from a weird story by George MacDonald in his "Robert Falconer," which, says the borrower, "he has left out in later editions, more's the pity." She plays a great part in the drama. Though sometimes wearing an aspect of unreality, yet she is the product of a strong imagination, conjoined with a keen analytic faculty. The present, as has been indicated, is not Lady Middleton's first essay in the poetic region; but it is her most ambitious and important. The accomplishment of verse she has not thoroughly attained, for many of her lines are rugged and abrupt; yet the expression is always clear, if not so elegant as it might have been made, the color vivid, and the feeling true, while through all there palpitates a passionate love of Morayshire that cannot be restrained. For this cause, "Moray loons," as they call themselves, whether abroad or at home, whether belonging to the

* The Story of Alastair Bhan Comyn; or, the Tragedy of Dunphail. By the Lady Middleton. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

triumphant Saxon majority, or to the lessening number of the Celtic population, will prize the volume, which, apart from its literary charm, abounds in copious, erudite, and informing notes.

One of the best scenes is an account of a family council called by the old chief of the Comyns, when he foresaw the ruin of his house as imminent. His sons were all ready for self-sacrificing effort. Their proposals as to what each could or should do were all strangely unlike, and provocative only of good-humored jest. The recital is given with great spirit; but the moral of the whole is summed up by old Sir Alexander, whose language, without doubt, expresses one of the deepest wishes cherished by his remote descendant, the authoress:—

Stand true, O sons, to clan and family.
So be your boast of lofty things alone:
What dispositions you may recognize
As of the blood, and native to the race,
Weld and so temper, as an armorer
Converts rough iron to the nobler steel,
Till through the fire of trial, that for all
Who live, not dully slumbering, doth burn,
Ye may pass shining to the opening glow
Of a fair future for yourselves and name.

Sir Denys, though belonging to the opposite camp, is pictured as a man of such a type. He was chafed and mortified when Ydonea, appealing to him for help to save his rival, confessed that to that rival she had given her love; but his goodness and magnanimity prevailed, inducing him to do his best, though unsuccessfully. After a severe inward struggle,

he rose resolved and fortified,
Threw off the man, and clad the angel on:
For her to dare? his life was all her own;
For her to die? what left gray life to him
Of joy or gain?

The comment on this is:—

We borrow from our immortality
The might to do such deeds, when mortal
strength
Of will and flesh forsake us.

The description of Alastair's death is a very gruesome but powerful passage. In strong contrast to it are several rich and beautiful songs, buoyant with the buoyancy of hope and faith. Of another order is the summons which accompanies the despatch of the fiery cross to gather the clan. A few verses we subjoin. They are almost worthy of Scott:—

The blood of the Comyn fresh tainteth the
gale!

The cheeks of his women are haggard and
pale;

And hills of Lochaber ring loud to their wail!

The chief of Clan Allan hath armed for the
fight,

The shrouds of the mountain lie heavy and
white,

Hoarse croaketh the corbie from gloaming till
light.

Oh, rouse ye, Clan Comyn, from mountain
and moor!

Out wood and by water! forth cavern or door!
No shelter is trusty, no homestead is sure!

Raites' daughter hath burnished his armor of
steel,

His claymore is ground by his son on the
wheel;

Now dare, ye false foemen, for mercy appeal!

That cross with the blood of Lochaber is dyed;
'Twas dipped in the torrent that welled from
his side,

And loudly for vengeance his spirit hath cried.

Oh, rouse ye, Clan Comyn! the muster of
war

Is cried from the summit of chill, grey Cairn-
Bar:

There gather,—come morrow,—from nigh
and from far.

It should be stated that Lady Middleton makes her Randolph, not the great earl, Bruce's lieutenant, but him who fell at Neville's Cross in 1346. Her volume has a touching dedication to her relative and close friend, Lady Thurlow, in whom the blood of the Comyns mingles with that of Bruce.

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